

MIDDLE CREEK.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENT.)

The October meeting of the Middle Creek branch of the A.N.A. was held in the Public Hall on Saturday, 31st ult., when there was a very large attendance. The vice-president, Mr H. McLeod, occupied the chair. The chief business of the evening was the nominations of officers for ensuing six months. Messrs H. McLeod and T. W. Waldron were the only nominations for positions of president and vice-president respectively. It was unanimously decided to ask the Chief President, Mr A. M. Taylor, to be present at next meeting and install the officers. A discussion took place as to the advisability or otherwise of sending delegates to the next conference. Messrs de Hugar and W. Pickford were strongly in favor of delegates, and offered £1 each towards expenses. It was moved by E. Fay, and seconded by H. Dunn, junr., that owing to the bad year and the low state of the funds of the branch, no delegate should be sent this year unless a member volunteers and agrees to pay his own expenses. Mr Pickford, while agreeing with Mr Fay, hoped that in future a delegate would be sent. He would not like the branch to think itself unworthy of representation at so important an event as the A.N.A. conference. The motion was carried. Sick pay amounting to £7 was passed for payment. It was decided to present ex-presidents' certificates to Messrs J. McLeod and J. Hillman.

A very nice rain set in on Saturday morning, 31st ult., but, unfortunately, stopped too soon. Forty-eight points was registered at the school. The crops have improved much through the rain, but a downpour is very badly needed.

BALLARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Thursday. The market to-day showed an easier tendency in all lines, and potatoes went back from 10/ to 15/ a ton. Wheat, at the official price of 49s, there is nothing doing. Sellers cannot be located. Oats, 4s for feed; seed oats unobtainable. Peas, normally 6s, for hand-threshed ones, Barley—English, of prime quality, 5s 6d; Cape, 4s to 4s 6d. Hay, 15s 15d; straw, 2s 6d. Potatoes, from 2s to 4s, according to variety, condition, and quality. Straw, 2s 15d for bedding, and 2s 7 1/2d for prime oat-straw, suitable for bedding. Flour, 21s 10d. Bran, 2s 15d. Rolled, 4s. Butter, Prime factory, 10s 6d; 114d separator, 10s 4d. Eggs, 9s. Bacon, Sides, 10s; hams, 12s; Lard, 8s 6d.

On Wednesday a bush-fire originated in the vicinity of Steiner's and Persch's, and gullies and swept over a large area of bush country. It is reported that Mr P. Grant, of Trawalla, had between 100 and 150 tons of firewood destroyed, and that whilst he was endeavoring to save some of his stacks he was surrounded by the flames and had to beat a hasty retreat. Mr Russell, of Waterloo, also lost some firewood, but the quantity is not known. The fire on the 22nd ult. at Mt. Lonareh swept about 200 acres of country near Miller's Flat. A big patch of grazing land recently sown for starving stock was laid waste. The recent fire at Cave Hill spread over the old Buangor common, and some of the State forest fencing was damaged at Gimpy Clayton. It also damaged Cave Hill extension reserve and portion of Mrs McDonald's property, adjoining flat ground on the northern side, where it was checked. A fire on the 21st ult. at Bea Major covered the northern part of Chute and made a fairly clean sweep of the forest country in that vicinity and east of Breakneck road. In the face of so much starving stock being sent down from the north, it is a pity that large areas of grass have been burnt. Owing to the dryness of the season and the accumulation of leaves the country was more inflammable at this time of the year than in any previous season. Taking into consideration the dryness of the season, it is fortunate that these fires have taken place now rather than at the latter end of the season.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

Miss Lily Kay, the eldest daughter of Mr A. Kay, of Trawalla, was saved from drowning by her mother on Wednesday under dramatic circumstances. It appears that Miss Kay had gone to a waterhole in the creek to draw water, the depth of which is about 9ft. and the bank very steep. The young woman slipped in, screaming as she did so. Her mother heard the screams, and came out, but assuming that it was the cries of some tame swans kept by the family, went indoors. The girl went down the second time, and screamed when she came up. Knowing that her daughter had gone to the creek, the mother now realised that she must have fallen into the water. Mrs Kay made a rush for the place, which is about 200 yards from the house, and as she went she picked up a fishing rod lying on the road. When the mother arrived the girl had apparently just sunk for the third time. Mrs Kay saw her daughter's hat floating on the surface, and promptly pushed the fishing rod into the water directly beneath it. That the rod struck the girl is proved by an abrasion on her nose. With that instinct which impels the drowning to grasp at a straw, Miss Kay seized hold of the rod, and her plucky mother gradually pulled her to the bank, and held her there until a man came to her assistance. The girl was quite unconscious and black in the face, and restoratives had to be applied. Miss Kay states that when she went down the second time she lost consciousness, and does not remember grasping the fishing rod. This is the second occasion on which Mrs Kay has saved one of her relatives from drowning, having saved a brother under similar circumstances some years ago in Sydney.

One of the defences in a case of alleged breach of contract, heard at the Ballarat County Court on Wednesday, was that a contract was void if prohibited by statute. The action was one in which John Maurice Connelly, stock and land owner, of Birchip, claimed £256 17/6 from Geo. Wills, a Carranballac farmer, for alleged breach of contract, in having failed to deliver to the plaintiff, after contracting to do so, one stack of hay, and one stack of straw, cut into chaff for starving stock. Mr H. G. Morrow, counsel for the defendant, maintained that the evidence showed a sale of mixed chaff, and as such a transaction was illegal, his client should be given a verdict. After hearing arguments of counsel, Judge Wincke pointed out that the contract said, "oat stack to be mixed with straw stack," and this necessarily meant chaff. The Act provided that a mixture of hay chaff and straw chaff in any proportion was prohibited, and there was a penalty of £20 for those who offended. He was satisfied that both parties were ignorant of the provision of the Act when the contract was drawn up; in fact, it had only been discovered at the last moment by counsel, and put in as a defence, an act to which no exception could be taken. Under the circumstances he could only give a verdict for Wills, with costs to be taxed.

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 can not be recovered through a small ad. in the "Riponshire Advocate." It's easy to mail an ad. to the "Advocate," or just call at the office and tell us your trouble.

TREED A SAMPLE.

"Some years ago I was subject to biliousness, from which I could get no relief," says Mr. W. G. Miller, Grocer, Lindfield, N.S.W. "I was given a sample of Chamberlain's Tablets, and a few hours after taking them all trace of biliousness was completely gone. Whenever there has been a recurrence of the trouble, I have got immediate relief from Chamberlain's Tablets." Sold by J. R. Wotherpoon and Co.

BALLARAT STOCK MARKET.

Tuesday. Fat cattle: 235 cattle came forward for to-day's sale, consisting of a majority of good and useful bullocks. There was an average attendance of buyers present, and competition was active, values for all descriptions being firm, with an upward tendency for prime quality pens. Quotations:—Prime pens bullocks, £13 15/ to £14 17/6; good, £11 15/ to £12 15/; medium, £7 15/ to £9 15/; best cows, to £9; extra, to £12 7/6. Calves: 52 penned; best forward selling to £7. Sheep: 6523 came forward for to-day's sale, majority being good to medium descriptions, only a small number being prime quality. There was a better demand for good to medium quality, the graziers operating more freely, and values show an improvement on late rates. Prime quality sold about equal to last week's prices; but heavier weights had an easier tendency. Quotations:—Prime crossbred wethers, 16/ to 17/6; extra quality, to 18/9; good crossbred wethers, 14/ to 15/; medium, 12/ to 13/6; prime crossbred ewes, 14/ to 16/; good, 11/ to 12/; medium, 8/ to 9/; best merino wethers, 12/ to 14/; good, 9/ to 10/6. Lambs: 4240 penned, a fair proportion consisting of good to useful descriptions with a sprinkling of prime. Competition was brisker for all descriptions, and values show an advance on last week's prices. Quotations:—Prime pens lambs, 14/ to 15/6; extra quality, to 17/; good pens lambs, 10/ to 11/6; useful, 8/ to 9/; others lower. The following district sales are reported:—Five bullocks, Mr G. Excell, "Glenholme," Stockyard Hill, to £10 17/6; 84 comebacks for same owner, wethers averaging 17/3, topping the market, ewes 15/; 433 merino wethers, Mr R. G. Chirnside, Carranballac, Skipton, averaging 9/4; 108 comeback wethers, Mr W. G. Pickford, Buangor Park, Buangor, 8/ to 9/10; 47 comebacks, Mr C. H. Taylor, "Hazelwood," Middle Creek, wethers to 10/2, ewes 8/; 125 lambs, Mr J. Forbes, Strathairn, to 12/10; cow, Mr W. Russell, Carranballac, £8; heifer £4 12/6.

DYSENTERY CHECKED.

"My little daughter, when 14 months old, was very ill with dysentery," says Mr. William F. Long, "Rose Villa," Camden Street, Newtown, N.S.W. "My wife was told of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy, and I got a bottle at once. We gave it to the child as directed, and after six doses the dysentery left her; her appetite returned, and she had all the energy of a healthy child."

MINING NEWS.

Mr T. Derrick, manager of the Hope, reports: North-west branch reef drive extended 47ft.; total, 517ft.; cut back for long caps and started No. 5 rise and risen 6ft. South off west branch reef drive extended 34ft.; total, 401ft.; payable. No 3 west off same extended 8ft.; total, 128ft.; last 8ft. poor; stopped, and opened No. 4 west and driven 12ft.; reef risen 2ft. over back laths; stopped. Opened No. 2 east and driven 12ft.; payable. One party blocking in north off west branch reef drive. No. 3 1/2 rise—Two parties blocking. Mr F. M. Rankin, manager of the Northern Hope, reports: Main bottom level extended to 1053ft.; put up six bores from 32ft. to 27ft. to wash, four of which showed gold. The face of drive is 250ft. past the old ground, 50ft. back from face; put in long caps, and started rising No. 1 rise this afternoon. South-west branch reef drive extended 39ft.; total from branch, 596ft. Top level—East prospecting drive off No. 4 south to 219ft.; wash 20ft. above back laths; making preparations for putting up a rise to the wash. Other parties crosscutting and blocking on the edge of the deep ground. Mr A. W. Moore, manager of the Beaufort Deep Leads, reports:—Main east level—No. 1 rise—Blocking with two parties in average quality wash. No. 2 rise—One party blocking. Restarted main east level. Local sundries for week: 3oz. Idwt. 13gr. The Beaufort Picture Co. are showing an up-to-date programme of pictures in the Societies' Hall on Thursday night. Net proceeds in aid of local Patriotic Funds. Admission, 1/; children, 6d. Mr P. McMahon, Labor candidate for the Hampden election, will address the electors in the Societies' Hall, Beaufort, on Saturday, 14th inst., at 8 p.m.

WAR IN EUROPE.

