

BEAUFORT FIRE BRIGADE.

Members and reserve members were present at the annual meeting of the Beaufort Fire Brigade...

GRAZING LANDS.

TENDERS will be received on or before Thursday, 17th December, 1914, for the right to graze on the undermentioned land...

SEED WHEAT BOARD.

APPLICATIONS for Seed Wheat and Stock Food advances will be dealt with at the Board Room, Lands Office, Beaufort, on MONDAY, 14th DECEMBER, 1914, at 11 o'clock.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

NOTICE is hereby given that any Lake Goldsmith Reserve and road generally throughout the Shire will be prosecuted.

PRESENTATION TO MR. SILVER.

SUBSCRIBERS are notified that the presentation to Mr. SILVER will take place at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on MONDAY evening, the 14th December, 1914, at 8.30 o'clock.

COMMENCEMENT ON MONDAY.

On Monday, December 7th, the price of wheat will be raised from 7d to 8d per 4lb. loaf.

WANTED 2 Maids.

Apply Welsh's Beaufort Hotel.

TRUSTS ACT 1901, No. 1769.

ANDREW JAMESON, formerly of Raglan, but late of Ararat, in the State of Victoria, of no occupation, deceased, intestate, who died on the twenty-eighth day of April, 1914.

BEAUFORT DEEP LEADS G.M. CO.

No Liability.—A CALL (the 15th) of One Penny per Share, has been made on the Capital of the above-named Company, due and payable at the Registered Office, Lydiard street north, Beaufort, on Wednesday, 9th Decr., 1914.

BEAUFORT DEEP LEADS G.M. CO.

No Liability.—ALL SHARES forfeited for non-payment of the 14th Call of One Penny (1d) per Share will be by public auction at the Mining Exchange, Beaufort, on Tuesday, 8th December, 1914, at 12.30 o'clock p.m., unless previously redeemed.

BEAUFORT DEEP LEADS G.M. CO.

No Liability.—A Special General Meeting of Shareholders in the above-named Company is hereby convened, and will be held at the Office of the Company, 28 Lydiard street, Beaufort, on Friday, 11th December, 1914, at 11.15 o'clock in the forenoon.

BEAUFORT DEEP LEADS G.M. CO.

Business. 1. To authorise and empower the directors to deal with the forfeited shares in the hands of the Company.

LOCAL LAND BOARD.

Mr. J. W. Rankin, manager of the Beaufort House, Beaufort, reports the following:

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A MINING LEASE.

I, THE UNDERSIGNED, hereby give notice that, within ten days from the date hereof, I will leave with the Warden of the Mining Division of Beaufort an application for a Lease...

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THE WORLD OF WHITE. SUMMER IS HERE. And with it our Fine and Varied Stock of HOT WEATHER DRAPERIES. There is one way only to nullify the effects of the Summer Sun. Dress according to the Season. Provide for it—Enjoy it. Wear Light, Comfortable Clothing during Summer and you'll feel Cool, Comfortable, and Buoyant in Spirits. Voiles, Flouncings, Rosebud Crepons, Poplins in great Variety. Silk and Muslin Blouses, Embroideries and Laces. White and Tan Boots and Shoes in great Variety. Men's and Boys' Summer Suits, Fancy Neck Wear, Fashioned Shirts, Silk Shirts, Hats, Boaters, and Panamas. Suits made to order in the latest Styles at Prices that cannot be equalled by the large City Firms. A magnificent range of samples to select from. NEW GOODS ALWAYS ARRIVING. INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED. J.R. Wotherspoon & Co. BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.

GRAND ATHLETIC SPORTS MEETING! (Registered Foot Races and Unregistered Races) BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 100 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 200 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 300 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 400 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 500 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 600 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 700 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 800 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 900 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 1000 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 1100 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 1200 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 1300 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 1400 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

BOYS' DISTRICT FOOTRACE, 1500 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified by head teacher.

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER.

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

Konts Collected. Loans negotiated. Highest Cash Price for all kinds of Produce. Agent for South British Insurance Co., Mount Lyell Manures, and Alfred J. Spalding, Lime Manufacturer, Lara.

Tarpaulins, Horse Rugs, Tents, etc., always on hand. On hand, Bags at lowest current rates. CASH BUYER OF WHEAT. Highest Price given.

THEO. W. SCHLICHT, Auctioneer, Stock and Station and Financial Agent, BEAUFORT & SKIPTON.

AGENT FOR—Geo. Haig & Co., Geelong; JAMES BELL & Co., Wheat Buyers, Melbourne; FEDERAL MANURES CO., INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER CO. OF AUSTRALIA; YORKSHIRE INSURANCE CO.

JAS. H. ROBERTSON, PLUMBER, TINSMITH, AND

Wishes to intimate that he has on hand a large stock of Tanks, Spouting, Rigging, and Down-Pipe, Water Pipes, and Fittings, Gas, Steam and Water Taps, and every requisite necessary for the trade.

AGENCY for various makes of WINDMILLS and STOVES. A large and varied country experience. HAVELOCK STREET.

C. G. WOOD, Chemist, Beaufort Pharmacy.

PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY DISPENSED. Agent for the NYAL CLUB'S FAMILY REMEDIES.

NYAL'S FACE CREAM. THE IDEAL TOILET CREAM. Price, 1/6 Jar.

COMPOUND FIG SYRUP. THE CHILDREN'S MEDICINE. Price, 1/6 Bottle.

C. G. WOOD, CHEMIST, BEAUFORT.

Mr. Daisell Hind, Surgeon Dentist, of Beaufort, visits the above Pharmacy every Friday afternoon. Hours, 12.30-6 p.m.

Hawkes Bros., BEAUFORT.

GRAND DISPLAY OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, INCLUDING SILVER-PLATED GOODS AND CUTLERY, LADIES' LEATHER HAND BAGS, AND MUSIC CASES.

GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, PHOTO FRAMES, etc. GREAT VARIETY.

SUITABLE PRESENTS FOR GENTLEMEN, INCLUDING MILITARY BRUSHES, WALLET, SHAVING MIRRORS, etc.

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SILVER STAR STARCH. THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

INSIST ON LABELLED PACKAGES. 1 lb Carton, 5 lb Parcel.

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CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

The above Hotelery having changed hands, the present Proprietress wishes to notify the residents of Beaufort and district that the house has been thoroughly renovated, and is well adapted to make customers comfortable.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales kept. Meals a Specialty, at any hour.

First-class Groom always in attendance. Stabling Free. Horses and Vehicles repaired. The Proprietress trusts that with every attention, combined with civility, she will receive a fair share of patronage.

M. HALPIN, Proprietress.

ARARAT ATHLETIC CLUB SPORTS JANUARY 1ST, 1915.

Entries close 7th Dec. for all Cycling and Pedestrian events.

HAMPDEN ELECTION. TO THE ELECTORS.

LADIES and Gentlemen.—I desire to tender my thanks to those who supported me at the recent election, and all those who contributed to my success. I desire to particularly thank those who were associated with the various organizations in the constituency, and others who, by their active co-operation, greatly increased my majority; also those who kindly lent cars, conveyances, etc.

I am, Yours truly, D. S. OMAN. "Highgate," Lismore, 1/12/14.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

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

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

PART 9.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

The man who wrote upon the wall was indeed the ill-fated officer who had been led to execution less than forty-eight hours before.

Apparently he had just learned that he had a few hours to live, and his last act was to thus bequeath his legacy to an unfortunate who might come after him.

It was a noble deed, and worthy of being remembered, whether good came of it or not.

In the briefest possible way the Russian told that he had long been engaged in working a secret tunnel that would give him a chance for liberty—that but six or eight hours work would complete the job; and now he had only one hour to live, as he was to die at sunrise.

Dugdale could not imagine anything more provoking than this.

At the same time he was struck with the dramatic qualities of the situation, which certainly equalled anything he had ever read.

The strange writing told where the tunnel might be found by carefully removing several of the stones in the wall.

And Dugdale was terribly impressed with the concluding words of this awful legacy.

"Before God I declare my innocence. He will establish it, and protect my poor wife and child. For my country I give my life."

"That was all."

It had been signed "Gourko, Lieutenant."

"Poor fellow!" said Dugdale, deeply stirred. "What a tragedy these walls have viewed! Perhaps—who knows?—I may yet escape by means of this tip. First of all I must rub enough of it off so that curious eyes may not read about the tunnel, in case I have a visitor. There, that danger is past. Now, this I swear, and I call upon the spirit of this brave soldier to witness, that because of his act of self-denial and thought for one who may come after, should I get free, either with or without the aid of his hole in the wall, I solemnly promise to do all that may be accomplished by stubborn will and plenty of money in order not only to provide for this soldier's little family, but to clear his name, so that Russia may look upon him as a hero rather than an unrepentant son. This I declare I will do, so help me God."

Was that a whispered "Amen!" or might it be only his imagination?

Dugdale felt filled with a holy zeal. He could deeply sympathize with the emotions of the poor fellow, and pictured his mental agony during the last hour of life.

Doubtless he had suffered keenly because of those he loved being left helpless in the world; but his most poignant anguish as a soldier must have been the thought that his name was destined to be a reproach and byword among his people for ever.

And he had died with undimmed front, so the guards had intimated to Owen.

Dugdale sat there for some hours, lost in the deepest thought.

He was finally aroused by hearing a key rattle in the big padlock; then the door opened to admit some one.

The prisoner looked up; but instead of the guard he expected, who should see him, but the remarkable governor of the Smolensk Bastille—Major Kickoff.

CHAPTER XXV.

A HOT BIRD AND A COLD BOTTLE

When the prisoner discovered the identity of his visitor, his first thought was in the line of congratulation that he had been wise enough to obliterate a part of the message upon the wall, for it was hardly possible that it could escape the major if he remained in the cell any length of time.

Dugdale wondered what had brought the governor of the citadel to his place of confinement.

He remembered the airy way in which he had invited a call, without suspecting it would be accepted.

When he discovered that Kickoff carried the old square lantern in one hand and had a basket on his arm, he scented dinner.

Accordingly he sprang up and hurried to meet the major, once more assuming that happy-go-lucky air that had quite captivated the heart of this soldier of fortune.

"Upon my soul, this is an unexpected, but doubly welcome pleasure, major. The only thing I regret is that circumstances prevent which I have no control effectually over my doing the agreeable duties of host. That hot bird and a cold bottle, alas!"

"Hist! I have them here, me boy! Make your mind easy about that," said the governor, dropping his hat and getting up, in order to accept the hand which Dugdale thrust out.

"Kickoff, you're a rupper, Russian or not. When have I met your equal? A friend in need is a friend indeed. I say again, you're a jewel. I'll remember you in my will. Upon my soul, you frowned at me so savagely I was afraid the warm Irish blood had turned to Russian ice."

"Sure that was to deave the chaps. It would never do to let it be known that Major Kickoff was on friendly terms with the man who had put his thumb on his nose to a Russian nobleman. But I took the first opportunity to call on ye in private to say that dape down in me heart, 'thim's me statements.'"

"Spoken like a man and a brother."

I'm glad I met you, my dear fellow. And when I write up this affair for one of the magazines, be sure that your noble phis will be a leading feature. I've got you down pat with the eye of an artist."

"Faith, it's a mould-render ye are. There's not a soul in Russia knows me name, but Riordan, of the County Clara. I've come to the conclusion, me boy, that there's a few things ye'll not be either putting in that same article. But jokin' aside, sit ye down beside me on the cot, an' we'll have a glass to the memory of the dear old country across land and say."

The toast was to Dugdale's liking. His benefactors had share in the history of Erin, and there were tender memories of the Green Isle tucked away in his own heart, albeit he had spent much of his time under alien skies.

Then the major produced the bird, also a quantity of sandwiches, such as one could hardly expect to find save in Russia. Kickoff had himself compounded them of black bread, butter, caviare, and seasoning.

Dugdale was as hungry as a wolf. He went for the hot bird like a famishing man.

