

The Riponshire Advocate

No. 1838. BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1912. PRICE THREEPENC F.

NEVER FAILS.
...
C. LLOYD,
...
MOTOR CAR,
...
PEL AND CHANDLER,
...
SALES OF LAND, HOUSES,
...
OFFICE AND CHANDLER,
...
EVENSON BROS.,
...
H. SANDS,
...
GENERAL REFORM,
...
H. SANDS,
...
CDERTAKER,
...
TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE
...
POSTAL NOTES
...
POSTAL NOTES
...
POSTAL NOTES
...

BEAUFORT RAINFALL.

1871	1872	1873	1874	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																											
1.2	1.5	1.8	2.1	2.4	2.7	3.0	3.3	3.6	3.9	4.2	4.5	4.8	5.1	5.4	5.7	6.0	6.3	6.6	6.9	7.2	7.5	7.8	8.1	8.4	8.7	9.0	9.3	9.6	9.9	10.2	10.5	10.8	11.1	11.4	11.7	12.0	12.3	12.6	12.9	13.2	13.5	13.8	14.1	14.4	14.7	15.0	15.3	15.6	15.9	16.2	16.5	16.8	17.1	17.4	17.7	18.0	18.3	18.6	18.9	19.2	19.5	19.8	20.1	20.4	20.7	21.0	21.3	21.6	21.9	22.2	22.5	22.8	23.1	23.4	23.7	24.0	24.3	24.6	24.9	25.2	25.5	25.8	26.1	26.4	26.7	27.0	27.3	27.6	27.9	28.2	28.5	28.8	29.1	29.4	29.7	30.0	30.3	30.6	30.9	31.2	31.5	31.8	32.1	32.4	32.7	33.0	33.3	33.6	33.9	34.2	34.5	34.8	35.1	35.4	35.7	36.0	36.3	36.6	36.9	37.2	37.5	37.8	38.1	38.4	38.7	39.0	39.3	39.6	39.9	40.2	40.5	40.8	41.1	41.4	41.7	42.0	42.3	42.6	42.9	43.2	43.5	43.8	44.1	44.4	44.7	45.0	45.3	45.6	45.9	46.2	46.5	46.8	47.1	47.4	47.7	48.0	48.3	48.6	48.9	49.2	49.5	49.8	50.1	50.4	50.7	51.0	51.3	51.6	51.9	52.2	52.5	52.8	53.1	53.4	53.7	54.0	54.3	54.6	54.9	55.2	55.5	55.8	56.1	56.4	56.7	57.0	57.3	57.6	57.9	58.2	58.5	58.8	59.1	59.4	59.7	60.0	60.3	60.6	60.9	61.2	61.5	61.8	62.1	62.4	62.7	63.0	63.3	63.6	63.9	64.2	64.5	64.8	65.1	65.4	65.7	66.0	66.3	66.6	66.9	67.2	67.5	67.8	68.1	68.4	68.7	69.0	69.3	69.6	69.9	70.2	70.5	70.8	71.1	71.4	71.7	72.0	72.3	72.6	72.9	73.2	73.5	73.8	74.1	74.4	74.7	75.0	75.3	75.6	75.9	76.2	76.5	76.8	77.1	77.4	77.7	78.0	78.3	78.6	78.9	79.2	79.5	79.8	80.1	80.4	80.7	81.0	81.3	81.6	81.9	82.2	82.5	82.8	83.1	83.4	83.7	84.0	84.3	84.6	84.9	85.2	85.5	85.8	86.1	86.4	86.7	87.0	87.3	87.6	87.9	88.2	88.5	88.8	89.1	89.4	89.7	90.0	90.3	90.6	90.9	91.2	91.5	91.8	92.1	92.4	92.7	93.0	93.3	93.6	93.9	94.2	94.5	94.8	95.1	95.4	95.7	96.0	96.3	96.6	96.9	97.2	97.5	97.8	98.1	98.4	98.7	99.0	99.3	99.6	99.9	100.2	100.5	100.8	101.1	101.4	101.7	102.0	102.3	102.6	102.9	103.2	103.5	103.8	104.1	104.4	104.7	105.0	105.3	105.6	105.9	106.2	106.5	106.8	107.1	107.4	107.7	108.0	108.3	108.6	108.9	109.2	109.5	109.8	110.1	110.4	110.7	111.0	111.3	111.6	111.9	112.2	112.5	112.8	113.1	113.4	113.7	114.0	114.3	114.6	114.9	115.2	115.5	115.8	116.1	116.4	116.7	117.0	117.3	117.6	117.9	118.2	118.5	118.8	119.1	119.4	119.7	120.0	120.3	120.6	120.9	121.2	121.5	121.8	122.1	122.4	122.7	123.0	123.3	123.6	123.9	124.2	124.5	124.8	125.1	125.4	125.7	126.0	126.3	126.6	126.9	127.2	127.5	127.8	128.1	128.4	128.7	129.0	129.3	129.6	129.9	130.2	130.5	130.8	131.1	131.4	131.7	132.0	132.3	132.6	132.9	133.2	133.5	133.8	134.1	134.4	134.7	135.0	135.3	135.6	135.9	136.2	136.5	136.8	137.1	137.4	137.7	138.0	138.3	138.6	138.9	139.2	139.5	139.8	140.1	140.4	140.7	141.0	141.3	141.6	141.9	142.2	142.5	142.8	143.1	143.4	143.7	144.0	144.3	144.6	144.9	145.2	145.5	145.8	146.1	146.4	146.7	147.0	147.3	147.6	147.9	148.2	148.5	148.8	149.1	149.4	149.7	150.0	150.3	150.6	150.9	151.2	151.5	151.8	152.1	152.4	152.7	153.0	153.3	153.6	153.9	154.2	154.5	154.8	155.1	155.4	155.7	156.0	156.3	156.6	156.9	157.2	157.5	157.8	158.1	158.4	158.7	159.0	159.3	159.6	159.9	160.2	160.5	160.8	161.1	161.4	161.7	162.0	162.3	162.6	162.9	163.2	163.5	163.8	164.1	164.4	164.7	165.0	165.3	165.6	165.9	166.2	166.5	166.8	167.1	167.4	167.7	168.0	168.3	168.6	168.9	169.2	169.5	169.8	170.1	170.4	170.7	171.0	171.3	171.6	171.9	172.2	172.5	172.8	173.1	173.4	173.7	174.0	174.3	174.6	174.9	175.2	175.5	175.8	176.1	176.4	176.7	177.0	177.3	177.6	177.9	178.2	178.5	178.8	179.1	179.4	179.7	180.0	180.3	180.6	180.9	181.2	181.5	181.8	182.1	182.4	182.7	183.0	183.3	183.6	183.9	184.2	184.5	184.8	185.1	185.4	185.7	186.0	186.3	186.6	186.9	187.2	187.5	187.8	188.1	188.4	188.7	189.0	189.3	189.6	189.9	190.2	190.5	190.8	191.1	191.4	191.7	192.0	192.3	192.6	192.9	193.2	193.5	193.8	194.1	194.4	194.7	195.0	195.3	195.6	195.9	196.2	196.5	196.8	197.1	197.4	197.7	198.0	198.3	198.6	198.9	199.2	199.5	199.8	200.1	200.4	200.7	201.0	201.3	201.6	201.9	202.2	202.5	202.8	203.1	203.4	203.7	204.0	204.3	204.6	204.9	205.2	205.5	205.8	206.1	206.4	206.7	207.0	207.3	207.6	207.9	208.2	208.5	208.8	209.1	209.4	209.7	210.0	210.3	210.6	210.9	211.2	211.5	211.8	212.1	212.4	212.7	213.0	213.3	213.6	213.9	214.2	214.5	214.8	215.1	215.4	215.7	216.0	216.3	216.6	216.9	217.2	217.5	217.8	218.1	218.4	218.7	219.0	219.3	219.6	219.9	220.2	220.5	220.8	221.1	221.4	221.7	222.0	222.3	222.6	222.9	223.2	223.5	223.8	224.1	224.4	224.7	225.0	225.3	225.6	225.9	226.2	226.5	226.8	227.1	227.4	227.7	228.0	228.3	228.6	228.9	229.2	229.5	229.8	230.1	230.4	230.7	231.0	231.3	231.6	231.9	232.2	232.5	232.8	233.1	233.4	233.7	234.0	234.3	234.6	234.9	235.2	235.5	235.8	236.1	236.4	236.7	237.0	237.3	237.6	237.9	238.2	238.5	238.8	239.1	239.4	239.7	240.0	240.3	240.6	240.9	241.2	241.5	241.8	242.1	242.4	242.7	243.0	243.3	243.6	243.9	244.2	244.5	244.8	245.1	245.4	245.7	246.0	246.3	246.6	246.9	247.2	247.5	247.8	248.1	248.4	248.7	249.0	249.3	249.6	249.9	250.2	250.5	250.8	251.1	251.4	251.7	252.0	252.3	252.6	252.9	253.2	253.5	253.8	254.1	254.4	254.7	255.0	255.3	255.6	255.9	256.2	256.5	256.8	257.1	257.4	257.7	258.0	258.3	258.6	258.9	259.2	259.5	259.8	260.1	260.4	260.7	261.0	261.3	261.6	261.9	262.2	262.5	262.8	263.1	263.4	263.7	264.0	264.3	264.6	264.9	265.2	265.5	265.8	266.1	266.4	266.7	267.0	267.3	267.6	267.9	268.2	268.5	268.8	269.1	269.4	269.7	270.0	270.3	270.6	270.9	271.2	271.5	271.8	272.1	272.4	272.7	273.0	273.3	273.6	273.9	274.2	274.5	274.8	275.1	275.4	275.7	276.0	276.3	276.6	276.9	277.2	277.5	277.8	278.1	278.4	278.7	279.0	279.3	279.6	279.9	280.2	280.5	280.8	281.1	281.4	281.7	282.0	282.3	282.6	282.9	283.2	283.5	283.8	284.1	284.4	284.7	285.0	285.3	285.6	285.9	286.2	286.5	286.8	287.1	287.4	287.7	288.0	288.3	288.6	288.9	289.2	289.5	289.8	290.1	290.4	290.7	291.0	291.3	291.6	291.9	292.2	292.5	292.8	293.1	293.4	293.7	294.0	294.3	294.6	294.9	295.2	295.5	295.8	296.1	296.4	296.7	297.0	297.3	297.6	297.9	298.2	298.5	298.8	299.1	299.4	299.7	300.0

POSTAL RATES.

NEW SCHEDULE DETAILED.

The new postage rates, which came into force on 1st May, when penny postage separated throughout the Commonwealth, are as follows:—

Letters, 1d per 1 oz.

Later cards—Single, 1d each; reply, 1d each half.

Postcards—Single, 1d; reply, 1d each half.

Printed papers, as prescribed, 1d per 2 oz. or part of 2 oz.

Books printed outside Australia, 1d per 4 oz. or part of 4 oz.

Books printed in Australia, 1d per 8 oz. or part of 8 oz.

Magazines, that is to say—

Magazines, reviews, serials, and other similar publications printed and published in Australia in numbers at intervals not exceeding three months, 1d per 8 oz. or part of 8 oz.

Magazines, reviews, serials, and other similar publications (including newspapers) printed and published outside Australia in numbers at intervals not exceeding three months, 1d per 4 oz. or part of 4 oz.

Hansard, that is, reports of Parliamentary debates printed and published by the authority of the Commonwealth or State, 1d per 12 oz. or part of 12 oz.

Commercial papers, patterns, samples, and merchandise, as prescribed, 2 oz. or part of 2 oz.

The penny postage concession will apply to letters to the United Kingdom and to some other British dominions.

THE CLOSE SEASON.

For the whole year—This, wild turkey, emu, white cranes, fantails, magpie, laughing jackass, blue kangaroo, black duck, lyre birds, magpie, native honey, owls, platypus, plums, curlews, and swallows, wild pigeons and doves of all kinds, black swans.

From 1st August till 5.30 a.m. on 1st February—Quail of all kinds, except Californian quail.

From 1st July till 5.30 a.m. on 1st February—Wild ducks and teal of all kinds, wild geese of all kinds, coots, grebe, waterhens, magpies, native honey, owls, platypus, plums, curlews, and swallows, wild pigeons and doves of all kinds, black swans.

CLOSE SEASON FOR FISH.

From 1st October to 30th November (both days inclusive)—Murray Cod, Murray Perch, and Murray Bream.

From 1st May to 31st August (both days inclusive)—English Trout, Minnow, Weight, and Murray Cod, Murray Perch, and Murray Bream.

ADVANTAGEOUS BUYING.

You have heard of the man who buys his ice in winter time and his coal in the summer time—such a purchaser invariably saves money.

The principle involved is to buy when the other fellow is most anxious to sell, and to sell when the other fellow is most eager to buy.

These also would take full advantage of market conditions in the buying and selling of household necessities, such as stock, machinery, etc., are constantly on the lookout for opportunities presented through the local advertising medium.

As you refer to the opportunities which the advertising columns of the "Riponshire Advocate" present?

Postal Notes may be obtained at any Post Office in Victoria. Hours of payment—9 a.m. to 5 p.m. The following are the denominations of the notes:—1s, 2s, 3s, 4s, 5s, 10s, 20s, 30s, 40s, 50s, 100s. The notes are payable to order or to the bearer. They are subject to the provisions of the Postal Notes Act, 1902, and the regulations made thereunder.

Published by Mr. J. H. PARKER, at the office of the "Riponshire Advocate" newspaper, Law Street, Beaufort, Victoria.

Make your District Known.

Concerning some parts of the district news comes but seldom. This is not entirely our fault; we have no miraculous power of knowing what is happening at all the places within our area of circulation. It is the fault of residents in the silent places.

Will some men or woman take the matter in hand and cause the silence to cease?

If no one else is doing it for your district, will you try on these lines? Send accounts of public and social events in your township and neighbourhood, such as weddings, deaths, accidents, concerts, matters touching district industries, etc.

Write the names of persons very distinctly.

Do not bother about grammar or spelling; it's the editor's work to look after those things. The barest skeleton is enough.

Write only on one side of the paper. Give information; but let criticism alone.

Write your name and address on some corner—not for publication, but to prove good faith.

Too Well Known to Need an "Ad."

This idea that every body knows you and you don't need to advertise is a mistake. This very indifference to advertising, indifference to doing business as it is done in this day and age, is what has enabled the catalogue or mail order houses to grow from mere nothing to great concerns. The merchant who can convince the people of his section, and keep them convinced that his store is the best place to buy this and that article, will not lose trade to the mail order house. Of course, he cannot afford to get out an catalogue as thick as a Bible, but he can keep an advertisement in his local paper, and see that it is changed every week, thus keeping new bargains continually before the public. He should also have a mailing list, and send out a circular letter at least once a month. Don't look upon your country newspaper as an object of charity. There is not a single country newspaper in the 8 States with a general local circulation, which is not able to give full value for money received. The country papers can help you solve this question if you give them a chance.—Ed. K. Slater, in "Advertiser Record."

Talk to the local editor, and between you try to raise the general tone of advertising, and make people think well of their own town and their own shop.

(All Rights Reserved.)

ESTRANGED

or the LOST HEIRESS of the CHAMPNEYS.

A Fascinating Romance, By the Author of "The Hampton Mystery," "Sir Peter Eldon, &c."

PART 9.

"No, here it is," said Dora, taking the card from her pocket-book. "No. 6 Lower-water-crescent, Notting Hill."

She repeated the address to the cabman who mounted and they were soon howling out of the station. It seemed a long ride through the hot sun to Notting Hill, but that premonition was gained at last, and Lower-water-crescent was reached.

The crescent consisted of a dreary block of dingy brick houses, facing a small forecourt, and padlocked quadrangle of brown-looking grass.

To the country-bred Dora, fond of sunshine, the open air, and flowers, the place looked like a prison. The cab stopped before the number designated, and the cabman ascended the high steps and sounded the knocker.

Dora and Mrs. Narr then alighted, and as a servant came to the door, dismissing the cabman, after he had brought in the trunks, the two went into the house, and were ushered into a dreary little parlour, where they were joined by the landlady.

"To this personage, Mrs. Gaston, a short, plump, red-faced little woman, with a bustling manner, Dora, decorated with two letters which Edward Chessom had sent up to her room just previous to her departure from the Grange."

"Ah, from Mr. Chessom!" said the woman, glancing at the signature. "He asks me to find lodgings for the bearer and her companion. How very fortunate? My second floor, the same Mrs. Chessom had last year when she was here, happens to be vacant. How many rooms would you require?"

"A good bed room," said Mrs. Narr. "The landlady glanced with surprise at Dora.

"We shall need three," said the young girl, quietly. "A sitting room and two bed rooms."

"I am a respectable widow, and being half-promised to a family, but I cannot have children and you can have them. May I ask your name, miss?"

"I am Miss Chessom, having been the adopted daughter of Squire Chessom, on whose account I am in London."

"My mother or foster-mother?" Mrs. Narr enquired at Dora as if she had to ask her.

"What is your name?" "Dora," said the young girl.

"Dora is not the name," said the landlady, who had been listening to the conversation. "The name is Mrs. Narr, and she is your mother."

"I am Mrs. Narr," said Dora, with a gasp. "I am Mrs. Narr, and she is your mother."

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keep house with. We can live like queens on this sum. I think I'll go out and do our marketing at once, before I take off my bonnet."

Without waiting for an answer, she hurried away, meeting the landlady on the stairs, and obtaining from her the necessary addresses and directions.

Dora was, therefore, alone when Mrs. Gaston came up with a little pot of tea and a plate of toast. "I don't think I feel hungry," she said, lifting her heavy eyes and trying to smile.

"You look downright ill, Miss Chessom," exclaimed the landlady, setting down her tray. "Do try and drink a little of the tea, that's a dear."

Thus urged, Dora sipped the tea, but the weary headache went beyond such trifling prescriptions, and Mrs. Gaston at length retired, fully persuaded that her young lodger was in a decline.

About an hour later, as Dora was nestling on the sofa, nearly distracted with the strange street noises, Mrs. Narr came swaggering in, her black bonnet bent all awry, her arms filled with purchases, and her face flushed almost to a purple colour.

"Well, I'm back," she panted thickly, dropping into the nearest chair, and tumbling her parcels upon the table. "I spent the money to good advantage, and it's all gone. There's butter, and cheese, and bacon, and so on, and I left an order at the butcher's very well, I got a little spirits, which they say is good at such times."

She exhibited a black bottle, drawing it from under her shawl, with a maudlin smile of triumph. Dora was at once disgusted and terrified.

"Do you drink?" she asked, sitting up. "Don't?" demanded Mrs. Narr, with a leer, putting the bottle to her lips. "I ain't a habitual drinker, my dear. I scorn such vices. But I'm subject to them turns as require to warm up the stomach—spazzums, and sich."

Even in her disgust Dora remarked that Mrs. Narr's language had suffered the same deterioration as her appearance, under the influence of the liquor.

She arose and approached the woman, trembling in every limb. "Give me that bottle," she said, sternly.

"I won't," declared Mrs. Narr, doggedly. "It's mine. I don't feel well. Lem me lone."

"Give it to me," repeated Dora, holding out her hand. "But Mrs. Narr was by no means intimidated. She had taken a liberal draught of liquor enough to make her obstinate and ugly—and she would not yield to the young girl's demand."

"Stand back," she said, flourishing the bottle as if it had been a weapon. "Go away. Pretty way to treat your own mother. Lem me lone, or I'll hurt you, see 'I don't."

"There was a menace in her eyes which Dora understood, and before which she deemed it best to retreat. She went back to her sofa, at a loss what to do, while Mrs. Narr held the bottle, puffing out of the black bottle.

"Wish he was here," said the woman, meditatively, after a pause. "Who?"

"Jack, of course—Jack Narr, your pa."

"He is dead," said Dora. "You said he died in America."

"Yes, so I did," exclaimed Mrs. Narr, with a cunning wink. "But I only said that to gain sympathy. Besides, Jack was a forger, and somebody might be looking for him, even after these years. Well to be on the safe side."

Dora thrilled with a sudden fear. "Isn't he dead?" she demanded.

"No more 'I am," cried Mrs. Narr, with a hoarse laugh. "He's down in a hole, waiting to be heard from me. In a week we'll have him living here with us, my dear, as right as a trivet. He knows the squire's dead, and he's waiting to hear the next move."

roulously. "And I don't care if he does. He's the proper one to take charge of it. What are you standing there for like a hog-pole, Dora? Sit down."

"Put up your bottle," said Dora, drinking too much. "You are drinking too much."

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had gone to London, and he gave me your address. How could he have so suddenly sent you a guardian?"

"I don't know," said Dora, looking at her father's portrait. "I don't know how he could have done that."

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"She has awakened and gone to bed," thought Dora. "What a mother Fate has given me! Oh, Heaven! I can see by my mother's face that she is not well."

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"The tender is accepted." Like wildfire runs the good news from end to end of the great ship-yard. "Another liner." And eyes brighten and muscles tighten at the prospect.

Much, though, has to be done ere the outdoor work commences. The ship's plan is first prepared, in sections of a quarter or half an inch to the foot. One set of drawings, called the "sheer draught," is a plan of the ship's skeleton, or framework, without the plates, the internal deck, bulkhead, and hold arrangements being indicated by a series of detailed drawings.

DELICATE INSTRUMENTS. Follows then the experimental stage. A wooden block, or casting of paraffin wax, is first made to scale from the ship's plans, and tested in a large tank about 3000 ft. in length, and eight feet deep. The model, weighed to the broad-line, is towed to and fro by an overhead traveiser at varying speeds.

Delicate instruments register the exact "pull," the displacement, the stability, and a host of other inter-related things. The model is altered again and again, pieces being shaved off here, and others being added there, until the desired results are obtained, and from this ship in embryo the builders complete their plans.

Inside the central shed, 250 yds. long, and 150 ft. in height, the ship's berth has meantime been prepared. Thousands of wooden piles, about thirty feet in length, have been driven by pile-drivers deep into the ground. On these are laid huge beams, and the floor completed with stout planks. Then, in the centre, the keel blocks, surmounted by oak posts, in groups of five, are assembled on a falling gradient to the river of about half an inch to the foot.