As a result of fighting on the Yser, in Western Belgium, the Germans have fallen back. In Northern France violent attacks by the enemy have been repulsed. British and German fleets have been engaged off the Chilean coast. We lost the cruiser Monmouth. The German cruiser Yorck struck a mine in Jahde Bay, in the North Sea, and sunk. After having repulsed Turkish troops, the Russians crossed the Armenian frontier.

Seven members of the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute committee attended the monthly meeting on Tuesday evening. Mr John Jackson (president) occupied the chair. The secretary (Mr Lindsay) reported that there was a credit balance at the bank of £30 3/3, and the receipts for the month totalled £11 5/6. Accounts, amounting to £9 2/5 were passed for payment. Reference was made to the lights becoming defective, and the advisability of lowering the pipes discussed. Miss McNaughton, librarian, wrote thanking the committee for leave granted and letter of sympathy, and applying for an extension of leave.—Further leave granted. From Sands and McDougall, Melbourne, enclosing particulars of card indexing system for libraries.—Received, From Cope and Co. Loan, re supplying periodicals during war.—Received. The president acknowledged the gift through Mr Sinclair of a book of poems written by an old Beaufort boy (Mr J. E. Hogan). It was resolved to thank the donor through Mr Sinclair. The president mentioned that a portrait of Sir John French had been obtained from a periodical and framed gratuitously by Mr D. Stevenson. The secretary mentioned that a subscriber had suggested that the daily papers should be filed for three months, and they could subsequently be put away and preserved for another three months. It was decided that an estimate of the cost be procured for next meeting. It was resolved that all periodicals and illustrated papers must not in future be taken out except on Saturday nights and must be returned on the following Monday morning. The secretary drew attention to a drain pipe across the footpath being choked, and the matter was left in the hands of the president for attention. Captain G. Wilson presided over the monthly meeting of the Beaufort Fire Brigade on Tuesday evening; ten members being present. A letter was read from the local lodge M.U.L.O.O.F. inviting the brigade to a euchre tournament.—Invitation accepted. From Country Fire Brigades' Board pointing out the increased price of hose owing to the war, and forbidding the giving away or selling of hose.—Received. From Chief Secretary, Melbourne, re date for receiving nominations for Country Fire Brigades' Board.—Received. From Captain Chelwell, Avoca, forwarding balance-sheet of accident fund, and stating he was again a candidate for a seat on the board.— Candidature to be supported. From Foreman Haxton, forwarding resignation.—Received. The following officers were nominated:—Captain, G. Wilson; Lieutenant, J. Day and G. Gordon; Foreman, J. Martin; apparatus officer, R. Martin; secretary, A. J. Saphy; treasurer, R. A. D. Sinclair. The election takes place at next meeting. It was decided to submit the names of A. Chapman and V. Tromp to the Board for inclusion on the active list.

RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

Notice to Advertisers.

OWING to the inconvenience caused by Advertisements being received after the appointed time, we beg to notify that unless ALTERATIONS TO STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS reach us by WEDNESDAY Morning, such alterations will not be made till the following issue. In future this rule will be strictly enforced, in fairness to our employees. Correspondents are also requested to send reports by Thursday. ALL CASUAL Advertisements (unless the Advertiser has an account in our books) must be PAID IN ADVANCE. No exception to this rule will be made. Advertisements by Post must be accompanied by Cash. A PARKER, PROPRIETOR. A. Parker, Printer, Beaufort.

extremity of the bridge and came in contact with its rude but sturdy abutment. Owen gave utterance to the little bird-like whistle that had been arranged as a signal between the driver and himself. Like magic came an echoing twitter, and then out from the shadows stalked a figure which Owen saw at a glance was that of the Cossack in whom he had placed his trust. The chill of uncertainty gave place to new hope, for if Vladimir were alive and free to keep his trust, then had he accomplished that part of the preparatory trust given into his keeping. Dugdale met him eagerly, and shook his hand with a vim that pleased the steppé rider. "But the telega? I do not see it, Vladimir. I pray you were not bankrupt—that the game was not nipped in the bud," he said, eagerly. "The driver of half-tamed horses was quick to make reply. "Fear not; all is well, brother. It would have been folly to have left the telega here in the open, where even a keen-sighted sentry from the all might discover it. Yet it is not far away. Shall we go, master?" There was little of the bombastic about Vladimir. Here he had accomplished wonderful things in the face of great difficulties, and yet he spoke of them in the most matter of fact way, as though they signified nothing. Dugdale was anxious to be out of the Rustchuk—the mountain village and nothing attractive about its rambling houses to his eyes, and he an artist at that—because a change had come over the spirit of his team, and things that he had once loved over became commonplace now. Nevertheless, he did most positively hate to go and leave those citadel gates free, when it seemed to him to have such a splendid chance to deny the enemy if he could only materialize the half-formed plans he had in mind. Still, that would take time, and might even bring them into the discovery which they wished to delay as much as possible. So he sighed and gave up all idea of securing the gates against a sally on the part of the garrison. "I am ready to go, Vladimir. Lead the way to the telega," he said in a tone of command. They crossed the bridge like so many spectres. Just beyond the road forked—one way had come down from the interior, while the other turned more towards the south, and, if diligently followed, would in due time, barring accidents, and trouble from Turkish bands, bring the traveller to the frontier. (To be Continued.)

THE FARM.

BARRIER FOR ROOT BORER.

In America a barrier of wire gauze, such as is used in fly screens, is found to be very effective in preventing canker worms and other insects from crawling from the ground up the trunks of trees. From the description (says an exchange) it should be equally efficacious against the Australian root-borer. A strip of wire gauze, 4 to 6 in. wide is wrapped around the trunk of a tree. It is found only at the top, and a little to or similar material put under so that there will be no cracks or openings through which the worms can crawl. The lower part of the trunk is bent out from the trunk so that there is a big space under which insects can gather; also, the wire is so far out that there is no danger of the insects reaching the trunk, and crawling up. When a worm starts to crawl up he keeps on the trunk until he reaches the wire, then wanders around in the cage in the end of walking down the wire to the edge and crawling up the outside. The wire has the advantage of being absorbent cotton and sticky substances in that it is durable, and does not need attention. 1952.

BED AS A PUNISHMENT.

A more fantastic punishment can be conceived than that meted out to a man charged with being intoxicated. The prisoner was sentenced to seven days in bed, and conducted home by a policeman who stood by while he undressed himself, and then tucked him up singly between the sheets. The sentence you to take your wife to Coney Island once a week, to kiss her at least once a week, and give her five dollars weekly. Further suggest that you give her a bunch of flowers once in a while, and are commanded not to allow your mother-in-law to interfere with household arrangements. This sentence is of four weeks' duration, its expiration you will both regret here. If you have not obeyed the sentence you will be punished with contempt of court." Such was the non-sense judgment passed at a klyn. U.S.A., by Judge Higgins, before whom a man was tried with deserting his wife and

Canada is nearly thirty times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and its total area of the Dominion being 2,370,000 square miles less than that of the whole Continent of Europe. Tennessee's State authorities are compelling all bachelors over the age of 21 to pay a licence fee of \$100. Some incorrigible men have resolved that their licence fee is cheap at the price of the world many thousands of a great deal of trouble. The men condemned to the gallows in the case of the one out of ten who are hanged.

CATHERINE K... without this... Weak Nerve... or Constipation... ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.) UNDER THE BAN OF THE CZAR, OR, THE WINNING OF ISOLDE.

By St. George Rathborne, Author of "Omar Kassem," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS PARTS. Owen Dugdale, the wealthy owner of an estate in Leinster; an artist, journalist, and leader; an impulsive Irishman, was mapped out for himself a month's journey in Southern Russia. His passport, through a blunder on the part of the officials, calls for Owen Dugdale and wife, a luxury he has never possessed. Naturally this leads to strange and ridiculous complications as in Bohemian fashion he wanders over the plains and mountains of Russia. Evening is setting in as his telega driven by Vladimir, a Don Cossack, who fears neither man nor devil, approaches the town of Ruzstchuk. Shortly after passing a mounted military officer and two Cossacks, our traveller discovers a wrecked telega in his path. On investigation Owen is startled by the discovery that the luckless vehicle is occupied by a lady and he becomes conscious of a strange shock on finding himself being entrapured into the eyes of a young girl of transcendent loveliness. Upon offering his services the young lady is reluctantly induced to enter Owen's telega. Before reaching the town Dugdale learns from his fair companion that the name of the mounted officer is General Boris Gratschew, a distant connection of hers, and her enemy, and she warns Owen of the danger of befriending her. Arriving at the tavern at Ruzstchuk, the notes of a bugle are heard calling out the guard, to receive the military escort. Dugdale is forthwith summoned to the presence of General Gratschew, who insists upon him abandoning his foolish intention of accompanying the lady to the border, intimating that she is none other than the notorious Vera Orloff, "Queen of the Whilists." Dugdale, knowing this to be false, determines, notwithstanding the general's threatening attitude, to pursue his headstrong course, and joins Isolde at the supper table. He learns that Isolde is flying from the Court of the Czar to escape her forced marriage with a Russian baron, whom she heartily detests, and further that Gratschew has received instructions to prevent her leaving Russia, for the baron is now on his way to take Isolde back to St. Petersburg. With the assistance of Dugdale she determines to try and escape across the border. Vladimir has been approached by Dugdale and he agrees to help them all he can. They are successful in getting clear of Ruzstchuk, without arousing the guards, and make their way to the waiting telega.

PART V. CHAPTER XIII. THE SHADOW OF THE BARON. Just as the Cossack had so simply said, the telega awaited them in a retired spot beyond the fork of the road. By the time they reached it the clouds parted and allowed the moon an opportunity to peep out, which gave Dugdale a chance to cast his eyes over the outfit Vladimir had provided. He made no remark, since time was so valuable and every minute counted; but as he tossed the two bags into the vehicle, he saw the driver had the saddles, just as he promised, and the two of the queer Cossack build, and the third a genuine lady's saddle, which Owen had not believed could be found within fifty miles of Ruzstchuk. Vladimir was indeed a wonder, and had a peculiar ability for ferreting out things. There were three horses attached to the wagon, something seldom seen; but a Cossack could handle half a dozen of the beasts with greater ease than any Roman horseman ever exhibited in those days of Nero and Caesar, when chariot races were the rage. After depositing the luggage, Dugdale assisted his fair companion in. Really Vladimir had quite transformed the interior. New robes made an easy seat, and, on a pinch, one that even snatched a little sleep now and then, should the road prove to have its smooth spots. Vladimir had passed from horse to horse, rubbing their noses and speaking affectionate words to each of the little red eyes. Dugdale saw they were all fresh steeds, and the fact gave him satisfaction, for those used during the preceding day had been jaded and could not be counted on to cover the distance over hill and vale, under a possible hot pursuit. They were off. At first Vladimir allowed the horses to walk, for they were still close to the citadel, and discovery was possible. Besides, their road soon began to climb the face of the mountain, and it were wise not to press his animals too much at the start. "These are fresh beasts, Vladimir?" said Owen, in a cautious tone. "And none better in Ruzstchuk. They belong to a friend. I had to pretend to steal them, so that he might appear innocent before the commander, who will require a very strict investigation." "And you have done well. Should we escape, good Vladimir, it will be owing to you entirely. Think not we can forget. What you wish may be yours, only say the word." The Cossack was calm. "I know I shall either be dead or an outlaw, but I care not, so I have revenge. He ordered me to be whipped—the bastinado of the Turks was less cruel. I shall leave Russia—my mind was made up some time ago," said, firmly.