The doughty major did most of the talking. He had so few chances to fall back on his mother tongue that the opportunity was eagerly seized to let himself out.

Since seeing Owen, he had heard pretty much the whole story from General Gratscheff, and was full of admiration for the chivalry and boldness of the man who had dared all in order to assist a pretty woman in distress.

"Sure, I envy ye," he declared; "an' once ye are safe out of this, I'm thinkin' it's a bride ye'll be takin' back with ye. The general is secretly delighted with ye, me boy, though by the same token he's not the man to let his admiration run away with his military judgment, an' if the devil of a nobleman has in his once enough at Court, I'm afraid it may go hard with ye."

But Dugdale, fortified by a glorious repast and the consciousness of the legacy he held, was as happy as a lark. He slapped the major on the back with all the freedom of a convivial companion, and declared he had not the slightest ground for fear, as he had powerful backing, which the general was certain to bear in mind when lining up against the vindictive baron.

All the while, in secret, Dugdale was laying much stress upon the chances he had of escaping by means of Gourko's tunnel, though through his influence a thousand miles away.

That reminded him of the ill-fated soldier, and he showed Kickoff what was left of the writing on the wall. Major Kickoff was greatly interested.

"Pon me soul, I never experienced more genuine regret in me whole life than when I was compelled to hand young Gourko over to the corporal's file. He was here some months—a fine fellow. They tried to get him to confess, but niver a word would he disclose. Some day, he said, his innocence would be brought out, and then, shure, his persecutor would repent in tears of blood. In me heart I believe him innocent, just as he says on the wall, but circumstantial evidence was mighty strong. I suspect he had an enemy high up in the ranks—a man who loved the girlieen young Gourko married—but I niver could tell, and his lips were sealed."

"Was he any relation to the famous General Gourko?"

"Yes, distantly related; but he scorned to appeal for mercy on that score. He said to me many a time, 'If I am guilty I deserve to die; but I swear I am innocent. And on that he made his fight and lost.'"

"You've seen some sad things in your day, I take it, major?"

"Have I not? It's thirty years and more since I shook the dust of old Ireland from me feet an' set out to carve a name an' fortune for meself in the world. I've been in seven wars, and wounded twenty-three times. I believe I've the nine lives of a cat, since lead and steel can't kill me, an' a fever strike all round with no touching me. Sometimes I'm of opinion it's me fate to dry up like the old mummies I saw when I was campaigning down in Egypt."

"What! Were you there, and under the flag of England?" demanded Dugdale.

"It isn't hatred of the Sassenach that sends me out in the world, but a natural love for a ruction. Fight I must, or give up the ghost. Sure, I've taken up arms under the Chilian flag, in the Chilian campaign in India, the terrible battle of the Yalu, and floated on a door for twelve hours with me body as full of splinters as a porcupine is of quills. I was with Admiral Mello when he bombarded Rio Janeiro, an' for a month fought a battle every day, now attacking some fort, then trying to blow up a war vessel by night. I've been with Roberts in Afghanistan, been a subadar in the Chital campaign in India, was shut up in Paris during the siege, and fought with Gomez in Cuba against all Spain. Now I'm agin' with inactivity, because the hope we had of a rumpus with the terrible Turks seems to have died out. I want to go up against 'em an' before I drop out, for, ye see, I didn't get enough of it when I served with Greece durin' the recent scrimmage."

Really, the soldier's life interested Dugdale, and he listened to him with the most original interest he ever met, and he yearned to know him more intimately, so that he might have a few more thrilling experiences in his checkered career. He had seen enough of adventure during his time to please the most exacting of Bombastes Furiosos.

That was an hour, back to which Owen felt he must always look with the dearest interest.

The major sympathized with him, and would do his best to assist him to make his confinement as pleasant as possible; but he was, after all, a soldier through and through, and if the order had come to take his prisoner outside the walls to execution, he would have done it, perhaps drink-

ing a toast with him the moment before he gave the fatal signal. Dugdale endeavoured by means of artful questions to extract some information concerning Isolde, but evidently her identity had not been disclosed to the major, for he was not able to throw any light on the subject, saying that the general appeared extremely solicitous about her.

"But I must confess one thing," said the major, with a broad grin, as he was about to depart. "And it's something for ye to drama' about, me boy. The cold bottle and hot bird came to me direct from her 'swate hands. I swore by the saints to see that ye had thim. And, by the great powers, I'd perfure me soul if some darlin' would have tears in her blue eyes for me. Now, good night to ye, Mr. Dugdale, and better luck than poor Gourko had in this same cell."

CHAPTER XXVI.

SUNSHINE FOR OWEN IN A DUNGEON.

He thought it would be something for Mr. Dugdale to ponder over, something so pleasant as to tingle his nerves, and cause him to laugh at times.

So Isolde did not forget. She had even come to prison—attended, of course, and with the grim old general's reluctant consent—to bring him a supper.

He had thought it good enough before when he had only the governor in mind; but now it bore the relation of a feast second to none, for her sweet fingers had touched that bird and that basket, sacred to him for ever more.

"Oh! I am deeply grateful to the general. He is a gentleman beneath the iron mask of a soldier and a martinet."

"Monsieur, he esteems a brave man."

"Do you think I am that?" boldly, Isolde looked at him soberly.

"Monsieur, I know what I know. What you have done for me never can I forget. We have known each other a short time, it is true, but danger quickly makes friends. Ah, I shall often see you as you were when you almost snatched me from a hated fate and faced death at my side."

She sighed.

And Dugdale—of course he was a foolish fellow, but it was an awful temptation—squeezed her hand.

"Monsieur, you hurt me," for he had forgotten the rigidity of priceless value on her fingers.

"A thousand pardons—I'm a clumsy brute!" he cried, as he dared to kiss the wounded digits; and one might have almost suspected he seemed glad to have the opportunity. Who would not?

When she managed to release her hand, and to draw attention from herself by asking what he had done all day, So Owen had to tell of his fight with the rats, and how he had closed the rat holes, and so bottled them up to a certainty.

"Monsieur, I hope and believe you may not be here very long," she said, earnestly.

Dugdale truly echoed that wish. If the legacy of Gourko panned out anything at all, he was sure he should not be here again, but he did not say anything about it, as he was not certain.

"When I reach St. Petersburg, my first act will be to see the Emperor, and I think that I can promise that an order will be sent for your unconditional release."

"St. Petersburg? Then you mean to go—you have given up all hope of leaving Russia?" he asked, dejectedly.

"Alas! I was foolish enough to believe I could resist the power of the Czar. The folly of this mad resistance has been brought home to me. That is all, monsieur."

She spoke sadly.

Dugdale's spirit was up in arms, for he felt that the malign presence of the baron had already commenced to crush that hitherto undaunted spirit which he had so admired.

"Then you submit—you will return to the capital to accept this hateful husband, whom his Majesty has picked out?"

"I have one last hope—appeal to the Empress," she said, in a low voice.

"Pardon me, but that hope is very slight. You may not be allowed to even communicate with her. Reasons of State control such matters, and I have no doubt some weighty motive has influenced this affair from its inception. If you return to St. Petersburg, ma'amsele, it is as the lamb to the sacrifice."

She looked despairingly at him.

"Oh! I fear you are right. If I were positive, I'd sooner die than go back. Monsieur, though I am of high estate, yet I am a woman, and the thought of ever calling that dreadful man husband is very abhorrent to me."

"Ah, perhaps you need not. Tell me, if a hope still remained whereby you might yet be able to leave Russia for once and all, escape this hateful union, and reach freedom, would you be willing to accept banishment, ma'amsele?"

"Yes, a thousand times, rather than mate with such a man. I loathe and detest him! But, monsieur, are you indeed serious? I have no friend in this frontier town save perhaps General Gratscheff, and he will never toss the will of the Czar. To whom, may I look for help in this hour of dreadful peril?"

"To me," said the prisoner of the dungeon, calmly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DUGDALE MAKES PROGRESS.

The conditions were hardly in his favour.

A stranger in a land where the strong arm of the Government could not reach him, confined in the mouldy dungeons of Smolensk, it really seemed the height of absurdity to think that if she would he was ready to venture even more than he had already done in her behalf.

Perhaps she might even be smitten. But there was a fire of enthusiasm slumbering in his steady eyes, a spirit of unshakable determination that was somehow communicated to her also.

The fact thrilled with his very nerve. Surely to a man who would not allow himself to be crushed by

the disasters that had gathered about his head nothing might be impossible.

Yes, she began to feel a return of the exuberant confidence that had marked their long ride over mountain and valley, laughing the grim pursuit of Gratscheff to scorn.

If he had outwitted that keenest soldier of all Russia, then why not again?

"Oh, monsieur, I am almost persuaded to believe all is not lost; that you may yet find a way to help me over the border. And yet what am I saying—I who have already brought all this trouble upon you? What right have I to allow you to risk anything more? Monsieur, you are kind, you are noble, but I cannot permit it."

"You must—you shall! I refuse to stay in this miserable old dungeon any longer than I can help. And when I go hence, across the border, please God, if all is well, you shall be content to spend some time in duration vile if I could count on being so well provided for. The old rascal didn't tell me who sent it until just as he was leaving. Perhaps he thought I would refuse to share the bottle with him, the shy dog."

She laughed to hide her confusion.

"There is another here, monsieur, from the very exclusive stock of General Gratscheff, which he only opens on rare occasions."

"Oh! I am deeply grateful to the general. He is a gentleman beneath the iron mask of a soldier and a martinet."

"Monsieur, he esteems a brave man."

"Do you think I am that?" boldly, Isolde looked at him soberly.

"Monsieur, I know what I know. What you have done for me never can I forget. We have known each other a short time, it is true, but danger quickly makes friends. Ah, I shall often see you as you were when you almost snatched me from a hated fate and faced death at my side."

She sighed.

And Dugdale—of course he was a foolish fellow, but it was an awful temptation—squeezed her hand.

"Monsieur, you hurt me," for he had forgotten the rigidity of priceless value on her fingers.

"A thousand pardons—I'm a clumsy brute!" he cried, as he dared to kiss the wounded digits; and one might have almost suspected he seemed glad to have the opportunity. Who would not?

When she managed to release her hand, and to draw attention from herself by asking what he had done all day, So Owen had to tell of his fight with the rats, and how he had closed the rat holes, and so bottled them up to a certainty.

"Monsieur, I hope and believe you may not be here very long," she said, earnestly.

Dugdale truly echoed that wish. If the legacy of Gourko panned out anything at all, he was sure he should not be here again, but he did not say anything about it, as he was not certain.

"When I reach St. Petersburg, my first act will be to see the Emperor, and I think that I can promise that an order will be sent for your unconditional release."

"St. Petersburg? Then you mean to go—you have given up all hope of leaving Russia?" he asked, dejectedly.

"Alas! I was foolish enough to believe I could resist the power of the Czar. The folly of this mad resistance has been brought home to me. That is all, monsieur."

She spoke sadly.

Dugdale's spirit was up in arms, for he felt that the malign presence of the baron had already commenced to crush that hitherto undaunted spirit which he had so admired.

"Then you submit—you will return to the capital to accept this hateful husband, whom his Majesty has picked out?"

"I have one last hope—appeal to the Empress," she said, in a low voice.

"Pardon me, but that hope is very slight. You may not be allowed to even communicate with her. Reasons of State control such matters, and I have no doubt some weighty motive has influenced this affair from its inception. If you return to St. Petersburg, ma'amsele, it is as the lamb to the sacrifice."

She looked despairingly at him.

"Oh! I fear you are right. If I were positive, I'd sooner die than go back. Monsieur, though I am of high estate, yet I am a woman, and the thought of ever calling that dreadful man husband is very abhorrent to me."

"Ah, perhaps you need not. Tell me, if a hope still remained whereby you might yet be able to leave Russia for once and all, escape this hateful union, and reach freedom, would you be willing to accept banishment, ma'amsele?"

"Yes, a thousand times, rather than mate with such a man. I loathe and detest him! But, monsieur, are you indeed serious? I have no friend in this frontier town save perhaps General Gratscheff, and he will never toss the will of the Czar. To whom, may I look for help in this hour of dreadful peril?"