FOUR MILLION RIVETS. All is now ready for the reception of the ponderous keel. This—the backbone of the ship—is of huge strength, measuring four feet across, and is parallel with the keel, and above it, and attached by angle-irons, are the central girders, five feet high, the space between forming the double-bottom. On each side, at regular distances, running lengthwise, are seven other girders, the outer ones called the "margin plates."

The upright chambers are formed by vertical partitions of plates, extending above and below the floor-plates on the margin-plate on each side. After the great cast-steel struts have been attached, the plating begins. The steel strips of varying sizes, but averaging thirty-four feet in length, and about three tons in weight, are laid on the skin of the ship, and are laid on in stripes, like the bricks in a wall. Fitting in a crucial business, the riveting pattern, or template, is first prepared for each plate, and clamped in position on the ship's side. With minute care, every detail is marked on it—the size and shape, the overlap, and the rivet holes.

It is then transferred to its prototype, the steel plate, which is cut, punched, and bent by wonderful machinery and sizes steel strips, punches rivet-holes, and bends steel plate as easily and cleanly as though the material were paper. Nimble travelling cranes on girders under the roof pick up the huge plates when ready, where the hydraulic riveter—a mechanical marvel with irrepressible force and rapidity, drives each rivet home. In the building of a modern liner over four million rivets are used. Each joint is finally rendered water-tight by caulking.

A NETWORK OF PILES. The outer skin finished, and the inside work advanced, the builders turn their attention to the problem of the launch, the weight of the vessel at this point on the keel-blocks being something like 15,000 tons. This is a huge weight, sloping gently to the water, are prepared on cradles, fore and aft, to guide the ship, are erected with huge wooden beams, the whole being finally lubricated by tallow and train oil.

Amid acclamation, the ship receives her baptism, and whether for woe or joy, takes to her element. Still helpless, though her motive power lacking, she is afterward moved to the water wharf under a 150-ton Titan crane, whereby her lofty and twenty-five of them—are lowered into the abyss of the hold, and a multitude of fittings connected with the engine.

Dwaring all else for size, comes next the four funnels, tower 150 ft. above keel-level, and twice enough for two trams, are fixed on the gigantic "upstake," connecting with the boilers by a network of flues.

A host of auxiliary machinery for lighting, ventilating, pumping, and steering the ship, as well as the passenger lifts, is being installed at the same time, as a swarm of sub-contractors' men work day and night on the internal decorations. Electricians encircle the ship with a mile of light, and install a telephone and electric call service with 300 stations.

In the chart-room is fitted a wonderful clock, which controls, synchronically, fifty or other clocks in different parts of the ship. The lofty Marconi mast is lashed up with the wireless instruments in the wireless cabin; then at last, after many months of toil, comes the welcome day when the great ship, pride of her builders, sails forth upon her trial trip, queen of the seas.—"Answers."

Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day.—John Ploughman.

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TENDER ACCEPTED.

THE WAY THEY BUILD THE OCEAN GREYHOUND.

OUR ACH ENEMY: THE FLY.

HOW TO FIGHT THE MURDERERS.

"The tender is accepted." Like wildfire runs the good news from end to end of the great ship-yard.

Much, though, has to be done ere the outdoor work commences. The ship's plan is first prepared, in sections of a quarter or half an inch to the foot.

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It is no news to our readers that the common house-fly is about the worst problem that modern human nature has to meet. The fact that these insects, through contact with men, women and children, spread disease and disaster has long been known, and in the past decade systematic attempts have been made to rid the land of their menacing presence. In a certain degree this has been accomplished.

About half the deaths from typhoid fever may be attributed to the distribution of germs by house flies. A series of moving pictures would be needed to show the deadly insect at work and demonstrate how he carries infection on the glue pads of his feet, feeding as it does on filth of every description, carries billions of germs wherever it goes. It casts on the contents of the garbage receptacle under the decomposing rays of the sun, and then when you have left your dining-room window open to attend your own repast. You are annoyed by the presence of the swarms of flies, and you brush them away impatiently. If you only realized how much more than these pests are you would not show impatience, but alarm.

The mother who enters the room where her baby is sleeping in a hurry and brushes the flies away from the infant's head is doing more than making her offering to sleep in comfort. She is saving his life. For by far the greater number of cases of bowel complaints so common among children are caused by germs carried to the food of the little victims. Astonishing figures are given to show that of the seven thousand deaths among little children in one year are known as "infantile diseases," at least five thousand can be directly traced to infection carried by house flies.

Two years ago the health authorities caught 414 different insects common to the city and examined them under the microscope. The common house fly appeared to be so far and the filthiest in its appearance that there was no comparison between it and the other 413 insects of various kind. On the body of one little fly there were found 1,222,570 different bacteria, enough to kill a few thousand human beings.

Another experiment was made. A fly was caught in a sterilized jar and dropped into a bottle of sterilized water. Then it was washed up a little and the germs thus washed from its body in the manner that the germs would be removed from the fly should it fall into a glass or pitcher of milk. Then the previously pure water was examined, and in one case it was found that the fly's bath in the liquid had filled the water with no less than 5,000,000 germs.

House flies also carry the germs of Asiatic cholera as well as those of typhoid. Indeed, it is safe to say that they carry and spread dangerous bacteria to such an extent that they may be charged with causing thousands of deaths every year from untold variety of diseases. Diphtheria, diptheria, scarlet fever—these are only a few of the fatal diseases the germs of which can be found on the legs and tongue of almost any house fly, no matter where he is caught.

These are not newly discovered facts; they are merely presented here to show why we are trying to awaken the public to the necessity of arming itself against the house fly and to assist in every way to destroy it.

A systematic effort on the part of the public would make the fly extinct in a very few years. All that is necessary is cleanliness, for the house fly cannot exist without dirt. The female lays her eggs invariably in filth of one kind or another, in the excrement of stables, in garbage receptacles, etc. She lays 120 eggs, and in twelve hours these hatch into 120 more flies. The females of this second generation themselves lay another batch of eggs of the same number in a day, after they have come into the world, and a day after the third generation lays more eggs. You may easily calculate how many offspring will be traceable to a single fly at the end of a week or two.

This fact would make it seem a difficult, not to say impossible, thing to exterminate the fly. But many such as the female will lay her eggs on a surface there is high, it is necessary only to do away with the filth or to keep it where the fly cannot get at it. Cleaner sanitary arrangements, covered garbage receptacles, protected manure heaps—improvements such as these will do more to rid us of the dangerous fly than anything else can do.

And if the fly can be exterminated millions of money will be saved to the country each year, for it is estimated that the pest costs vast sums through sickness, medical treatment, and such things.

To clear a room infested with flies burn pyrethrum powder. This stupefies the flies, and they may then be swept up and burnt. This will also keep them from the room. Strong-smelling flowers, mignonette, or any of the aromatic plants, will act similarly. Oil of penny-royal will also prove helpful. But the main thing is to prevent their breeding by cleaning away the filth in which they originate.—"Popular Science Sittings."

If I cannot realize my ideal, I can at least idealise my Real.—W. G. Canast.

Johnny, aged four, went into a nearby grocery and asked for a box of canary-seed. "Is it for your mother?" asked the grocer. "No, of course not," replied the little fellow. "It's for the bird."

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Supplement to the "Riponshire Advocate."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1912.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.

MINING NEWS.

A general meeting of the above club was held at the Mechanics' Institute on Monday evening; Mr J. George (president) in the chair, and seven members present.

A quantity of routine correspondence was received.

Pursuant to notice, Mr J. T. Glover moved that the resolution limiting the band contest to four competitors be rescinded.

Seconded by Mr Halpin, who said it would be a great pity indeed to allow the band contest to fall through, as it might prevent them from getting a competition next year. It was a very wise thing to have a contest, as it would do good to all the business people and uphold the reputation of the sports.

The motion was carried.

Mr Glover then moved that the competition be held with the three bands (Fitzroy Citizens, Beaufort Town, and Skipton). Seconded by Mr Halpin, and carried.

The appointment of sports officials was deferred till next meeting, as was also the matter of running a special train from Stawell.

Mr E. Floate was appointed bellman at a fee of 10/- on the motion of Messrs O'Sullivan and W. J. Stevenson.

The matter of securing a merry-ground was left in the hands of the secretary.

It was decided to hold the next meeting on Thursday, 12th inst.

Good entries have been received by the Beaufort Athletic Club for the Boxing Day sports and band contests, the total for the principal sports events being 117, and made up as follows:—Sheffield, 16; Sprint, 13; Fiery Creek Plate, 14; 440 yds. Handicap, 10; One-mile Bicycle Race, 25; Half-mile do., 25; Wood-chop, 14.

Three bands have entered for the band contest, viz., Fitzroy Citizens, Beaufort Town, and Skipton. For the schools' championships, 7 entries have been received from boys under 14, 5 from boys under 12, and 5 from girls under 14. These entries have been extended till this night week.

The sale of the sports booths takes place this (Saturday) afternoon, at 5 o'clock, at the auctioneer's (Mr Halpin's) office. The booths comprise publican's (including soft drinks for day), fruit (day and night separate), and soft drinks (night only).

TERRIBLE BURN ON PALM OF HAND

"One night I struck a match, and the whole box went off in my hand, burning me across the palm," says Mr J. R. Worsley, Margate, Tas. "The pain was awful. I went to the store and looked round for something to relieve me. I saw Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and noticed the word 'burns' on the label. I rubbed it on my hand, with the result that the pain quickly disappeared, and I was able to go to sleep. In the morning I found the skin whole, and the burn quickly healed, without even leaving a scar." Sold by J. R. Worsley & Co.

Mr F. M. Rankin, mine manager of the Northern Hope, has forwarded to the directors a report which, inter alia, reads:—"The main west drive is in 638 feet, from which point a north drive has been carried down-stream 600 feet. The whole of the wash has been extracted over a width of 200 feet, and it returned an average of 3 oz. per fathom. The wash now being extracted is of equal quality, and from this point to where the wash has been located in the south-west reef drive is 300 feet up the lead. Highly payable prospects are being obtained from bleeders over this drive. The main shaft has been opened out at 170 feet, and as the south-west drive has 94 feet of level at its command, I feel confident we have ample level to work the whole of the gutter going up-stream, a distance of 4066 feet. This is all virgin country, fed by a number of tributaries that have been worked with good payable results. When operations were suspended in the north-east workings by the former party (Morris and party), I have been informed, several feet of reef were at their command, but owing to a large area being cut up and the party being a small one, it was deemed advisable to start blocking from this point back. There is still 2376 feet of the lead to be worked, which can be reached by a new drive for some distance down the lead."

The Southern Hope bore struck wash at 173ft., and a move 80ft. further east has been made. The bore will not be carried through to the bottom at present, as the wash is difficult to jump.

At the Hope Extended the last bore was bottomed at 65ft. A return has been made to No. 5 bore, which has gone through the hard, cementy stuff, and is now down about 110ft.

The manager of the New Albion (Mr J. Stewart) reports:—"West cross-cut off rise extended 12ft. Started south cross-cut off same and driven 12ft: both drives carrying nice slope of wash; fair prospects. Will clean up first machine on Monday."

The following are the local yields for the week ending Friday, December 6th:—Sundries, 5oz. 13dwt. 12gr.

Telephone 2240.

H. C. COLLINGWOOD,
Member Stock Exchange of Melbourne,
STOCK AND SHARE BROKER,
94 QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE.
Telegrams—COLLINGWOOD,
Exchange, Melbourne.

Owing to pressure on our space, several items have been crowded out of this issue.

JAS. H. ROBERTSON, Plumber and Tinsmith. Windmills erected and repaired; acetylene gas installed. All sizes tanks on hand, or built to order; 100 to 40,000 gallons.—Neill Street, opposite Bank of Victoria.

A. Parker, Printer, Beaufort.

REPORT POLICE COURT.

By Mr. A. D. Sinclair.

At 10 o'clock the court opened.

The first case was that of...

The second case was that of...

The third case was that of...

The fourth case was that of...

The fifth case was that of...

The sixth case was that of...

The seventh case was that of...

The eighth case was that of...

The ninth case was that of...

The tenth case was that of...

The eleventh case was that of...

The twelfth case was that of...

The thirteenth case was that of...

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The eighty-sixth case was that of...



THE WORLD OF WHITE

THE ADVENT OF SPRING!

There is not the slightest doubt that "Old King Sol" has arrived, and it is time we set about preparing for him.

Light, dainty fabrics must now take the place of heavy winter clothing, and to enjoy the hot weather which is to come, one must dress according to the climatic conditions.

OUR SUMMER STOCKS are Dainty, Seasonable, and Exclusive, and we cordially invite inspection.

J.R. Wotherspoon & Co. BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR. Advertisement for a clothing store.

CHINESE MEMORY.

HOW PERFECT IT IS.

An example of the surprising...

power of memory can be cultivated...

at one of the examinations for the...

diploma of the College of Medicine in...

Beijing, China. The answers were...

correct and complete. The questions...

were answered in a few minutes...

and the answers were correct and...

complete. The questions were...

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answers were correct and complete.

The questions were answered in a...

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answered in a few minutes and the...

answers were correct and complete.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS.

CHRISTMAS & EXCURSIONS.

Holiday Excursion Tickets will be...

issued to and from all stations...

(suburban and rural) at the Victorian...

Government Tourist Bureau, corner Collins and...

Swanston streets, from 6th December...

to 1st January (both dates inclusive),...

available for return on and after 23rd...

December till 1st February (inclusive)....

The journey must be commenced on...

the day named on the ticket, and may be broken...

(see posters). On tickets bearing dates...

from 6th till 23rd December (inclusive),...

the return journey cannot be commenced...

till 23rd December (inclusive).

E. B. JONES, Acting Secretary.

I.O.R. BEAUFORT.

THE adjourned Half-Yearly Meeting...

will be held in Societies' Hall on...

Tuesday, December 10th. Business...

Election of Officers. A full attendance...

of members is requested.

G. PRINGLE, Secy.

THEO. W. SCHLICHT,

Auctioneer,

Stock and Station

and Financial Agent,

BEAUFORT & SKIPTON.

Agent for GEORGE HAGUE

& Co.

Melbourne and Geelong.

Great Christmas Sale!

OF CHINA, GLASS, & CROCKERYWARE.

At McCubbin's Store, Beaufort.

When Great Bargains will be offered in...

all Departments.

White Porcelain Plates, 6in., best English...

manufacture, at 1/3 the 1/2 doz.; 7in.,...

19/8; 8in., 11/1; 10in., 2/3.

White and Gold Cups and Saucers,

2/3 doz.

Glass Butter Dishes, 1/ each.

Glass Sugar Basins, 1/ each.

Cream Jugs, 6d and 9d each.

A splendid range of round, oval, and...

POWELL ON THE STAGE.

A soldier, who was in Malta...

as Major-General Baines...

as there as a major, has...

some good stories about...

himself. He was aide-de-camp...

to the Duke of Wellington in...

1804, and he was the life and soul...

of the staff. He was connected with...

keeping the accounts of the...

regiment. He was connected with...

the Duke of Wellington in 1804, and...

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BEAUFORT PICTURES.

SOCIETIES' HALL.

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

An Up-to-date Programme.

New Electric Light Plant.

Prices as Usual.

Day Sales at Cochrane & Tulloch's.

JAS. H. ROBERTSON, Secy.

CARROLL'S PHARMACY.

NOTICE.—On and after November...

1st, the undermentioned hours will...

be observed:—

Week Days—9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Wednesday—10 a.m. to 12 p.m.

Thursday—6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m.

Saturday—9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Sunday—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m.

BEAUFORT MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Agent for the NYAL SERIES FAMILY...

MEDICINES. These preparations...

being direct from the manufacturers...

(F. Stearns Ltd., America), to the...

retailer, wholesale charges are avoided,

and cheaper buying facilities offered to...

the public. The name of the manufac-

turers, Stearns Ltd., one of the largest...

manufacturers of the world, should be a...

thorough recommendation.

SOME OF THE CHEAP AND EFFECTIVE PREPARATIONS.

NYAL'S FACE CREAM. Price—

Small, 1/6; very large, 3/.

NYAL'S KIDNEY PILLS. Price, 1/6.

NYAL'S PAIN RELIEVER. Price, 1/3.

NYAL'S SHAVING POWDER, anti-

septic, delicate, and fine. Price, 1/3.

NYAL'S HEALING SALVE, antiseptic...

and germicidal. Price, 1/3.

NYAL'S TAR SKIN SOAP, antiseptic...

and soothing skin troubles. Price, 1/3.

NYAL'S TOOTH PASTE, an ideal...

preparation. Price, 1/3.

NYAL'S TEETHING POWDERS, effective...

non-constipating, and free from...

opium and narcotics. Price, 1/3.

NYAL'S SOOTHING SYRUP, effective...

free from opium and narcotics. Price, 1/3.

Large bottle, price, 1/3.

NYAL'S BEEF IRON WINE, peptonised...

lean beef, a celebrated tonic. Large...

bottle, price, 3/6.

A large assortment of lines stocked...

INTERSTATE NEWS.

Mr. George Lansbury, Socialist M.P. for Lower Hamlet (London), resigned his seat to re-contest it as a woman's suffragist and got badly beaten. It's no use, George, you can't trust the women!

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

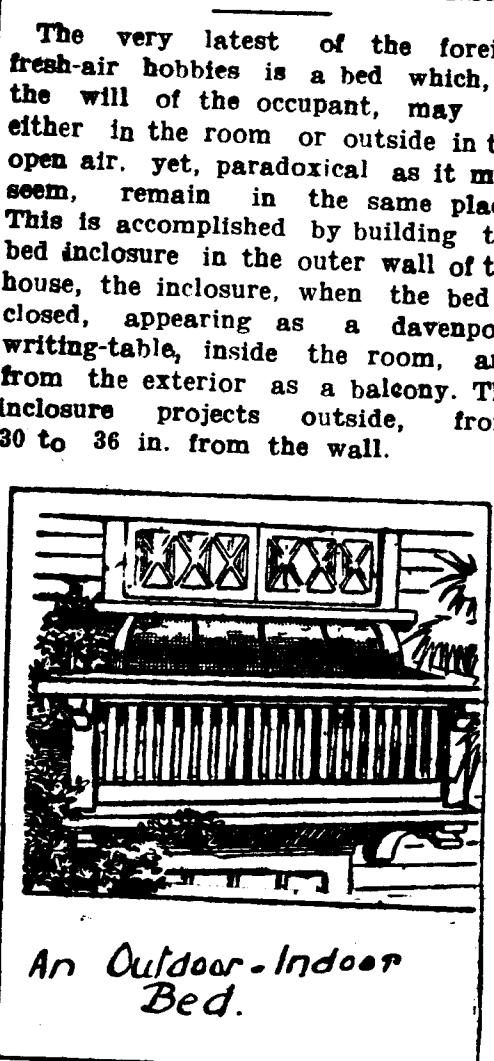
A practical joker at Eaten, Ohio, found nine babies in a shed near a field where their mothers were at work, and changed their clothing, so that on returning not one of the women knew her own child.

SOAP FOR CLEANING VERY DIRTY HANDS.

It is well known that chauffeurs, mechanics and others whose occupations are essentially dirty and involve soiling with axle grease, clean their hands by washing them in petroleum essence or rubbing them with oil before resorting to soap and water.

LADIES' COLUMN.

A NEW OUT-DOOR-INDOOR BED.



An Outdoor-Indoor Bed.

Over the bed is a movable half-dome, which may be lowered either over the outside end of the bed, effectively shutting off the outer air, rain or dust; or over the inside part, thus placing the sleeper entirely outside the room in the open air.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WOOD.

The steadily rising price of timber in Europe has caused interest to be centred in a French invention for preparing a substitute for this article.

A SMART LINEN FROCK.



Linen Toilette

We show a charming frock which may be developed in, say, violet linen combined with all over embroidery in an exquisite design, such as we give.

STORIES OF GENERAL BOOTH.

"The nation has lost a great organizer, and the poor a whole-hearted life to helping them in a practical way. Only in the future shall we realize the good wrought by him for his fellow-creatures."—King George V.

WHY ELECTRICITY CAN BOTH KILL AND CURE YOU.

No one who has ever had anything to do with electricity is likely to forget the dangers of it, and the fact that electricity is the ideal means of executing in some countries is an added warning.

FIRE BRIGADE.

Mr. George Lansbury, Socialist M.P. for Lower Hamlet (London), resigned his seat to re-contest it as a woman's suffragist and got badly beaten. It's no use, George, you can't trust the women!

TENNIS.

The tennis tournament for which the championship was commenced on the 11th inst. and which was presented by the Riponshire Tennis Club (Cr. R. & Co.) is now in progress.

ARROW SHOOTING.

The arrow shooting for the championship was commenced on the 11th inst. and which was presented by the Riponshire Tennis Club (Cr. R. & Co.) is now in progress.

ESTRANGED or the LOST HEIRESS of the CHAMPNEYS.

A Fascinating Romance, By the Author of "The Hampton Mystery," "Sir Peter Eildon, &c."

PART 10.

"And to-day is Tuesday," thought Dora, with a thrill of pleased anticipation. "The letter was written on Saturday. The servant must have delayed to post it. He does not tell me at what hour he may arrive. He may be here at any moment."

She put the letter in her bosom, and hastened to make a few alterations in her toilet, which might make her more pleasing in the eyes of her aristocratic lover.

"Well, what's your news?" demanded Mrs. Narr. "Mr. Champney will be here to-day."

"He will!" and the woman's eyes brightened. "That is good. You can marry him, if you want to, Dora. Only, whoever does marry you will have to pension off Jack and me, if he don't want us to settle in his neighbourhood."

Dora had not thought that her marriage was to afford the Nairs an opportunity to obtain blackmail, and while she was considering the subject in a bitterness of spirit a heavy step was heard on the stairs, and a thundering knock sounded on the door.

"Come in!" called out Mrs. Narr. The door opened, and a man strode into the room. "With a great cry of welcome Mrs. Narr flew towards him, drew him further into the room, and embraced him."

"It's Jack, sure enough!" she ejaculated. "Jack, at last!" Dora looked at the new-comer curiously.