"And go where?" "I have a brother, Ivan, in the United States of America. He is on a cattle ranch in the West. Sometimes my heart has gone out to him when I am sad. And now it is written—little Russia, that has been my mother, my father—the great Czar, shall see me, alas! no more." "I think you have chosen wisely. I myself have seen the prairies you speak of and lived with the cow-boys; perhaps even met your brother for aught I know. Should you attend us, Vladimir, be sure your purse shall be well filled, and I will also give you a letter to a dear friend, the owner of a great ranch, that will secure all you want. And you will find 'brave, jolly fellows' there the air is free, and men do not bend the knee to King or Kaiser. You will never be sorry, my brother. Some day Russia may be free, and every acre of the soil a Sovereign, but it is not yet." The driver of the telega grew silent, but doubtless many thoughts rioted in his brain, for to a Cossack exile from his native land requires almost the racking agony of a Columbus steering into unknown seas in search of a mysterious New World. The lady had not spoken. Dugdale several times looked at her out of the tail of his eye, and saw that, while pale as a lily in the moonlight she appeared to be perfectly composed. A new admiration awoke within him. Hitherto he had bowed before her womanly beauty, but now he began to recognise the fact that his fair companion was no ordinary member of her sex, but capable of exhibiting the traits of a heroine should the occasion arise. "You see, all goes well, ma'amsele. What might have seemed insurmountable obstacles have yielded to the magic of gold and a Cossack's blandishments. Why should we not continue to have just such good luck to the end?" he said, in the endeavour to cheer her up, this sad one, who seemed haunted by the shadow of her Emperor's displeasure. She guessed his motive, her feminine instinct telling her how much he wished to paint a rosy denouement of their strange flight, and how could she be aught but grateful. "Ah, Monsieur Dugdale, be sure I know and appreciate that could you have your way there would be no briars in my path. It is a delight to feel that so earnest a champion has been so miraculously enlisted in my behalf. And all this you have done, my friend, without knowing who I am, or why I am so cruelly treated by those who should be my friends." "I have said before, I only know that you are in trouble, a woman, and an Englishman." "But it is very noble of you, monsieur." "Nonsense!" "I frowned when you said by the river that in spirit it seemed you knew me longer than a few hours. I am sorry now, for I have been thinking it over, and to me has come the same thought." "Ma'amsele!" "That somehow I have known you a long time, or dreamed of one very like you. I do not understand these things they tell us about the soul and its journey while we sleep, but I do know that you, Monsieur Dugdale, seemed no stranger to me." Owen was thrilled. What man would not be to hear so exquisite a little princess so declare when seated at his side? Everything by which they were surrounded added to the romantic interest of the affair. Such a combination it would be difficult to equal—the soft moonlight, the weird vehicle, in which they made their flight, the Cossack in his picturesque yet wild garb, mastering his three horses with the power of Jove harnessing the lightning; and last, yet far from least, the dainty creature at his side, placed under his protection by a freak of fate. And she had naïvely confessed that some one of the sternest sex, very like Owen Dugdale, had appeared at various times in her dreams. Well, it was decidedly pleasant, and though his resolution to protect her to the best of his ability had never faltered, it was renewed with much zeal under the spur of this confession. He would not ask about herself, no matter what natural curiosity he might feel. When the time came she would tell him about the past, and until then he must rest content to know that he had her confidence. It even pleased him to realize that he could thus labour in her service blindly, so quietly are men constructed who tumble into love after zealous avoiding contact with the little red eyes. Vladimir had been attending industriously to his business, which was to manage his horses with the best skill. Whenever the road offered an excuse for so doing, he snapped his long whip with the cracker at the end, and every time that pistol-like report rang out the animals started into a trot. It was safe to do this now, for they had certainly not more than half a mile behind them since leaving the bridge, and the keenest of ears at the citadel would not be apt to catch the sound at such a distance. The lady had bent her head so as to survey the mystic scene in view as they climbed the mountain. In the day it must have been a grand spectacle, with Ruzstchuk nestling there in the heart of the valley. It would seem as though she should show more or less delight over the wonderful success that crowned their daring attempt to escape from the jurisdiction of General Gratschew, guardian of this region; but Dugdale had learned early that Russians were a nation of home-lovers, and he could understand how this fair lady must suffer the keenest pain under the conviction that she was only leaving her beloved country, to try for ever, but with conditions attached to her flight that made it

seem shameful in her eyes. Dugdale respected her feelings, and maintained complete silence. It was while they were thus each wrapped in thoughts of their peculiar situation that something occurred without warning to break the silence and arouse the liveliest apprehension. From the mountain far behind, where the other road to Ruzstchuk lay, over which they had come on the preceding evening, there was suddenly heard the wailing of a horn. Clear and mellow and distinct it came to their ears. Dugdale was provoked. He realized that if the whole village was to be thus aroused, the chances were their flight might be discovered. He was surprised, though, when the lady, exhibiting symptoms of sudden nervousness, caught his arm, and exclaimed: "Oh, I feared our good fortune could not last. That is the signal of a courier of the Czar, one who reports his Royal master, and must be treated as if he were Nicholas himself. Monsieur, the shadows begin to fall, for, alas! the baron has come!" CHAPTER XIV. THE MAD FLIGHT. That name might be potent enough to work wonders, but since Dugdale did not even know who the baron was, he somehow could not understand how their condition had grown worse. Gratschew was the man to whom he naturally looked for all trouble. Of course, the baron came in for a share of his hatred, because of him Isolde had been made to suffer; and yet he did not know but that he ought to thank this cruel persecutor, since but for him he, Dugdale, would never have met the one who now sat so near him, and who filled a vacant spot in his life so wonderfully well. Vladimir also knew that bugle call. He had heard it oft when with the fighting general, and never without a warm glow; but now it possessed not the same significance, since his heart was being weaned from its birthright, allegiance to Russia. Looking back, Dugdale could see some signs of commotion within that space where the citadel and the barracks and the barracks were situated, and he knew orders were being issued, and loud, so that the representatives of his majesty might be properly received, for even in his mountain fastnesses this martinet of a general insisted upon carrying military etiquette out to the letter. Ere long the fact of their flight must be made manifest, perhaps inside of an hour—it might even be less—the stern iron soldier would be galloping out of old Ruzstchuk at the head of a small party of mounted soldiers in hot pursuit. The die was cast. Perhaps Dugdale may have felt some slight alarm at the thought of having pitted his prowess against this veteran campaigner, hero of a hundred battles, but he shut his teeth hard, and the light that came into his eyes told of determination aroused. Soon they would be at the top of the elevation, and a day before them. The same difficulties that faced them would also confront those who followed, and in the end the race meant success to the party whose horses could hold out the longest. At any rate Dugdale believed they were able to give the general a good chase for his money. He exulted in the glory of it. If success came, his reward might be pleasant and in case of failure—well, he fancied he was able to meet the consequences, hateful though they might be. About the time they reached the crown of the hill, the baron and his attendants must have gained the village. They heard the clatter of hoofs upon the bridge, and then there was a crash of musketry to welcome the high representative of royalty. "Perhaps," said Dugdale, meditatively, "in a little while they will not feel so very pleased." "Do you think they will learn of our going before morning?" asked the lady, with a tremor in her voice which had not been there before. He knew the baron caused it, and a great curiosity concerning this important individual began to make itself felt within Owen's heart. Was he young and handsome, or old and cunning? And, again, what was he to this beautiful creature? Oh, it did not matter, apparently, though he had to deceive himself with the belief that it made no difference to him whether she were a maid, wife, or widow, as he only looked upon her as a lady in distress. If she proved to be a baroness, he could ill afford to fall in love with another man's lawful spouse, and be a baron at that. He hoped the would take it upon herself to tell him somewhat of her relations were with this man, who came with authority from his royal master to take her back to St. Petersburg. It must surely be for his peace of mind. Now they were over the crest, and no longer could the valley and the lights of Ruzstchuk be seen. Before them stretched the road. They must take it for granted that the pursuer would be immediate and keen, and arrange all their movements upon this basis, just as if they could see the eager horsemen chasing in the rear. Straight out went the snap lash of the Cossack whip, which cracked over the leading horse's head like the report of a little bomb. Away they flew, with Vladimir calling to the saints to witness his joy, admiring now this horse, anon another, and all the while keeping up a flow of language without which no genuine Cossack might do his long over mountain trails, laughing at the grisly deed that lies in wait around many a curve, and swinging his vehicle past perilous precipices, where a rock rolling under a wheel, might bring about disaster.