"To me," said the prisoner of the dungeon, calmly.

Then he began to form his plans of campaign, to the admiration of the great listener, in whose mind even the faintest Gratscheff could not compare with such masterly genius.

Perhaps Owen might have been pleased to have protracted the interview indefinitely, for it was exceedingly pleasant to be in the society of this charming young lady; but his good sense rebelled against taking advantage of her necessities, and so he covered the ground as speedily as possible.

She gave him her hand again in parting, and Owen was careful how he squeezed it, but his eyes spoke an eloquent language of their own; at least, it sent the flaming signal of distress up over her cheeks and forehead, for a monitor within told her that this man was more to her than all others of his kind—this man of whose existence she was unaware sixty hours previous.

How gloomy his cell looked when she had withdrawn her radiant presence.

And yet there was a glorious light in his soul that cheered him. Hope still held out a hand, and he could even dream of a glorious future that might be in store.

By-and-by he remembered the basket she had brought, and as hunger may assail even a man in love, he seized it with enthusiasm.

It was a happy man who started to enjoy the good things provided for his companion of his prison life; but other than the French macaroni, the Olgavitch, orphan bread, and the powerful horse in Russia, he had charge of the Czar's prison, and he had his hand in marriage to be made.

Dugdale took to his prison calmly, even though the fact that he had caused a rupture of the heart in the region of his heart, it is not every day that a man is awakened to the fact that he is in a prison with a Prince.

"Yes, and I must say I have the breed. I would not have been so declared his name, provided for a meeting, but that he had a name, and I'd swap that name for any other crossing the world, because he should be given to me, because because he chances to be a son of a baron."

"It matters not who he is, other than in Russia, where you are young. I must say I have seen Hot-spir like yourself, and I know world-wide, I know how to get on less it is for you, but I have seen fates, and I have seen how to get on my sympathy in a practical way."

"General, you shall be my friend. Wait," said the prisoner, "perhaps you may be able to help enough to decline my offer, but should think you would make it for to-morrow the Empress would be in the room and meet me in the Petersburg. I have a plan to get to the effect for me."

(To be Continued.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NO SURRENDER.

What was on the carpet now? This was Dugdale's mental query as he discovered the iron general advancing into his cell.

Evidently Gratscheff was surprised to discover his prisoner making such a savoury meal, when he might naturally expect him to be dining of bread and water, the usual diet of those who were immured in dungeons. His eyebrows indicated the fact.

Dugdale, although taken by surprise, was not at all to accept the situation.

"Ah, general, this is indeed, an unexpected pleasure. I am sorry you did not come a little earlier; but, as it is, will you join me?"

The autocrat of the border had his eye on the bottle that rested in the basket, and, stepping forward, he coolly and deliberately drew it out, examined its label by the light of the candle, and even held its open neck to his nose, while Owen watched for an explosion.

None came.

Gratscheff, as has been said before, could admire daring as well as any one, and this thing of being defied in his own stronghold was a new experience that rather tickled the old fellow.

"H'm! You appreciate a good thing, I see, Monsieur Dugdale," he said, grimly, replacing the bottle carefully in the basket, so that not a drop of its precious contents was spilled. "Do you know that wine cost me five roubles a bottle?"

Do not doubt it, general. It is worth ten. And from my heart I thank you for sending it to me. Perhaps you know what it is to be shut in with rats for company?"

"Nonsense! You know very well from whom it came. I see you employ the bottles well, monsieur. You know how to utilise the materials of war; you would make a good soldier."

"So I have sometimes thought."

"And now let us talk business."

Dugdale's curiosity was piqued. What could the old general have up his sleeve?

He knew of no business that could engage their attention, and yet it must assuredly be of a nature concerning Isolde.

"I am at your pleasure, general. Will you be seated on my cot? A lack of chairs prevents me from offering you the common civilities one gentleman expects from another."

"I am used to rough campaigning, monsieur. He who rides with Gratscheff need expect little of the comforts of life. This little of my well, be seated beside me."

Dugdale remembered his first meeting with this stern old martinet, and how he had won the general's goodwill in such a singular manner by defying his authority. Plainly, then, Gratscheff chose to forget all differences in their stations.

He sat down.

"It appears, Monsieur Dugdale, that you have been fortunate enough to be of service to a young and dashing handsome lady. Your conduct has been dashing in the extreme, and as a soldier, I can admire such boldness; but it must strike you now you have reached the end of your rope."

"Perhaps so, general," said Owen, coolly.

The general looked at him out of the corner of his eye. He had considerable respect for this fellow, and that glance was as much as to say, "Now, what the devil does he mean by that?"

"Well, you are in a bad way, monsieur. Even your Minister might not be able to give you any assistance if he heard of your case, which, let me assure you, is hardly probable. It would be hard to remain in such quarters a month, a year, perhaps longer."

"Rather," remarked Owen, carelessly, as he lighted a cigar from one of a package that had come in the basket.

The general sniffed the aroma suspiciously.

"St. Gregory take the pretty witch! She would ruin me if she were long here! Cigars that cost me a month's pay a thousand, and to a prisoner of State. It is monstrous!"

"Ah, general, bread cast upon the

waters shall return many days. For every one of these I shall take pleasure in sending you a thousand of the best that Cuba boasts. And, by the way, I am a man of my word. Pray, continue, general. I am interested."

"Exactly, because I speak of the young lady. Now, you must shake your dream."

"Ah!"

"I can well understand how the romantic nature of the service you have been enabled to do this young woman may have fired ambition in your heart. She is, indeed, charming beyond description; but she is not for you, Monsieur Dugdale."

"So you say."

"In the first place, her marriage to you would never be sanctioned. She is a ward of the Czar, of high estate and wealth, and fitted to become the wife of a King if she would."

"I don't doubt it."

"Then you have guessed this, monsieur?"

"I understood that she was a daughter of one of your prisoners, even this did not dismay me, for I have much wealth myself, and in my country we care little for what a man is what he makes himself."

"It is even worse than that, monsieur. See you did not know that it is my duty to protect the life of the companion of your prisoner, the other than the French macaroni, the Olgavitch, orphan bread, and the powerful horse in Russia, he had charge of the Czar's prison, and he had his hand in marriage to be made."

Dugdale took to his prison calmly, even though the fact that he had caused a rupture of the heart in the region of his heart, it is not every day that a man is awakened to the fact that he is in a prison with a

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The Riponshire Advocate.

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1914.

PRICE THREEPENCE

RAGLAN.

OUR CORRESPONDENT.

...shall return many days. For one of these I shall take pleasure in sending you a thousand of the at Cuba boasts. And I like I am a man of my word continue, general. I am inter-

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...I doubt it." "You have guessed this fact."

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(To be Continued.)

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WITH A PURPOSE.

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1907.

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BEAUFORT RAINFALL.

...to Mr. J. M. Kelly, of the

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...Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup for

...Children Teething. Should always be

...used for Children while Teething. It

...Softens the Gums, Cures Wind Colic and is

...the Best Remedy for Diarrhoea. Direc

...tions for Using Mrs Winslow's Sooth

...ING SYRUP.—For a child under one month

...old, 6 to 10 drops; three months old, half

...a teaspoonful; six months old and up

...wards, a teaspoonful three or four times a

...day. For Diarrhoea, repeat the above

...dose every two hours, until the character

...of the discharges is changed for the better.

...Solely Everywhere.

...Frederick Johansen was fined £100

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...GRAND ATHLETIC

...SPORTS MEETING.

...Registered Foot Races and Unregistered

...Bicycle Races and

...BRASS BAND CONTESTS.

...Date: December 12, 1914.

...Time: 7.30 p.m.

...Place: Victoria Park, Beaufort.

...Admission: Free.

...Refreshments: 6d.

...Programme: 100 Yards, 220 Yards, 440 Yards,

...880 Yards, 1 Mile, 2 Miles, 3 Miles, 4 Miles,

...5 Miles, 6 Miles, 7 Miles, 8 Miles, 9 Miles,

...10 Miles, 12 Miles, 15 Miles, 20 Miles, 25 Miles,

...30 Miles, 40 Miles, 50 Miles, 60 Miles, 70 Miles,

...80 Miles, 90 Miles, 100 Miles, 120 Miles, 150 Miles,

...200 Miles, 250 Miles, 300 Miles, 400 Miles, 500 Miles,

...600 Miles, 700 Miles, 800 Miles, 900 Miles, 1000 Miles,

...1200 Miles, 1500 Miles, 2000 Miles, 2500 Miles, 3000 Miles,

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...9000 Miles, 10000 Miles, 12000 Miles, 15000 Miles, 20000 Miles,

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...150000 Miles, 200000 Miles, 250000 Miles, 300000 Miles, 400000 Miles,

...500000 Miles, 600000 Miles, 700000 Miles, 800000 Miles, 900000 Miles,

...1000000 Miles.

IF YOU ARE

...suffering from irritation of the throat and

...hoarseness will be greatly surprised at the use

...of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

...These famous

...Pills are now sold by most respectable

...chemists in this country. People troubled

...with a "backing cough," a "sight cold,"

...or bronchial affections, cannot try them

...for any of their troubles, if allowed

...to proceed, result in serious pulmonary and

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...ECZEMA, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS,

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...SCALDS, BURNS, AND ALL

...SKIN AFFECTIONS.

...Apply to any of the above-named

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WHITE EXILE.

Ballast when we can get... seconded that it be referred... North Riding... Mr. Stewart moved...

Mr. Stewart moved... seconded that it be referred... North Riding... Mr. Stewart moved...

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Mr. Stewart moved... seconded that it be referred... North Riding... Mr. Stewart moved...

THE SUBMARINE WAR AGAINST WAR.

BY CHARLES FERGUSON.

Brooks Adams, in his 'Law of Civilisation and Decay,' developed the interesting thesis that civilisation advances only in those historical periods in which the agencies of military deities overbalance for a time the agencies of beligerent attack. That is to say, the human race has always found a respite from destructive warfare—a breathing space in which to develop the constructive arts and sciences—whenever peace-loving nations have found means for making assaults upon their peace so difficult and dangerous to the assailants that the game has not been worth the candle.

In the light of this principle the modern development of submarine fighting-craft deserves the respectful attention of peace societies. An immense amount of expert testimony is accumulating to the effect that submarines of the Holland type are likely to prove so dreadful to Dreadnoughts that the ponderous naval armaments that are sapping the strength of many great Powers will have to be "junked" in impotent despair.

Says Commander E. W. Eberle, U.S.A., commanding the Atlantic Torpedo Fleet: "I firmly believe that the submarine is to-day the most vital force in naval warfare, and I believe that the possibilities in the development of this force will prove to be the most important question to be reckoned with during the next fifty years. I also believe that the development of the submarine will prove a vital force toward the peace of the maritime nations."

Admiral Fournier, of the French Navy, says: "What fleet can resist such a power? A submarine has nothing to fear for itself, since it escapes all danger by diving. The principal difference between the battleship and the submarine lies in the fact that the latter has nothing to fear from the battleship—while the battleship has everything to fear from the submarine."

Submarine boat flotillas are a safeguard of peace, because they force an attacking enemy, whoever he may be, to run an unusually serious risk. They cannot be fought off in any manner, with even an approximately sufficient measure of success; neither can they be overpowered by superior strength. The greater the number of the enemy's ships, the more chance have submarine boat flotillas to do effective work.

Submarines have lately increased in speed to something like sixteen knots on the surface and twelve knots submerged. Their radius of action has been lengthened from a few miles to four thousand—for the latest boats. The living conveniences have gradually improved from next to nothing to a condition where a crew of twenty-five men could, if necessary, be sustained on board with tolerable comfort for two or three weeks. Safety of control has been perfected.

The submarine is no longer in the experimental stage. It is a weapon of war—exceptionally terrible and, therefore, it would seem full of portentous possibilities.

SAME OLD MIX-UP.