He was a stout man, of medium height, grey by reason of his breadth, seemed shorter than he was. He had a red, full-moon face, framed in red and bristling hair, cropped close to his round head. A red fringe of whiskers adorned his face. He looked the incarnation of vulgarity, was coarse and bluff and ignorant, fond of drink and vices that go hand-in-hand with drunkenness, and had, as he had had all his life, a positive genius for getting his living at the expense of some other person.

He was gaudily dressed in plaid trousers, a red velvet waistcoat adorned with brass buttons, a blue shirt, and in which was thrust a tie displaying an immense taste for the most vulgar and ostentatious of the latest fashions. He had a pair of eyes that set jauntily on the back of his head.

It was evident that he had propitiated his conscience or his strength by a dose of his favorite beverage just before his arrival at Foxwater-crescent. He looked in short, like a retired and well-to-do prize-fighter.

Such was Jack Narr, the man who claimed to be the father of the pure, dainty, and blossom-like Dora. "Yes, it's Jack!" cried the man, with a hoarse laugh, looking around him. "Very nice quarters, old girl. Setting up for a nob, ain't you? Bug fadding, miss," he added, his gaze settling on Dora, and he made a sweeping bow to her. "I meant no 'harm."

Mrs. Narr pulled his sleeve. "Don't you understand?" she exclaimed. "That is Dora—our girl, you know?" "Ah yes. Happy to see you, Miss Dora."

"Not Miss Dora, Jack. She's our girl that Squire Chessom adopted, and left without a farthing. The squire's dead, and his son has sent Dora adrift to look out for herself. She's going to teach and support you and me, or else!"

"Is she?" asked Jack Narr, brightening at the thought of being supported by somebody. "It's very good of her. I must say. Shall be delighted, Miss Dora?" "Miss Dora, again?" cried Mrs. Narr, impatiently. "I can't see how he got into your head, Jack, short of vaccinating it in!" The girl's eyes, and you must call her Dora, or Dolly, just as you choose. But don't go to talking as if she was our superior."

Jack Narr looked at the pale, high-bred girl, who was as unlike him and his wife as a stately lily or cultured rose is unlike a field bean, and his round face grew puzzled. "I know it's all right," he muttered. "But dashed if I can quite get it."

"You've been drinking, Jack. That's why you're so dreadful thick-headed." "I've been drinking only enough to feel mellow," said Mr. Narr, putting his thumbs into his arm-holes of his waistcoat and balancing himself jauntily and alternately on his heels and toes. "Sure there's no mistake now, old woman? That's the girl?"

eyes, stood Felix Champney! CHAPTER XIV. COLONEL EFFINGHAM. The boathouse at Saltair Manor, to which repeated allusion has been made, demands at this juncture a fuller description.

It lay at the end of the little stone pier, which stretched from the foot of the stairway in the rocks out into the waters of the little bay. It was built in two storeys, the lower one being of stone, and some twenty feet in height.

The upper storey was only about twelve feet high, and its side walls were almost entirely formed of movable shutters, capable of being opened or closed at pleasure, after the fashion of many West Indian houses. These shutters painted of deep, cool green, and in winter were protected by additional blinds. The roof projected slightly, and was painted in gay stripes, looking like a Venetian awning.

This cool upper room in the boathouse, high up over the water, and swept through its shutters by the coolest sea-breezes, even in the sultriest day in summer, was one of the favourite resorts of Lady Champney, who loved to lie upon its cushions and listen to the musical swishing of the waves against the stone walls below, or against the cliffs forming the sea-wall of the manor.

It had become an especially favourite retreat since Lord Champney's return to Saltair, and since he had developed a taste for boating. Left unfurnished for the winter, the upper room in the boathouse was now, in June, in its full summer attire.

The floor was covered with a pale Indian matting. A few pictures, tiny scraps of bright scenes, were hung on the narrow panels between the jalousie shutters. A lounge was ranged against the wall, and a couple of armchairs of canework stood in the centre of the apartment, near a large round table. The remainder of the furniture consisted only of a large supply of Moorish cushions, some of them heaped upon the lounge, and others scattered in luxurious heaps about the floor.

Upon the afternoon of the day on which Felix Champney had chosen to go to town for his flying visit to Dora, Lady Champney was half-reclining upon the lounge looking out upon the sea through partially-opened shutters.

Since the day on which he had made his memorable visit to her sitting-room, bringing with him the mischief-making bouquet, Lady Champney had not seen Lord Champney. Insulted, tortured, and aggrieved, she had kept to her room, not going downstairs even to her meals. Tiring of her self-imprisonment at last, however, she had come out this afternoon for a stroll in the garden and a lounge in the boathouse, and intended to make her appearance at the dinner table.

The afternoon was bright and pleasant, with a glorious flood of sunshine on the glittering waters, with their dancing foam-crests, and with a strong, sweet breeze that was inexpressibly delightful after the outtriness of the morning.

The sea was dotted with the bright sails of fisher craft and larger vessels, and Lady Champney was idly watching them, and wondering which among them was Lord Champney's sail, for he had gone out an hour before in the little yacht.

"He may have gone over to Cromer," she thought, toying with the shutters. "He must miss Felix Champney, who started for town this morning. And that reminds me, Willard Ames and I were strangely unjust to poor Felix, in thinking him guilty of a conspiracy against me. But that is the way we misjudge people," she added, sighing. "We throw away a sincere friendship for a seeming one—the real diamond for the paste! Sidney knew his cousin best, after all."

Watching yet a little longer, Lady Champney distinguished one sail which was making direct before the wind for Saltair. A further scrutiny convinced her that this was the graceful little yacht, homeward bound.

"I don't wish Sidney to find me here," she said, to herself. "He will think I have been watching for him. I will go up on the lawn."

She regarded the approaching boat through her glass, and then, convinced of its identity, arose and shook down the long folds of her dress, preparing to retrace her way to the land.

She presented a charming picture as she stood there, taking a last peep at the swift-sailing yacht through the interstices of the shutters, with her pale gold hair coiled high at the back of her head, one long curl straying over her shoulder, gleaming like sunshine, and with the folds of her sea-green silk floating about her, giving her the look of an Undine.

And so thought—it was apparent—a man who had come up the flight of stone stairs silently from the boathouse below.

He was standing on the topmost stair, and regarding Lady Champney with a glance of the most intense admiration, taking in with his keen gaze every feature of her dazzling loveliness.

This man, who was of middle age, was strikingly handsome, after a bold and wicked fashion, and had a military air that was infinitely becoming to him.

He was Colonel Effingham, an officer in the army, a man of the worst type; yet, because of his handsome face and fortune, his polished manners and air of fashion, he was courted and admired by half his fashionable world.

Lady Champney started as if stung, and turned hastily, facing him. "Colonel Effingham!" she ejaculated, in amazement.

The colonel, holding his hat in his hand, bowed deeply. "It is I, Lady Champney," he said, humbly. "Pardon my intrusion, but the servant sent me here in quest of you."

"Indeed!" cried Lady Champney, in a haughty scorn. "I receive no one here but my friends. Be kind enough to relieve me of your presence at once."

The colonel flushed under her cutting tone, but came up the stairs, approaching her. "Some one must have maligned me to you, Lady Champney," he said, deprecatingly. "Am I not your friend? Certainly, if a kindly feeling towards you could constitute me such, I am one."

"I have no wish to hold any conference with you," said Lady Champney, pointing to the staircase. "Go!" "Surely, you will not condemn me unheard?" persisted the colonel.

Lady Champney's blue eyes flashed like drawn steel. "You dare urge your defence," she cried, "when you have grossly insulted me beyond all forgiveness by the thoughtless note enclosed in it which you sent me the other day? You have not been condemned unheard. Come here. My husband would have punished you!"

"You showed him the note then?" interrupted the colonel, his countenance falling. "No; but he saw the bouquet, and knew that it enclosed a note. To save my name from scandal, I screened you from Lord Champney's just wrath."

The colonel smiled again. "The colonel smiled again, as if he were a second time," said the baroness, haughtily. "I know Lord Champney's unfortunate peculiarity," observed Colonel Effingham, coolly. "To speak against any man's attentions to him would be like pouring spirits on a fire. He has a theory that any woman who respects herself will never be insulted."

"He would be dashed after him then, for murderous thoughts were surging in his breast, but that the shock had made him weak as a little child." "I will bide my time," he said. "I will be as watchful, as keen, as untiring as a bloodhound. And when I come upon the two together—than—"

The glaring look in his eyes, the sunken cheeks of his hands, finished the sentence better than words could have done. "Meanwhile, unconscious of the baron's gaze, Colonel Effingham mounted the stairs in the rock, and came to a momentary halt upon the lawn.

"The next step is to widen the breach between this amiable couple," he mused. "And then I will step in between them and carry off my prize—my beautiful, scornful Barbara. Felix Champney said that he knew that she loved me, but that her inimitable pride and her fear of her husband stood between us like a bulwark of stone. Well, I like to batter down obstacles. I'll win her and humble her, let what will stand in my way. Nobody ever frightened me from my game."

He laughed to himself—a low, noiseless sort of laugh. "The best thing to do next is to drop the note Felix wrote for me, with an eye to this disposition of it, in the way of Lord Champney. It will probably disgust him with his wife, and cause him to leave her again, thus giving me a clear field."

He took from his pocket his note-book. It was just putting out from the boathouse. Lord Champney stood up in it, tall and dark and stern, and waved her a farewell. Then the shifting breeze swelled his sail, and the yacht stood out to sea.

He was gone on his mission of vengeance. (To be Continued.)

"PETER PAN" AIRSHIPS. There are many fanciful ideas for aeroplanes which never fully materialize. Such weird names as "ornithopteres" and "gyropteres" are given to machines of which there is no record of completion.

On the other hand, immense strides have been made in the construction of aircraft all over the world. In 1909 Great Britain possessed 32 privately-owned airships; to-day she has over 130. France, in 1909, owned exactly the same number as Great Britain does now; to-day 400 machines belong to her.

During the last two years Germany's aircraft have increased from 16 to 100; Italy's from nine to 50; Russia from 10 to 50, and Belgium from 4 to 40.

A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE. He was the son of a worthy citizen, and he had just returned from college. The father was a brusque master-of-fact man, who had no liking for anything stylish, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with a high collar and various other insignia of fashion.

The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office, and then burst out: "Young man, you look like a perfect idiot."

that the peculiar nature of Lord Champney should have been fired by this letter to the wild bias of an awful despair. "My God! And I have worshipped that woman!" he said to himself, in a hoarse whisper. "Every time when I have met her eyes or looked on her face I have doubted my own convictions of her falsity. Oh, if I could only hate her! One thing is certain, she shall never drive me into seeking a divorce. She shall never have her freedom to marry Effingham. Never!"

A little later the husband found his wife in her room. Her face was buried in her hands. Her form was shaking with passionate sobs. Never in his life had Lord Champney seen her exhibit an emotion and a despair like this.

In the midst of his rage and anger there crept, for the first time, an element of pity. "Barbara," he said, his voice trembling. "I started, with an inarticulate cry. "Sidney!" she ejaculated, in a panic.

"Barbara," he said, in the same husky voice he had before employed, "I know all!" "You know all?" repeated the baroness, wonderingly.

"Yes, I saw Colonel Effingham from the boathouse as he climbed up the cliff stairs." "Sidney, hear me. At least, let me speak in my own defence," cried the wife, passionately.

"If it is useless, Barbara, I should not believe a word you said. I have lost faith in you utterly. The mask has been stripped from you, and I know you as you are—false, treacherous, cruel!"

The wife threw up her arms with a wild moaning cry. "Oh, Sidney, Sidney!" she pleaded. "Hear me, I can explain! Colonel Effingham intruded upon me against my wishes. I rebuked him. I pushed him into the water!"

The baron's lip curled in a terrible sneer. "Madam, your pretensions and falsehoods are beyond parallel. I have in my pocket your last letter to your adored Albert. Permit me to restore it to you."

He handed her the missive. She looked it over in a stupor of amazement. "I never saw it before, Sidney," she cried. "It is some vile forgery. Colonel Effingham has written this, forging my handwriting."

"Indeed!" commented the baron, with a terrible sarcasm, and he turned to leave the room. The wife sprang to her feet and rushed towards him, a great and undefeatable fear swamping all her anger and indignation.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "To Cromer. I am going to call upon Colonel Effingham. Either he or I must give way in this matter. But on my honor, man, I will love my wife!"

"You will fight him?" "Yes." "But, Sidney, the colonel is a 4-40 shot. He has fought two duels on the Continent, and killed his antagonist each time. And duelling is so wicked, so foolish, and contrary to law. Do not go!"

He caught her hand in a vice-like pressure. Then he moved away, but came back and caught her in his arms, and strained her to his heart, showering kisses upon her.

The next moment he hurried swiftly away, moving towards the lawn, whence he made his way to the boathouse.

Lady Champney followed him with nervous haste, but when she had gained the cliff stairs the little yacht was just putting out from the boathouse. Lord Champney stood up in it, tall and dark and stern, and waved her a farewell. Then the shifting breeze swelled his sail, and the yacht stood out to sea.

He was gone on his mission of vengeance. (To be Continued.)

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The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office, and then burst out: "Young man, you look like a perfect idiot."

Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in. "Why, hello, George, have you returned?" he asked. "Dear me, how much you resemble your father!"

THE FARM. SOME POINTS WORTH THE ATTENTION OF FARMERS. LAND DRAINAGE.

One characteristic of undrained soils is their coldness. As the air passes over a wet surface evaporation takes place with greater or less rapidity, according to the state of atmospheric humidity and to the degree of motion of the wind. This is easily exemplified with regard to the last-mentioned factor by moistening the forefinger and exposing it to the air, when a sensation of coldness will be experienced upon the side exposed to the direction of the wind, which simple experiment is sometimes tried when the motion of the air is too light for one to be sure from what point the wind comes.

This proceeding is not often necessary in Tasmania, where high winds are commonly prevalent, and the quarter whence they come unmistakable. These winds exert a most powerful evaporating influence, with a corresponding lowering of temperature, which is liable to exert an injurious effect upon soils as well as upon stock and vegetation. The latter may be protected to a large extent by shelter belts of trees and other means, though with regard to the soil the sun exerts a powerful evaporative effect, which is, however, to some extent compensated by the heat which it imparts. In the case of the undrained soil, this benefit is largely nullified by the physical properties of water in relation to heat. Warmed-up water is lighter than cold, and if the source of heat is applied to the surface the warmer water remains there, and the water beneath it remains for a long time unaffected. On the other hand, if heat is applied to water from beneath, the water rapidly rises to the surface, layer after layer coming up, until the water acquires one uniform temperature, and eventually boils if sufficient heat is applied. This property of water is exemplified in the process of heating a copper immersed in the liquid, it will be found warm at the top and colder at the bottom, which is more deeply immersed. In the case of water being cooled at the surface by evaporation or by a reduction of the atmospheric temperature, as in the case of frost, a cold layer is formed upon the surface, which sinks owing to the contraction of its particles, which renders it heavier. This same process goes on in the case of an undrained soil, which approaches the saturated condition near the surface, but under a comparatively dry layer of soil the water rapidly rises to the surface, layer after layer coming up, until the water acquires one uniform temperature, and eventually boils if sufficient heat is applied. This property of water is exemplified in the process of heating a copper immersed in the liquid, it will be found warm at the top and colder at the bottom, which is more deeply immersed. In the case of water being cooled at the surface by evaporation or by a reduction of the atmospheric temperature, as in the case of frost, a cold layer is formed upon the surface, which sinks owing to the contraction of its particles, which renders it heavier. 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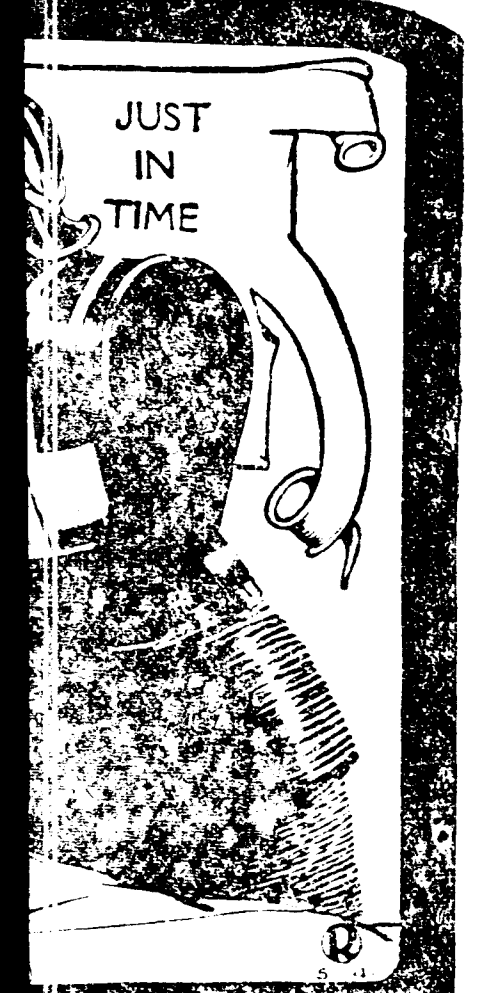
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BEAUFORT RAINFALL.