His enthusiasm was contagious. Dugdale felt his own blood grow warmer, and his nerves tingle with the excitement of the hour. "Luck favoured the bold," and seldom did a word of that kind, and of the yellow lantern hung aloft. Perhaps the lady had never passed through such an experience before, but she certainly showed no signs of alarm. When Owen looked at her, as he felt in duty bound to do occasionally, he saw that the colour had come back into her cheeks, the azure eyes glowed and sparkled, and white pearls, teeth seemed to form into a gleaming lip, the whole forming a picture well worth studying. As an artist, Owen felt he had privileges that might be denied ordinary men, and he therefore feasted his eyes, satisfied to accept what the gods granted him; even though he might ere long be compelled to pay dearly for each admiring glance cast upon this fair one. In safety they reached the valley, and hurried along its level for possibly half a mile, when the road took a sudden upward turn. Their pace slackened while the horses toiled up the steep incline. Thus it would be, now down with a grand hurrah, then the labour of ascent, hour after hour. Dugdale conversed as pleasantly as possible with his companion, endeavouring to keep her spirits up. Nevertheless he noticed that she cast furtive glances backward, as though expecting Gratschew, to discover signs of pursuit. It was a long and wearisome ascent, and consumed the better part of an hour in its accomplishment. When they had finally gained the summit Dugdale knew they had at least an hour's start, though he still clung to the hope that the discovery of their absence would not come untimely, when they might laugh pursuit to scorn. He was quickly undeceived. Isolde had turned as if for a last look, and the scene was shut out for once and all; and Dugdale also twisted himself around so that he might make sure all was well. It was to utter an exclamation of disgust and chagrin, for on looking back at the crest of the hill that hung over Ruzstchuk he saw the dark figure of a mounted man rise up as if from the ground. Even his lance could be discerned, far in a direct line the tops of the two ridges were not very far apart. A second, a third, until half a score of horsemen had pushed into view. Then Dugdale knew the force of those who were to hunt them to the death, if he need be. Ten! Well, there might as well be a thousand, since endurance seemed the only thing that would avail at all to escape a victory. Vladimir did wait to count before he tore himself from the starting spectacle, but, having had his curiosity satisfied in that respect, he now turned to his horses. There was a grimace in the way he took a new and firm hold of the lines, and braced himself for the work of his life. Well might any one count it a case of extreme desperation with Gratschew the wolf-dog of the Balkans, galloping in pursuit. Few men lived to whom that experience had been given, but there was a goodly company in the spirit land who had gone through with it. From now on Vladimir must exercise all his Cossack tricks in order to draw out every atom of speed his horses were capable of showing. No man could do better. He had not passed his life among the animals of the steppes in vain; for a Cossack to handle a horse is as natural as to breathe. Up hill and down, now labouring in the ascent, anon thundering along the decline, would Owen ever forget it while he lived? The wind whistled through their hair, that of the lady being blown in long, golden streamers behind, and so rough was the road that only with the greatest difficulty could they maintain their seats. Dugdale knew there was always a chance lest his fair companion lose her slender build, and be thrown headlong from the vehicle. She shrank back appalled when they whirled along the edge of a precipice, and, looking over the wheel of the rocking, palpitating telega, she could distinguish trees far, far below. At least, if they went over here, the agony of suspense would only be for that brief period while their bodies were suspended in mid-air, for it must be all over ere they reached the ground so far below. The vehicle slipped. One wheel was already over the edge, and the body of the telega inclined downwards at an angle of twenty degrees. Instantly Dugdale, with rare presence of mind, threw an arm around his companion, not only placing a stanch barrier between her and the abyss, but drawing her to his side and arranging that she should be much weight as possible on the wheels remaining on terra firma. Vladimir had given a hoarse shout while his long whip flogged out its tendrils and struck the leader such a furious blow that, wild with pain, he sprang forward with the fury of a cyclone, and the swaying vehicle was dragged out of danger. Only for the swiftness of their onward sweep nothing could have prevented the telega from going over, dragging all with it to destruction. And possibly it was the fear of a repetition of such a peril that caused Dugdale to keep his arm in a position where it would be most available; but, all the same, he was conscious of considerable pleasure in thus being allowed to serve as the protector of one so beautiful and courageous.

CHAPTER XV. VLADIMIR STAVTS LANDSLIDE. The night wore on. It would never be forgotten by at least one of the participants in the wild ride. Dugdale might have thought it a pretty tough experience, but that consideration for himself was entirely overwhelmed by regard for his companion. He insisted upon using what rough cushions the telega boasted so that they would in a measure protect Isolde from cruel contact with sundry sharp edges of the seat and sides of the swaying, bounding vehicle, during those hurricane bursts of speed. She saw what he was doing and demurred. "Ah, monsieur, you rob yourself. I cannot, will not, allow you to do so much," was the way in which she expressed the feeling of gratitude that swelled within her heart. Dugdale was courteous, but firm. He meant to have his way in this case, at least. He even declared, with the utmost sang froid, that he particularly enjoyed being punched in the back and ribs by those projecting corners. Why, it was as good as a massage treatment, any day, and he could not see how any one might have the heart to deprive him of a luxury he could not often afford. Besides, he was gratified to think he could so easily do a lady a service, and she must not be so cruel as to deny him. Who could resist such a man? He had his way. The cushions remained to form a rampart for the little lady, the vigorous massage treatment continued with such force as to almost drive the breath from his body at times, and he had his reward in seeing the glances of deep sympathy which she was wont to cast upon him after each unusual juggling feat. Up and down, hour after hour. The hills were interminable, it seemed, and seldom did the road keep any length of time to the valleys. Long ere this the horses were covered with foam, looking in places where the harness rubbed as though they had been lathered. The grit of these Cossack beasts is like unto that of the sturdy little American mustang, and they have been known to travel a day and a night, under the spur of necessity and a Cossack whip with a burr at its end. Morning was at hand. They knew full well the pursuers had kept close at their heels, like a pack of hounds fresh from the leash. Now they caught spectre-like glimpses of the horsemen as they appeared upon the crest of some hill, or in the valley road at its base, or among precipitous cliffs, where the road ran along a shelf of rock just wide enough to ensure their passage. "By the blood of St. Gregory, it is time, brother," suddenly cried the driver, reining in his steeds after he had passed a dangerous place like this. The Cossack dropped the lines and sprang out. "What would you?" exclaimed Dugdale, in sheer amazement, upon seeing the driver run back over the course they had just made, as though he meant to lie in wait for the pursuers. "It is well, my brother. Watch!" was what the other shouted over his shoulder as he ran. Those who were left in the vehicle were lost in surprise, but, curious as well, they kept their eyes on the Cossack. A dozen leaps and he had reached the narrowest part, where the road ran under an abutting mass of rock and earth, and was barely eight feet from wall to precipice. Vladimir had snatched up from the ground what appeared to be a sapling broken off. It was six or seven feet in length, and about as thick as a man's arm. He no longer ran along the shelf of rock, but, taking advantage of a certain break in the wall, climbed upward with the speed of an athlete. Dugdale first thought was that he meant to lie in wait for the riders, and bombard them with rocks when they were really in a defenceless position, and his soul recoiled in horror at the idea of the terrible tragedy that must ensue, for he had not counted on taking human life as a part and parcel of his agreement, and this madman seemed capable of sacrificing the whole posse. A few seconds; then Dugdale gave a cry. "I was wrong. He does not mean to do murder! Good Vladimir! See how like a Trojan he works! Can it be possible he expects that great mass to yield to his single hands? Look! it trembles—it moves! By my soul, I believe he will do it!" The Cossack knew just how to use the lever he had carried with him, and his fulcrum was the solid rock. What power he threw into his labour could only be realised when the mass he hoped to dislodge was surmounted—tons and tons of earth and stone. Again Dugdale gave utterance to an exclamation: "Jove! it is about to go—an avalanche that will shake the mountain!" He sprang out and seized upon the heads of the horses as best he was able. At the same time there was a thunderous roar, a trembling of the ground, a cloud of dust, and the mountain trail was effectually obliterated under a vast heap of debris that it would perhaps take hours to clear away so that a horse might be led over. Vladimir had not gone down with the avalanche, part of which had fallen over the precipice, but was seen leaping from stone to stone and approaching his party. (To be Continued.)

Dried orange peel, allowed to smoulder on a piece of red-hot iron or an old shovel, will kill any bug or insect in existence, and leave a fragrant odour behind instead. The flounder lays seven million eggs a year. 1953.

THE DAIRY. POINTERS IN CALF RAISING. A great many dairymen take the calf immediately from the cow, never allowing it to suck. Others will allow it to suck for two or three weeks, but the calf will be the first milk from the cow, and it is essential that the calf should have the first milk from a fresh cow, as the milk of a cow which has calved once is not so good. The calf should be fed at least three times a day for the first week of its life. The quantity of milk fed to the calf must be determined by the size of the calf, but two or three pints per meal and gradually increased is a safe plan. If the calf is left on the cow for the first four or five days, she should not be milked out so that the calf will not get too much milk. The calf should be milked four or five times a day, and the milk should be fed to the calf in a clean, dry pail. Many farmers cannot be bothered feeding the calf at midday, in such cases the milk of the first two weeks will not make its best use, but it should, however, be given a little more at each end of the day. It is advisable to continue feeding the calf for three weeks after which it might be gradually replaced by skim-milk. At the time of changing from whole milk to skim-milk, which should require at least a week, the calves should be treated to some grain. Only three or four calves should be put in a pen, in which there should be a box from which each calf may eat the dry grain. The milk may be made up of five parts of milk and one part of meal, which may be mixed with five parts of oats. After the calf has begun to drink milk, rub a little of the meal into its nose. But the meal should not be rubbed into the calf's nose, but it should be rubbed into the calf's nose. The milk should be clean and fresh at all times. It should be provided with good, pure, fresh water as well as milk. Always feed the calf from a pail. Do not use the teat can, as it is the best to use. It is advisable to use each time a spoonful of blood meal to a gallon of skim-milk. This will counteract digestive troubles and produce more and more economic gains. If the milk from a creamy cow is fed, it should be pasteurized to prevent feeding. This may be done by boiling the milk in a clean kettle. It is not doing to do so, unless otherwise there is some of the disease among your calves. Bacteriosis is a disease that is frequently spread to both calves and cows in this very way. One of the essential points in calf raising is careful handling. The calf should be kept in a clean, dry, and airy chamber, and the milk should be kept absolutely fresh and clean at all times. Probably there is no better time than sunshine in the calf's life. The most profitable way of raising straw is in bedding the calf. This is done by putting a layer of straw inside in clean hay. This is done in summer and not in winter. The calf should be kept in a clean, dry, and airy chamber.

MANUAL EXPERIMENTS. The following experiments were carried out at the Agricultural Chemistry Department of the University of New South Wales. B. Guthrie, M.Sc., and G. W. M. ... A NURSE FOR 20 YEARS. NURSE EVANS. GLEMMETS TONIC. I have been nursing for twenty years in Tasmania and Victoria, so my experience covers a lengthy period. When patients are weak and low, a nurse must know the best medicine to give a patient. Some I have nursed have been so ill I never could have taken their case only I knew Glemmets Tonic would quickly restore them to health. What I am writing is founded on experience that amongst all medicines Glemmets Tonic is first. It is the nurse's friend, a reliable medicine that will restore the sick to health. (Signed) NURSE EVANS.

The Riponshire Advocate.

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1914.

PRICE THREEPENCE

THE DAIRY.

STERS IN CALF RAISING.

At many dairymen take the calf immediately from the cow, never allow it to suck. Others will allow it to suck for a few days, but not more than four or five. In any event, it is essential that the calf should have milk from a fresh cow, as it is necessary in the early stages of the calf's life. The quantity of whole milk should be determined by the size of the calf, but should not be more than three pints per meal, and should be given at intervals of four or five days, and should be given so that the calf will not get too much milk. At the end of the first week, it might receive five pints at morning; two at noon, and four to six at night.

farmers cannot be bothered with the calf at mid day. In such a case, the calf for the first three weeks should be given three pints, but not more than a little each day. It is essential to continue feeding whole milk, but gradually replace it with skim-milk, which requires at least a week's notice to be taught to eat some skim-milk.

three or four calves should be reared in which there is a small amount of milk mixed with the meal mixture made up of five parts bran, part of meal (by weight) and with five parts whole milk.

the calf has been fed a little of the meal mixture until six months of age, it should have all the meal, hay it will eat. The hay should be clean and fresh at all times, and should be provided with a fresh water as well as a clean water.

you would not be afraid to let your calf go to pasture. Scald the pails out at each time. When possible, use blood meal to table salt. This will guard against troubles and produce better economic gains.

to milk from a creamery is to be pasteurized. This may be more done in the creamery. In case done there, it would be to do it on the farm, there is danger of spreading amongst your calves. This is a disease that is very spread to both calves and is very dangerous.

the essentials in raising calves are: 1. Clean hands. 2. Clean quarters. 3. Clean water. 4. Clean feed. 5. Clean bedding. 6. Clean air.