It's a telephone story again. A few evenings ago a young man had occasion to call up his ladylove, and for once he got through to her without delay. "Hello," he whispered softly. "Yes," came the reply. "Is that you, George?" "Are you alone, dearie?" "Yes, darling." "I wish I were there! If I were, do you know what I should do?" "No, George; I cannot guess." "Just then the lines became sadly mixed, and what the sweet young thing heard was something like this: "Well, I'd pull her ears back 'till she opened her mouth, and then I'd drop a lump of mud in it. If that didn't answer, I'd give her a sound thrashing."

UP AGAINST THE JUDGE.

He was a Scottish advocate, and in his pleading he had several times pronounced the word "enow" for "enough."

BEAUFORT POLICE COURT.

TUESDAY, 8TH DECEMBER, 1914.

(By Messrs R. A. D. Sinclair and E. W. Hughes, J.P.) DEBT. Wm. Dickman proceeded against John Creelman for the recovery of a debt amounting to £43, owing for goods sold and delivered.

Mr. Young, for complainant, said the summons had been returned unserved. He asked for an extension of the summons till 15th Decr., and also that the particulars be amended to read "sheep" instead of "cattle." The bench granted counsel's requests.

PROSECUTIONS AGAINST POLICEMEN. Constable Evans proceeded against Jas. Carmichael on a charge of riding a bicycle on the footpath in Havelock Street, Beaufort, on Novr. 7th.

Senior-constable Hunter, prosecuting officer of Riponshire, charged the same defendant with riding a bicycle without a light after sunset on the same date in Havelock Street.

Mr. S. Young appeared for defendant, who pleaded not guilty. Senior-constable Hunter said if Mr. Young had no objection he would take the charge of riding without a light first.

Mr. Young said if they were beaten in one after the other, and suggested hearing the cases together. Senior-constable Hunter said that would necessitate his taking proceedings on one as an officer of police and in the other as an officer of the council.

Mr. Sinclair pointed out that if the senior-constable was taking proceedings, he did not like to sit on these cases. He knew it was legal but he did not care for it.

Mr. Young said as far as his client was concerned he was willing that the chairman should adjudicate. If there was any objection it should come from the defence.

Mr. Sinclair—Very well, I will go on. It was agreed to hear the cases together. Senior-constable Hunter briefly opened his cases, stating that the proceedings were taken under section 36 of the Local Government Act in regard to the light cases. The Act regarded a bicycle as a carriage.

Hiding or wheeling a bicycle or barrow on a footpath was an offence. Mr. Young—What about a perambulator? Senior-constable Hunter said that was not included. A bicycle was a carriage within the meaning of the Act.

The proceedings were instituted by the council and he was instructed to prosecute in these cases. He had warned persons ever since he had been here.

Mr. Young—Did you warn defendant? The senior-constable—Not especially. This man, but I have warned people repeatedly for the three months I have been here, and a warning has been given through the press.

Senior-constable Hunter produced the authority of the council to prosecute. Upon the authority being handed to Mr. Young he remarked that it was not under seal and it was a bit dangerous to proceed under it.

The senior-constable remarked that there was one under seal in the office. Mr. Young had seen it before. He had further discussion between counsel and the prosecutor it was agreed to proceed with the authority signed by the shire secretary, produced by the senior-constable.

Robt. Welsh gave evidence to the effect that he was a miner residing at Beaufort. On the night of the 7th ult. he saw defendant on a bicycle riding on the Northern Hope mine. It was between a quarter and half-past 12. Witness was walking on the road. Accused was riding a bicycle steadily. Witness made no mistake about his identity. Defendant had no light and was coming from the mine. It was a Saturday night and he knocked off at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Young—He thought perhaps about the 7th. That is probably somewhat near it. Mr. Young—He was not sure of the date, but he was not good at dates. He knew it was a Saturday night. It must have been the 7th, but counsel could have it the 7th if he liked. (Laughter.) Mr. Young—The man was seen as far as he could recollect.

Senior-constable Hunter—Do not be led into anything by Mr. Young, you know. Mr. Young—You can't cross-examine. Witness—I don't want any cross-examination for that. Senior-constable—From something he heard, as far as his judgment went it was Saturday night, the 7th. That was about six weeks ago.

Mr. Young—I think it was a bit more than three weeks—about six. Mr. Young—He thought perhaps about the 7th. That is probably somewhat near it.

Mr. Young—I should think the bench would be very much amused.

Senior-constable Hunter—it has not been refuted. Surely they are not going to deal with me without hearing sworn testimony as in the last council case.

Mr. Sinclair—Evans did not know it was in Havelock street. We are prepared to amend it.

Mr. Young—To save any trouble we will prove our case. It may let the senior-constable out of a hole.

Mr. Young agreeing, the charges were amended to read "Neill-street," in lieu of "Havelock street."

In answer to the senior-constable, Constable Evans said he had not seen defendant since to speak to.

Mr. Young opening his case, pointed out that the first witness could be set aside altogether, as his evidence was unworthy of any weight. He did not see defendant in Havelock or Neill-streets, but somewhere down the road from the mine.

A man might have no light on a road and ten lights when he got into a township. In regard to the constable's evidence he had never actually made a mistake with regard to the name of the street, and admitted he did not know Carmichael very well.

He said he was not in Neill-street or Havelock street on Novr. 7th. He would have to lift his bicycle across the railway gates if he came through those streets.

Jas. Carmichael stated that he was a miner employed at the Northern Hope. He remembered the 7th November, which was a Saturday, and he was off at the mine at 10 o'clock that night.

There was a considerable number of men in the changing house when he left at about 10.7 alone. He came straight to Beaufort, rode across the cattle pits, turned round into High-street, went over the other cattle pits, thence over the bridge near Muntz's, and Diarrhea Remedy does it, certainly checks the attack. When I was in the grocery trade I found Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhea Remedy very popular among the Mooris, it having done good work towards checking an epidemic of dysentery among them." Sold everywhere.

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Do you know where Havelock-street is?—To the best of my belief it is the street referred to. Well, you may learn the streets of Beaufort. This is the street. Havelock-street runs from the railway gates to the old George hotel. Neill-street is the principal street.

Mr. Young—The man had a light on his bicycle. He was wearing a hat and a coat. He was riding on the Northern Hope mine. He was between a quarter and half-past 12. Witness was walking on the road. Accused was riding a bicycle steadily. Witness made no mistake about his identity. Defendant had no light and was coming from the mine.

Mr. Young—He thought perhaps about the 7th. That is probably somewhat near it. Mr. Young—He was not sure of the date, but he was not good at dates. He knew it was a Saturday night. It must have been the 7th, but counsel could have it the 7th if he liked. (Laughter.) Mr. Young—The man was seen as far as he could recollect.

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Mr. Young—I should think the bench would be very much amused.

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Mr. Sinclair—Evans did not know it was in Havelock street. We are prepared to amend it.

Mr. Young—To save any trouble we will prove our case. It may let the senior-constable out of a hole.

Mr. Young agreeing, the charges were amended to read "Neill-street," in lieu of "Havelock street."

In answer to the senior-constable, Constable Evans said he had not seen defendant since to speak to.

Mr. Young opening his case, pointed out that the first witness could be set aside altogether, as his evidence was unworthy of any weight. He did not see defendant in Havelock or Neill-streets, but somewhere down the road from the mine.

A man might have no light on a road and ten lights when he got into a township. In regard to the constable's evidence he had never actually made a mistake with regard to the name of the street, and admitted he did not know Carmichael very well.

He said he was not in Neill-street or Havelock street on Novr. 7th. He would have to lift his bicycle across the railway gates if he came through those streets.

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CANNOT GET HIS BREATH.

My little son Sydney occasionally gets so bad with cough that he cannot get his breath," writes Mrs. G. P. Lewis, 114, End of Adelaide, S.A. "I follow the directions of the bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and he is quickly relieved. I never get so bad without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in hand for I never know when Sydney will be attacked with cough." Sold by J. R. Wetherston and Co.

Make your District Known.

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

All some of our women take the motor in but not the men. If you see a man in a motor, send accounts of public and social news in your township and neighborhood, such as weddings, deaths, christenings, concerts, matrons, football, and other news.

With the names of persons in the district. Do not let your name be left out of the district. If you have a story to tell, send it to the Editor.

HEADACHE AND LASSITUDE. For some weeks I suffered from a stomach trouble which caused headache and lassitude. I tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and it cured me. I feel like a new man now. Sold by J. R. Wetherston and Co.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.

A general meeting was held at the Mechanics' Institute on Thursday evening; Mr W. R. Glover (president) in the chair, and 11 members present. A large amount of routine correspondence was received. As the Arrarat Citizens and South Melbourne District bands had notified their inability to compete, this leaving only the Beaufort and Skipton bands for a C grade band, it was decided on Boxing Day, it was sufficient entries, there should be no band contest. It was also unanimously decided not to have any entertainment in the Park at night. The two vice-presidents, secretary and Mr Halpin were appointed as a sub-committee to try and make arrangements with the local Picture Co. for a picture show in the hall at night.

The same committee, with the addition of the president, were also appointed to arrange with the Beaufort Band to play on Boxing Day. It was decided that the right to the booths be sold at the auctioneer's office next Wednesday at 4 p.m.; Mr Halpin being appointed honorary auctioneer, and the president, Mr Sinclair, and the secretary to fix reserves. The same arrangements were made for luncheon as last year; the prices being fixed at 2 for the officials and 1/6 for the public.

The appointment of a ticket-seller was left in the secretary's hands. Mr C. Leo was appointed second gatekeeper at a fee of 12/6. The secretary was instructed to engage a policeman for sports' day. Messrs G. Loft and C. Meredith were appointed scouts at 7 each. The president, Mr Sinclair, and the secretary were appointed to draft sports programme. The time for starting the sports was fixed at 11 a.m. The following officials were appointed to carry out the sports:—Judges, president, Messrs Cogle, D. R. Hannah, W. J. Stevenson, W. H. Halpin, and J. George; referee, Mr Sinclair; lap scorer, Mr Cogle; starter, Mr T. Williams; assistant starter, Mr D. Stevenson; timekeeper, Mr McKeich; color stewards, Messrs Bravo, Pitcher, Jaensch, E. Hannah, A. Cogle, P. Stevenson, and W. I. Halpin; declaration taker, Mr E. W. Hughes, J.P.; committee to arrange logs, secretary, vice-presidents and secretary, distributors of competitors' tickets, Messrs P. Stevenson and J. George.

READ AN ADVERTISEMENT. "I suffered a good deal with headaches and tried almost everything without getting relief," writes Mr. Joseph H. Leef, Whirinaki, N.Z. "I had read an advertisement on Chamberlain's Tablets and thought they would do me good. I bought a box and can truly say my headaches were relieved after a few doses. Everyone to whom I have recommended Chamberlain's Tablets has benefited by their use." Sold by J. R. Wetherston and Co.

The Australian Estates and Mortgage Co. Ltd., reports:—At our sale on Wednesday we submitted a catalogue of 1500 bales, which included a superior Western district comeback and crossbred clip, some good merinos, and numerous lots of useful combeds and crossbreds in saleable condition. Competition was keen for useful to good sorts, for which additional buying power had to be made. I thought a few small lots in the Riponshire district were even more difficult of sale than a fortnight ago and can be quoted 5 per cent lower. The highest price of the sale was 41s which was paid for a ch. hogget wool of Rife Downs (W. W. C. Shaw, Digby).

The death occurred at Lake Goldsmith Road, Beaufort, on Friday of Mr J. H. Wynne. Deceased, who was an electrician, came to Victoria from Liverpool, England, a little over 12 months ago. For some considerable time he had suffered from consumption. He leaves a widow and family of young children, for whom great sympathy is felt. The funeral takes place this afternoon.

To-morrow or to-night, maybe, you will lose something that you prize highly. Nearly everybody loses something at one time or another, but Beaufort few things are lost; that can not be marketed through a small ad. in the "Riponshire Advocate." It is easy to mail an ad. to the "Advocate" or just call at the office and tell your trouble.