1871	1872	1873	1874	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																									
10.5	11.2	12.1	13.0	14.5	15.8	16.2	17.5	18.1	19.0	20.5	21.2	22.1	23.0	24.5	25.8	26.2	27.5	28.1	29.0	30.5	31.2	32.1	33.0	34.5	35.8	36.2	37.5	38.1	39.0	40.5	41.2	42.1	43.0	44.5	45.8	46.2	47.5	48.1	49.0	50.5	51.2	52.1	53.0	54.5	55.8	56.2	57.5	58.1	59.0	60.5	61.2	62.1	63.0	64.5	65.8	66.2	67.5	68.1	69.0	70.5	71.2	72.1	73.0	74.5	75.8	76.2	77.5	78.1	79.0	80.5	81.2	82.1	83.0	84.5	85.8	86.2	87.5	88.1	89.0	90.5	91.2	92.1	93.0	94.5	95.8	96.2	97.5	98.1	99.0	100.5	101.2	102.1	103.0	104.5	105.8	106.2	107.5	108.1	109.0	110.5	111.2	112.1	113.0	114.5	115.8	116.2	117.5	118.1	119.0	120.5	121.2	122.1	123.0	124.5	125.8	126.2	127.5	128.1	129.0	130.5	131.2	132.1	133.0	134.5	135.8	136.2	137.5	138.1	139.0	140.5	141.2	142.1	143.0	144.5	145.8	146.2	147.5	148.1	149.0	150.5	151.2	152.1	153.0	154.5	155.8	156.2	157.5	158.1	159.0	160.5	161.2	162.1	163.0	164.5	165.8	166.2	167.5	168.1	169.0	170.5	171.2	172.1	173.0	174.5	175.8	176.2	177.5	178.1	179.0	180.5	181.2	182.1	183.0	184.5	185.8	186.2	187.5	188.1	189.0	190.5	191.2	192.1	193.0	194.5	195.8	196.2	197.5	198.1	199.0	200.5	201.2	202.1	203.0	204.5	205.8	206.2	207.5	208.1	209.0	210.5	211.2	212.1	213.0	214.5	215.8	216.2	217.5	218.1	219.0	220.5	221.2	222.1	223.0	224.5	225.8	226.2	227.5	228.1	229.0	230.5	231.2	232.1	233.0	234.5	235.8	236.2	237.5	238.1	239.0	240.5	241.2	242.1	243.0	244.5	245.8	246.2	247.5	248.1	249.0	250.5	251.2	252.1	253.0	254.5	255.8	256.2	257.5	258.1	259.0	260.5	261.2	262.1	263.0	264.5	265.8	266.2	267.5	268.1	269.0	270.5	271.2	272.1	273.0	274.5	275.8	276.2	277.5	278.1	279.0	280.5	281.2	282.1	283.0	284.5	285.8	286.2	287.5	288.1	289.0	290.5	291.2	292.1	293.0	294.5	295.8	296.2	297.5	298.1	299.0	300.5	301.2	302.1	303.0	304.5	305.8	306.2	307.5	308.1	309.0	310.5	311.2	312.1	313.0	314.5	315.8	316.2	317.5	318.1	319.0	320.5	321.2	322.1	323.0	324.5	325.8	326.2	327.5	328.1	329.0	330.5	331.2	332.1	333.0	334.5	335.8	336.2	337.5	338.1	339.0	340.5	341.2	342.1	343.0	344.5	345.8	346.2	347.5	348.1	349.0	350.5	351.2	352.1	353.0	354.5	355.8	356.2	357.5	358.1	359.0	360.5	361.2	362.1	363.0	364.5	365.8	366.2	367.5	368.1	369.0	370.5	371.2	372.1	373.0	374.5	375.8	376.2	377.5	378.1	379.0	380.5	381.2	382.1	383.0	384.5	385.8	386.2	387.5	388.1	389.0	390.5	391.2	392.1	393.0	394.5	395.8	396.2	397.5	398.1	399.0	400.5	401.2	402.1	403.0	404.5	405.8	406.2	407.5	408.1	409.0	410.5	411.2	412.1	413.0	414.5	415.8	416.2	417.5	418.1	419.0	420.5	421.2	422.1	423.0	424.5	425.8	426.2	427.5	428.1	429.0	430.5	431.2	432.1	433.0	434.5	435.8	436.2	437.5	438.1	439.0	440.5	441.2	442.1	443.0	444.5	445.8	446.2	447.5	448.1	449.0	450.5	451.2	452.1	453.0	454.5	455.8	456.2	457.5	458.1	459.0	460.5	461.2	462.1	463.0	464.5	465.8	466.2	467.5	468.1	469.0	470.5	471.2	472.1	473.0	474.5	475.8	476.2	477.5	478.1	479.0	480.5	481.2	482.1	483.0	484.5	485.8	486.2	487.5	488.1	489.0	490.5	491.2	492.1	493.0	494.5	495.8	496.2	497.5	498.1	499.0	500.5	501.2	502.1	503.0	504.5	505.8	506.2	507.5	508.1	509.0	510.5	511.2	512.1	513.0	514.5	515.8	516.2	517.5	518.1	519.0	520.5	521.2	522.1	523.0	524.5	525.8	526.2	527.5	528.1	529.0	530.5	531.2	532.1	533.0	534.5	535.8	536.2	537.5	538.1	539.0	540.5	541.2	542.1	543.0	544.5	545.8	546.2	547.5	548.1	549.0	550.5	551.2	552.1	553.0	554.5	555.8	556.2	557.5	558.1	559.0	560.5	561.2	562.1	563.0	564.5	565.8	566.2	567.5	568.1	569.0	570.5	571.2	572.1	573.0	574.5	575.8	576.2	577.5	578.1	579.0	580.5	581.2	582.1	583.0	584.5	585.8	586.2	587.5	588.1	589.0	590.5	591.2	592.1	593.0	594.5	595.8	596.2	597.5	598.1	599.0	600.5	601.2	602.1	603.0	604.5	605.8	606.2	607.5	608.1	609.0	610.5	611.2	612.1	613.0	614.5	615.8	616.2	617.5	618.1	619.0	620.5	621.2	622.1	623.0	624.5	625.8	626.2	627.5	628.1	629.0	630.5	631.2	632.1	633.0	634.5	635.8	636.2	637.5	638.1	639.0	640.5	641.2	642.1	643.0	644.5	645.8	646.2	647.5	648.1	649.0	650.5	651.2	652.1	653.0	654.5	655.8	656.2	657.5	658.1	659.0	660.5	661.2	662.1	663.0	664.5	665.8	666.2	667.5	668.1	669.0	670.5	671.2	672.1	673.0	674.5	675.8	676.2	677.5	678.1	679.0	680.5	681.2	682.1	683.0	684.5	685.8	686.2	687.5	688.1	689.0	690.5	691.2	692.1	693.0	694.5	695.8	696.2	697.5	698.1	699.0	700.5	701.2	702.1	703.0	704.5	705.8	706.2	707.5	708.1	709.0	710.5	711.2	712.1	713.0	714.5	715.8	716.2	717.5	718.1	719.0	720.5	721.2	722.1	723.0	724.5	725.8	726.2	727.5	728.1	729.0	730.5	731.2	732.1	733.0	734.5	735.8	736.2	737.5	738.1	739.0	740.5	741.2	742.1	743.0	744.5	745.8	746.2	747.5	748.1	749.0	750.5	751.2	752.1	753.0	754.5	755.8	756.2	757.5	758.1	759.0	760.5	761.2	762.1	763.0	764.5	765.8	766.2	767.5	768.1	769.0	770.5	771.2	772.1	773.0	774.5	775.8	776.2	777.5	778.1	779.0	780.5	781.2	782.1	783.0	784.5	785.8	786.2	787.5	788.1	789.0	790.5	791.2	792.1	793.0	794.5	795.8	796.2	797.5	798.1	799.0	800.5	801.2	802.1	803.0	804.5	805.8	806.2	807.5	808.1	809.0	810.5	811.2	812.1	813.0	814.5	815.8	816.2	817.5	818.1	819.0	820.5	821.2	822.1	823.0	824.5	825.8	826.2	827.5	828.1	829.0	830.5	831.2	832.1	833.0	834.5	835.8	836.2	837.5	838.1	839.0	840.5	841.2	842.1	843.0	844.5	845.8	846.2	847.5	848.1	849.0	850.5	851.2	852.1	853.0	854.5	855.8	856.2	857.5	858.1	859.0	860.5	861.2	862.1	863.0	864.5	865.8	866.2	867.5	868.1	869.0	870.5	871.2	872.1	873.0	874.5	875.8	876.2	877.5	878.1	879.0	880.5	881.2	882.1	883.0	884.5	885.8	886.2	887.5	888.1	889.0	890.5	891.2	892.1	893.0	894.5	895.8	896.2	897.5	898.1	899.0	900.5	901.2	902.1	903.0	904.5	905.8	906.2	907.5	908.1	909.0	910.5	911.2	912.1	913.0	914.5	915.8	916.2	917.5	918.1	919.0	920.5	921.2	922.1	923.0	924.5	925.8	926.2	927.5	928.1	929.0	930.5	931.2	932.1	933.0	934.5	935.8	936.2	937.5	938.1	939.0	940.5	941.2	942.1	943.0	944.5	945.8	946.2	947.5	948.1	949.0	950.5	951.2	952.1	953.0	954.5	955.8	956.2	957.5	958.1	959.0	960.5	961.2	962.1	963.0	964.5	965.8	966.2	967.5	968.1	969.0	970.5	971.2	972.1	973.0	974.5	975.8	976.2	977.5	978.1	979.0	980.5	981.2	982.1	983.0	984.5	985.8	986.2	987.5	988.1	989.0	990.5	991.2	992.1	993.0	994.5	995.8	996.2	997.5	998.1	999.0	1000.5	1001.2	1002.1	1003.0	1004.5	1005.8	1006.2	1007.5	1008.1	1009.0	1010.5	1011.2	1012.1	1013.0	1014.5	1015.8	1016.2	1017.5	1018.1	1019.0	1020.5	1021.2	1022.1	1023.0	1024.5	1025.8	1026.2	1027.5	1028.1	1029.0	1030.5	1031.2	1032.1	1033.0	1034.5	1035.8	1036.2	1037.5	1038.1	1039.0	1040.5	1041.2	1042.1	1043.0	1044.5	1045.8	1046.2	1047.5	1048.1	1049.0	1050.5	1051.2	1052.1	1053.0	1054.5	1055.8	1056.2	1057.5	1058.1	1059.0	1060.5	1061.2	1062.1	1063.0	1064.5	1065.8	1066.2	1067.5	1068.1

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The Riponshire Advocate

No. 1835. Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne for transmission by post as a newspaper. BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1912. PRICE THREEPENCE

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"Advocate" Office, Beaufort.

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

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Two years ago I had the charge of a little girl who had dreadful sores continually breaking out on her face and neck. She had a doctor, but he only sent out a little ointment, so we had a doctor. She laid all one summer on her back. The doctor used to burn it with caustic, causing awful agony, and she wasted to a skeleton...

WORTH £5 A DOSE.

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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 a more or less small enterprise, but each, while aiding at the success of the Promoter, must also contribute to the welfare of the community...

The Law of exchange is never satisfactory in its working; this is what the custom of buying and selling with gold and silver has introduced. The form of our currency is known as "paper money," and of paper money there is more than one kind. All kinds of useful, but not every kind retains its value. The "paper" money most valuable to a newspaper proprietor is that which is sent him by his subscribers...

"The Riponshire Advocate" is the Advertising Medium for all Commercial and Industrial concerns in the Shire of Beaufort. ONLY NEWSPAPER Published and Printed within the Shire of Beaufort.

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The above Hotel, having changed hands, the present Proprietress wishes to notify the residents of Beaufort and district that the house has been thoroughly renovated, and will be open to receive guests on Monday, December 24th.

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. Siding Free. Horses and Vehicles on hire. The Proprietress trusts that with a very attentive and cordial staff, she will receive a large share of patronage.

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WEDDING GROUPS. Have the latest WEDDING GROUPS. WEDDING GROUPS. Taken. WEDDING GROUPS. The latest WEDDING GROUPS. styles WEDDING GROUPS. of Bridal WEDDING GROUPS. Veils. WEDDING GROUPS. Bouquets. WEDDING GROUPS. The Rev. A. J. Stewart, both of whom delivered interesting addresses. The special music by the choir. Mr. W. Boustead, of Ballarat, acted in the dual capacity of organist and conductor. The anthems, "Calvary" and "Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God," rendered by the choir, the soloists being Messrs Hamilton (tenor) and Boustead (baritone). There was an unusually large number of guests attending the service. The Rev. A. J. Stewart, who occupied the pulpit, delivered an able address, basing his remarks on the text, "For ye shall be as living stones, built upon a foundation which is Jesus Christ, the living stone, crucified."—I Corinthians, 2, 2. He dealt with the true meaning of Paul's words, pointing out that he was not a martyr as the Jews thought, but a witness to the truth. The church stood in no danger from science and philosophy. If she was to conquer she must progress with the age. The preacher showed the tendency to present the Bible as a mere collection of facts, and suggested that they should give both science and philosophy. If she was to conquer she must progress with the age. The preacher showed the tendency to present the Bible as a mere collection of facts, and suggested that they should give both science and philosophy. If she was to conquer she must progress with the age.

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Australian Natives' Association

THE FORTNIGHTLY MEETING of the Beaufort Branch, A.N.A., will be held in the MECHANICAL INSTITUTE on MONDAY Evening next, at 8 o'clock sharp. D. LINDSAY, Secretary.

The Riponshire Advocate. Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1912.

We wish our readers a Merry Xmas, and a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

With this issue we have pleasure in presenting our subscribers with a sheet almanac.

Owing to the holidays interfering with our usual publishing arrangements, the next issue of "The Riponshire Advocate" will not be published till Saturday evening.

There was a large audience at the Beaufort Picture Co.'s usual entertainment in the Societies' Hall on Friday night.

The hearing of the case a humorous incident occurred. In accordance with the customary procedure, the police asked their charge if he had any questions to ask. "Yes," said that party, pointing to a canine habitue of the court whose state odour is more convincing than his denials, and who was on this occasion vigorously combating a nimble parasite. "What sort of a dog is that?" The magistrates threw off their mask of gravity and indulged in a hearty laugh. The fact of the matter being that the dog was such a decayed specimen that they could not possibly miss the point of the joke.

For Cast Shares, all makes. Plow Chains, Harness, American Plows, Seed Drills, and up-to-date Implements, you should try HAWKES BROS., The Ironmongers, Beaufort.

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We would ask public men to bear in mind that if we consider that a thing should be reported, we will report it, and would not leave it out of print for old Father Peter himself. No man has any more right to interfere with a reporter's business than he has to interfere with any other business in which he is not concerned, or to insinuate in public that another man has less discretion than he has himself.

On Sunday the anniversary of St. Andrew's Church, Beaufort, was celebrated by special services in the morning and evening. At the morning service the Rev. A. J. Stewart, both of whom delivered interesting addresses. The special music by the choir. Mr. W. Boustead, of Ballarat, acted in the dual capacity of organist and conductor. The anthems, "Calvary" and "Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God," rendered by the choir, the soloists being Messrs Hamilton (tenor) and Boustead (baritone). There was an unusually large number of guests attending the service. The Rev. A. J. Stewart, who occupied the pulpit, delivered an able address, basing his remarks on the text, "For ye shall be as living stones, built upon a foundation which is Jesus Christ, the living stone, crucified."—I Corinthians, 2, 2. He dealt with the true meaning of Paul's words, pointing out that he was not a martyr as the Jews thought, but a witness to the truth. The church stood in no danger from science and philosophy. If she was to conquer she must progress with the age. The preacher showed the tendency to present the Bible as a mere collection of facts, and suggested that they should give both science and philosophy. If she was to conquer she must progress with the age.

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BEAUFORT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Nine members of the Beaufort Agricultural Society attended a general meeting at the Shire Hall on Monday evening; Mr H. B. Seager (president) presiding. Prior to the arrival of the president, Mr W. Glover (vice-president) occupied the chair.

From G. Dunnet, Stuckyard Hill, enclosing cheque for special prize, and also including 1/6 for extra lunch ticket the secretary gave him. As a matter of fact he gave both tickets to members of the society and paid for his own lunch. The secretary pointed out that only judges, stewards, and visitors were entitled to luncheon tickets.

From Alex. Anderson, of Weekly Farm office, Melbourne, stating that a somewhat strange thing had happened. The bird did not put in a claim before the show was over, when matters could have been easily arranged before the judge left the grounds. However, under the circumstances, he thought it would be better for him to see the bird. He would arrange to see the printer, and in the lower regions. At the Agricultural Society's meeting the other evening a pressman was thrice addressed in this manner by certain members. On one occasion when a member made use of an oath that no decent newspaper would print without a modification, another member went to the printer and asked him to alter the same in the newspaper man, viz., "Don't put that in the paper."

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ESTRANGED or the LOST HEIRESS of the CHAMPNEYS.

A Fascinating Romance, By the Author of "The Hampton Mystery," "Sir Peter Eldon, &c."

PART II. CHAPTER XVII. A DISAGREABLE INTERVIEW.

As Felix Champney's staid exclamation went through the little lodg-house room like a hiss, the glances of the two Nairs followed that of Dora, resting upon the newcomer.

The young girl, feeling bitterly the contrast between her elegant and aristocratic lover, with all his caste prejudices and these vulgar, ignorant, and coarse persons who claimed to be her parents, was mute with shame and a gathering dread.

Mrs. Narr, however, was equal to the occasion. "My name's Narr—Catherine Narr," said the woman, volubly. "I'm Dora's mother."

"Indeed!" "Yes, and this here's her pa. Jack, speak up for yourself. Don't look so shamefaced. This is the man we were speaking of—Mr. Champney, cousin to Lord Champney. He'll be Lord Champney himself some day, and Dora'll be his lady."

"Champney!" repeated Narr, with a sudden agitation. "What's he doing here? It's all up with us, Kate. It's all!"

"Now you hush!" interrupted his wife, savagely. "Didn't you understand me? This here stranger is Mr. Champney, as is going to marry Dora, and keep us all our lives in luxury. Do you understand now?"

The haunted look fled from Jack Narr's eyes. He drew a long breath of relief.

"Yes, I understand," he said. "How do you do, Mr. Champney? Happy to make your acquaintance."

"My good people," he said, waving his white hand. "I came here, waving his white hand. He bade kind enough to leave me alone with her a little while."

The Nairs retired noisily, closing the door behind them, and retreated to Mrs. Narr's little room, the door of which they left open.

The two—Felix and Dora—were left alone. The young girl stood, pale and cold, her marble image, her black drapery falling around her like heavy shadows, her dark eyes full of a brooding trouble.

Felix approached her, holding out his hand. "Dora," he said, gently. "What's this?"

"I told you I wasn't in a condition to marry at present, though I am well able to support her. Miss Dora seems to put on airs. She could not expect to marry a gentleman now!"

The woman appeared to reflect. A speculative light appeared in her eyes. A scheming glow glowed on her face.

"Come out into the hall, Mr. Champney," she said. "I'd like to talk over the matter with you."

"You can say what you wish to her," said Dora. "You seem to be kindred spirits, and I will leave you to yourselves."

With the look of utter scorn and loathing of the trio, she swept from the room, entering her bed room, and double-locking the door.

"This place is unsafe for me longer," she thought. "These people are willing to sell me to a life of horror. I must trust in myself and to God."

She knelt by her bedside a few moments in a voiceless prayer. Then, arising, she put on her hat and coat. A moment later she noiselessly opened the hall door, slipped down the stairs, and out into the street, while the Nairs and Champney were still in the midst of their secret and villainous conclave.

"I hurried out of the crescent, turning to the west corner, and discovering that she was not pursued, her speed involuntarily slackened, and her thoughts grew calmer, and the question presented itself to her—where was she going?"

The question brought her to an abrupt standstill. "What friend had she to whom she could go in this hour of her need, who would shelter and protect her?"

"Nowhere to go!" she murmured, piteously. "What shall I do?" In the midst of her despair, like a ray of sunlight flashing through darkness, came the thought of her rejected lover, the young squire of Weir Hall.

"Noel will help me," she thought, her heart leaping with sudden hope. "I will go to him. I know his home. He will befriend me."

She quickened her steps, moving forward rapidly. She had gone but a brief distance when she beheld coming down the lonely, nearly-deserted street a light, swinging figure, surmounted by a noble, handsome face, now grave and thoughtful in its expression almost to sternness.

It was Noel Weir. He approached her, his face kindling, his hands outstretched. "Dora!" he exclaimed, halting at her side.

"Noel! Oh, Noel!" cried Dora, all her anguish finding expression in that wailing cry.

Noel's face paled. "What has happened, Dora?" he asked. Dora put back her veil, revealing her white, tear-stained face and swollen eyes, and regarded him with a piteous appeal that went to his soul.

"Nothing," said Dora, brightly. "Of course, we must out these people—these Nairs. They would be the death of me in a week. You will not want them with us?"

"Oh, no!" shuddered Dora. "I will take you to Norwich to have you near me," he said, folding his arm around her waist. "I will find you the prettiest lodgings, and visit you every day, and lavish costly gifts upon you, and these Nairs shall never intrude upon you. I will make your life a dream of beauty, my peerless Dora."

Felix pressed his lips to hers. "Could we not slip out now," he asked, "or do you suppose those odious people are on the stairs or outside the door?"

"They are watching the door I don't doubt," said Dora. "But tonight will do. Felix. When are we to be married? And where?"

"Married!" repeated Felix, in seeming wonder. "Will it not be too late tonight?"

"We were not talking of being married yet awhile, my dear child," said Felix, blandly. "It will be just the same, though."

Dora sprang to her feet and faced him, her breast panting, her cheeks white, her eyes blazing.

"Do you mean, Felix Champney," she demanded, "that you have been deliberately insulting me?"

"What a little spiteful! Why, no, Dora, not insulting you. I love you. You'll think for that."

"Then what do you mean? An honorable marriage?"

In spite of himself Felix's cheeks flushed hotly, and a confusion came upon him.

"Look here, Dora," he said. "You can't expect to carry your pigs to an good market—to use an old and pertinent, though vulgar simile—as if the animals in question had not deteriorated. There is a wide difference between Miss Dora Chessom, of Chessom Grange, daughter of the old squire, a supposed heiress, of as good blood as any in the country, and Dora Narr, the penniless vagabond of a pair of roving vagabonds! Don't you see the difference yourself?"

"Stop!" she commanded. "Not another word. Your love is an insult. I have found you out, Felix Champney, and in good time. Leave me!"

Her strange and solemn dignity, the look in her eyes, the hauteur of her slight figure—all had their effect upon Felix.

He turned as if to depart; but at that juncture the door opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Narr came in, both smiling.

"Time's up," said Jack Narr, in a chirping voice. "Now, son-in-law, I am ready to hear your intentions. When is it to be—the wedding, you know?"

"Never!" said Felix, with mock politeness, his soul full of anger. "Your daughter has refused me."

"Refused you?" cried Mrs. Narr, in a shrill voice. "Refused the cousin of a lord? What does this mean?"

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With the look of utter scorn and loathing of the trio, she swept from the room, entering her bed room, and double-locking the door.

"This place is unsafe for me longer," she thought. "These people are willing to sell me to a life of horror. I must trust in myself and to God."

She knelt by her bedside a few moments in a voiceless prayer. Then, arising, she put on her hat and coat. A moment later she noiselessly opened the hall door, slipped down the stairs, and out into the street, while the Nairs and Champney were still in the midst of their secret and villainous conclave.

"I hurried out of the crescent, turning to the west corner, and discovering that she was not pursued, her speed involuntarily slackened, and her thoughts grew calmer, and the question presented itself to her—where was she going?"

The question brought her to an abrupt standstill. "What friend had she to whom she could go in this hour of her need, who would shelter and protect her?"

"Nowhere to go!" she murmured, piteously. "What shall I do?" In the midst of her despair, like a ray of sunlight flashing through darkness, came the thought of her rejected lover, the young squire of Weir Hall.

"Noel will help me," she thought, her heart leaping with sudden hope. "I will go to him. I know his home. He will befriend me."

She quickened her steps, moving forward rapidly. She had gone but a brief distance when she beheld coming down the lonely, nearly-deserted street a light, swinging figure, surmounted by a noble, handsome face, now grave and thoughtful in its expression almost to sternness.

It was Noel Weir. He approached her, his face kindling, his hands outstretched. "Dora!" he exclaimed, halting at her side.

"Oh, Noel!" she said, h.r lips quivering. "I have left them. I am alone—all alone."

"Not alone while I live, Dora," responded the young squire, earnestly. "You were going to me, earnestly. 'Yes, I had nowhere else to go.' A smile, radiant in its brightness, transfigured the face of Noel Weir. Dora depended upon him, then! She turned first to him in her sore strait.

But the smile faded, as Dora dropped her veil, flushing under the scrutiny of some passer. Noel drew her arm through his, and conducted her slowly along the street.

And then, after Dora had told her pitiful story, she asked: "Where am I to go, Noel?"

"Mr. Chessom gave you a letter to his promised wife, Miss Conigebly, in Russell-square. This Miss Conigebly is still young, of course. She must have a woman's heart. Go all your story, Dora, and tell her you are in a situation as resident governess in her own family, or that of some friend, and once installed in such a situation, it will be almost impossible for the Nairs or Champney to trace you. What do you think of the project?"

"It strikes me favourably. It is the best thing I can do. But if I refuse to become Mrs. Noel?"

"I have just engaged rooms in a good lodg-house, so as to be near you," replied Noel. "I will give them up to you and go back to my hotel. And then we will consider what is next to be done?"

"I must see Miss Conigebly to day, Noel," exclaimed Dora. "I see that the sooner I am settled in a secure home the better it will be for me. Can we not go to Russell-square immediately?"

Noel Weir assented. Noel soon signalled an empty cab, the young pair entered it, and the order was given to drive to Russell-square.

Arrived at the house, Dora halted on the steps, noting the cab at the corner, in which Noel was awaiting her.

At the same moment she marked a man loitering against the area railing of the Chessom house—a man who wore the look of a cunning, traitor whose face of red hair, proclaimed to be Jack Narr.

At sight of her, Narr's face lighted up with a sinister exultation.

"Caught my bird the first time trying!" he cried. "The old woman was right. She thought you'd make for this. Come along, Miss Dora. I am your father, and if you cry out or resist I'll call a policeman."

He stood at the bottom of the steps and held out his arms to intercept her.

CHAPTER XVII. A FIERY CHALLENGE. At first Lord Champney paid no heed to the drooping figure and despairing attitude of Lady Champney, as she leaned against the low stone balustrade and watched him saik away into the bright sunbath flooding the summer sea, but at last he looked back at her.

She caught his gaze, and held out her arms to him imploringly.

His lordship's lips curled savagely. "A wild gleam shot from his eyes. 'She thinks to call me back!' he muttered, under his breath. 'She is afraid I will have her darling on my hands! By Heaven, when she looks on him again, she will look on his lifeless corpse!'"

On reaching Cromer, Lord Champney went to the hotel where the colonel was staying.

The baron inquired of the clerk the number of Effingham's room, and carelessly asked if the colonel were in.

"He was, ha! an hour since, my lord," replied the clerk, with a quick guess at the identity of his questioner. "He must be upstairs now."