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SIR BOWMONT is a dark dappled bay horse, with black points, and has a splendid pedigree, as follows: He is by Sir Bowmont (Imp.), from Scotland, out of a Prince of Albany mare, g. dam, by Blue Ribbon (Imp.), g.g. dam, by Darwin (Imp.), g.g.g. dam, by Prince of Wales; s.g.g.g. dam, by Prince Charles (Imp.). SIR BOWMONT was bred by Mr. John James, of Colac, and his stock have taken several prizes at Avarat and Sturt Street Shows.

TRAFALGAR.
Jet black; 14.1 hands, thick-set, a good mover in harness; and is throwing exceptionally good stock. By old Trafalgar, s.g.g. dam, by Prince Charles (Imp.). SIR BOWMONT was bred by Mr. John James, of Colac, and his stock have taken several prizes at Avarat and Sturt Street Shows.

KING'S PRIDE.
KING'S PRIDE is a bright bay, white face, two white hind feet; foaled 25th October, 1909; bred by W. Fraser, Esq., of Warracknabeal. He was sold at auction, and gained first prize at Beaufort show in 1911. He is a quiet and a worker, and has proved himself a sure foal-getter.

THE PURE-BRED CLYDESDALE STALLION, SCOTTISH KING.
Will stand this season at "Ruradene," Lake Goldsmith.

SCOTTISH KING is a handsome bay, foaled November, 1911, and bred by "Ruradene," "St. Joseph's," "His sire, Scotland's Fashion (12,309), imported, and specially selected by Mr. John James, Colac; g. sire, McRath (10,229); g.g. sire, MacGregor (14,977); g.g.g. sire, Langley (2,422); g.g.g.g. sire, Longmore (199).

SCOTTISH KING'S dam, Queen, by King of Hearts, imp. (9712), was only shown twice, gaining first prize each time for draught mare, and also Society's champion blue ribbon. Grand dam, Maggie, by Blue Ribbon (Imp.); g.g. dam, Jess, by George Buchanan (Imp.); g.g.g. dam, Maggie, by Napoleon (Imp.).

SCOTTISH KING is descended from the very highest class of Clydesdales; MacGregor, having been the sire, while their prepotency in transmitting their excellent qualities is being continually proved by the performances of their descendants in the show ring, and SCOTTISH KING possesses these good qualities of his illustrious ancestors in a high degree.

SCOTTISH KING has well developed feet and legs, possessing fine flat bones and silky hair; has splendid action, plenty of spirit, and the best of temper. He has been shown only once, gaining first prize.

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The Grandest Remedy for COUGHS and COLDS

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BLOUSES in Beautiful Plenty. Yes so beautiful that they are an inspiration. Amongst our new arrivals are many exclusive in style and all alike charming in appearance. You need not go further than our Store for a Blouse to suit you perfectly—we've so many and the prices are so pleasing that you'll be just delighted.

COSTUMES IN SPLENDID VARIETY IN Linen, Pique, Crepe, Embroidered and Floral Voiles, AT OUR FAMOUS LOW PRICES. See our Latest Creations in Ready-to-Wear Millinery. G. H. COUGLE, The House of Quality, BEAUFORT. PHONE 22.

J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST & DENTIST. THREE STERLING REMEDIES: Harris' Rheumatic Powders. Harris' Influenza Mixture. Harris' Teething & Cooling Powders for Children. HOURS on and after NOVEMBER 1st. '12: Ordinary Week Days, 9 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. Wednesdays, 9 a.m. to 12 a.m.; 6.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Sundays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; 6.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.

J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST & DENTIST, For Accuracy, Confidence, Satisfaction. HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT. Commonwealth Bank of Aust. HEAD OFFICE SYDNEY. SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT. Branch Office: BALLARAT. Victorian Central Office: 317 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

TO LOOK YOUR BEST—BE MILLER DRESSED! It's time to change! Let these be your MILLER attire for the year. It shows more than ordinary taste at all ordinary prices. MILLER SPRING SUITS LEAD AGAIN. Have our TRAVELLER VISIT YOU. With patterns, measurement forms, etc. Drop us a line to-day and have a Miller Xtragoed Suit this time. XTRAGOED CLOTHING. MILLER'S BRIDGE STREET, BALLARAT.

The Riponshire Advocate. Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1914. There was a clean charge-sheet at the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday.

Mr. A. L. Stuart, of Beaufort, is confined to his room owing to an attack of pleurisy. A great improvement is being made to the footpath on the principal side of Havelock-street, which has been asphaltered from Mr. J. W. Harris's corner to the right-of-way between Mr. G. H. Cougle's and the Golden Age hotel.

Mr. MARCHANT, Consulting Officer, of Geelong, will visit Beaufort on Friday, November 20th (9.30 till), and may be consulted at Welsh's Hotel. The secretary of the Beaufort Athletic Club desires to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a donation of £2 from Hon. J. Manifold, M.H.R., towards the Boxing Day sports and band contests; also a donation of £1 from Hon. Theo. Beggs, M.L.C., towards the same object.

A private cable message received from London states that Mr. Philip Russell, formerly a member of the V.R.C. committee, has been appointed as an ambulance to Lady Dudley's hospital, and has gone to the front with the ambulance. 1000-gallon Tanks and Cover, with strainer and large tap, "Orb" iron, double riveted and soldered, workmanship guaranteed, £4 15/- delivered. Jas. H. Robertson, 44 Bank of Victoria. Advt.

The Beaufort Town Brass Band, under the conductorship of Bandmaster A. E. Collins, rendered an excellent programme of music at the Beaufort Sunday afternoon. There was a good attendance of the public, and a collection, in aid of the band funds, was taken up. There was a large audience at the Societies' Hall on Thursday night, when the Beaufort Picture Co. gave an enjoyable entertainment. A fine series of dramatic and other films was shown. All the pictures were well appreciated, notably the star film, "The Black Spot." The net proceeds are to be devoted to the patriotic fund.

The retiring member for Hampden in the State Parliament (Mr. D. S. Oman, M.L.A.) will address the electors on Tuesday, November 17th, at Stockyard Hill at 2 p.m., Waterloo Mechanics' Hall, at 4 p.m., and at the Public Hall at 8.45 p.m. On Wednesday, November 18th, he will speak at Middle Creek at noon, and Snake Valley Mechanics' Hall at 8 p.m., whilst he will address a meeting at Beaufort on Saturday, November 21st, at 8 p.m. The Premier, Sir A. J. Peacock, will also speak at Beaufort on Saturday night.

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

On Tuesday morning Privates Percy and Gilbert Smith, two members of the second Australian expedition, who were on a visit to their parents at Waterloo, were accorded a send-off at the Beaufort railway station, where they were accompanied by their relatives and friends on a journey to the campment at Broadmeadows. The Town Band (under the conductorship of Bandmaster Collins) played patriotic airs, and citizens were given by those assembled for the departing soldiers. Private Percy Smith, who was formerly employed at Messrs J. R. Wotherspoon & Co's., was presented with a written certificate (suitably inscribed) on Saturday night by his employers. Private W. Bailey, of Middle Creek, has also been on a visit to his friends.

The jubilee of the Waterloo United Sunday school was celebrated by special services in the Methodist Church, Waterloo, on Sunday, which were largely attended. Suitable addresses were delivered by clergymen of the district. Another address was contributed by the choir and recitations by the children. The public meeting and children's concert on Monday night was also well attended. The programme consisted of action songs, and recitations by the children, and anthems, etc., by members of the choir. On Tuesday night a re-union of old scholars and teachers was held, and the celebrations were concluded at a picnic on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. J. B. Prentice (president) occupied the chair at the fortnightly meeting of the Beaufort branch, A.N.A., on Tuesday evening. Twelve members were in attendance. Twelve members from the medical officer concerned in the complaint made at last meeting by a member that he had been charged for medical services in the Beaufort district. The writer stated that he had written his way clear to make any alteration in the present arrangement fixing the age at 16. An appeal was received from the Ballarat branch on behalf of a member who is an invalid—Several members referred to the case as being a most deserving one, and it was decided to defer the matter till next meeting to enable persons who had been made to members. It was understood that a donation would also be passed from the branch funds. Other correspondence of the meeting was dealt with. One new member was proposed. The half-yearly election takes place at next meeting; the following delegates to next conference: Mr. J. B. Prentice, secretary; Mr. D. Lindy, assistant secretary; Mr. T. Morley, treasurer; Messrs A. H. Sands, W. Cochran, N. McLeod, M. Dames, and L. W. Hetherington; auditors, Messrs J. Fullerton and D. Jackson (at a fee of 10/6); delegate to next conference, Mr. J. B. Prentice. Mr. Daniels expressed the hope that the president would attend, and not back out at the last minute like the presidents had for the past two or three meetings. Several members declared on and off the sick-list. Accounts and sick-pay amounting to £8 15/- were passed for payment. The secretary mentioned that several members had volunteered for active service—Messrs S. Blay (first expeditionary force) and P. Smith (second contingent) moved that letters be sent congratulating them, and wishing them a safe return. Seconded by Mr. H. Smith, and carried. It was decided to invite Mrs. Sinclair and Halpin to attend the next meeting. Mr. A. H. Sands read an interesting paper on "Forestry," dealing at length with the national importance of the timber industry, the need for conservation of existing forests, and replanting of denuded areas. Mr. Sands was accorded a hearty vote of thanks and briefly reported. The syllabus item for December 8th in an essay competition, the subject being "Deceitfulness," was read.

Mr. Moore moved—"That a letter be sent to the council concerned, pointing out the true position of the hospital funds." The resolution was seconded by Mr. Claringbold, and carried. It was also decided that a letter be inserted in the Press, pointing out the misapprehension the Ripon Shire Council was under, and the true facts of the hospital's condition.

USED MANY OTHERS. "My little boy William used to get frightful attacks of coughing at night," writes Mr. Carpenter, Musgrave Street, North Rockhampton, Q. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was the means of his recovery. It is a less night, for a couple of days, ways relieved him when the coughing came on. Before using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy I used many other remedies, but nothing gave him the slightest relief." Sold by J. R. Wotherspoon and Co.

HAMPDEN ELECTION. MR. OMAN'S CANDIDATURE.

Commonwealth were the people more fully employed or feeling less the pinch of the war and drought than in Victoria.

Producers had been assisted by reduced freights, the abolition of loading, and local rates. Deficiency had been severe, but the Government had not forced. It was well within their recollection the action he had taken in the election to reduce the freight along the Gheringhap—Marooana line by about 10 per ton. He had even declared to the Minister for Railways that if that important item were not to be a candidate at this election, the result was that local rates had vanished, and they were just taken off at time. Although a special provision was made to retain local rating on the Gheringhap—Marooana line for three years, the line had earned £33,000, and was admitted to be one of the most profitable lines that the State had ever built.