A. Parker, Printer, Beaufort.

announced to 2500 12 10... necessary to 2500 12 10... balance of 2500 12 10... Cr. Trengrove, in seconding the motion...

Cr. Halpin said the time could be... Cr. Trengrove, in seconding the motion... Cr. Sinclair thought it advisable for the North Riding members...

MINING NEWS. Mr F. M. Rankin, manager of the Northern Hope, reports:—Bottom level... Cr. Trengrove, in seconding the motion...

THE WORLD OF WHITE. SUMMER IS HERE. And with it our Fine and Varied Stock of HOT WEATHER DRAPERIES. There is one way only to nullify the effects of the Summer Sun...

J. R. Wotherspoon & Co. BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR. NEW GOODS ALWAYS ARRIVING. INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED. Voiles, Flouncings, Rosebud Crepons, Poplins in great Variety...

SILVER STAR STARCH. THE BEST IN THE WORLD. INSIST ON LABELLED PACKAGES. 2 lb Carton, 1 lb Carton, 4 to 5 lb Parcel.

LOCAL LAND BOARD. SCHEDULE of Applications to be dealt with at this office on Thursday, 17th December, 1914... BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB. SALE OF SPORTS BOOTHS... WAR PICTURES. WAR PICTURES.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS. CHRISTMAS EXCURSIONS. THEO. W. SCHLICHT, Auctioneer, Stock and Station and Financial Agent, BEAUFORT & SKIPTON... JAS. H. ROBERTSON, PLUMBER, TINSMITH, AND... C. G. WOOD, Chemist, Beaufort Pharmacy.

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER. HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT & VALUATOR. THEO. W. SCHLICHT, Auctioneer, Stock and Station and Financial Agent, BEAUFORT & SKIPTON... JAS. H. ROBERTSON, PLUMBER, TINSMITH, AND... C. G. WOOD, Chemist, Beaufort Pharmacy.

Hawkes Bros., BEAUFORT. GRAND DISPLAY OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, INCLUDING SILVER-PLATED GOODS AND CUTLERY, LADIES' LEATHER HAND BAGS, AND MUSIC CASES. GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, PHOTO FRAMES, etc. GREAT VARIETY. SUITABLE PRESENTS FOR GENTLEMEN, INCLUDING MILITARY BRUSHES, WALLET, SHAVING MIRRORS, etc.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

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

By St. George Rathbone, Author of "Omnia Cassam," etc.

PART 10.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

Dugdale had his own ideas on this score. It would not be the first time a woman's whim or caprice had upset the carefully-arranged plans of noblemen of Czar.

"What is your proposition, general?" "The baron was breathing all manner of revenge upon you, but I have about convinced him that to publish the story of this wonderful ride to the border, which we would have to do in order to punish you, must only bring his wife's name into a notoriety he, as a gentleman, would seek to avoid."

"Ah, his wife! You mean, Isolde?" "Who will soon assume that relation. It is the Czar's desire—unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians."

"I am not so positive as you, for things sometimes happen that are not dreamed of in your or my philosophy. But, general, pray proceed."

"Accordingly he has consented to keep silent."

"Very considerate of him; but I would rather he consented to fight me," said Dugdale.

"And leave matters in my hands as far as you are concerned. So, you see, I am now in a condition to order your release."

"Yes, but that is not all."

"Which, Monsieur Dugdale, I shall be most pleased to do before leaving Smolensk."

"There is a string tied to that somewhere."

"Pardon me; I fail to understand, monsieur."

"mean you have conditions to impose."

"Certainly, monsieur, and you must give me your word of honour to set off without delay across the border, and never again seek in any possible manner to have communication with or see the Princess Isolde Fedora Olgavitch."

Dugdale was not surprised, for he had already discounted such a proposition. He was too dangerous a man for the general to release otherwise. A dozen barons would not prevent him from seeking the lady and carrying her off before their eyes.

"General, you believe I would keep my word if I once gave it?" he asked, earnestly.

"I would stake much upon it."

"Thanks for the compliment, general. And because my honour would not allow me to say one thing and do another I am going to respectfully but firmly decline your offer."

Gratschek did not seem disappointed. Indeed, could Owen have known it, there appeared a twinkle in his eye, as though, deep down in his heart, he gloried in this undaunted spirit.

"Think twice, monsieur. This offer will not be made again. Count well the cost."

"That has already been done, general. Now I know full well you yourself despise the baron; and I tell you this, general—hard as the circumstances appear against me just now, I have the sublime faith to believe that some day you will receive an invitation to be present at the wedding of the Princess Isolde and myself."

"You do well to call it sublime faith. Never met I one so undaunted, Monsieur. I am not much surprised. I thought I read you on that night we first met, and when you declined to throw away your cigar in the presence of General Gratschek because he had one between his teeth I was not mistaken. That bold abduction, the long ride, the dash through the frontier gate, all have but corroborated the opinion then formed. No, I am not surprised, monsieur. Gallantly have you fought for a woman's heart. You deserve her, and I would that it were in my power to act differently from what stern duty commands; but I fear your quest is hopeless. Too many such tragedies occur in high life, where love seldom enters into consideration. Since you have declined, and may not be moved I must leave you."

"But, general, you will shake hands?"

"With pleasure, monsieur."

"And wish me success in winning as well as wooing the Princess?"

"The general laughed. "Even that, monsieur. I wish you what measure of success a brave man deserves. And so good night and good-bye, for we leave in the morning."

Dugdale knew better, but he was also aware that it is neither wise nor polite to reveal all that is in one's mind; so he held his peace and watched the general solemnly stalk out of the cell with something akin to regret, for he had come to rather fancy the stern old warrior, whose heart, after all, was unsoftened by his many adventurous campaigns, and could sympathise with those whose fate it was to love.

CHAPTER XXIX. UNDER THE PRIESTLY VESTMENTS.

When Dugdale had seen the last of the general he proceeded to calmly finish his interrupted luncheon, nor did his appetite appear to have suffered by the consciousness that he had just flatly declined an opportunity to go scot free under certain conditions.

Two very unexpected visitors had come upon him within the hour. Who would be next? He hoped there would be no third, because he could not think of any one else who might desire to interview him save the noble baron, and,

if he came, it would only be to annoy him. Better for all concerned that this nobleman remain away, lest some one should get hurt. Dugdale finished his meal thoughtfully, for he certainly had much to ponder over.

This was a big game he had entered upon, and one that called for all his reserve resources.

Indeed, he believed it meant more than life to him, since success would prevent the wanton sacrifice of a lovely girl, and probably give her in to his keeping.

Under these circumstances, therefore, it was only natural that he should proceed with the greatest caution, since a blunder might ruin all. Of course, his line of action was circumscribed to a certain extent. On this night he expected to do some heroic work at the tunnel, and have it so arranged that an hour's labour later on would accomplish the task.

After he found himself free within the walls of Smolensk, the more difficult part of his undertaking was bound to come up.

It almost staggered him to think of attempting it alone. How he longed for the comradeship of that bold spirit, Vladimir, and mentally sorrowed because he was not within reach!

Owen had again touched the avaricious guard with a silver influence, and the result was manifest in a supply of candles that would probably last him until tiffin time in the morning.

Long he lay there, his brain busy in forming various plans for action, which in the main were discarded almost as soon as fashioned.

It was while his mind was still in something of a chaotic state that to his surprise and disgust he heard voices without, speaking in Russian, and realised that he was about to have another visitor.

"This must be my 'at home' day," grinned Owen, as he ran his fingers through his curly locks and sat up on his pallet.

Sure enough, there came that same old jingle of the key in the padlock, a sound with which he was rapidly becoming familiar, and which announced that he might expect a visitor.

Was it the baron? The baron? Well, hardly, for he would never dare trust himself inside that cage alone with the man whom he hated so bitterly.

No, it was not the baron. Only a Greek Church minister, after all. He readily recognized the familiar habiliments seen in every Russian town and village, the peculiar hat, the rough coat of robe, the heavy boots, and prominent above all, the sign of his order.

A shaggy beard, as was common, and a pair of keen eyes that glowed in the shadow of the hat-brim—all these Dugdale noted in a trice as he surveyed his strange visitor.

It would be hard to fully do justice to the genuine article, what business he had, and how he came, but he chased each other through his mind during the exceedingly brief space of time.

Perhaps, after all, the man was a desperado in the hire of the baron, persuaded to adopt the guise of a priest in order the better to gain an audience with the prisoner.

Then, again, if he should turn out to be the genuine article, what business brought him here? Dugdale remembered that when men are condemned to die they are usually allowed an opportunity to interview a father confessor and make their peace with Heaven.

Couldn't it be possible they had decided to shoot him in the morning? The malign influence of the rancorous baron had become paramount, and that the coming of the minister was intended to prepare him for sudden translation to scenes celestial?

The notion was, in one way, absurd and yet somehow it gave Dugdale an uneasy feeling that was marked by a shudder.

After advancing several paces, the long-coated visitor raised his arms in Greek invocation to join in a prayer or supplication for grace, but instead was surprised to hear in plain Russian:

"Little master, I have come!" He caught his breath, and leaned forward to gaze the more eagerly.

"Vladimir!" he said, softly, for the other had a finger on his beard and lips to indicate silence.

Another moment and Dugdale had thrown his arms about the big Cossack, regardless of dirty coat and all.

The fact of Vladimir risking his very life to gain this interview deeply touched him. He could never forget it—never.

They sat down and eagerly conversed, for there was much to tell, and the supposed priest had only asked for half an hour's interview, though this might probably be extended with the usual silver appeal.

Owen demanded that the other tell him how he came to venture back into Smolensk after successfully escaping, and by means of what magic he came to don the garb of a priest.

When it was told, the mystery proved very simple thing.

Vladimir had at one time been inclined to take orders in the Church, and progressed up to a certain point, so that he was well able to represent a priest, given the garb.

When he made his escape, he did not have much trouble in eluding the troopers who followed for a short distance.

Knowing the country thoroughly, Vladimir soon found shelter with one of his fellows from the Don, who lived the life of a shepherd not more than a mile from the walls of Smolensk.

This man came into town, and, by various means, learned that the general who had been taken prisoner was shut up in a dungeon under the famous old citadel.

To see his kind employer, whom he had almost lost, was his first aim, and arrangements in some way for his escape was now the one thought in the faithful Cossack's mind.

Accordingly, what he considered a remarkably clever scheme was arranged. He had procured, through his old friend, what he wanted in the way of a priest's garments, borrowing from the stock of a minister who had gone on a mission to Moscow, where there was a great religious feast.

"Listen, little master. I shall dress you in these clothes. See, I have a double allowance of everything. Then you shall walk out when the time comes as free as air."

"Leading you here? I think I see myself doing such a knavish thing," said Dugdale, promptly.

"But I will not remain long. Look, this flask of vodka is drugged, like the other that served us well. In passing out you give this to the guard, with the silver. In a little while, when he is getting sleepy and stupid, I will have made a figure and laid it on the bed, as if it were you. Then I shall pound on the door and cry for him to open. When he does, I shall tell him to keep me here all night. You must believe the baron will stare and think himself bewitched; but the music of silver robes in his hand will cause him to forget, and I, too, may see the stars. What think you?"

"It is a bold plan, but the risk is too great. I will not hear of it, my dear friend. Perhaps, were there no other way, I might be forced to accept; but listen, while I tell you how I shall leave this place, and when."

Such devotion on the part of the Cossack, who had avowed himself ready to meet death in his cause, if necessary, affected Dugdale more than a little.

In fact, he never remembered being drawn so warmly towards a man.

He narrated what he had to tell as briefly as possible, for time flew, and there was much to arrange concerning their plans.

It was all so wonderful that Vladimir listened with open mouth. The visit of Isolde was touched upon gently, but that of General Gratschek with his offer of conditional freedom Dugdale made the most of.

Then the Cossack understood why the master did not see fit to try his plan. He would only too gladly accept the chances; but perhaps, after all, the legacy of poor Gourko had best be utilised. There might be a magic charm in the fact that it came from a martyr whose innocent blood called aloud for justice.