"No. I will go up myself. You think he's in?"

"He is generally in at this hour, my lord. He came in half an hour ago, with his black horse rather wet, and he'll hardly go again till evening, my lord."

Lord Champney loiteringly departed, and made his way to the upper floor, soon finding the number of Effingham's room.

He knocked on the door. No one answered.

He knocked yet more loudly, and then turned the knob.

The door was unlocked. He went in.

The room was unoccupied. He went to a small table, on which lay an open despatch-box. Upon this box lay a sheet of stained paper, delicately scented, on which was written a date, and the words, "My own Barbara."

Lord Champney turned the despatch-box upside down, and emptied its contents. Then, darkly and grimly, he examined these slowly. They had been well prepared for his eyes.

A bunch of withered violets, tied together with ribbon, and labelled in tiny letters, "From the Lady of Salsair," first attracted the jealous husband's gaze.

Next a photograph of Lady Champney, which Effingham had procured in town of a photographic artist whom the baroness had employed a nefarious mode of gaining possession of which Lord Champney was himself too true a gentleman to suspect his enemy—came to light. This picture was set in a jewelled frame, and on the card was written: "The picture of my darling."

"His darling!" hissed Lord Champney. "Well!" He extracted the photograph, and tore it into a hundred tiny bits. Then he flung the jewelled frame to the ground, and crushed it under his boot-heel.

Having looked over the remaining contents of the box, and found them of no importance, the baron took to the sheet on which a letter appeared to have been begun to the baroness, and wrote in large letters upon it: "Villain! Lie! Coward! You have run away to avoid a meeting with me! Meet me to-morrow at Cranny Beach, near Salsair, at noon, and give me satisfaction at the point of the sword, or I will brand you as a coward, a liar, and a villain throughout Great Britain. I'll send the story of your cowardice to the papers, to your club, to your regiment. And the first time we meet I'll horsewhip you and give you the kicking such a dog as you deserve."

Lord Champney read the challenge over with a savage gleam. "That will bring him out!" he muttered. "He prides himself on his bravery. He'll abandon love and all to save his honour. Either he or I will die to-morrow, and I don't care which," added his lordship, recklessly. "But while I live no one shall ride over me roughshod. Yes, to-morrow the Lady Champney will see either her husband or her lover."

He took up his challenge and went to the mantelpiece. Picking up a sword from a litter on the shelf, he pinned the document to the wall with the point of the sword, and stalked out of the room.

"But while I live no one shall ride over me roughshod. Yes, to-morrow the Lady Champney will see either her husband or her lover."

He took up his challenge and went to the mantelpiece. Picking up a sword from a litter on the shelf, he pinned the document to the wall with the point of the sword, and stalked out of the room.

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yet. Quick! Help me!" From that moment she gave herself up to his recovery. She examined his wounds, ordered him to be taken to his room and put to bed, and despatched a servant for the nearest doctor, who was at Cromer.

Lord Champney's injuries proved to be serious. His right arm was broken, his shoulder badly contused, and he was in a state of great physical exhaustion.

The doctor, when he came, ordered perfect quiet and absolute rest, declaring that any excitement might prove fatal to him.

The baroness, who had constituted herself her husband's nurse, promised that these directions should be observed to the letter.

The doctor had scarcely departed, when Lord Champney turned restlessly on his pillow, moaning with pain.

Lady Champney fancied that he was trying to speak.

"What is it, Sidney?" she asked, bending over him.

The sound of her voice, low and soft and tremulous as it was, and fraught with love, tenderness, and anxiety, aroused the sufferer from his stupor as if it had been a trumpet sounding for battle.

He opened his eyes and glared at her.

"Traitor!" he whispered, in bitter scorn. "False wife! Leave me! His manner was so excited and violent that nothing remained to the wife but obedience. She summoned the butler, and went to her own room.

"It is true that he has ceased to love me," she thought, with a sense of desolation keener than any she had yet experienced. "His jealousy no longer springs from an excess of love, but from hatred. Our hearts are indeed estranged and sundered."

Meanwhile, Lord Champney gave an order that Felix Champney should be telegraphed for at once, and a messenger was sent to execute the commission.

Lord Champney did not awaken for hours—until near noon the next day—but when he did, he was, except for his broken arm and bruises, himself again.

He lay a little while in silence, and then he said: "Rugg, what time is it?"

"A quarter to twelve, my lord," replied the butler, approaching the bed.

The baron sat back upon the bed without a word. He submitted to the ministrations of his attendant.

Rugg brought him his breakfast, and he ate it in silence, then becoming sternly thoughtful.

About the middle of the afternoon he aroused himself, inquiring: "Is not that the sound of wheels?"

"Isn't it time for Mr. Champney to arrive?"

"Just about time, my lord. But I don't hear wheels, and there's no cab in the avenue, my lord."

The baron stirred uneasily. "I had a strange dream last night, Rugg," he said. "A remarkable dream! You watched me all the night?"

"No, my lord. My lady came in and sent me off to bed. My lady watched you."

Lord Champney started.

"Could the dream-vague and unreal as it seems, could it have been a reality?" he asked himself, at a tone too low for the butler's ears.

"Was it Barbara's kisses I felt—Barbara's tears that bathed my face? Impossible!"

He tried to recall the experience which seemed to him a dream. He thought of his wife, putting from him the remembrance of yesterday's experiences, and a strange softness relaxed his stern features, a strange light glowed in his eyes.

"I was very near death yesterday, Rugg," he said, softly.

"Yes, my lord," said the butler. "Her ladyship saw your boat out half a mile, I should think, and she roused the men, and had us all at Cranny Beach waiting for you. My poor lady! She looked like death, my lord. She just sank on her knees and prayed there, and when she fainted I thought she was dead. If you had perished, it would have killed her ladyship, my lord."

The baron looked at his servant in utter amazement.

"She grieved for me, then? She was anxious?"

"She was almost frantic, my lord," Lord Champney covered his face with his hand.

THE FARM. CROPS RAISED ON SUBSOIL MOISTURE. (By E. R. PARSONS.)

In my address at the third Dry Farming Congress, at Cheyenne, I recommended farmers to acquire their moisture first, and then raise a crop on it.

Since that time experiments have been made to demonstrate this possibility by Dr. Alway, of the University of Nebraska, who planted wheat in cylinders containing the necessary subsoil moisture and raised fine grain in a glass house without a top of rain.

After the subsidence of the Nile overflow crops have been, and are still, raised in places from the water conserved in the soil, for it never rains in Egypt.

The great bean crop of California is raised on subsoil moisture every year after the rainy season is over. This crop runs into millions, and is one of the great dry farm crops of the world.

SOIL MANAGEMENT. The accumulation of moisture is a great problem as its conservation, for we cannot conserve what we do not possess.

Everyone who lives in a cloudburst country, where three inches of rain may fall in two days and nothing much the rest of the year, will appreciate the necessity of preparing the land and putting it in such shape as will readily absorb the moisture. The longer the water remains near the surface the more rapidly it is lost by evaporation. The percentage of loss by soil weight from this cause may be 5 per cent. a day on the surface, while at two feet under the ground in the clean fallow it may not run over one per cent. a month in clay loam soils.

This clearly indicates the advantage of holding our surplus moisture in the subsoil instead of trying to hold it in the top by packing to prevent its going down.

PLANT FOOD. Our farmers used to think that a crop was made entirely off the ploughed topsoil. This idea is erroneous for the reason that, although the surface roots acquire most of their plant food from the seed bed, the tap roots will go, and do go, into the subsoil from four to ten feet after moisture and even some plant food, for there is no soil solution which does not contain some of the elements necessary to plant life.

If it requires 400 lb. of water to make 1 lb. of dry vegetable matter, and that of 100 lb. of dry matter contains only 5 per cent. of available (that is, plant) food, then one part of mineral plant food to eight thousand parts of water would be an effective soil solution provided all the elements were there in the right proportion. Nearly 95 per cent. of all vegetable matter does not come out of the soil, but is composed of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon from the air and water.

SECTION OF WATER. A common mistake with regard to subsoil moisture is to suppose that it is constantly rising to the surface by capillarity. The fact is that this is true only in humid climates where the subsoil becomes over-saturated and dams back the moisture.

Water falling on dry farm soil always diffuses downwards and after it comes to a standstill for want of more water does not move by capillarity either upwards or downwards until another storm comes.

Any farmer can prove this to his satisfaction by taking some of his subsoil, packing it in a glass jar or cylinder, and placing some soil above it. The line of demarcation can be watched through the glass, and any movement of moisture at once detected. Another proof is to dig holes about two feet deep and fill with dry dirt. If a piece of tarpaper is placed over these to keep out the rain, the dirt will remain dry for months.

My attention was first drawn to these facts by digging tree holes in the autumn, some of which I filled with dry leaf-mould for experimental purposes in applying humus to trees. The subsoil around these holes was clay loam and contained over 20 per cent. of moisture, but in the spring, when we went to plant, the dirt in the holes was still dry, except in the top inch or two where a little snow had fallen.

PACKING. The effect of packing is not to cause moisture to rise from the subsoil but to allow the top inch or two to rob the third and fourth inches, and is entirely a surface action taking place in the top six inches before the surplus moisture has been absorbed by the subsoil. A too solid seed bed prevents quick absorption, and causes loss of evaporation. Packing, when newly introduced into any agricultural community, always becomes popular for a while and liable to be overdone, for the reason that it stimulates top growth at the start, somewhat at the expense of root growth, and soil heavily packed at the start is not to become too solid by maturing time to secure the best results.

INTERSTATE NEWS.

Sir George Reid has been telling the Yanks that Australia is as big as the United States. Uncle Sam is dumfounded, and can't believe his ears. He had hitherto been under the impression that Australia was the largest country on earth. As a matter of fact Australia has the best of it on the point of size to the extent of 22 square miles.

A financial deficiency of £1,300, resulting from the tour of the last Australian Eleven, has to be made up by the Board of Control. Charles A. Preston was proceeded against at the Richmond Court for assaulting F. G. Robinson. However, the justices—wise men—dismissed the case when they heard that Robinson had kissed Mrs. Preston. They reckoned that Robinson had the best of the deal.

The second-class cruiser, Melbourne, 5,000 tons register, which completed her speed trials satisfactorily last month, is now ready to be handed over to the Commonwealth Government. The members of the Greenroom Club asked for permission to keep their premises open until 12.30, and were allowed to do so until midnight. When you want anything by the process of law you must proceed on the same lines as the horse-drawer: ask more than you want. Now, if they had asked leave to remain open until 1 a.m. they would probably have received a permit entitling them to keep the club open till 12.30—what they wanted.

It is estimated that when the suburban trains are electrified the total number of trains dealt with daily at the Flinders Street Station should be over 2,000. A great fight took place at Warrambold between Mr. Norman Boyle, plus his bicycle, and a local cow. At first the betting was all in favour of the cow, but she hadn't the staying powers of the bicycle plus Boyle, which (or who) made an upper-cut catching the cow on the ribs. The cow appeared, asserting that it was "a fowl," but the referee ruled that as the ribs were above the belt he would allow it. The contest ended by the cow being carted to the "Boiling-down" establishment.

The West Australian Legislative Council rejected the Esperance Railway Bill on the second reading by 11 votes to 11. The life of a butcher is not all beer and sausages as Chas. Barry of Wanganatta will testify. Barry was locked up for three-quarters of an hour in his employees freezing-room, and got out just in time to collapse. It is no use now talking South Pole to Barry, he says that Nansen's "not in it."

With but slight amendment the Country Roads Bill was passed by the Victorian Legislative Council. During the five years 1908 to 1912 (inclusive), no fewer than 16,000 dogs have been killed and paid for by pastoralists on the South Australian border-line. Foxes, too, show an increase, the number killed in 1909 being 61, and for the first ten months of the present year 420.

Justice McMillan (Perth) has granted a decree nisi to John Kimber from Annie Laurie Kimber. Bonny Annie Laurie declared that she had "done with the horrors of marriage." And now Kimber declares that he is done with Annie, so it is a kind of mutual settling up of accounts. The phrases "horrors of marriage" has a sympathetic "ring" about it!

The 100 miles unpaced cycle road record of the world was further reduced by Don Kirkham, the Victorian crack road racer, who covered the distance in 4 hours 36 minutes. The New South Wales Legislative Assembly has passed bills in connection with public works involving an expenditure of £2,500,000. These include the West Maitland sewerage system, the extension of the northern breakwater at Port Kembla, the Tamworth sewerage scheme, the construction of a tramway from Broadmeadow to Waratah, and improvements of gradients on the Great Southern line, between Colerain and Harden.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

When a miserable old rag-and-bone merchant, named Poirier, known in Nantes, France, as Bluebeard, failed to kill himself by dashing his head against the prison wall, he tried hanging, and succeeded. He was serving a life sentence for the murder of his fourth wife. His second and third wives died in strange circumstances.

During a wild-boar hunt near Frain-walde a shot from the gun of Count Flockenstein fatally struck the Baroness Frida von Eckhardstein, a prominent woman in German society and a relative of Baron von Eckhardstein, formerly First Secretary of the German Embassy in London.

After a splendid fight on a Farman biplane at the Hydro-Aeroplane meeting at Lausanne, Switzerland, Mile. Dutrien fell 600ft. into the lake owing to the motor stopping. She was rescued from drowning by a motor-boat, while the biplane was badly damaged.

As Count Anselme de Mailly, with his father and a friend, were returning after a day's shooting, in a motor-car, they collided with a motor-wagon. As a result the Count is likely to succumb to his injuries. The car was travelling at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, and the Count, hurled through the glass screen of his own car, was dashed against the side of the van. The others were also badly hurt.

M. Robin, formerly head of the orphanage at Compus—where he introduced a system of co-education of the two sexes—has died in Paris at seventy-five. He was a founder of the Neo-Malthusian movement.

Two passengers were killed and the engine-driver and stoker mortally injured in a railway collision near Bologna, when the Rome-Milan express dashed into a goods train. Thirty-seven other travellers were injured, and nine of them are reported to be in a critical condition. The disaster was due to the derailment of a wagon on the goods train shortly before the express was timed to arrive. In overturning, the wagon struck the signalling apparatus and reversed the disc to "line clear."

The new Zeppelin airship Hansa established a world's passenger-carrying record by taking forty-two persons, exclusive of the crew of fifteen, on an excursion round Hamburg, but came to grief on returning by colliding with the roof, ripping off her starboard steering gear.

A quaint incident occurred at Portage la Prairie, where the Duke of Connaught on his governorship tour through Western Canada called a brief halt. A lady carrying a bouquet stepped towards the Royal party and presented her poses, not to the Duke of Connaught, but to Mr. Baker, the secretary of the Canadian Pacific Railway, explaining that her action was prompted by gratitude for kindness shown by him to her late husband.

The presentation causing some apprehension among the spectators who had never previously seen the Duke, prompted an elderly lady standing in the front rank to remark, "He bears no resemblance to the late King." Her words were perfectly audible and caused Mr. Baker considerable embarrassment, while the interested Duke was much amused by the comedy.

A sea captain who has much experience of divers told of their fondness for sleeping under water. "In the Mediterranean, for instance," he said, "the practice is not at all uncommon. I once descended myself to visit a wreck, and there found several of them comfortably snoring in the cabins! They prefer to get inside the wreck when they want a nap, because there is then no danger from ground sharks. There is a soft, undulating motion under water, that, with the perfect quiet, is most soothing."

Six couples dressed in mourning went to the garrison church at Potsdam recently to be married. They are known as the "Louise bridal pairs," for every year these funeral weddings are celebrated at nine o'clock on the anniversary of the day and the hour the good Queen Louise died. In the year of her death a Lutheran Bishop left a sum of money the interest of which was to be divided between couples married on its anniversary, and the directions he left for the ceremony are still observed. This year each couple received the acceptable sum of £22 10s in return for their sacrifice of the bridal finery.

A typhoon, combined with high tides and torrential rain, has caused unprecedented floods in the Upper Wenchow River, China. The town of Tsing Tien was overwhelmed and Koneo entirely destroyed, and many other small towns in the province of Chekiang were washed away, involving a death-roll of between 30,000 and 40,000, and an enormous amount of damage to property. Numberless homesteads floated swiftly seawards, on which were crouched men, women, and children. Where the output does not exceed 50,000 gallons a year, a distiller's annual licence costs £10.

RATTLESNAKE HUNTING.

One of the curious modes of getting a living is an industry to be found in Brazil and parts of Central America. It is that of hunting the rattlesnake, which is valuable on account of its skin and oil.

The hunters generally work in pairs. One man carries what might be called a fishing-pole, the other a sharp scythe. The pole has a stout wire attached to it, and there is an ordinary pipe-hook on the end of the wire.

Moving cautiously through the grass, so as not to disturb the sleeping snake, who is always found basking in the warm sunshine near a loose end of rock, the man with the pole prods his makeshift more or less gently, and carefully holds the hook invitingly near the rattlesnake's head. The snake wakes up angry, makes a dart at the nearest irritating object, which is the fish-hook, and very accommodatingly allows the sharp tines to penetrate his jaws.

The man with the pole holds the entrapped rattlesnake at safe distance while his comrade moves up, and, with a slash of the scythe, severs the snake's head from his body, which is then deposited in a bag, and the hunters go in search of another snake.

Writing in "Harper's Magazine," Mr. Arnold Bennett gives a graphic description of what he saw in the stockhold of an Atlantic liner. "When I had supposed myself to be at the rock-bottom of the steamer," he says, "I had been instructed to descend in earnest, and I went down and down steel ladders, and emerged into a enormous, an incredible cavern, where a hundred and ninety gigantic furnaces were being fed every ten minutes by hundreds of tiny black 'dolls' called firemen. I, too, was a doll as I looked up at the high, white-hot mouth of a furnace, and along the endless vista of months.

"Imagine hell with the addition of electric light, and you have it! . . . And upstairs, far above on the surface of the water, confectioners were making fancy cakes, and the elevator boy was doing his work! . . . Yes, the inferno was the most thrilling part of the ship; and no other part of the ship could hold a candle to it. "And I remained in this conviction even when I sat in the captain's own room, smoking his august cigars and turning over his books. I no longer have to be a revolutionary, for the propellers brings me nearer to that shore. I thought 'every shoreful flung into those white-hot mouths brings me nearer.'"

Campaniles are a form of tower existing specimens of which afford many fine examples of decorative architecture. The origin of the campanile as an addition to Christian churches would appear to be unknown. The early campaniles cannot have been used as bell-towers, for large bells were not made in such early times. Most probably these campaniles were constructed as refuges and towers of observation for the earliest examples, such as those of Ravenna, are of great height and are round.

No doubt the most remarkable is the famous leaning tower of Pisa. This is a magnificent specimen of the Southern Romanesque architecture, erected in 1174 and succeeding years. It is not the only leaning tower, of course, the Asinella Tower, height 474 feet, having an inclination of 3ft. 4 1/2 in. The Garisenda, height 137 feet, leaning 8 1/2 in., but the fame of the tower of Pisa quite outshines that of the twins of Bologna—"Globe."

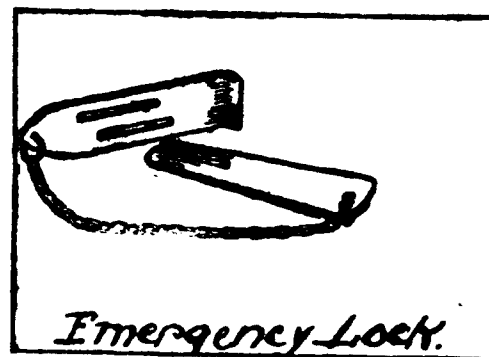
A queer elephant yarn is told by the captain of a trading steambot. On one occasion he had on board a cargo of forty elephants. The vessel was anchored in a perfectly safe spot off the coast of Zanzibar, but, to the great surprise of the passengers, the steamer began to roll.

At first they supposed the motion to be caused by the ground swell, but when the motion kept increasing there was general alarm, and the captain made an investigation. Then it was revealed that the elephants had in some way found that by swaying to and fro all together a rocking motion was produced that seemed to please them immensely. So the greasy heads and bodies rolled and swung in unison until the steamer, which had no other cargo and rode lightly, was in imminent danger of rolling clean over. The attendants hurried down into their hold, and, after a great deal of shouting and thumping, managed to stop the dangerous amusement.

NO FORESTS IN CHINA. In China there are no forests. The great plain never had forests, being entirely of delta formation, and the mountainsous regions to the north and west were denuded of their trees centuries ago. The surface soil has been washed away, and to reforest it would involve uncertainty, much time, and great fortunes. A British corporation has a concession for coal mines in the Keping district, about 80 miles north-east of Tientsin, where the surface of the whole region is broken by hills 50 to 200 feet high, and absolutely bare of trees. The company, however, has begun the work of afforestation, and already has 1,000,000 young trees growing, which, when planted, are expected to establish a nursery on a much larger scale.

AN EMERGENCY LOCK.

The ordinary door lock of the average hotel room cannot be depended upon for holding the door against intruders. The lock shown in the accompanying sketch makes it possible for the traveller to lock his door securely. The lock is made of two pieces of sheet steel, formed as



Emergency Lock.

shown and fastened together with a small chain, so one part cannot be lost from the other. The manner of using the lock is clearly shown. We are not aware that it has ever been made for the purposes of trade, but anybody could easily construct one.

There is a handsome fortune awaiting the person who will invent a method of curing hams and bacon from which the skin has been removed. Mr. Albert Halstead, American Consul at Birmingham, reports that the increasing use of pig-skin as leather, and its tendency to advance in price, have made the leather manufacturers cast wistful eyes at the skin that is wasted by being left on pork products. It is estimated that there is a yearly loss of skins amounting to about £200,000 in Great Britain and Ireland alone.