It was the policy of the Government to continue to build developmental railways, and one that was to be submitted to the Railways Standing Committee was a line to serve the Chatsworth, Woodroo and Lake Innes districts. It would be connected either with Murrumbidgee or with the Marooana line, and would be a line to serve the Chatsworth, Woodroo and Lake Innes districts. It would be connected either with Murrumbidgee or with the Marooana line, and would be a line to serve the Chatsworth, Woodroo and Lake Innes districts.

There had been a general increase in purely State revenue during the past six years, and an extension of State revenue had been found. When the Government found three years ago that their revenue was somewhat reduced it was determined, as a preliminary, to introduce a land tax, which was passed with a 250 per cent exemption. He (Mr. Oman) voted for no exemption, considering that the exemption did not give any relief to the producers of this State. Most farm lands exceeded £1000 in value, and even a £500 exemption would be of no value to them. When the Commonwealth imposed a very heavy and stiffly-graduated land tax it was necessary for the State at once to consider the position. They determined that the only option they had was to impose a tax of 4d in the £1 on the whole of the lands of the State. Sir Alex. Peacock, Mr. McGregor, of Ballarat, himself, and a number of others supported a no exemption policy. The idea was that any man with £250 worth of land in the city or country should pay 10/5, or a man with £100 worth his 4/2, in consideration of the services rendered to him by the State. The whole of the land tax went into three services: Education, £1,200,000; police, £410,000; Hospitals, reformatories, and charities, £490,000, making a total of £2,090,000. The direct taxation was £1,200,000. He offered no advice on voting for no exemption. The moment the larger estates vanished the small properties would have to carry more than their present burden for defence. He believed also that for owners accumulated wealth should be taxed, and not land only.

When the State Parliament imposed that tax of 4d in the £1 on estates worth over £250, it decided that on estates up to £5000 there should be no income tax at all. That was a considerable concession to the producers, and he did not think that the small men had been unfairly taxed. It was much better than the old sheep tax, which practically allowed the very rich man to escape taxation. The present tax of 4d in the £1 raised an additional £200,000.

Mr. Oman then summarised the financial position of the State on the lines of the Premier's recent policy speech, and contrasted it with the financial position under a Liberal Government with the extravagant administration of the New South Wales Labor Government. Five years ago the Labor Party in the State had borrowed £2,000,000, and the Government of the day for its borrowing policy, and declared that a policy of taxation would best develop the resources of the State. The electors gave them the opportunity to show their sincerity, and the result was that during the past five years New South Wales had increased its public debt by 30 millions, and that on one half of the whole public debt of Victoria. Last year alone the New South Wales Government borrowed 94 millions. It might be expected that a Government that borrowed £2,000,000 in Victoria would be able to provide work for the people, and there would be prosperity in that State. But such was not the case. To-day the Public Service was to be retrenched, and on public works the Government was working half time. In Victoria, with a loan provision of 13 millions in six years, our people are fully employed, and there was no retrenchment in the Public Service. Of the 18 millions provided through the Commonwealth to tide the States over the present period of stress and difficulty, New South Wales had to take 8 millions, Victoria only took 4 millions, which was sufficient to enable this State to carry on a bold, progressive policy of reproductive works. They must remember that the population of these two States was practically the same. Those figures showed that under Liberal administration they had less borrowing and sounder finance than under the Labor Government of New South Wales. In fact, the Liberal Government had borrowed less than the Labor Government had borrowed. The sum of £756,000 had been spent on our State schools. At the Hampden election Mr. Holman's promises to the electors had been broken like pie-crust. The sum of £756,000 had been spent on our State schools. At the Hampden election Mr. Holman's promises to the electors had been broken like pie-crust.

At the meeting of the Hospital committee on Tuesday evening last, the treasurer said that he had submitted his report to show that £500 odd of their credit was earmarked for the new laundry, and that would soon be taken up. When that was taken away he would be seen that the hospital had very little to work upon. He thought that if it got stated that the institution had a credit balance of £700 it would greatly interfere with assistance to the hospital. As a matter of fact, after they paid their accounts that night they would only have a credit balance of 237 odd. He thought the Ripon Shire Council had been misinformed, and it would be well to have the mistake corrected. He was pleased to see that Mr. Sinclair understood the position, and had put up a good fight for them.

Mr. Moore moved—"That a letter be sent to the council concerned, pointing out the true position of the hospital funds." The resolution was seconded by Mr. Claringbold, and carried.

It was also decided that a letter be inserted in the Press, pointing out the misapprehension the Ripon Shire Council was under, and the true facts of the hospital's condition.

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LABOR CANDIDATE AT LONDON.

Mr. P. McMahon, the selected Labor candidate for Hampden, addressed a well-attended meeting in Ballarat on Tuesday night. Mr. L. Anthony presided. The speaker dealt with the Labor Party's policy, paying particular attention to reform of the Legislative Council, adoption of the tariff and referendum, a more effective class settlement policy whereby large estates could be compulsorily resumed and the

personnel of the Board improved, various other matters. He proposed a referendum on the Legislative Council, and a referendum on the tariff and referendum, a more effective class settlement policy whereby large estates could be compulsorily resumed and the

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MINING NEWS.

At Geelong last night the Hon. Mr. J. Manifold, M.H.R., presided at a meeting of the Geelong branch of the Victorian Labor Party. The speaker dealt with the Labor Party's policy, paying particular attention to reform of the Legislative Council, adoption of the tariff and referendum, a more effective class settlement policy whereby large estates could be compulsorily resumed and the

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THE GUN.

Members of the Beaufort Gun Club were engaged in an enjoyable afternoon at the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday. The duties of the club were performed by Messrs P. Hains and J. Hains, who were assisted by about 200 boys who were engaged in a trap. The boys were engaged in a trap. The boys were engaged in a trap.

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Advertisement for Blouses in Beautiful Plenty. Includes an illustration of a woman in a blouse and text describing the quality and variety of the garments.

Advertisement for G. H. COUGLE, BEAUFORT. Features the text 'COSTUMES IN SPLENDID VARIETY' and 'FAMOUS LOW PRICES'. Includes contact information like 'Telephone 12'.

Advertisement for J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST & DENTIST. Lists 'THREE STERLING REMEDIES' including Harris' Rheumatic Powders and Harris' Teething & Cooling Powders for Children.

Advertisement for J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST & DENTIST, located at HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT. Mentions 'Commonwealth Bank of Australia' and 'HEAD OFFICE SYDNEY'.

Advertisement for MILLER'S clothing. Features the slogan 'TO LOOK YOUR BEST BE MILLER DRESSED!' and includes an illustration of a man in a suit.

Australian Natives' Association. THE Fortnightly MEETING of the Beaufort Branch, A.N.A., will be held in the MECHANICAL INSTITUTE on THURSDAY EVENING next at 8 o'clock sharp. D. LINDSAY, Secretary.

IN MEMORIAM. BAULCH.—In sad and loving memory of our dear daughter, Olive, who died on 22nd November, 1913. You're always in our thoughts, dear daughter. It is sweet to breathe your name: In life we loved you dearly. In death we do the same. —Inserted by her loving father and mother and brother Alex.

The Riponshire Advocate. Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1914. The annual meeting of the Beaufort Cricket Club was held on Tuesday night, 17th inst., for the purpose of a quorum.

The Beaufort Picture Co. are showing a full programme of up-to-date pictures in the picture theatre, Thursday, 19th inst. Admission—Adults, 1/-; children, 6d.

The retiring member for Hampden in the State Parliament (Mr D. S. Oman, M.L.A.) will address the electors at the Beaufort Societies' Hall on Saturday (to-night) at 8 p.m.

The St. Andrew's and Beaufort Tennis Clubs will meet at the Beaufort tennis ground on Monday, 23rd inst., at 10 p.m.

At the annual examinations held recently in connection with the Presbyterian Sunday schools of Victoria, St. Andrew's, Beaufort, secured first place for boys, and sixth for girls.

HAMPDEN ELECTION. MR P. McMAHON'S CANDIDATURE. Mr P. McMahon, the selected Labor candidate for Hampden, expanded the Labor party at the Societies' Hall, Beaufort, on Saturday night.

Mr McMahon, who received an ovation, remarked that he had the honor of carrying the Labor flag in this contest. He said that the support accorded him then was sufficient justification for his re-appearance as a candidate.

Mr McMahon said that the Labor party proposed that the Federal Government should return three members to the State Parliament, reducing the present number by two.

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WEDDING. DEBAERE—MATTHAMS. The marriage of two well-known and highly respected young local residents took place yesterday week, viz., Miss Debaere, eldest daughter of Mr. Debaere, of Hopton, and Mr. Alex. Debaere, son of Mrs. Debaere, of Beaufort.

The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's mother, and only a few intimate friends of the young couple were present. The Rev. Wesley Hobbs (Methodist) officiated. Prior to the ceremony the company sang "The Voice that Breathed over Eden."

USED MANY OTHERS. "My little boy William used to be frightened of coughing at night," writes Mr. Carter, of 10, Grove Street, North Rockhampton.

BEAUFORT POLICE COURT. TUESDAY, 17th NOVEMBER, 1914. (Before Messrs R. A. D. Sinclair and Messrs R. W. Hughes, J.S.P.)

DEBT CASES. A debt case in which Mr S. Young appeared for complainant was withdrawn, as it had been settled out of court.

Mr Young, for complainant, asked that the account claimed be paid, £4 4 11, the summons having been issued for 10/- to get the money only intended to ask for a verdict for £4 4 11.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES. The 50th anniversary of the birth of the late Rev. W. H. Hutton, conducted by Rev. W. H. Hutton, was celebrated at the church, Ballarat, at the end of the week.

Despite the oppressive weather, the building was crowded. The photographs were taken by a professional photographer. The Rev. Hutton's services were well attended.

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ANNIVERSARY SERVICES
The 53rd anniversary of the Beaufort Sunday school was celebrated...

TRIED A SAMPLE.
Some years ago I was subject to biliousness, from which I could get no relief...