Quickly then, they talked the matter over, and decided when and where they might meet, should Dugdale be so fortunate as to get out on the following night.

He felt more or less curiosity concerning the presence of the pseudo priest, and asked how permission had been gained whereby he might visit the prisoner.

Vladimir explained it was an unwritten law that a regularly ordained priest of the Orthodox Greek Church had the right and privilege of seeing one in duress while at any and all times, and that the soldier who dared refuse such permission would quickly feel the ill-will of the ecclesiastics, who are a power in Russian politics.

Hence, once properly attired, it was an easy thing for him to gain an interview, though possibly those in charge may have considered it strange that a Russian priest would wish to see a foreigner, and suspected that he must be an emissary of the lovely lady in the case; for no doubt an inkling of the truth concerning the leading people involved had gone the rounds in garrison circles ere now.

Happily, all was arranged as well as the wretched conditions would allow by the time the door was opened and the guard announced that he had already reached the hour of ten.

It was time to begin to work if he hoped to carry out Gourko's plan. Once convinced that the coast was clear and quiet reigned again, Dugdale prepared for business.

He was a little uneasy about the baron. It seemed as though the monarch of the dungeon must have his latch-string cut by every one he knew in Smolensk was taking a notion to give him a friendly call that evening.

"I hope he doesn't come. If he knows what's good for him he won't do so," muttered Owen, unconscious of the fact that the Princess Isolde was even then entertaining the baron and General Gratschek, and dassing the former with bright smiles and ready wit, so that he even forgot, poor fool, that such a person as Dugdale existed.

Being still uneasy, the prisoner managed to ingeniously barricade the door by means of his heavy-framed pallet, so that it would be next to impossible for any one to effect an entrance unless the door itself were battered in by means of axes.

Then he sat in the candle and sought the spot in the rear of the cell where he had discovered the loose stones in the wall.

When these had been removed, he held, there yawned a dark cavity. He thrust his candle through and followed with his whole person.

The mystery as to what Gourko had done with the excavated earth was such no longer. Dugdale found himself in what appeared to be an almost well. Once it had, of course, been used, but was abandoned long years ago, and the cross passage to it fitted in.

Starting from this cell, Gourko had made his tunnel. The earth was dug up on three sides, and Dugdale realised how like a beaver he had almost been labouring, night after night, in order to obtain such results.

He crawled into the hole with more or less trepidation, his fear being lest he should find it only a hollow mockery in some way.

But the lieutenant had done well, as he had after yard Owen followed the opening until finally he reached the end.

He meant business from the start. That was why he was there, and not from idle curiosity.

So he worked as though accustomed to such labour. And Dugdale had the greatest incentive that urged a man to superior efforts—love of a woman, whose future also depended wholly on his success or failure.

Hours passed, and his cramped muscles grew weary of the terrible strain. He carried the earth out to the cell, utilising a bat, a priestly bit of headgear Vladimir had bequeathed him, for the purpose of a bucket; and he was fain to confess that as a vehicle of transportation it answered the purpose most excellently.

"Upon my word, I never knew I could do such a good savvy," he chuckled, looking at his soiled hands, and wondering if there was enough water in the pitcher to cleanse them with; "but a fellow must expect to meet with strange experiences when he undertakes to win a Princess of the Royal blood."

Exhausted at length, and under the belief that he had gone as far as advisable until ready to break out, he ceased once more repaired to his own cell.

First he closed the aperture in the wall as carefully as was possible, so that a casual glance might not disclose its presence.

His next task was to brush his clothes and wash as well as the wretched means would allow.

Then came thoughts of rest, and, having adjusted his humble cot in the position it had occupied before, he dropped upon it.

Sleep overcame him almost immediately, and he knew nothing until the voice of his keeper aroused him to the fact that it was breakfast time.

Then came a wearisome period of waiting.

Never did minutes seem to drag along with such leaden feet as during that day.

He had seen visitors to help in dispelling the tedious, at least until the general dropped in late in the afternoon.

"You do not seem surprised to see me?" he said, when the prisoner greeted him pleasantly.

"That is so. In fact, I am surprised at nothing, general," Dugdale replied, philosophically.

"Should at this time be well on towards Ruzstchuk."

"Yes."

"And the fact that I am still here declares the journey delayed until to-morrow."

"The Fates favour me"—calmly.

"Say, rather, a woman's whim. The lady has a distressing headache, and could not stand the jolting of a telega. To-morrow she must go, sick or well."

"Ah, they say to-morrow is a good way off," murmured Dugdale. Then, the general looked suspiciously at him, he added: "Perhaps, ere then a special courier may arrive from St. Petersburg with fresh orders from the Czar, allowing the Princess to go when and where she wills."

Whereupon the old soldier grinned and said:

"Which would please Monsieur Dugdale not a little, though in that case the best might consist upon having him court-martialled and shot as a public enemy."

Owen snapped his fingers.

"That for the old nobleman. He may consider himself lucky if we separate without coming to a personal settlement of our differences. I'd give a year's income for a chance at him. Can't you arrange it somehow, general, as some more."

Gratschek laughed some more. He appeared to have conceived the idea that Dugdale was quite a comical fellow, and while the other might be serious enough, the general was bent upon calling everything flashes of wit and humour.

He solemnly declared he could not see his way clear towards arranging such a duel, and yet it would have suited him immensely.

"I'm afraid the baron's forgotten you, monsieur, since he is almost constantly in the society of the lovely Princess, who sings and plays for him in a manner simply distracting."

Dugdale was inclined to be jealous, but he chanced to be quite a sensible fellow for a lover, and was able to see that Isolde, having gained her object in delaying the journey, was not bent upon keeping the baron near her, so that he might not go prowling about the citadel, bent on doing the prisoner injury.

She hated her noble suitor, but could even punish herself by the infliction of his company, if by so doing she might serve the plan she and Dugdale had between them.

So in his secret soul Owen rejoiced. He was not the only one to make sacrifices, it seemed, for the common weal.

Confidence! It is wonderful! I'll tell you what I'll do, monsieur."

"Send you another bird and a bottle for your supper and to remember me by."

"Good, general; and I beg that you add half a dozen cigars, as their equal cannot be had this side of Vienna."

And when the hamper came, later on, sure enough there was a small box of the weeds. Gratschek had been so influenced by his admiration for his cool prisoner that he had done himself proud.

Dugdale had recouped his lost sleep during the day, so that after he had feasted on what came in the general's hamper he was feeling in the fettle for the work on hand.

This was to be a night in his career to be marked by a white cross. Ere morning broke it would be made patent whether he or the Royal suitor was to be the favourite of fortune.

And she—the Princess Isolde—was the stake.

Thought of her urged Dugdale on, and at last his knife cut through a gap appeared, and he was enabled to see the stars shining far overhead. His tunnel had come out directly alongside the massive walls that protected Smolensk on the south, and he was still inside the frontier town.

CHAPTER XXXI. WHILE SMOLENSK SLEPT.

The fact that his tunnel had come up inside the walls of Smolensk did not appear to Dugdale a thing to be lamented. Indeed, had it proved otherwise, he might have found himself in somewhat of a dilemma as to how he should find his way within the gates.

His own freedom was only an incidental part of the game. There was something of considerably more importance at stake, and that concerned the safety of Isolde.

For her to remain meant that she would be forced to obey the Emperor's decree. Dugdale knew what these marriages of diplomacy meant, and how every sacrifice was demanded in great shape as he came forward to join his confederate.

Then Dugdale breathed easier.

He had seen enough of the big Don Cossack to size him up as a man of uncommon ability in the line of valour and daring.

So when he shook hands with Vladimir he felt his courage expand.

The Cossack knew the ground, every inch of it, and could give their enemies points in the game, with a fair chance of winning.

Besides, he had good friends in this border town, and, if necessary, could call upon them for aid, should the scent grow too warm.

Their next step was to kidnap the Czar's ward, the Princess Isolde, and finally to escape with her over the border.

Dugdale smiled grimly as he reflected that not to every man is given the opportunity to run away with a genuine Princess, to snatch her from such guardianship as a Gratschek might afford.

He was a lucky fellow.

Isolde had described her quarters as well as she was able, and Dugdale endeavoured to mentally picture just how the land lay.

Of course, in many particulars he would find a vast difference; but as these things came up they could accommodate themselves to circumstances, and gradually shift the plan of campaign.

The thing that gave him more anxiety than aught else lay in the fact that General Gratschek was living under the same roof as the girl.

Now, this Hon of the border was a rather hard man to circumvent. His enemies declared he never slept, and because Dugdale had managed to steal the maid away at Ruzstchuk was no reason why a similar performance could be carried out at Smolensk.

True, the fact that he was supposed to be snugly immured in a mouldy dungeon, and from which no man had ever as yet come forth save at the will of the general, may in a measure have reassured the soldier and calmed his suspicions.

Perhaps, however, here and there in a checked past he may have had experience with the force called Love, and knew how boundless were its resources, and how often prison doors and granite walls were no obstacles in its progress.

The building loomed up above them. Dugdale surveyed it with some dismay, for he had hardly expected to encounter so serious a problem thus early in the game.

The citadel was, in fact, a fort, with massive walls, capable of withstanding considerable fire from small guns such as could be dragged along the mountain defiles.

Its length was considerable, and Dugdale believed the dungeons to be located at the further end, for this was his first comprehensive survey of the building in its entirety.

Of course, there was nothing new about it to Vladimir, and accordingly the Cossack was quite ready to take up the thread of the affair as soon as they ranged in front of the building.

And again did Dugdale breathe a sigh of relief in that he was blessed with so energetic and bold a companion as this cowboy rider from the Don.

To be Continued.

speaking, through the eloquence of her azure eyes, such a message of hope as now thrilled him anew to remember?

"Yes," as he looked back upon the recent past, he realised that everything had been for the best—that linking incidents were but necessary links in the chain that bound him to his destiny.

True, the end was not yet. Much of a desperate nature remained to be done ere he could claim his reward; but if Heaven were kind the worst would soon be over, and a haven of refuge gained.

Dugdale put aside all contemplation of results.

His business was now to achieve them.

So he moved along like a shadow, constantly on the alert, watching on every side lest he unconsciously be led to betray himself.

Soldiers were abroad; he heard the clank of their accoutrements, and twice was compelled to conceal himself as best he could in order to let a squad pass by, doubtless on their way to relieve some guardsmen.

He wondered whether the guard in the corridor would be changed, and if some bad luck should cause the new-comer to enter the cell of the prisoner.

Well, the whole thing was in higher hands than his. He knew what his duty was, and meant to strain every nerve in performing it, content to leave the rest to Providence.

At length, after divers turnings and twistings, he drew near the little mosque where the Mohammedan subjects of the Czar were wont to worship after their fashion.

It was a quaint building, with minarets and miniature dome, and under more favourable conditions might have delighted the artist eye of our traveller.

All this was lost in darkness. He only knew of it as a renouveau where he had agreed to join forces with his fellow-conspirator after effecting his escape from thralldom.

He gave the prearranged signal. Vladimir was on deck, and responded almost immediately, looming up in great shape as he came forward to join his confederate.

Then Dugdale breathed easier.

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The ONSHIRE ADVOCATE. Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1914. We sincerely wish our readers a Merry Xmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

At the southern end of Lawrence street three days have been passed within a small area during the past few days. The weather has been reported as Senior-constable Hunter. Mr R. Thompson, of Geelong, formerly missionary assistant in the Beaufort Presbyterian Church, visited Beaufort last week and renewed acquaintanceship with a number of his old friends. Thompson has been seriously ill and has taken a holiday under the doctor's orders.

The Railway Department has commenced the work of laying the new 5 1/2 wooden pipes from the Colliery to the point of the intersection of Neill and Lawrence streets. The new mains will be laid in connection with the auxiliary pumping scheme being carried out by the Department and the Kingsburgh Council. As soon as the main line is laid the Railway Department had engaged a gang of men for the work, he wired to Mr Fitzpatrick, Railway Commissioner, pointing out the necessity of employing outside men whilst the Railway Department men were engaged on the work. Mr Fitzpatrick immediately replied that the local men would be employed, and excepting three skilled laborers, the Ararat men substituted for the Railway Department men substituted by the secretary of the Beaufort Athletic Club to the shire engineer, the pipe-track, which was laid out to cross the railway and cycling tracks in two places, was altered, and kept outside the oval altogether.