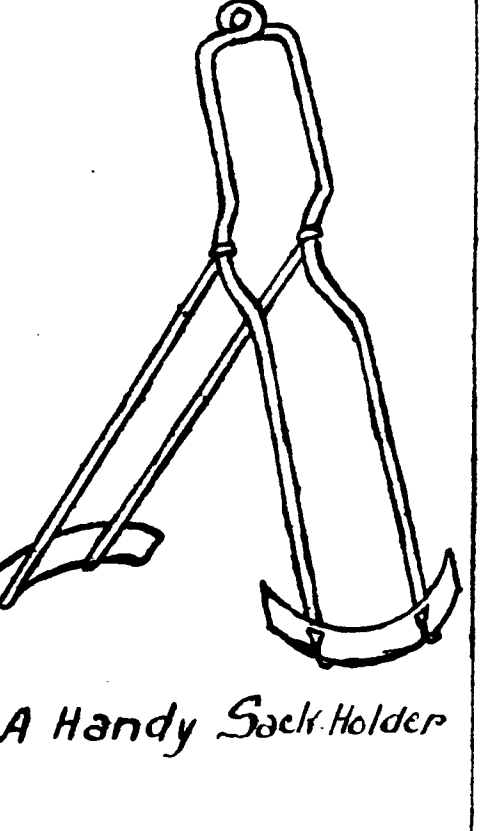
PROFIT IN RINDLESS HAM.

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SACK FILLING.

This is usually a troublesome two-handed job, unless the sack be hung by cords from rafters or in some other rough way, and it is even more so when being filled single-handed by placing 'the sack on the ground; it then has to be lifted many times while the material is deposited in the sack mouth. That answers all right, where little work has to be done, but where a lot of filling goes on, some simple-made contrivance, always handy, will be of great service and save time and labour. Such an idea is shown in this rough sketch. The holder should be made of iron rods, and the half-round braces on which the hooks are attached are of sheet iron. The braces keep the sack-tongue round open and the arms rigid. The back hook arms work in the joints of the front one for easy adjustment to any ordinary sack, and if the half-round brace be made rather smaller it will fit

A HANDY SACK HOLDER.



A Handy Sack Holder

into the front by the latter overlapping it. No definite measurements can be given for making this, but if an ordinary corn sack be taken as a guide it will do admirably. If it is not intended to take the weight of a filled sack the hooks should be hitched just under the hem of the sack-top. Let the beam end of the sack rest well on the floor to take the weight, and hang up by the eyelet at top to a hook fastened in the wall or overhead in the rafters; in fact, any convenient to get at. Any blacksmith would soon knock it together at small cost.—"Farm and Home."

HOBBING A QUEEN.

A curious story is told of how one of Queen Victoria's smallest gold spoons was lost and found. A lady attended a state ball in a dress the shirt of which was arranged in perpendicular pleats in front, attached across at intervals, and unknown to her, a gold teaspoon got lodged at supper in one of these receptacles. Of course there was one missing after the ball, and it caused great perturbation to the official in charge. The next spring the same lady went to a drawing-room in the identical dress she had worn at the state ball, and as she bent low before Her Majesty the pleats of her skirt expanded and the gold spoon fell at the Queen's feet!

A BUILDING OF NOTE.

"Yes," said the visitor from Pumphville, "you have some pretty tall structures here, but our town erected a building with more than a thousand stories last summer, and—'A building of more than a thousand stories!' echoed his friend. "What brand do you smoke?" "It's a fast," rejoined the Pumphville native. "I was referring to our new library."

PLOUGH IAN, WHICH OERLOCKED THE MILL STREAM, DID NOT CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY OF THE CAUSE, AND THE JURY RETURNED A VERDICT OF "ACCIDENTAL DEATH AS THE RESULT OF THE FALL OF THE MOONLANE, DUE TO SOME INJURY TO THE MACHINERY."

Plough Ian, which oerlocked the mill stream, did not clear up the mystery of the cause, and the jury returned a verdict of "accidental death as the result of the fall of the moonlane, due to some injury to the machinery."

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DRIED MILK.

It is well, in these days of increasing market competition, that the dairy farmer should have as many strings to his bow as possible. While the possibilities in bye-products, such as casein and milk sugar, promise to make the manufacture of butter and cheese more lucrative in the future, there is little doubt that the perfection of processes for the making of condensed milk and dried milk will bring these products into more general demand, and thus greatly extend the possibilities in their production.

A factor which has an important bearing on these products is the fear of tuberculosis, especially since the British Royal Commission on this fell disease declared that the bovine form could be passed on to the human subject. Dried milk is, in direct consequence, now being widely being added by the medical fraternity. This is a practical guarantee that the remarkably simple conversion of the delicate milk into a pure powder which will keep indefinitely, which the process affords, must increase in use at a remarkable rate.

Dried milk is being made in New Zealand on an extending scale by one of the first processes brought out, a modification of the method in vogue in Chicago, most packing houses, a German patent, or cooling and powdering lard. As the lard flows from the heating vats it falls in a thin film over a heated and revolving drum. As it strikes this it is instantaneously dried, and a scraper takes it off in a powdered form when it is automatically run into the market packages. This is practically what takes place with the method of drying milk here in vogue.

In Australia, however, they have an improved system, though we are informed by a noted expert that the cost is higher than with the New Zealand system. The new method is distinctly original. As in New Zealand, the milk must be of the very best quality, and to secure this delivery twice a day is necessary. The factory is provided with a butter-making plant, which is required in order to make use of any milk not coming up to the required standard. The milk is passed through a separator, in order to thoroughly cleanse it, and the fat and skim-milk are then run through another machine to bring the milk back to its original condition. The milk is then heated to a degree something below pasteurizing point, and is forced by a high pressure pump into a special room, the feature of which is that the temperature is brought up to a great degree of heat. As the milk falls the pump it is ever up to the room in a very fine spray and is coming in contact with the heated air, and is converted into a powder, which falls to the ground. The heat of the room is so great that in attempting to observe the method, the spectators find that the windows are too hot to approach. It is claimed that this system of converting milk into powder has less effect on the constancy of the milk than previous systems, and that consequently little change takes place in the product when mixed with water, it is declared to be impossible to tell the difference between it and new milk, the emulsion being so perfect.

As in New Zealand the demand for milk powder in Australia is rapidly increasing, and men who have investigated the question in the Commonwealth declare that it is only a matter of time when there must be a big universal demand for this product for the feeding of infants as well as for ordinary consumption purposes, particularly in such countries as the Northern Territory and the Islands. For export purposes there is certainly nothing to equal milk powder, which must largely displace condensed milk, where this is now in vogue.—N.Z. Farmer.

ARMY AIR CORPS BLACK ROLL GROWS.

TRIBUTE OF TWO MORE FINE LIVES TO REDEM DELAY IN SKY DEFENCE. THE LOG OF THE FLIGHT. In years there is a branch of the country's defence where there is all ways danger duty and active service. Yet two more members of the Royal Flying Corps have been killed while on aeroplane duty in connection with the Army manoeuvres, only five days after the double tragedy of Captain Hamilton and Lieutenant Wyness. Captain Hamilton was killed near Grayville, Hertfordshire, and Second Lieutenant Wyness was killed near Grayville, Hertfordshire, and Second Lieutenant Wyness was killed near Grayville, Hertfordshire.

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CORPS COMMANDER'S ACCOUNT.

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WEDDING.

CRICK JOHNSTON.

The wedding was celebrated by the Rev. A. J. Stewart at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Johnston, of the Cross, when their third daughter, Margaret, was united in the bonds of matrimony with Charles Thomas Crick, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Nehemiah Crick of Chute. The bride, who was attended by her sister, Miss Amy Johnston, and Miss Sylvia Crick as bridesmaids, wore a gown of white Japanese silk with wreath and veil. Miss Johnston wore a cream voile dress with lace yoke, and Miss Crick a cream striped voile with lace collar and pale blue ribbons. The wedding was supported by the presence of Mr. John Crick, as best man. After the ceremony the guests did full justice to an appetizing repast provided by the hostess, during which the usual complimentary speeches and responses were made.

ST. JOHN'S STRAWBERRY FETE.

Delightful weather favored a strawberry fete in aid of the children's home association and church fund, which was held at St. John's Church of England on Saturday, December 15th. The sum of £27 being realized. The fete was held in the school hall, and the well-stocked stalls were eloquent of industrious preparation. The majority of the stalls were arranged along the southern boundary, whilst those which entered for the fete were located inside the parish hall. The following stalls were present: Flower stall—Misses B. Stilwell, W. Deans, and L. Stuart; Lolly stall—Misses W. Ingram, E. Norman, and G. Allan; Plain and fancy goods stall—Mrs. J. B. Acton; Refreshment stall—Messrs. N. B. Acton, J. W. Harris, senr., and H. Norman; Messes P. Wood, A. G. Smith, D. Broadbent, J. J. Rutherford, A. Knight, and G. Norman; Messes J. Prentice, A. H. Sans, and E. J. Muntz acted as gatekeepers, and the secretarial duties were discharged by Mrs. N. B. Acton. The proceeds of the fete were £27, which was a fair attendance. The Beaufort Town Brass Band, under the leadership of F. H. Muntz, conducted the proceedings by playing a programme of music. The function was formally opened at 3 p.m. by Mrs. W. B. Bridges, of Travalla Estate, Rev. F. H. Muntz, and Mr. J. B. Acton. The Rev. F. H. Muntz, in his address, congratulated the ladies on their success. He hoped they would have nothing left over, and that for their trouble they would get silver and even gold. (Applause.) At the conclusion of the remarks Mrs. Bridges was presented by little Una Cunniff with a beautiful bouquet from the children.

Mr. R. A. D. Sinclair, President of Riponshire, said it afforded him great pleasure on behalf of the congregation of St. John's to convey to Mrs. Bridges their sincere and heartfelt thanks for coming to develop the fair open to them. They had searched the whole district and could not have found anyone who could have done it so well as Mrs. Bridges. She had made one of the nicest and prettiest little speeches he had ever heard from any lady. They all recognized Admiral and Mrs. Bridges as their best supporters. He did not know what the committee and congregation would have done without their support. It was the sincere wish of the congregation and all connected with it that the Admiral and Mrs. Bridges and family would live long in peace, prosperity, and happiness. He formally moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Bridges.

Mr. A. H. Sans, on behalf of the Sunday school children and all connected with the school, spoke in support, and received the vote of thanks. Their best thanks were due to Admiral and Mrs. Bridges, without whose help they would have been long in peace, prosperity, and happiness. They all recognized Admiral and Mrs. Bridges as their best supporters. He did not know what the committee and congregation would have done without their support. It was the sincere wish of the congregation and all connected with it that the Admiral and Mrs. Bridges and family would live long in peace, prosperity, and happiness. He formally moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Bridges.

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BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.

BOXING DAY SPORTS AND BAND CONTESTS.

The Beaufort Athletic Club provides a splendid programme of sports and band contests for Boxing Day (Thursday) in the Park, and given fine weather, there should be a large attendance. There will be about 40 events, commencing with the Boys' Championship Footrace, under 14 years, at 10.30 a.m., and finishing at 4.40 p.m., handicap at about 6 p.m. The acceptances are coming in well, and as the competitors are drawn from all parts of the State, and comprise some first-class performers, an excellent day's sport is assured. It is anticipated that the cycling and wood-chopping will be particularly good, and no doubt the contests will be very keen. The entries for the district schools' championship footraces are very fair, viz. 8 boys under 14, 10 boys under 12, and 6 girls. These races are the first on the programme. When towns of much larger population, such as Ararat and Maryborough, are unable to obtain sufficient entries for a band contest, the Beaufort Athletic Club should consider itself fortunate in being able to hold a band contest, and especially in securing an entry from a Melbourne band (Fitzroy Cityzens), who should prove a great attraction to the gathering. Mr. Collins, the local band leader, is to be congratulated on the enthusiasm displayed by him in nominating his two bands (Beaufort Town and Skipton), and the club is really indebted to him for the contest. The local band is practicing assiduously, and will give a good account of itself. It will prove itself a much better band than last year, and its supporters are hopeful of success. The contest promises to be very keen and exciting. The band meets for inspection at the band rosters at 10 a.m., and then march to the Park, when they will draw for places. The waltz and the quickstep have been arranged for the sports, and the selection for the night. The club has been singularly unfortunate with its biograph shows, but as the Beaufort Co. guarantees a first-class entertainment, and has earned a good reputation by its weekly performances, the public may look forward to this show with the utmost confidence, and expect a rare treat. The latest moving pictures will be procured, and the Co. has a fine new electric light plant and an expert operator, the success of the entertainment is assured. The pictures are to be shown earlier than in former years, and will be screened at intervals between the band selections, instead of being allowed to stand over till the bands have finished. The gathering gives every promise of being a most successful and enjoyable one, and certainly deserves the best support of the public. The Park is an admirable picnic resort, and hot water will be provided at a small charge. The admission to the sports is 1/-, children under 15, 6d. The grounds are to be cleared at 6.30 p.m., and re-admission paid for the evening's entertainment. Mr. H. Norman, the caretaker of the Park, deserves the credit of being the highly creditable manner in which he has carried out the work of preparing the tracks. They were never in better order. Everything that can possibly be done for the convenience and comfort of patrons has been attended to. Refreshments will be obtainable at reasonable cost. Mr. W. C. Jones, of the Golden Age hotel, has purchased the publicans' and temperance booths, Mr. J. Glover the luncheon booth, and Mr. J. Blay the fruit stall (day and night). Mr. J. H. Robertson is lighting the grounds at night with acetylene gas lamps. The grounds are to be cleared at 6.30 p.m., and re-admission paid for the evening's entertainment. Mr. H. Norman, the caretaker of the Park, deserves the credit of being the highly creditable manner in which he has carried out the work of preparing the tracks. They were never in better order. Everything that can possibly be done for the convenience and comfort of patrons has been attended to. Refreshments will be obtainable at reasonable cost. Mr. W. C. Jones, of the Golden Age hotel, has purchased the publicans' and temperance booths, Mr. J. Glover the luncheon booth, and Mr. J. Blay the fruit stall (day and night). Mr. J. H. Robertson is lighting the grounds at night with acetylene gas lamps.

FOR A LONG TIME.

"I have been going to write and thank you for the good membership list you kindly have done my little girl," writes Mr. Louis Green, Perth, Tas. "Ever since she was a baby she has been subject to severe colds on the chest, but I remember that 'Cough Remedy' always gave her quick relief and cured her colds. Sold by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co."

MINING NEWS.

At the Southern Hope the augur was lost in the bore hole at a depth of 145ft., and the hole had to be abandoned. The company are now boring on a site 100ft. further east. On Thursday at the Hope Extended West the boring-rod was placed in position and boring commenced. In the Legislative Assembly on Tuesday night, Mr. D. S. Oman and Sir Alex. Peacock were informed by Mr. McBride, the Minister of Mines, that he had instructed that Mr. Stanley Hunter be sent up to Beaufort and Travalla to inspect and report on the mining discoveries there.

The manager of the Hope (Mr. Derrick) reports:—No. 1 west cross-cut extended 16ft.; total, 227ft.; carrying 2ft. 6ins. of nice, black wash; prospects bright. Stopped and opened off same. No. 6 north, and driven 40ft.; total, 148ft. Making good progress with pump; finished bob-pit; ready to go on with machinery. The following are the local yields for the week ending Friday, December 21st:—Santries, 1oz. 8dwt. 2gr. Telephone 2240.

H. C. COLLINGWOOD, Member Stock Exchange, Melbourne, STOCK AND SHARE BROKER, 94 QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE. Telephone—Collingwood, Exchange, Melbourne.

1000-gallon Tanks and Cover, with strain, and large top. "Och" iron, double rivet, and soldered, workmanship guaranteed. £1 15/- delivered. H. C. COLLINGWOOD, 94 QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE.

The Ararat Athletic Club is holding a sports meeting on New Year's Day, and accommodation for patrons will be provided on Ballarat trains. The programme consists of footracing, cycling, Highland events, woodchopping, etc. The Saire offices, Beaufort, will be closed from 25th inst. to 2nd prox. (both days inclusive) for the Xmas. and New Year holidays.

The secretary of the Beaufort Athletic Club desires to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a donation of £1 1/- from Cr. D. Stewart, Monnet, Skipton. At a meeting of the Victorian Band Association at Ballarat on Monday night, Mr. J. Cronney was appointed to represent the Association at the Beaufort Athletic Club's band contests on Boxing Day.

The hon. secretary of the Beaufort Benevolent Society desires to acknowledge with thanks the following donations:—Mr. Philip Russell, Mawlook, £10; Mrs. Philip Russell, Mawlook, £5; Admiral Bridges, Travalla, £3.

ARARAT ATHLETIC CLUB. ANNUAL GRAND CARNIVAL. NEW YEAR'S DAY, Wednesday, 1st January, 1913. Grand programme of Pedestrian, Cycling, Fire Brigade, Woodchopping, Highland Events, Quits, &c. T. J. GOSSIP, Secretary.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES. SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22ND, 1912. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Middle Creek 11; Travalla, 3; Beaufort, 7.30—Rev. A. J. STEVENSON, Beaufort; Raglan, 3; Chute, 7—Mr. J. P. Hamilton. METHODIST CHURCH.—Beaufort, 11 and 7; Raglan, 8—Rev. J. BARNINGHAM, Chute, 3; Raglan, 7.30—Mr. C. Boyd.

THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1912.

LINSEED COMPOUND. The "Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Of 40 years' proven efficacy. The Beaufort Progress Association meets at the Saire Hall on Monday evening.

The Australian Estates & Mortgage Co., Ltd., has for sale of the current year was held on Wednesday, when a total of 2,250 bales of useful to good wools drawn from a wide area of N.S.W., Victoria, South Australia, and Western Australia was submitted to a full attendance of buyers. The market was strong and prices equal to the best of the season. The top price of the sale was 14s.

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SESONA BLE

1912-13. DRAPERY

IN SUMMER DRESS GOODS.

The most charming of Designs, carefully selected by us in the best English markets, direct from the manufacturers.

IN SUMMER MILLINERY.

Our Styles are Pretty and Dainty, full of Gracefulness as becometh the Summertime, with decidedly our economical turn in the matter of price.

Gloves, Hosiery and Underwear in every select style, at prices which everyone can afford.

The Charm of Variety is always associated with Our Store, and never has that variety been so marked as in the Summer Season of 1912-13.

J. R. Wotherspoon & Co. BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR

SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT. Direction Chas. and Vic. Hugo. Positively One Night Only. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27TH. HUGO BROS. LTD. Greater American MINSTRELS.

BEAUFORT PICTURES. SOCIETIES' HALL. EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT. An Up-to-date Programme. New Electric Light Plant. Prices as Usual. Day Sales at Cochrane & Talloch's. JAS. H. ROBERTSON, Secy.

CARROLL'S PHARMACY. NOTICE.—On and after November 1st, the undermentioned hours will be observed:— Week Days—9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Wednesday—9 a.m. to 12 p.m. 6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m. Saturday—9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Sunday—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. 6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m.

THEO. W. SCHLICHT, Auctioneer, Stock and Station and Financial Agent, BEAUFORT & SKIPTON. Agent for GEORGE HAGUE & Co. Melbourne and Geelong.

Great Christmas Sale! OF CHINA, GLASS, & CROCKERYWARE. At McCubbin's Store, Beaufort, Commencing on SATURDAY, NOV. 23rd. When Great Bargains will be offered in all Departments.

White Porcelain Plates, 6in., best English manufacture, at 1/3 the 1/2 doz.; 7in., 1/2 doz.; 1 1/2 doz.; 10in., 2/3 doz. White and Gold Cups and Saucers, 2/3 doz. Glass Butter Dishes, 1 each. Glass Sugar Basins, 1/2 each. Cream Jugs, 6d and 9d each. A splendid range of round, oval, and square Cut Glass Dishes, at 9d, 1/-, and 1/6 each. Large Salad Dishes, worth 3/6, for 1/9 each. China Milk Jugs, 6d each. Pepper and Salt, 3d each. Handsome Jardinieres, 6d each. also at Night at 8.30 (for adults). NEW YEAR'S EVE, at 8.30 p.m. Suitable Films. See Handbills.

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RELIGIOUS SERVICES. SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22ND, 1912. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Middle Creek 11; Travalla, 3; Beaufort, 7.30—Rev. A. J. STEVENSON, Beaufort; Raglan, 3; Chute, 7—Mr. J. P. Hamilton. METHODIST CHURCH.—Beaufort, 11 and 7; Raglan, 8—Rev. J. BARNINGHAM, Chute, 3; Raglan, 7.30—Mr. C. Boyd.

Hawkes Bros., BEAUFORT. CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR GIFTS. E.P. WARE. Quality and Prices a Specialty. NICK NACKS, all descriptions. LADIES' HAND BAGS. PHOTO. FRAMES. GLASSWARE, ORNAMENTS, &c. Great Variety. In our Furnishing Dept. we have an exceptionally good assortment of LINOLEUMS, RUGS & CARPETS. PAPER HANGINGS. Latest Designs. As it is impossible to Display the whole of our varied up-to-date Stock, we invite inspection, when Prices and Quality will convince.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

Statement of Receipts and Expenditure for the Year ended 30th September, 1912.

Table with columns for RECEIPTS, EXPENDITURE, and Totals. Rows include Riding Balances, Cash in Hand, Contractors' Deposits, etc.

Audited and found correct, and expenditure allowed, with the exception of £15 for Empire Day celebrations, such payment not being authorised by the Local Government Act.

CAUSED PAIN AND INCONVENIENCE. I am subject to bowel troubles, which have caused me considerable pain and inconvenience.

SKIPTON. At Skipton on Tuesday evening, 10th inst., a meeting in connection with the anniversary of the Presbyterian Sunday School was held at the Sunday school hall.

GOLD MINES AND CLEMENTS TONIC. The following testimony is given by Mr. F. Litchfield, who is a well known mining expert of Melbourne.

My vocation having led me into places throughout Australia where an equable diet was impossible. I have frequently suffered from kidney and liver troubles, with a dull pain in the back, lassitude and headache.

To Victorian people in any part of the country where medical men are few and a good reliable medicine is required, Clements Tonic is the one that should be kept in the house.

BALLARAT STOCK MARKET.

Tuesday. Fat cattle—427 were yarded here today. The bulk of the supply consisted of medium to good bullocks, with a fair number of prime pens.

TERRIBLE BURN ON PALM OF HAND.

One night I struck a match, and the whole wax went off in my hand, burning me across the palm.