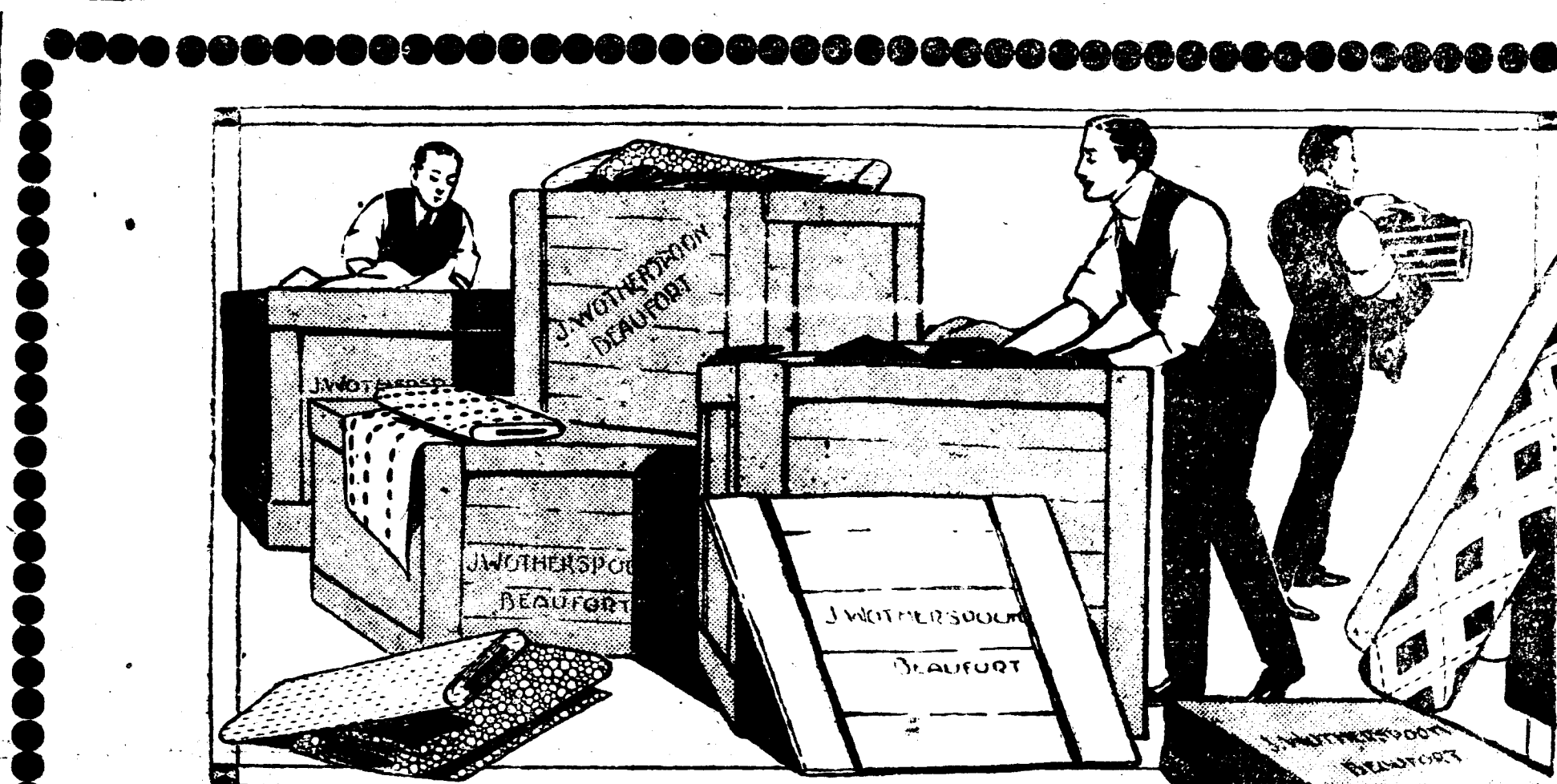
WATERLOO SABBATH SCHOOL JUBILEE.
The fiftieth anniversary of the Waterloo Sabbath School was celebrated on Sunday, November 8th...

LOCAL LAND BOARD.
SCHEDULE of Applications to be dealt with at the Court House, Beaufort on Tuesday, 1st December, 1914...

SHIRE OF RIPON.
NOTICE is hereby given that at a Meeting of the Council of the Shire of Ripon, held at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on Monday, the 2nd day of November, 1914...

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Meeting of the Council of the Shire of Ripon, held at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on Monday, the 2nd day of November, 1914...

HAMPDEN STATE ELECTION.
Mr. D. S. OMAN
Will Address the Electors as follows: SATURDAY, 21st NOVEMBER, BEAUFORT SOCIETIES' HALL, At 8 p.m.



CAPTURE BY GERMAN WARSHIPS EVADED.
We have pleasure in announcing that the S.S. Beaufort from London having run the Gauntlet of the German War Ships, has arrived in Beaufort Bay...

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UNDER THE BAN OF THE CZAR, OR, THE WINNING OF ISOLDE.

By St. George Rathborne, Author of "Omar Kassam," etc.

PART 8.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

A large crowd had gathered near the barracks, and numerous soldiers were present.

As Dugdale drew near he discovered a man mounted on a foam-specked horse that had evidently run alongside of Gratschoff.

"This personage was a stranger to him, a large, well-made, bearded Russian, with an air of pride and a cold, grey eye.

He flashed upon Dugdale in an instant that this might be the baron mentioned in connection with the beautiful Isolde, and accordingly the individual became an object of considerable interest in his eyes.

Apparently he was also an object of deep solicitude with the lordly stranger, for those cold eyes glared dangerously as the guard brought the prisoner closer.

Dugdale saw that every one, even the great General Gratschoff, seemed to be very humble in the presence of this mogul.

One alone appeared to treat him with cool disdain, and this was the lady. She deliberately turned her back on him when he jumped from his horse and hurried up with outstretched hand—a proceeding that brought the flash of a smile upon Gratschoff's grim face and an ugly scowl upon that of the baron.

Some hurried words passed between them, after which the baron wheeled upon Dugdale.

"Then the latter knew he was in for it; that in this man of high birth he had no chivalrous soldier like the general to contend with, but a man baffled in his love-making and ready to rend any one upon whose shoulders he might be able to place some of the blame.

Dugdale met his angry look complacently. He did not know why he should be expected to cower before this representative of nobility.

Gratschoff looked on with some amusement.

"So," said the baron, in French, "the sky wolf has been caught on the last lap when he thought the race won. Perhaps he may find that it is a serious crime in Russia to run away with another man's wife."

"I am not aware of having done any such thing," returned Dugdale, coldly.

"With his promised wife, then, for it amounts to the same thing, since it is the Czar who has said it," said the other, glancing at Isolde, who still kept her back turned upon him, but shook her pretty head defiantly in the negative.

"Well, with all respect to the Czar, whom I have personally met, and consider a sensible fellow, I can't say I admire his taste," remarked the prisoner, boldly.

Gratschoff grinned, and the baron scowled.

"You are a low-born cur, and you deserve the punishment you will soon receive. I am of the opinion you will be an older and wiser man when you come out of this scrape, and will know enough to pass on the other side when a pretty enchantress smiles."

Isolde turned quickly and gave him a look of disgust and disdain.

"Your highness stoops pretty low when he insults a brave man who has at least won my respect and that of General Gratschoff. Besides, it is so noble, so valiant of you when he is a prisoner, unable to defend himself. I do not believe you would dare say that to him on even terms, man to man. I regarded your highness with indifference before; now you have my contempt!"

He writhed under her cutting words as a slave might under the lash. It were ten times worse, because scores saw his humiliation.

Dugdale, she floated away on the arm of the rugged old soldier.

CHAPTER XXII.

"YOU OWARD."

The baron looked at Dugdale, and Dugdale looked at the baron. One was a prisoner, with the prospect of a dungeon and prison fare before him; yet he was smiling as contentedly as might a man well satisfied with what fortune had dealt—that last radiant glance which the beauty had thrown him was food for his soul.

As for the nobleman, he felt meaner than ever before in all his life, and, of course, he blamed it all on Dugdale, instead of realising that it came from his persistent wooing of a girl who refused to listen to his suit.

The baron moved closer and surveyed him insolently from head to foot, but received just as bold a look in return.

"Who are you, fellow?" he demanded.

Dugdale laughed.

"Now, that's sensible of you. For some day, sooner or later, we may be at each other's throats, let's take our measure, and introduce ourselves. The colonel there has my passport, and—"

He stopped short in confusion, a sudden recollection of what that same document described rushing over him.

Colonel Kenoski, very humble and meek in the presence of royalty's representative, quickly held out the fatal paper.

And Dugdale awaited the explosion. The baron read on, now and then glancing up, as if to compare the man with the description given under seal.

Then he started, turned white, his eyes taking on a strange, hateful glow, read a little further, and at last whirled around with fury.

"You have read this infamous document?" he howled, losing his head completely.

"Certainly, your highness."

"And you believed it, this infernal lie?"

Kenoski looked worried.

"Why should I doubt it when all seemed regular enough, and General Gratschoff was in sight? I tried to hold them until he came. Your highness surely saw the bold manner in which they escaped?"

"But this brazen thing—this perjury! Why should you believe it?" rapping the paper with the quivering knuckles of his hand.

"About Monsieur Dugdale."

"About the one this lying paper says is his wife, and whom he never saw till last night."

"Your highness, surely any one might have been deceived. I had no reason to believe they were other than husband and wife."

"But, again, what reason had you to dream it could be so?"

"I have been a married man myself—several times, in fact, and surely, I should know the signs full well, your highness."

"The signs! What do you mean, colonel?" asked the baron, grinding his teeth, but otherwise managing to hold his passion in check.

"Well, she called him 'husband' and 'dearest Owen.'"

or myself to engage in a brawl with a common adventurer—the scam of an alien race?—We Romanoffs only fight with our equals save in war. If I have any influence with the Czar, you shall feel the brand of the knout every day for a year, and go through the winter in the lowest mark of degradation."

"Perhaps I, too, have many friends at Court who will outweigh your Excellency's influence. You may not have seen the illustrious Minister of War has condemned to write his full name upon my passport as an unusual mark of esteem. Then the lady will stand against you, and, last of all, I have had the extreme felicity to personally know the good Emperor."

"You are not in St. Petersburg now, rascal. Here another will rule; here the knout or the bastinado falls to the guilty, and no one ever hears the story. What your fate may be I have not yet decided, but in tears of blood you will bitterly regret stirring up the lion."

"The lion! What lion?" asked the other, sneeringly.

"And as to the lady, if I ever hear of you breathing her name again, I will have your tongue torn out by the roots—do you hear?" shaking his fist in Dugdale's face.

"Well, I don't take my orders from you. Regarding the lady, as you say, her name is too sacred to be bandied about between two quarrelling men; but I claim to be a gentleman, and have a right to speak it with her consent, as well as you. She told me to call her Isolde."

Then the nobleman struck him. It was a brave thing to do, with two guards hanging to each of Dugdale's arms. For a time it looked as though he might throw them off and gain his freedom, and the haughty baron, half expecting to have a madman at his throat, stepped back and drew his sword.

Dugdale ceased struggling, since four to one was greater odds than he could master.

His lip was cut by the blow. Perhaps a diamond setting in a magnificent ring his assailant wore had bruised the flesh.

Dugdale was very pale, and his eyes looked terrible as he leaned forward and, breathing heavily from his futile exertions, exclaimed: "You coward!"

No man likes to be called so, and especially when the epithet is well deserved, as was the case in the present instance, so that the nobleman looked more or less guilty and confused.

"Perhaps I should not have gone so far, monsieur, but you have a cursed way of irritating one beyond endurance. Presently that may seem like a love tap in comparison with other means that will be employed to bring the blood from your hide. Take him away, men. To your fourth dungeon, the general said; and he who neglects his duty will answer to me, who represents the authority of the Czar, our master."