Mr J. W. Hughes, J.P., at the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday, Constable Boyd on a charge of neglecting to have his child vaccinated. Defendant pleaded guilty. Senior-constable Hunter said the usual notices had been served, but defendant declined to have it done. A fine of £1 was inflicted. The child in which the child had been successfully vaccinated was withdrawn. On behalf of the bench Mr Sinclair wished the police and press the compliments of the season and thanked the Bench for the settlement of the present prevailing conditions at present prevailing would soon pass away. Senior-constable Hunter, on behalf of the police, recommended the removal of the bench. If you want to buy new, Buy them at FRIGG'S, you know. All kinds of Tees, Flannels, etc. in stock.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB. BAND ENGAGEMENT. Seventeen members attended a special general meeting of the Beaufort Athletic Club at the Beaufort Hotel on Monday evening held to consider the difficulty arising out of engaging the band for the Christmas Day concert. Mr W. J. Stevenson (president) presided over the meeting.

At the meeting Mr J. W. Hughes, secretary of the band, asked for the band to be engaged for the Christmas Day concert. Mr W. J. Stevenson said he was quite prepared to vote a certain sum in consideration of the band having spent a lot of time and trouble in the event of Skipton refusing to compete. Mr J. W. Hughes said he would like to see the band to show he had no ill-feeling towards the band. He opposed the £10 because he considered it too much, and he thought the band would be a considerable loss. On going through the books he found that the amount in revenue this year would be £25. Of course the expenditure would be very much decreased also, but putting the band out of the question, it was quite possible that they would come out with a very small loss indeed. A contest of course there would be nothing at all between Beaufort and Skipton would be the club about £20. He had got into communication with Mr Jamieson, secretary of the band association, and he thought it would be a very good idea to have it. He thought the association would allow a contest. A reply came back to the effect that they would allow a contest if the expenditure was not too great. He had no objection to that. He had a quickstep contest, as that would mean giving an extra prize. The contest would only be held during the Christmas season. He thought it would be a very good idea to have it. He thought the association would allow a contest. A reply came back to the effect that they would allow a contest if the expenditure was not too great. He had no objection to that.

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...said they did not ... personal ... band ...

...did to show he had no ill ... band would recognize that ...

...READ AN ADVERTISEMENT. ... suffered a good deal with head-aches and almost everything without getting relief ...

...CORRESPONDENCE. ... Sir, - We beg, through the medium of your widely-circulated journal, to bring under the notice of the public a particularly deserving case for assistance which has manifested itself in this district ...

...M. A. W. Moore, manager of the Beaufort Deep Leads, reports: South-east reef drive extended to 350ft. At 322ft. No. 5 bore went into strong wash ...

...BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB. BOXING DAY SPORTS. The Beaufort Athletic Club provides a splendid programme of sports for Boxing Day (Saturday) in the Park, and given fine weather, there should be a large attendance ...

THE WORLD OF WHITE. SUMMER IS HERE. And with it our Fine and Varied Stock of HOT WEATHER DRAPERIES. There is one way only to nullify the effects of the Summer Sun. Wear Light, Comfortable Clothing during Summer and you'll feel Cool, Comfortable, and Buoyant in Spirits.

SILVER STAR STARCH. THE BEST IN THE WORLD. 2 lb Carton, 1 lb Carton, 1/2 lb Parcel.

INSIST ON LABELLED PACKAGES. TERRIBLE HEADACHES. "I am a bootmaker," writes Mr. Frederick Miller, Great King Street, North Dunedin, N.Z., "and for many years suffered from terrible head-aches and irregularity of the bowels due to my sedentary life ..."

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB. GRAND ATHLETIC SPORTS MEETING. (Registered Foot Races and Unregistered Under Patronage of Victorian Athletic League, to be held in the BEAUFORT RECREATION RESERVE, ON BOXING DAY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1914. ACCEPTANCES CLOSE TO-NIGHT.

ST. ANDREW'S SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION TO BALLARAT. JAN. 20th, 1915. Adults, 2/6; Senior Scholars and Teachers, 1/9; Juniors under 16 years, 1/6. Leaving Beaufort 8 a.m., returning Ballarat 8 p.m.

Religious Services. SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1914. CHURCH OF ENGLAND. - Xmas. Day. - Beaufort, 8 (H.C.), 11 (H.C.), and 7.30. Sunday School, 8 (H.C.) and 11 (H.C.).

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER. HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT & VALUATOR. Rents Collected. Loans negotiated. Highest Cash Price for all kinds of Produce. Agent for South British Insurance Co., Mount Lyell Manures, and Alfred J. Spauling, Lime Manufacturer, Lara.

THEO. W. SCHLICHT, Auctioneer, Stock and Station and Financial Agent, BEAUFORT & SKIPTON. GRAND DISPLAY OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, INCLUDING SILVER-PLATED GOODS AND CUTLERY, LADIES' LEATHER HAND BAGS, AND MUSIC CASES.

C. G. WOOD, Chemist, Beaufort Pharmacy. PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY DISPENSED. Agent for the NYAL SERIES FAMILY REMEDIES. NYAL'S FACE CREAM. THE IDEAL TOILET CREAM. Price, 1/6 Jar.

Hawkes Bros., BEAUFORT. GRAND DISPLAY OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, INCLUDING SILVER-PLATED GOODS AND CUTLERY, LADIES' LEATHER HAND BAGS, AND MUSIC CASES. GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, PHOTO FRAMES, etc. GREAT VARIETY. SUITABLE PRESENTS FOR GENTLEMEN, INCLUDING MILITARY BRUSHES, WALLET, SHAVING MIRRORS, etc.

...WATERLOO. ... Waterloo State school obtained ... nominations. The following successful candidates: Philip ...

...ADMIRALTY AND LASSITUDE. ... some weeks I suffered from a ... trouble which caused head-aches and lassitude ...

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

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

PART 12.

CHAPTER XXXVII. THUNDERBOLTS FORGED BY JOVE.

This new trouble, coming so unexpectedly, and with such utterly overwhelming force, was quite enough to paralyze an ordinary man.

Had everything depended on Vladimir, then was the end of their rope reached. Fortunately Dugdale was keener of wit, and better able to grasp the horns of a dilemma.

"The horses are gone, little master. All is lost! We must stand and meet the worst," was what the big Cossack cried, in sore dismay.

Even while he was yet giving utterance to this despairing wail, Dugdale saw a sudden gleam of hope in the darkness. How eagerly he snatched at it proved their desperate state.

"You said three trees. Are you sure, Vladimir?" he shouted. "Yes, three."

"But see, here are four. It is a mistake, and this is not the place." Then the Cossack burst into a shout as his lagging energies revived.

"Right, little master, I was a fool! It is just beyond. I remember now I went back because they answered better than these. We are saved yet, if we hurry."

There was, indeed, much need of haste, for the moving torches, each grasped in the hand of an eagerly advancing soldier, were fearfully close.

Vladimir had forged ahead. Then another flash revealed the big Cossack standing there holding three rearing horses with the strength of a Hercules.

The slight gave Dugdale renewed zeal, and even Isolde was able to make a fresh effort.

Now they reached the horses. Precious seconds would be used in mounting the Princess, and all the while the pursuers, who strained every nerve, would be rushing closer and closer, will to overwhelm them ere they could resume their flight.

Again did Isolde agreeably surprise her champion. No sooner did she realise which was to be her mount than she sought a stirrup, and with one effort on Owen's part was seated, the second stirrup having been thrown across to serve in lieu of a lady's saddle.

Dugdale was well pleased. He saw they had a good chance to get off before the leading Russians could harry the way.

And that meant a new chance for escape, with all the glorious possibilities he had conjured up as a reward of merit. Eagerly, then, he swung himself into his own saddle.

The horses being spirited, and fresh, as well as excited by the clamour of pursuit, together with the awful lightning and thunder, kept prancing and curveting like trick ponies in a circus.

the best she rode give any symptoms of getting beyond her control. The rain fell in torrents, so that all of them were quickly drenched.

Vladimir halted not in the pace he had set. There was good reason for this, since none knew better than he what furious results sometimes followed such cloudbursts as this in the historic valley they were even then traversing.

Many times the road had been flooded, and travellers swept to the little stream that usually gurgled calmly through its winding length, transformed at such occasions into a fearful torrent.

That might happen now. He had said nothing to the others about this new danger, but when the sombre skies hurled down an electric bolt, which occurred several times a minute, and their surroundings became as light as day, the Cossack fearfully noted the myriad little streams rushing across the road, and how boisterous the rivulet alongside had become.

He had seen it rise from insignificance so that in ten minutes, as, almost half that, it became a frightful deluge—a tidal wave sweeping down the valley like a besom of destruction. God help them if that came to pass now, for their finish would be sure!

It would seem as though the very elements had united with his enemies to give Owen Dugdale a last desperate run for his money in his efforts to win the fair prize he valued so highly.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE FLOOD FUGITIVES. The crisis was alarmingly near. It seemed to Dugdale as though his whole body were composed of nerves, and each of them on end, such was the fearful strain.

Any one of a dozen things might occur to render their flight hopeless; but what he feared in all probability more than anything else was the chance of her horse stumbling. His arm was ever ready in the hope that should such a thing actually come to pass he might yet be able to snatch the Princess from her saddle ere she were lost.

Splashing along, now almost to their knees in the gathering waters, the horses pushed on, as if by some intuition they recognised the danger of their position, and that it was utterly impossible to turn back and live. No matter what lay in front, they must go on.

Dugdale looked about him, too. He desired to ascertain what chance there might be of climbing the face of the rock, out of the flood's greedy reach, in case matters reached such a desperate pass that they would be forced to abandon their horses.

It must be confessed that the outlook in this direction was anything but encouraging, and he realised they must cling to their steeds as long as possible.

Whether the pursuers had turned back, appalled by the horrors that awaited them in the valley, or still came plunging on, undaunted, he neither knew nor cared just then, for he needed to him the conditions had so materially changed that these rough-riders could no longer be counted as factors in the desperate struggle for life and happiness in which he was engaged.

The storm, the flood—those were the problems that confronted him, and to solve them must tax his greatest energies.

So they rode on. It was an awful situation, and might well have terrified any woman's soul to feel that she was in the midst of such a turmoil; but Isolde seemed to bear up under the ordeal with a heroism that amazed her protector.

True, she presented a pitiable figure, clasping the saddle with frenzied hands, her hair escaping from its confinement in the hood of her garment, and streaming in the wet and wind. Her clothes soaked and clinging to her dainty person, until she looked like some elfin sprite, child of the storm.

Still, she managed her horse with wonderful skill. A dozen times he had stumbled over unseen stones that lay under the boiling flood, and yet on each and every occasion she had jerked his head up with the true spirit of a horsewoman, and kept him on his feet.

Vladimir might have outdistanced the others had he chosen, but the gallant fellow drew a tight rein upon his eager steed. Their fate should be his also. He scorned to live if they must die.

It seemed almost continuously, so that they were not given over to the horrors of darkness at any time, for which Owen found himself grateful.

What mattered the reverberating boom of thunder, sounding as though the very mountain peaks had burst asunder with the violence of an unnumbered infernal as well as infernal force? Noise alone could not hurt them; it was the flood they had to fear.

A man might have had a voice equal to the siren of a sea-coast, shouting to weary mariners in foggy weather, and yet have failed to make himself heard when the mountain storm reached its worst. Wind, thunder, and roaring water all united to make a confusion that could hardly have been excelled since chaos reigned upon the earth.

Their horses were strong brutes. Vladimir had not been given a great latitude in choosing, but he had fortunately secured animals above the mediocres.