To-morrow or to-night, maybe, you will lose something that you prize highly. Nearly everybody loses something at one time or other, but in Beaufort few things are lost that cannot be recovered through a small ad.

THE BALLARAT TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS AND AGENCY COMPANY, Limited. Office—Camp Street.



Hearne's Bronchitis Cure. Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain or Soreness in the chest, experience delightful and rapid relief.

Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER, AUCTIONEERS. Auditors, Accountants, House, Land, Insurance and Financial Agents.

J. C. LLOYD, Cycle Builder, Agent, and Repairer. NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

GEORGE SKENE begs to intimate that he is starting business as a SHOEBINDING and GENERAL BLACKSMITH in the premises lately occupied by Mr. J. H. GAZZARD, in NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

MASSEY BICYCLES. Genuine Silver Ribbon Models. The World's Highest Grade Bicycle. Fitted with Dunlop, Continental, or Flite Tyres. Free Wheels, Major Taylor Handles. Fully Guaranteed. £12 10s.

MASSEY BICYCLE DEPOT, 123 Sturt Street, Opposite Post Office. D. F. TROY, LOCAL AGENT.

THE AUSTRALIAN ESTATES AND MORTGAGE CO. LTD. WOOL WAREHOUSES, 73 to 579 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE. WOOL AND GRAIN AUCTION SALES OF WOOL, HIDES, SKINS, TALLOW AND GRAIN WEEKLY.

W. R. GLOVER (Late F. E. Prince, BUTCHER). HAVELOCK ST., BEAUFORT. ONLY PRIME MEAT KEPT. SMALL GOODS A SPECIALTY.

STEVENSON BROS., BUILDERS, CONTRACTORS. HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT. Estimates submitted for all work building free.

THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

As Mr. J. B. Cochran has disposed of his news agency business, we have decided to dispense with a local agent. Subscribers who have been in the habit of obtaining the paper from the local news agent are accordingly notified that from the publication of the first issue in July the "Advocate" will only be obtainable direct from the office or at the private residence of the proprietor.

A. PARKER, Proprietor.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.

GRAND ATHLETIC SPORTS MEETING! AND BRASS BAND CONTESTS! Under Patronage of Victorian Athletic League and Victorian Band Association.

PROGRAMME. Boys' District Schools' Championship Foot-race, 100 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified to by their teachers.

Beaufort Athletic Club. The Club is pleased to announce that it has secured the services of Mr. J. B. Cochran as its local agent.

QUICKSTEP CONTEST. The Club is pleased to announce that it has secured the services of Mr. J. B. Cochran as its local agent.

THE BAND CONTESTS WILL BE HELD AT BEAUFORT on the 27th and 28th inst. The contest will be held at the Beaufort Athletic Club.

A. H. SANDS, Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer and Picture Framer. A well-appointed stock of 8,000 feet of the finest quality of Picture Glass kept in stock.

FUNERAL SERVICES. A. H. SANDS, Established 1860. Undertaker, opposite the Public House, North Street, Beaufort.

(All Rights Reserved.)

ESTRANGED

or the

LOST HEIRESS of the CHAMPNEYS.

A Fascinating Romance, By the Author of "The Hampton Mystery," "Sir Peter Eldon, &c."

CHAPTER XVIII. A SUDDEN REVERSE.

For a moment Dora, standing on the steps of the Conigsby's house, was paralysed by the peril which had overtaken her.

Jack Narr, with his sinister smile of exploitation, continued to stand before her, with arms outstretched, cutting off her retreat.

"Come on, Miss Dora," he exclaimed, "I won't harm you, I've a car waiting round the corner, and you shall go home like a lady."

Dora looked round her like a frightened deer.

There was a slight movement about the door of the cab in which Noel waited for her.

It seemed as if he were about to alight. Narr's glance followed her.

At the same moment Noel Weir stepped out of the cab upon the pavement, and turned his face towards her.

A sudden inspiration it was quicker than thought—seized Dora.

With a rapidity of a flash, she sprang forward, hurling Narr aside, and flew like a deer along the pavement towards the cab.

Not understanding the situation, heeled to meet her, and helped her into the cab, springing himself, and the vehicle tore away, turning out the square at the very moment that Narr came up to the spot where it had waited.

The man's anger and fury can be imagined. He heaped imprecations upon the heads of both Dora and her friend, swore to "have the law on his shoulders," and fairly raved in his excitement, spending several precious minutes thus vainly before it occurred to him to call his cab and hasten in pursuit.

Meanwhile Dora, pale and panting, leaned back in the cab hands trembling in the warm, reassuring clasp of Noel Weir.

"Dora," said the young man reassuringly, "He cannot overtake us. See how fast we are going. Have faith in me. I will protect you, Dora. I will not let you go back to the Narrs."

A tremulous smile of gratitude like a beam of sunlight, beamed from Dora's snowing young face. She drew a little nearer her lover.

"No, Noel," she exclaimed, piteously, "I have no friend now but you. He—Jack Narr—looked terrible to me as if he were a wild beast! I can't go home with him and his wife."

"That is the thing to be done is to find your own lodgings," replied Noel, cheerfully. "Leave it all to me, Dora. I will look after your little sister."

"But I don't get a situation as a governess," suggested Dora. "The lady's full of advertisements, and she says she might apply to me. I am willing to do any honest labour in my quiet position."

"I trembled upon the young man's tongue to ask her again to protect and care for her; but it seemed to his generous soul like taking advantage of her desolation and helplessness, and he was silent."

"But yet," he said to himself, "I must not fail. She has got over her despondent mood. Felix Champney, perhaps her heart may turn to me. I must wait."

He sighed. Somehow such a happiness in reserve seemed improbable. And when they drove along, was he not to receive a young lady to her apartments, instead of a governess as she expected.

The lady, however, proved to be a kindly-hearted lady, although she had heard Dora's pathetic story, and she had not acted to receive her, but to protect her. She also promised to provide a maid for her.

By this kindly arrangement was the following afternoon Jack Narr himself, accompanied by a policeman, appeared upon the scene, and claimed Dora as his runaway daughter.

A woman had made the officer of the law find it to do his best to serve the supposed father and mother, and the landlady of the house again a prisoner, and driven off in a taxi to Waterloo railway station.

After a very long railway journey, Dora was taken to a lonely country cottage, standing in its own grounds, surrounded with walls. This was known as Black Cottage, and had been left ready-furnished.

It was quite dark when they arrived, and shortly afterwards, Mrs. Narr, who had been looking over the cottage with a woman who hitherto had been in charge, found her husband and Dora.

"It's a beautiful place," she exclaimed, "and I mean to stay here by the year."

"Perhaps Mr. Champney will buy it for us?" suggested her husband. Mrs. Narr cast a quick glance at Dora.

"Oh, she knows all," cried Jack. "I told her that Mr. Champney paid all our expenses, and is coming to see us as soon as he can."

Dora's cheeks flushed hotly. "I will never see me," she exclaimed. "Don't be too certain," said Mrs. Narr, tauntingly. "I haven't quite made up my mind what I shall do with you yet. If you want to marry Mr. Weir, and if he'll outbid Mr. Champney, why, we may come to terms with him. And I've got another idea in my head, which I'll consider by-and-by. When I get to believe you to your room."

"She took up a candle, and led the way, Dora and Narr following. They proceeded upstairs to a front chamber, into which the young girl was ushered.

The room was fresh and inviting, with a bright carpet and clean white curtains and bed draperies.

"Now, don't try to escape or make any trouble," said Mrs. Narr, setting down the candle. "If you should escape, we are your only brought back. We are your parents, you know, and your natural guardians. And if you make us any trouble, she added, threateningly, "you'll suffer for it."

Without waiting for a reply, she hurried out with her husband, and locked the door from the outside, waiting round the corner, and you shall go home like a lady."

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sleep, when she heard a sound that thrilled her pulses and stirred her heart to wilder beatings. It was a sound of some one scaling the stone wall fronting the lonely road.

The man lingered on the top of the wall a moment, appearing to listen, and then he cautiously descended, by the way of the vines, to the ground.

The man silently quitted the shade of the wall, and came nearer, studying the features of the house.

Dora had no light, and from his position none was visible in the dwelling. The cottage, indeed, seemed silent and deserted.

The intruder suddenly marked the open window, and stole closer and closer, halting in the shadow of the tree before it.

For the first time Dora saw him fully. With difficulty she restrained the wild cry of joy that arose to her lips.

The intruder was Noel Weir. Dora leaned out of the window, calling, softly and impulsively: "Noel! Oh, Noel!"

"Dora!" exclaimed a quick, glad voice. "I have found you, then? Heaven be praised, I have found you! I might have known you would not desert me. Noel. It is wonderful how you found me. I am so glad!"

"And so am I. Where are the Narrs?"

"In the back basement."

Noel cast a quick glance round him. The tree, one great branch of which stretched like an arm before Dora's window, caught his gaze.

Dora's window, caught his gaze, scanned it, measured distances with his eyes, and then moved towards it. In a few minutes more he was upon the branch by her window, and so close to her that Dora could see the lustre of his eyes and hear his quick breathing. She held out her hand to him.

He took it and pressed it to his lips.

"Has—has Champney been here yet?" questioned Noel.

"No; but he is coming, I judge, from what Mrs. Narr says. She expected him last night, and has been looking for him all day. It was taken at his suggestion this house was taken."

Noel's face darkened. His broad brows contracted, and he compressed his lips grimly.

"Take me away from here, Noel. If I stay here longer, thus threatened, I shall die."

"I will take you," the young man said, promptly, and with a quick cry, "Where you will find refuge, we will decide afterwards. Do you think, with my assistance, you can step out on this branch, and so climb down to the ground?"

"Easily, Noel. Shall I try now?"

But Dora suddenly trembled in alarm.

The sound of approaching wheels had caught her hearing.

"What if it should be Champney?" she asked, in a frightened voice.

"At this hour? Impossible. Yet you can wait till the cab passes, Dora."

The sound became louder and louder, and suddenly ceased abruptly. The cab halted at the gate of the Black Cottage.

"It is Champney," cried Dora, in a panic, as a loud ring was heard at the gate. "We are too late, Noel. We must wait."

The arrival of Felix Champney at that late hour at Black Cottage, and so unexpectedly to Dora and Noel, of course interrupted and deferred the young girl's projected escape.

She went back into the room and removed her hat and sash, and then, returning to the window, leaned against the frame, and looked out upon her lover with softly shining eyes.

She was standing there, when her door was unlocked, and Mrs. Narr entered, bearing a light.

She sat down the candle, and advanced towards the maid.

Dora dropped the light, and thus screening the open window, and moved a few steps towards the centre of the room.

The woman eyed her critically. "You'll do," she muttered. "You are looking even better than usual, with them blushes on your cheeks. Some one has come."

"I know it," said Dora, quietly. "I saw him—Mr. Champney."

"You keep your eyes open, Dora," she exclaimed, admiringly. "Well, I won't deny that I've sent him word where to find us, for a kinder, civiler-spoken gentleman I never saw. And so he's come, and he wants to see you. Will you go down to the parlour, or will you see him here?"

As she asked the question she looked round the neat chamber, as if to examine into its fitness for a reception room.

The bed was set in an alcove, and hidden by curtains of white dimity. The room itself had always served as a lady's private sitting room, and was well adapted for the purpose.

"I decline to see him at all," said Dora, sprightly. "I dislike Mr. Champney, and I have no wish to hear any more insults from his lips. If you are my mother—as you claim—will you protect me from the foul presence of this man?"

Mrs. Narr frowned. "This is pretty talk to your mother," she ejaculated. "You are my daughter, you are a minor, and consequently obliged by law to obey me; and I command you to receive Mr. Champney as my friend, if not as your own."

With this she retired from the room. Dora retreated again to the window. A minute later the door again opened, and Felix Champney came slowly and hesitatingly into the chamber.

Dora regarded him in surprise. He paused near the door, and raising his eyes in seeming timidity, exclaimed, in a voice of deepest melancholy: "Dora."

at her as in anguished pleading. "Dora," he said, in a broken voice, "I have come to crave your forgiveness for that cowardly insult of the other day. I did it in a moment of madness. Forgive me."

And now he actually sank on his knees at her feet, and lifted his pleading face, on which were tears.

He was a splendid actor. He might have made his fortune on the stage, since he acted the character he had assumed—that of a heart-broken, repentant sinner—to the life.

"You need not defend yourself to me, Mr. Champney. I have no longer a personal interest in your character or thoughts."

Felix did not seem to hear her. He continued: "I went back to Saltair, bearing a poisoned arrow in my heart. I thought the matter over, and all your insomniac beauty came up to me. I think a veritable apparition, and I know that I had made the mistake of my life, and that I loved you as a man can love but once. Yesterday I received a telegram from Jack Narr, telling me where you were. And I have come to you, Dora, a humble penitent, asking forgiveness and restoration."

"You are too late," said the young girl, sighing.

"Too late, Oh, too late! Oh, Dora, unsay those late words. Love you—I love you. You will not cast me off?"

"I am telling you the truth. When you came to Chessom Grange, I was but a child in experience. I was flattered by your gallant attentions and compliments. When you asked me to marry you, I assented. I fancied I loved you, but it was only a fancy. I saw you came to me in London—after I had I had made the mistake of the Narrs—I was astonished to find how little I grieved for your loss. I have never shed a tear of regret that you turned out so ill."

Felix's face began to harden.

"You deny that you ever loved me, Dora," he said. "Do you love another? That Sussex chawbones, who presumes on his University education and the fact that he is the son of a country squire, and who has been hanging about you since you left the Grange, and till you came here—surely you do not love him?"

"I decline to love my constant," said Dora, sprightly. "I do not recognise your right to question me."

"I have the right of a cast-off lover—the right of your betrothed husband," said Felix, bitterly. "Our engagement has never been dissolved."

"I dissolve it now, then."

Felix's face became livid, yet he strove to speak calmly.

"Dora, that country clodhopper is no match for you. Your beauty, your purity, your charming ways, your child-like innocence, all constitute a more than royal dowry. You are a match for a king."

"Last week you did not think me a match for a nobleman's prodigal," interposed Dora, with a dash of sarcasm.

A gleam of anger appeared in Felix's eyes. Dora's shot had gone home.

"You are not generous," he said, hoarsely. "I see, however, that I am too late. Harsher measures may induce you to look at the matter in a different light. I am inclined to leave you to the tender mercies of the Narrs. Your father has full and entire claim upon you."

"I doubt that Jack Narr is my father," said Dora, coolly.

Felix started.

"What makes you think so?" he demanded, huskily.

"My instinct," said Dora, sprightly. "Romantic nonsense," he muttered. "Think the matter over to-night, and added, "and you may have a different answer for me in the morning."

"You stay here to night, then?" "I shall be here to day or two. I will call upon you again to-morrow. Perhaps reflection may teach you wisdom."

He held out his hand. Dora hesitated, then placed her hand coldly in his.

"You need not wait here for an answer," she said. "You have my answer already—the only one I shall ever have for you."

Felix pressed her hand, paused, seeming to be gathering his courage, and then with a sudden movement he caught the sleeve of her grey dress open to the elbow, and dexterously tore it.

The girl started back, reddening with indignation.

But Felix held her wrist in a fierce grip and drew it up to the light. He saw imprinted upon the white, soft flesh what he expected.

There it was—a red, irregular cross, small and quaint of shape, but perfectly distinct and recognisable!

It was the mark which Lord Champney had described as having been upon the arm of his supposed dead daughter!

CHAPTER XIX. A CHANGE OF QUARTERS.

In one of the pleasant parts of Surrey, and but a few miles distant from the Thames, lies the ancestral home of Lord Champney, known as Chessom Grange.

The mere, from which the place took its name, lay to the eastward of the house, and in full sight of its long east windows.

It was a fine, clear sheet of water, covering about fifty acres, and its borders were fringed with pollard willows, whose drooping branches trailed on the water, and cast a host of tremulous shadows.

Upon that day, in the latter part of June, which Lord Champney had appointed for his return to the Grange with his wife, the place presented a scene of rare festivity and gladness, such as, indeed, it had not witnessed since the baron had brought home his bride eighteen years before.

The day was lovely. Not a stick of wood was smouldering, or leaf matted the champaign.

of the wide avenue and walks or the smooth-shaven lawns. The mere lay to the eastward of the house, and in full sight of its long east windows.

The tenants of the baron, of whom there were at least thirty, had gathered, with their families, to do honour to the return of the baron.

The house servants, who had been attached to the Champneys family all their lives, had got up this impromptu reception of their master, who, they fondly hoped, had come back to the mere to spend the remainder of his days; and the with hearty accord, for the baron was one of those persons who are ever considerate of the rights and wishes of those inferior to himself in point of wealth and station.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon the tenants had assembled on the lawn in gala attire, the house steward moving about among them and doing the honours of the occasion with a beaming expression on his portly, rubicund countenance.

"This begins to look like it, Mr. Hodgson," he exclaimed, clapping a stout miller's fan on the shoulder. "We're going to have old times back again. My lord and his lady are here, and the choice depends upon the climate. They essentially require temperate conditions, and experience has shown that in hot climates the perennial varieties, with the one exception of White Dutch Clover, are not satisfactory, and grow in the winter are suitable. The perennial varieties, which perennial Red Clover (Trifolium pratense) is chief, are preferred where the cool climate, so essential to their growth, prevails. Red clovers stand the summer well on the higher tablelands, such as New England, especially on the clay soils."

Then Mr. Leffles, the steward, retreated to the house, in the main hall of which the servants were drawn up in phalanx, and placed himself at their head, with an expression of the severest dignity of his portly face.

The carriage had been sent to the station to meet the travellers, who had come on from London, having left Saltair on the previous day, and having spent the night in town, stopping at an hotel.

Presently the carriage approached amid shouts and cries of welcome, and wheeled slowly up the avenue.

"How happy they are!" said Mrs. Hodgson, the miller's wife, discontentedly. "See the white plume on her hat flutter. It's plain that my lord dotes on my lady, and that she has everything that heart can wish for, and not a care in the world. What a difference there is between rich and poor, and high and low, to be sure! It's the way of the world, I suppose."

The carriage halted on its occupants still bowing and smiling.

What a farce it all was to the baron and Lady Champney! They were happy and without a care? They had not interchanged a word since they had left Saltair Manor on the previous day. They had occupied different apartments at the London hotel, and were further apart at this moment in heart than if their bodies were at the opposite poles of the globe.

The carriage drew up at the portico, and Lord Champney alighted, and gave his hand to Lady Champney. The two ascended the steps together, and the noble couple passed into the drawing room.

Leffles and the housekeeper followed.

"Leffles," said his lordship, with a ghastly smile, "I have been ill, as you see. I am even now fit to be in bed than out of it. Let the tenants be properly entertained with refreshment. Let them have a good time, and a dance on the lawn, if they like. And say to them that Lady Champney and I properly appreciate their cordial and kindly reception, and shall hope to see them all here again at a later period."

Leffles bowed, and withdrew on his errand.

The housekeeper, a prim little woman in black silk gown, brought herself under Lady Champney's notice.

"Why, Mrs. Bisset," said her ladyship, extending her hand with a smile, "you are still housekeeper, as you were eighteen years ago! How little you have changed!"

"And I may say the same of yourself, my lady," replied Mrs. Bisset, much flattered. "You are looking as young and fair as you did when you came here a bride. And handsome, my lady," she added, enthusiastically. "You look like a queen. Ah, it is easy to see that you are happy."

Lady Champney's fair face shadowed a little. She toiled with her glove-fastenings, bending her head so that her countenance might not be seen.

(To be Continued.)

NATURE OF VEGETABLE MOULD.

The vegetable matter resulting from the decay of the soil acts favourably upon the inert mineral matter of the soil, changing it, through a process of fermentation, into more soluble forms of plant food. The vegetable matter helps to bind the soil particles, preventing some of the losses which occur through heavy wind storms; also the soil has better capacity for retaining moisture, and it is more responsive to cultivation.

A judicious system of crop rotation in which a soil-forming crop is introduced, in what is most urgently needed at the present time. This does not mean that wheat and grain are to be more successfully grown. It is not feasible to rotate the entire farm, start with a part of it and note results. A six year rotation will, I believe, prove the most desirable and economical in the end. Two years in meadow and pasture, one year in corn or a cultivated crop, and three years in grain.—Farm Stock and Home.

One of the World's largest ranches is managed by Mrs. Henrietta M. King, of Texas. Mrs. King, who is lacking sufficient in this element, the twenty-eight, retains an active part in the running of her property of good economical method of making good the deficiency.

THE FARM.

CLOVERS.

(Agricultural Gazette) of N.S.W.)

Clovers possess qualifications which make them peculiarly suitable for the dairy-farmer and pig-raiser; they are also suitable for the poultry-farmer who requires green feed. They are rich in protein, and in this respect are equalled by few other green crops. As a rule the cereals, including maize and sorghum, form the chief supply of green feed, but they are deficient in protein. To obtain the best results from feed, it is necessary to supply this deficiency by feeding more flesh-forming foods. Several varieties are available, of which differ in some respect, the most important is the difference in length of their life. They are divided into perennial, biennial, and annual kinds, and the choice depends upon the climate. They essentially require temperate conditions, and experience has shown that in hot climates the perennial varieties, with the one exception of White Dutch Clover, are not satisfactory, and grow in the winter are suitable. The perennial varieties, which perennial Red Clover (Trifolium pratense) is chief, are preferred where the cool climate, so essential to their growth, prevails. Red clovers stand the summer well on the higher tablelands, such as New England, especially on the clay soils."

White Dutch (Trifolium repens).—This perennial variety is a useful pasture plant. It is not recommended as a sowing or hay crop as it does not grow tall, but if forms a most valuable addition to pastures. It grows on almost all soils, in nearly all climates, and is very palatable and easily digested. It is one of the few plants that can grow successfully with Paspalum. It will thrive under hotter and drier conditions than most varieties, though it must be remembered that clovers will not do well under extreme temperatures.

Perennial Red Clover (Trifolium pratense) perenne.—Very similar in appearance to the common Red Clover (Trifolium pratense) referred to below; but perennial in nature, with the stems more solid and the flowers of a darker purple. On the cool tablelands it is preferred for permanent pasture.