"Perhaps Heaven may be kind enough some day to let me remember the hand that struck a helpless man. Be sure I will never forget," Dugdale flung over his shoulder, as he was being marched along.

He heard a cynical laugh—evidently the lordly representative of royalty could not see any reason to dread the future. A man doomed to spend some time in the dungeons of one of Russia's border fortresses would hardly be in a position to disturb the serenity of one so near the throne as himself. And then the guards, anxious to please the titled dignitary, shoved him along like a common malefactor.

CHAPTER XXIII. FOUND EVERYWHERE.

For a man who faced unknown dangers and who had just incurred the maledictions of a powerful Russian dignitary, our traveller friend certainly disclosed remarkably high spirits.

An exaltation seemed to possess him as he walked away, attended by a grim guard hanging on to each elbow, while two others formed a barrier in front and rear, just as though he might be an exceedingly important personage. It was done for her, and she knew the fact. Would he could be ever forget that last look she had bestowed upon him? Why, for such as that, men in all ages, and under every sun had gone forth to battle, have won imperishable fame, have grappled with the problems of life, and solved them, or died in the effort, happy because it was to win a woman's love they placed their all in the balance and counted it well lost.

There was one reason why Dugdale was in such a festive, even under what appeared to be the most distressing conditions.

Perhaps he considered it a wise policy to impress those with whom he came in contact, from General Gratschoff down to the humblest moujik of them all, that he had not the least fear for it to the ultimate result of the game, relying upon the "pull" he claimed to have in the region of the War Office.

Surely never had these soldiers come in contact with so remarkable a prisoner. He laughed and joked as he walked along, as though he were in the midst of his bachelor friends, giving a stag dimer just before lighting Hymen's torch.

The fellows could not help grin in spite of discipline. Owen could talk enough of their abominable language to fire a few rusty "cheeknuts" at them, which were apparently new in this jumping-off place of civilisation. It might have been all his life was worth to have cracked such musty jokes among persons who kept in touch with the times, but these Cossacks were simple fellows.

He did even a more unparadiseable thing—laughed at them himself, just as though they were brand-new anecdotes.

There being a few bars of the latest comic opera, with its catchy airs, and so great was the inhibition that two of his guards began to whistle the tune, and the fellow in

advance actually changed his step so as to keep time with the music.

Given half an hour with these worthies, and a continuous flow of spirits, Owen believed he would have had them drinking imaginary mugs of berry wine, and bellowing in unison so far as the Cossack tongue could do it. "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

Unfortunately, the distance from the front of the colonel's quarters to the citadel under which lay the mouldy dungeons was altogether too short in which to work this miracle.

Dugdale, although apparently in such a merry, devil-may-care sort of humour, did not neglect to survey the surroundings with the air of a man who believed he might, sooner or later, have occasion to make good use of his knowledge of locality. Which would go to prove that a man may fall head over ears in love with a divinity in petticoats, and at the same time keep his senses—a condition that has many times been audaciously challenged by those who affect to sneer at the spring madness of which poets rave.

Thus he made a mental photograph of Smolenek—at least, this part of it, the south, which was the air of a man who believed he might, sooner or later, have occasion to make good use of his knowledge of locality. Which would go to prove that a man may fall head over ears in love with a divinity in petticoats, and at the same time keep his senses—a condition that has many times been audaciously challenged by those who affect to sneer at the spring madness of which poets rave.

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self floundering more and more hopefully amid a flow of jaw-breaking Russian words which he but dimly understood.

Then the parchment-like mannikin became suddenly imbued with life, and made a series of gestures himself that had the effect of bringing Owen's flood of rhetoric to a halt.

"Why the devil don't you speak plain English, ye omadhoum?" the mannikin roared.

It almost paralysed Dugdale, just as if the monster Sphinx had bawled in Celtic at him.

Major Kickoff was Irish, of the same blood as himself.

Dugdale's hesitation was of brief duration, and then the same old nerve served him.

"This is a most agreeable surprise. Never dreamed of meeting a fellow-countryman in this God-forsaken place. Major Kickoff, is it possible for you to shake hands with a prisoner?"

The major thought it was.

At any rate, he held out his hand, and the tightly-drawn parchment-like skin on his face actually seemed to crease and crack as he indulged in a faint smile.

Dugdale was in for making a friend if it could be done. He believed this man was in a position to do him many favours if so minded and the fear of Gratschoff allowed, and he was determined that the chance should not slip by through any fault on his part.

So he rattled on, introducing himself, telling how he came to be mixed up in the mess, and artfully endeavouring to play upon that spirit of chivalry to be found in greater or less degree in every Irishman's heart.

And he had reason to believe he was making fair progress. In defiance of all military rules, the major seemed so pleased to hear his native tongue again that he allowed the prisoner to do all the talking, when, in answer to his formal questions were allowed.

So it went on up to the point where the baron was introduced.

Then Dugdale saw the major's smile fade away, and a look of concern take its place, as though it had just dawned upon the man that he was playing with fire in touching these subjects. He seemed more concerned about the nobleman than with reference to General Gratschoff, which worried Dugdale not a little, seeing that he had made a bitter enemy out of the royal personage, and might expect to feel the weight of his displeasure.

"Cease firing," snapped the automaton, suddenly, with a wave of his hand. "You are a prisoner of the State, Mr. Dugdale, and it is no business of mine what you're doing. To a dungeon ye are ordered, and we'll try to accommodate ye. The baron never forgets or forgives. It's a dead sure thing you're looking your last on the sun. Not a word, man, on your life. Then, turning to the guards, he bombarded them with orders that seemed to be shot out of a catapult, and which directed them to "lock the prisoner in a dungeon, where he could be found when wanted."

CHAPTER XXIV. THE MAN WHO WROTE ON THE WALL.

Owen was deeply disappointed in the major. He had expected better things from warm Celtic blood. But perhaps so many years had passed since this man had trod his native heath that he had become thoroughly Russified.

It was tempting to say what he felt, but discretion proved the better part of valour.

Besides, although the skinny major looked so stern and arbitrary, Dugdale felt he saw a gleam of humour in the corner of his eye, as though, under this military demeanour, there might lurk a sense of humour, and a friendly feeling for the fellow-countryman who had dared mock General Gratschoff, defy a Royal dignitary, and run off with the protegee and ward of the Czar himself.

Accordingly, Dugdale, with an airy grace, kissed his finger-tips to the head guard, and laughingly sent over his shoulder:

"Ta, major. Come and see me when I get settled. I'll be glad to give you a dinner and a good bottle of something, if we were where they could be obtained. Be good to yourself; and, I say, remember me to the general, kindly."

The major's parchment face worked hard to keep from breaking into a broad grin. Such happy-go-lucky good fellowship appealed to his heart in an almost irresistible way.

Dugdale had bullied better than he knew.

He surveyed his quarters with the eye of a connoisseur. At least there was a pallet in a corner covered with fresh straw, and a small wooden table stood a crucifix, a brown pitcher used for holding water, and an empty candlestick, rats having apparently devoured every atom of the tallow.

Evidently the den had been recently occupied.

He felt a cold chill. Was it the dampness affecting him, or a realisation that something had happened to his predecessor—something sudden?

His guards were grouped about the door, and stood for a minute to look at him. In their eyes he was an eccentric character, and he had amused them, more or less, so that it was a matter of curiosity with them to ascertain what the prisoner would do.

He addressed the corporal who was in charge of the squad, and said, questioningly:

"This place has recently had an occupant?"

The corporal nodded his head, being able to understand enough of Dugdale's language.

"Where is he?"

A shrug of the shoulders.

"He was shot yesterday morning, outside the walls, by the colonel's orders."

"What had he done?"

"He was tried and condemned as a traitor."

Then the loquacious corporal placed some candles and matches on the table, saying:

"In time I will send bread and water."

"Then, at least, I'm not to be starved."

"Not until orders are given."

"Thank you, corporal. I shall remember your kindness. I hope the poor devil's ghost may know enough not to haunt such a beastly hole in the wall as this. Ah, good day, corporal; and, I say, don't forget the bread and water, that's a good fellow."

Darkness—solitude!

Dugdale had dropped upon the cot and allowed himself to think of many things: all the events of a similar character of which he had ever heard or read. Then came thoughts of Isolde, the recollection of her charming face turned upon him so sympathetically, and the story he thought he read in those honey blue eyes, something like that he had discovered with his own heart.

A deep sigh escaped his lips.

It was, of course, a noble thing to suffer in the cause of beauty; but all the same, he believed he would much prefer to be outside this old citadel, beyond the walls and across the border.

Time passed unheeded.

What finally aroused Dugdale was a scratching sound near by.

He read on, his interest growing as he managed to master each word, English.

Perhaps his translation was crude, but the occasion was not one that called for a severe linguistic test.

All he wanted was to get at the gist of the matter.

And as the scroll began to assume tangible shape before his eyes, Dugdale's interest grew apace until he was trembling and breathless with the eagerness that comes with a great discovery.

(To be Continued.)

THE FARM. SPRAY FOR POTATOES.

LIME-SULPHUR V. BORDEAUX MIXTURE.

The New York Agricultural Experiment Station has recently conducted some important experiments regarding a spray for potatoes.

The information obtained is sufficient as a basis for preliminary conclusions. It is shown that lime-sulphur is not destined to take the place of Bordeaux mixture as a spray for potatoes.

The time sulphur may be applied to the potato foliage in the same manner as Bordeaux mixture.

It could not be determined what time in the season when which application of the lime sulphur was made it was first made.

Time passed unheeded.

What finally aroused Dugdale was a scratching sound near by.

At first he could not make out what it might be, and even remembered the joking reference he had made about the ghost of the poor fellow who had slept upon this very pallet, and gone to his execution the previous day.

Then a few sharp squeals and such-like sounds of battle gave him the knowledge that rats were working on his supply of candles, so that if he hoped to preserve these means of illumination he must proceed forthwith to charge upon the rodents.

The flash of a match did the business, although one big fellow was loth to drop the candle he was making off with, whereupon Dugdale threw the heavy water pitcher with sudden zeal and such rare good aim, that he not only saved the endangered candle, but laid the beast out quivering in his death agonies—of course, at a sacrifice of the jug, which went to eternal smash upon the stone flooring.

Dugdale began to examine his cell cudgel a yard or more long, which he had reason to believe had been used by his predecessor as a weapon of offence and defence when the rats became too familiar and needed to be taught a lesson.

He could easily imagine the soldier springing from his couch and laying about him with a lusty will until the army fled in terror, leaving some of their bravest dead upon the field of battle.

And now it was his turn.

Would he also go out some morning, along with a corporal's file, and never come back within the walls? The baron's hatred might be deadly, and his intentions of a murderous character; but Dugdale believed in Gratschoff's honour as a soldier, and had little fear of such an ignoble end overtaking him.

There was no much to be seen in the circumscribed confines of his prison, save the four walls, grimy with dirt and moisture, and the little slit of a window away up by the ceiling, through which one could catch a faint light when the sun shone, and whence came that