Alyske or Swedish Clover (Trifolium hybridum).—This is probably a cross between Red and White Dutch Clover, perennial in habit. The stem is solid, but the plant has more of a creeping nature than the Red Clovers. The flowers are pinkish white, the leaves are like those of White Clover, but larger and sharper at the points. It grows well in cold, moist situations; but hot, dry conditions would not suit it.

BIENNIAL VARIETIES.

The most valuable of these is Common or Red Clover (Trifolium pratense). It has strong, deep roots, somewhat fibrous in nature, stems usually hollow, with leaves large and broad, generally strongly marked with crescentic bands; the flowers are usually of a light purple colour, massed together, and forming oval-shaped heads. It is a biennial, but may be carried on in pasture for a number of years in New England, by allowing it to seed in the autumn of each second year. Running the barrows over when the heads are brown and withered helps to shake out and distribute seed evenly. There is a fertilising agent other than the bumble-bee which frequents clover paddocks, and which promotes seed for carrying on a pasture. It is very useful as a rotation crop for ploughing in when green, as it provides both organic matter and nitrogen to the soil. It can be sown to advantage with the wheat crop, as the two plants of different natures are helpful to one another. What is a capital nurse crop, and oats might be used as a substitute. Red clover makes excellent hay; it should be cut when in nearly full bloom, great care being taken to save the leaves.

These are undoubtedly the most valuable in this State, as they can be grown during the winter months in the hot, dry districts.

INTERSTATE NEWS.

Off the coast of New South Wales there is a lonely rock called Solitary Island, inhabited by a lighthousekeeper, and his daughter. The poor girl died, and the two remaining residents (the lighthouse and the lighthousekeeper) received an intimation from the Board of Health that the remains were not to be removed for 48 hours after death—unless enclosed in an airtight shell. They have hunted over the whole island for an "airtight shell" and are still hunting!

In a report with regard to the progress of Papua, which has been furnished to the Minister for External Affairs (Mr. Thomas), the director of mines in the territory (Mr. Stanforth Smith) states that the most important event of the last year has been the discovery of petroleum in the low-lying country.

An official telegram from Christchurch announces that the Nobel Peace Prize will not be awarded this year. We had heard, on what we considered trustworthy authority, that Speaker Willis was to receive it.

In the Adelaide Legislative Assembly the Treasurer introduced a Loan Bill for £5,769,000, to provide for new railways, harbour works, waterworks, drainage, light-houses, buildings, and other undertakings. This was passed through all its stages, and the loan estimates for £3,600,000 were also agreed to.

The Minister in charge of immigration (Mr. Hagelthorn) says Victoria will gain 10,000 casual arrivals, in addition to 15,000 assisted passengers, during this year.

Jan Kubelik's fiddle has been seized to satisfy a debt of £1,250. This is a mean trick to play on Jan; it is like robbing a burglar of his skeleton keys, a mariner of his compass, or Federowsky of his luxuriant crop of hair.

The Royal Agricultural Society has decided to hold an annual horse parade and sale on the show grounds, commencing in 1914.

The gold yield of New South Wales for November was 12,377oz., valued at £52,575, as compared with 9,617 oz., valued at £40,851, for the same month in 1911. The yield for the first 11 months of this year shows a decrease of 12,513oz., and £53,150 in value.

Miss Amy Castles is going in for real estate, having purchased a building allotment 70ft. x 200ft. in Camberwell, part of the Winter Irving estate. She's a sensible girl, and one who prefers building cottages in Camberwell to building "Castles in the air."

The Waranga Basin, which has a storage capacity of 197,400 acre feet, or 8,700,000 cubic feet, was reported to be, for the first time since its construction, full. Officers of the State Water department are patrolling the banks, and giving attention generally to the security of the basin at all points. Some idea of the enormous quantity of water that there is in the reservoir may be gathered from the fact that its weight is computed at 24,000,000 tons, whilst in gallons it figures out at 54,500,000,000.

J. Sanderson, of Northcote was fined 2s. 6d. (half the usual fine) for letting his cow stray about the streets. The reason that the fine was made light was that Sanderson had 14 children. The Court did not explain what relation a straying cow bore to a large family; perhaps Mr. Hughes can explain it—he can explain almost anything.

An old-age pensioner named Thos. Barr, a very old resident at Wollombi (N.S.W.) died recently, possessed of nearly £1,000 in cash. Barr, who was a native of Ireland, left £100 to the Roman Catholic parish priest. The remainder is to be sent to Ireland to assist in the Home Rule campaign.

Mrs. H. Wisendanger, of Adelaide, celebrated her hundredth birthday on December 11. She still retains her mental faculties to a remarkable degree.

Captain Chambers, Commander of H.M.A.S. Encounter, was giving a little dance on board the battleship a few nights ago at Geelong. However, a heavy gale blew the merry dancers off the upper deck down to the lower deck where the rest of the night was spent between dancing and being sea-sick alternately.

The death is announced of Mrs. Hastings, a very old pioneer of Gippsland. The deceased lady, who resided in the Yarram district for over 50 years, was Madame Ada Crossley's first music teacher.

Land in Swanston-street has lately changed "hands" at £1,175 per "foot." This is "miles" ahead of any previous sum paid for land in this Melbourne street.

A new butter box factory has been opened in conjunction with the Western District Co-operative Factories' Produce Co. The company was started eight years ago, with a capital of £450, and its turnover during the past eight years has been £5,000,000, and it had paid in bonuses to shareholders co-operative butter factory companies £40,000. It had added £17,000 to its capital, and although the factory was owned by the shareholders, they had not put their hands in their pockets for a penny towards its cost. They had branches and distributing centres all over the Commonwealth and in London. They would now provide their own butter boxes at the new factory, which had cost about £10,000.

The death is announced from Adelaide of Mr. Samuel Joseph Stuckey, aged 75 years, the first white male born in South Australia.

The Adelaide Supreme Court has awarded Ellen Beckett £250 damages against Edwin Tuss. Wake for breach of promise. Wake has found out that Ellen wasn't asleep!

In the House of Representatives the Monopolies Bill was agreed to, and the electrical redistribution scheme for New South Wales was rejected.

The resignation of Mr. Beedy from the Ministry and Labour Party has been the chief topic of conversation in political circles in New South Wales.

A case in which the life of a dying infant was saved by transfusion of blood has occurred at Detroit. The operation was performed by Drs. Coote and Vaughan. The infant was dying of hemorrhage, and the doctors, finding the ordinary method impracticable, resorted to the anti-toxin syringe. This is the first time that such an operation has been performed.

There is no reason, says Mr. Allen, the New Zealand Minister for Defence, why New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and even India, should not take part in the defence of the Pacific.

Sir John Forrest, who returned to his native soil from Melbourne, lost no time in promulgating an appeal to the Federal electors "to reject the insidious and destructive proposals of the Federal Labour party, who, since coming into power have depleted the State revenue of several millions a year by giving 25s. per capita, instead of three-quarters of the Custom revenue."

In the Adelaide House of Assembly, the amendments by the Council in the Closer Settlement Act were disagreed with on the grounds that they would hamper the Government in the purchase of large estates.

Bernard Roberts, aged 19 years, a recent arrival from England, was sentenced to death in Sydney for having shot at and wounded two occupants of the Captain Cook Hotel, Moore-park, while engaged in a burglary on October 16.

By 38 votes to 5 the Legislative Assembly approved of the State Ministry's electrification proposal. Madame Koch, the widow of a Copenhagen merchant who was found beheaded, has confessed that she and her lover were responsible for the awful crime.

The well-known boxer "Johnny" Summers, who fought and defeated S. Burns recently, prayed and made the sign of the cross in the ring before the fight began.

Cable advices from Wellington state that Mrs. Mary Kelly died at New Plymouth at the age of 61 years. She was a nurse in the Crimea, and is believed to be the last of the devoted band of women who served under Florence Nightingale. Her husband died on the following day aged 90 years. Kelly fought with the 57th Regiment in the Crimea. The old couple had been married for 11 years. Mrs. Kelly had been previously married.

A searching inquiry is to be held into complaints laid against certain players of the Australian Eleven at Home and abroad.

It is stated that Mr. Edward A. Beedy, brother of Mr. G. S. Beedy, the former Minister for Lands, will contest the Yans seat in the New South Wales Legislative Assembly, rendered vacant by the reported resignation of Mr. N. Neilson. Mr. Beedy will stand in the interests of the progressive Liberals.

The Imperial Government has made a free gift of the cruiser Pioneer to the Commonwealth. The Pioneer is of 2200 tons displacement, being 300ft. in length with a beam of 36ft. 6in., draught 19ft., and carries a crew of 224. The guns carried are eight 4in., eight 3lb., two Maxim, and two 14in. torpedo tubes. Driven by twin screws the vessel is of 7,000 h.p., and attains a speed of 25.5 knots per hour.

For prompt wheat sellers are still asking 4s. 2½d. to 4s. 2d. Those who want the grain are buying very sparingly. About 3s. 10½d. is being offered for new wheat, which can be delivered soon, and later December delivery is worth 3s. 8½d to 3s. 8d. The quotation for January to March delivery is about 3s. 7d. The London market is called quiet, but a little steadier.

The following were the leading teams in the Imperial Universities Rifle Match:—Cambridge, 1,361; Adelaide, 1,423; Sydney, 1,409; Oxford, 1,396; Melbourne, 1,312. The highest aggregate score was made by Lilley, of Sydney, with 191.

Mr. Fisher, the Prime Minister, moved for leave in the House of Representatives, to bring in a Bill to amend several sections of the Old Age and Invalid Pensions Act.

A cable announces that the public have subscribed only 7 per cent. of the West Australian £1,000,000 loan issued at 99, and carrying interest of 4 per cent.

Senator Rae: He (Mr. Beedy) is a rotter. He was a rotter all his life. The President: No member shall use offensive words against any member of a State House. Senator Rae: Mr. Beedy, having resigned, is not now a member of a State Parliament. (The curtain falls to slow music.)

Referring to the next conference of Premiers, the Premier of Queensland (Mr. Denham) said:—We have been down to Sydney and Melbourne for some time past, and I think it only fair that Southern Premiers should come to Queensland, and obtain more knowledge of this State than they possess now.

Something novel in the way of farming operations has taken place at Rosebank Estate, Ewingsdale (N.S.W.). The new departure was made of ploughing by night, and met with considerable success. Two powerful acetylene headlights are attached to the traction engine, and this enables work to be carried on when other people are asleep. The engine draws two six-furrowed stumpsumping ploughs. The night plough is, perhaps, the only one of the kind which has ever been carried out in Australia, and farmers will be certain to observe the experiment with considerable interest.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

The arrangements for the inauguration of India's new capital have been completed by an official proclamation converting Delhi and its suburbs into a small Chief Commissionership, and appointing a member of the Civil Service, Mr. W. Halliday, to administer it under the Government of India. Lord Hardinge formally took possession of his quarters in the presence of a large gathering of troops, officials, and Punjab chiefs.

The Berlin Railway Commissioners returned from a London visit to the underground system, warning the "Tubo" signalling and the handling of the trains. The lessons of their visit will be reported to the Prussian Diet, which will consider the electrification of the Berlin railways.

A baby has caused a railway riot on the State-owned Western line near Paris. The baby son of a bank clerk fell from a suburban train, but the communication cord failed and the alarm could not be given till the train stopped. Then the stationmaster refused to block the line while the child was searched for, but the passengers swarmed on the line, declaring that a train should pass until the baby was rescued.

Matters looked very threatening all trains being riotously held up, but eventually the child was picked up unhurt.

A scheme of naval and military defence works for Natal, to cost £150,000, has been agreed upon between the officials of the South African Union and the Imperial Government, including the Admiralty. The new works will be begun at once.

Mr. George O. Morris, a well-known financier, president of the Title Guarantee Trust Company, of Baltimore, has committed suicide, leaving a note to say he was distressed at newspaper attacks on his alleged interest in race track legislation. "God knows," adds the letter, "whether it is just for the self-sacrificing work of years, to be set at naught by the onslaughts of a yellow newspaper against which there is no defence."

Black clouds of wine ants have appeared on the Italian slopes of the Matterhorn, apparently travelling southwards, and a day later the clouds descended in the valleys, and covered the trees and villages. Myriads were crushed under foot. The insects did no harm, and they have now disappeared southwards in small clouds.

Four hundred French workmen have raised £24,000 and purchased the Chateau de Dracilly in the Seine et Oise, which has a park laid out by Le Notre in the reign of Louis XIV. They will erect four hundred dwellings on the estate, all the finest portions of which will be prepared as open spaces for the common enjoyment of the colony. The chateau will become a club house, with restaurant and shops.

French colliers in a pit at Ostend, near Lens, noticed smoke issuing from one of the workings and made a rush for the cage to be drawn up. As they raced through the galleries their cries were heard by all the other miners, who also threw down their tools and made for the shaft. The management ordered all the miners to be brought up, to allow panic, for which there was no greater cause than the smoke from a trust of straw set alight for ventilating purposes.

A couple who gave the names Addison Clark Angus and Elsie Brickerhoff, arrived in a high-powered motor-car at midnight in the town of Fishkill. They awakened the town clerk, got a marriage licence from him, drove to the house of the nearest magistrate, Justice Colwell, and brought him down into the street in a dressing-gown. The couple stood on the footboard of the motor-car while the magistrate married them. They then vanished in the direction of New York.

A 2400-h.p. ship on condition that the Town Council was not Socialist. But at this moment the majority of Brest's Town Council are avowed Socialists, and the city thus loses the legacy.

The latest excavations in Palestine will shortly be opened to visitors, and when the atrium of Domitian's palace has been cleared an excellent view will be obtained of the colossal fountain of the palace of the Caesars. The foundation of the golden house and earlier Caesarian dwellings have been laid bare. Below these have been found pre-Roman remains, including twelve ancient lifts, one of which descends into the earliest known city.

The Belgian Government provided a great service of special trains to Waterloo for the memorial ceremonies, the laying of the first stones of the battlefield monument to Victor Hugo, the "lyric historian" of the fight, and the inauguration at the Caillou Larin (Napoleon's head quarters on the fatal night of June 17, 1815) of a large ossuary, constructed by the Society of "Friends of Waterloo," to secure solemn burial of about twenty skeletons of French, British, or German soldiers raised within the last few years by the sifting of the earth to which they had been hastily consigned, without coffins, at the conclusion of the battle.

The Native Court at Cairo has sentenced two Egyptian youths studying at Constantinople to four months imprisonment for perjury at the trial of the conspirators against the lives of the Khedive and Lord Cromer. They had turned their backs to both sides.

Friendships, these times a day, soldiers raised within the last few years by the sifting of the earth to which they had been hastily consigned, without coffins, at the conclusion of the battle.

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The rain was pelted down with relentless fury, drenching to the skin the unfortunate beings who happened to be traversing the streets of the city. The only persons who appeared to be in ecstasies were the proprietors of the innumerable public-houses which were, more or less, crowded to excess. Men and even women of all grades were gathered, imbibing freely of the treacherous beverage which, unfortunately, has been the means of devastating many a happy home. Dozens were spending the last copper they possessed, and as a natural consequence, instead of being in a position to claim the shelter of one of the numberless boarding-houses with which our city abounds, they were compelled to seek a more frugal but less comfortable shelter among the crevices of the rocks of Macquarie's point, or worse still, that of the parks or domain.

Gazing wistfully on the interior of one of these drinking-hells was a poor, friendless little urchin, awaiting anxiously the arrival and departure of its innumerable customers, in the hope that they would require lights for their pipes, the vending of which was his means of subsistence. Very unsuccessful was he in his endeavours to exchange his flammé for hard cash. Quite weary with long and expectant watching he was about to seek a night's lodging as usual in the adjacent parks or in some dark and secluded doorstep, when he espied a gaunt, ill-dressed person emerging from the elaborately carved doors and apparently the dress for liquor, for the boy observed that he retained his feet with difficulty. Mustering courage he shuffled up to his side asking impudently: "Will you buy a box of lights, sir? Two a penny, sir." He received a somewhat guttural answer in the negative, but feeling that he must not yield his last chance so easily, he repeated his request so beseechingly that it would have turned any ordinary hard heart to pity; but the man, enraged at being molested by the urchin, drew him—poor, friendless boy that he was—a stinging blow across the face with a gold-headed cane which he carried, almost blinding him.

With a cry of pain the street arab made off at his best speed, fearing pursuit, and having continued so for 200 or 300 yards, and bearing no pursuing footsteps, he ventured to come to a standstill, and decide where he should find shelter for the night. Seeing no convenient place for a night's lodging he turned to the left down a dim-looking street, for there were no lights, indicating the presence of any inhabitants. Yet it was strange, for the adjacent buildings were anything but dilapidated; but the fact was a foul murder was supposed to have been perpetrated there some months before, consequently it was impossible to entice people to occupy them. The thought of being in the vicinity of so foul a crime would have appalled many a stout heart, but it was a different thing with the Sydney street arab, who was accustomed to scenes of strife and sometimes murder.

Traversing cautiously the broad but deserted pavement, he presently observed a massive iron grating, leading undoubtedly to the underground cellars of one of the neighbouring buildings. Ingress to the cellar was certainly easy, for at one end of the grating was a large hole caused evidently by a heavy blow of some kind, and thinking that he would be found the greatest security and shelter, he adventurously descended.

Accustomed to the surrounding darkness, he observed with ease a large cavity directly in front of him, and, advancing cautiously, he found himself in the interior of a capacious cellar containing a number of vats. Weary and faint through want of food, with no friendly hand to aid him, the poor, half-blind urchin crouched in a damp corner and, thanks to sympathetic nature, was soon fast asleep.

Leave for the present the unhappy slumberer and follow his cowardly assailant. After delivering the dastardly blow, he followed in the footsteps of the street arab, but quite leisurely, for he appeared heedless of the pelted rain, owing probably to his apparently intoxicated condition. Suddenly he halted at the very corner where his victim had stepped previous to his disappearance down the grating; and, having gazed cautiously around, at the same time shaking off his drunken slumber, he muttered: "I think I am a day wagee, are a few of the day wages offered by Kaffas tomorrow to secure harvest workers."

At the same moment thrusting his hand into his coat pocket, he produced a large key, and going up to the front of one of the massive buildings inserted it in the door, and after a little trouble succeeded in opening it. Cautiously walking over the threshold he closed the door behind him, and produced a dark lantern. Not a sound could be heard save the echo of his footsteps as he proceeded to the extremity of the corridor, on reaching which he opened a large, double door, and passing through it he found himself within a lobby. Walking unhesitatingly to the centre of the floor, he removed a remnant of coarse matting, disclosing a large trap door, which he opened, and through which he descended with the utmost confidence.

On arriving at the bottom he found himself in a listening attitude, and after waiting a few moments was satisfied at hearing the hum of several voices. Flashing the light about with freedom to avoid the many obstacles which lay in his path in the shape of old casks and rubbish, he proceeded to the end of the cellar, when he turned sharply to the right for a few yards, then turning again to the left he found himself in another, which was dimly lighted, and on getting well into its interior he was received with a suppressed cry of welcome from at least half a dozen desperate-looking individuals, who were apparently awaiting his arrival.

With a start the street arab awoke. Had he been dreaming, or did he in reality hear the distant hum of voices? Listening intently he found he was not mistaken, for sure enough he heard indistinctly voices unmistakably human. His first thought was to make his exit through the grating and beat a hasty retreat; but on reflection he determined to discover whence the voices came. Creeping stealthily to the extremity of the cellar he observed a hard light by which he could distinguish with ease his surroundings. Quite distinct were the voices now, and they came from somewhere on his left. Moving cautiously in that direction, the dim light getting brighter, he at last came to a halt at the entrance of a second cellar similar to the one he had just left, but how different in aspect; for the one was in total darkness, whilst the other was illuminated by a small fire.

Utterly dumfounded, the urchin gazed on the extraordinary sight, for gathered round the fire were four men engaged in watching the contents of a large iron crock, whilst three others were engaged at the further end of the cellar in arranging some indescribable process. Whilst watching intently one of the men, evidently a superior, turned half round exposing his features to view of the boy, who suddenly turned ghastly pale; and well he might, for the individual was none other than his antagonist of a few hours previous.

But what brings him here in company with such a gang of ruffians, surely nothing good? He was not long kept in suspense, for the voice of his assailant was now heard exclaiming: "Now lads, bring hither the precious metal, and what was previously the prized property of some of our city merchants will soon be transformed into 'yellow boys,' despite the vigilance of some of our leading detectives."

The street arab, having heard the preceding exclamation uttered by his enemy, came to the conclusion that the group standing before him was nothing more than a gang of counterfeit coiners and bank forgers, whose daring crimes were filling the city with the greatest consternation. Yes, here was undoubtedly one of the many gangs who, in spite of the unflinching efforts of the most skillful detectives, still flourished in their nefarious calling. What a chance was offered the boy of having a just revenge on a gang of ruffians who doubtless would not scruple to murder, and would he not be paying his enemy back in his own coin by acquainting the police of their whereabouts? He was soon resolved on what course to pursue.

Creeping stealthily from his hiding-place, back through the empty cellar and into the street, he ran at his utmost speed to the nearest police station, which he timidly entered, fearing very naturally that his story would not be believed by the police officials; but mustering all the courage he possessed he appealed to the superintendent, who appeared with a scowl on his habitually stern countenance, for it was very seldom that he received any profitable news from so insignificant a creature as the one standing

TO WAIT 27 YEARS FOR HIS FORTUNE.

ENGINEER KEEPS SECRET FOR SMELTING IRON SAND.

The only man living who has solved the problem of smelting iron sand is a consulting engineer, William Danby, otherwise Benjamin, whose deficiency it was stated in the London Bankruptcy Court of a large representing money borrowed on money owing for medical attention on wife and children.

He spent some years in New South Wales, Tasmania, and New Zealand, and in 1892 was president of the Victoria Architectural and Engineering Association.

He also claims to have solved the problem of the fittings of a ship with which Messrs. W. & A. G. Vaniman hoped to raise the money to start a new ship.

He said if he were to go to the beach on the coast of New Zealand, which contains over 500,000 tons of metallic ore, it would be worth him £100,000 a year.

Everything he has done in the matter has been done in the town of Melbourne, where he has lived for 27 years.

He has been married three times, and has three children. He is now 60 years of age.

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