Up to this they had done fairly well in breasting the tremendous difficulties in their way. The horses at times were carried off their feet, and only recovered their footing after a desperate effort. Each apparently won the contest, for he feared it was the beginning, for he feared it could hardly last; for better or worse, a change must take place in their fortunes, and that right speedily.

Well, if it were the latter, he had made up his mind to take this girl he loved in his arms and make one last desperate attempt to save her. Failing that, he must meet their doom together in the common flood; and, strange as it may seem, he found consolation in the thought that they might not be separated even in death.

CHAPTER XXXIX. THROUGH PURGATORY TO PARADISE. It seemed interminable to Dugdale that awful journey through the valley, with the seething waters rising round them like hungry monsters seeking their prey.

When seconds count for hours, it is plainly manifest that one is living exceedingly fast. No wonder, then, that sometimes a night of horror and suspense, when life and death trembled in the balance, will whiteen hair that had erstwhile been as black as the raven's wing.

To Owen it seemed as though the fate of the whole world hung upon the next minute or two, and his mind, undoubtedly did, since it was bound up in this girl with the golden tresses, now the sport of the storm.

Fortunate, indeed, that he was on the alert against mishap. Suddenly, her horse seemed to put his fore feet into a hole, or else he stumbled over some more than ordinarily dangerous obstruction that lay out of sight under the boiling flood.

Down went the beast, and yet not quicker was his collapse than the swoop of Owen's waiting arm. It caught the girl before she was in the water, caught her tenderly but in a clutch of iron, and swept her up in front of the saddle.

And while he thus pressed this bedraggled little figure close to his heart, meanwhile trying to control his own staggering horse through the pitfalls that awaited them at every yard of the route, Dugdale was shouting at the top of his voice so that he might be heard above the crash of the riotous elements.

"Round my neck—clasp your arms! It is our last chance, Isolde, my darling!"

It was no time to remember that a few days of the existence of this orated girl—straight from his heart he spoke what he felt.

And she obeyed. She would have willingly done anything on earth he commanded, such was her implicit faith in this man who had entered so stormily into her life and taken complete possession there.

She threw her arms about his neck, and thus sustaining himself, gave him the chance he wanted to hold the girl with both hands.

A firm grasp of great assistance to a horse under such conditions, enabling the beast to recover from many a stumble that might otherwise be disastrous.

A minute might contain their destiny. Who could say? The waters were rising so fast that when five such lapses of time had passed, the spot where they now fought in three eight or ten would be buried under solid rock must be swept away.

A minute—sixty seconds—is often an eternity when peril threatens; worlds have been won and lost in that brief span. A minute—well, if it pleased Heaven, ere that time had elapsed they would have crossed the Styx, and be creeping up the ascent light, that led to safety.

Well it was that to be unusually bestrode turned out to be unusually strong and sure-footed; a double braced was on its back, and just now a stumble meant annihilation.

Perhaps the horse had intuition enough to understand this; certain it is that all his noble efforts won eternal gratitude from the heart of his desperate rider.

His very plunge might be their last; to go forward was facing terrible risks, but to attempt to stand still was inviting sure death.

Still Vladimir led and shouted. Dugdale felt a spark of hope flash within.

He suddenly realised that during the last half-dozen jumps of his steed the water did not seem to come up higher; he had been so constantly rising, it might have been expected that there would be a steady change for the worse.

But one explanation of this was possible; they must have already commenced to ascend on the other side of the lower depths.

The idea was madly exhilarating, for it promised relief, not merely a respite, but actual hope of escaping the terrible fate that threatened them from all sides.

In turn he endeavoured to communicate his newly awakened hopes to the brave girl who clung to him.

Though she made no answer, her hands seemed to tighten their hold about his neck, as though a new revelation to live had seized upon her.

But Dugdale watched to ascertain whether his companion gave evidence of a glorious realization. Soon he became satisfied, for the water, instead of gaining, began to lessen in depth. There was only the one danger now, lest they slip of the road and become helpless in the stream.

When he discovered that they were actually breasting a current, he knew to a certainty all was well, for this was fresh water seeking its level below. They had nothing to fear from it.

"We are saved!" he shouted, filled with a riotous joy, the reaction after his recent terror.

The Princess made no answer, and Dugdale, looking down, discovered that she had fainted, the fearful nature of her surroundings having been the cause of her after she had tightened her hold about his neck.

CHAPTER XL. CONCLUSION. Dugdale was not alarmed. He realised that this swoon on the part of the Princess Isolde was not serious, and their first thought must be to get beyond the reach of the treacherous flood.

Vladimir kept on as guide—Vladimir who had done so nobly that Dugdale could never forget it during the remainder of his life. Vladimir, who had thought it not unworthy to cast all he had on earth upon the altar of friendship.

By degrees the good fire, which Vladimir assiduously replenished with new wood, dried their garments, warmed them, and they even began to experience more or less comfort.

The Princess showed that she was drowsy, and Owen arranged a place for her to lie down where she might still feel enough of the cheery warmth. He and the Cossack talked over the situation.

Vladimir quieted any alarm he may have had lest the pursuers reach them. The torrent in the valley would not go down until long after daylight, and mortal man could not cross while it held possession below.

So, finally, Owen also dozed. Poor fellow! he had snatched sleep of late under various and strange conditions that were hardly conducive to refreshment of the wearied brain and body. Never mind, it was over now, the time in sight, and a whole future in which to enjoy the fruits of his victory so ably earned.

It was just like him to say not a word of love to the forlorn damsel. He seemed to appreciate his presence, with her dainty wardrobe so he dragged, and he was courteous enough not to take advantage of her misfortune.

Sometimes, when he met her eyes, she saw a blush sweep over her face. She was thinking of how she had called her by such a tender name.

Fellow! a true maidenly modesty that caused her to blush threw out a flag of distress, and Dugdale was man enough to resist the temptation.

"Wait until she is perfectly clothed and has got over the excitement. Then I mean to ask for my reward; for Heaven be praised, I believe she loves me even as I adore her. Princess or no Princess," was what he said to himself.

The morning dawned. With the rising of the sun they were on the move.

The scene in the valley was weird enough to give them a shiver in recollection of what they had so recently gone through.

It was not Dugdale's intention to dwell upon dismal subjects—the future was bright with the rainbow of promise, and he felt as though his spirits had reached the highest point.

So he laughed and chattered, making merry over the situation, and his good humour was so contagious that the forlorn damsel soon forgot the strange nature of her surroundings.

Vladimir insisted on walking ahead so that Dugdale could keep Isolde company.

The young man had noticed that she had attached to her girde a reticule of sea-shell, which seemed to be well pulled out, as though before her flight she had placed within what jewels and other things of value it was desirable to carry away with her, and Owen was more than ever of the opinion that the Princess was a very sensible girl.

Thus they came to the fort which stood on the north, behind which lay the ruins of the great city of the former allies, now independent Bulgarians.

Their reception was warm, when the story of their escape became known; any one who had made a laughing-stock of the dreaded Gratschew was welcome among these hardy mountaineers, who at the time were bound to the Sultan by ties that were soon to be broken.

Even here Dugdale did not feel safe, and when they had rested, and the Princess had done what was possible to repair the ravages of her wardrobe, another vehicle was sought, in which they set out on a long journey to Sophia.

By his own valour had already anticipated the whim of a Czar, for since the Princess was now plain Mrs. Dugdale, it was out of any one's power to dictate as to what her future might be.

Still, for Isolde's sake he was very glad, since she need not feel that she was an exile from her native land, even though she might never care to visit it to claim her ancestral estates.

Nor did they neglect to have the little family of Lieutenant Gourko provided for; and in due time Owen's money not only succeeded in clearing the name of that unfortunate martyr of the stigma that rested upon it, but the Government made haste to make all amends in his power.

Often Dugdale, in his charming English home, surrounded by beautiful trees, meadows and flowers, and such things as make it appear like a fairyland, looks back to those wild experiences accompanying the winning of Isolde, and his thoughts turn to Gratschew, long since gone to his soldier's grave, to the strange Irish-Russian, Major Kickoff, and others who were concerned in that stirring drama.

THE END.

PASTURING LUCERNE.

That lucerne is not a pasture plant has long been recognised by our farmers, and it is only as a rule indifferent landlords and rapacious tenants that take chances on grazing it.

Its intimate relation to the mower and the rake is coming to be appreciated and either as hay or as soil-crop it finds its highest efficiency.

This, however, need not imply that lucerne cannot be successfully grazed. It's rather a question as to how this is done and if certain precautions are followed grazing is not injurious.

A primary rule should be not to let stock on lucerne when there is no growth to feed on. A lucerne field should not be a loafing place for stock. Tramping is injurious to the crown and to the soil, as is also the eating of the tender shoots just as they start from the crown. The sheep should appeal to the taste of stock and in eating them, growth is not only stopped, but the older stalks and leaves are refused. Secondly, keep stock out of lucerne while the soil is soft from moisture.

In grazing lucerne, however, the important thing is to follow a system of letting it acquire a good growth, almost to the hay-making stage, and then feeding it down as close as the mower would cut it. At this stage remove the stock to another portion of the lucerne stand while the first part recovers its growth. Recently we visited a large California farm devoted to sheep on which this system was practiced. Although the plan had been in operation for many years, a better growth it has not been our privilege to witness in many a day.

Notwithstanding the claim that of all lucerne stands the most injurious as to a lucerne stand. The large farm was divided into many fields. The sheep would be turned into a full growth of the lucerne. When it was fed down they were transferred to another field and on this system of rotation the sheep were in a wonderful state of thrift, while the farm has gone on year after year with comparatively little need of reseed.

Rightly managed, lucerne can be successfully pastured by any kind of stock, but by pasturing or grazing we mean the eating of the lucerne plant; not the tender buds and shoots from the crown—"Pacific Dairy Review."

CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S "GRAND ERROR."

A document, said to be the longest letter ever written by Charlotte Bronte, is dated July 31, 1848, and is addressed to Mr. W. S. Williams, reader in the employ of Messrs. Smith and Elder, who chanced to discover the potentialities of "Jane Eyre."

It is apparent in the letter that Charlotte Bronte's identity and that of her two sisters—who wrote "Agnes Grey" and "Wuthering Heights"—was revealed to Mr. Williams at a time when she was supposed to have confided solely in her father, for she writes as follows:—

Permit me to caution you not to speak of my sister when you write to me. I committed a grand error in betraying her identity to you and Mr. Smith—it was inadvertent—the words, "before" was aware I regretted the moment I had made it. I regret it bitterly now, for I find it is against every feeling of "Ellis Bell." (Emily Bronte).

THE FARM.

THE MANY USES OF LIME.

From a prize essay read by C. S. Van Nuis at the Short Course at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, we glean the following extracts on this important topic:—

"All the higher orders of plants contain lime, and lime is an important factor in the structure of all our daily food stuffs. Animals contain somewhat of lime to provide against natural bone waste. All farm stock require a daily supply of lime in their food to maintain properly the build up a normal body frame."

"No material food, from wheat to cheaply purified air of some of our cellings as whitewash, and such things as ground lime, and lime, gradually find their way into the walls of our houses. The lime in the floor covering is a lime, which is easily removed and easily preserved, and is not applicable to farm lands."

It should be remembered in regard to the above that the author is speaking of carbonates of lime and not quick lime, which is a very different matter. Where, formerly, lime was used for the purpose of whitewashing, it was good till and neutralising, and it increased in quantity with the crops, and was not washed away by the rain. It was not so with the lime which is now used for whitewashing, and which is washed away by the rain, and is not so good for the soil as the former.

The best lime for agricultural purposes is the soft lime, which is the most abundant in nature. It is not so good as the hard lime, but it is more easily absorbed by the soil, and it is more easily removed from the soil by the rain. It is not so good as the hard lime, but it is more easily absorbed by the soil, and it is more easily removed from the soil by the rain.

Lime is a very important element in the soil, and it is necessary to have a sufficient amount of it in the soil. It is not so good as the hard lime, but it is more easily absorbed by the soil, and it is more easily removed from the soil by the rain. It is not so good as the hard lime, but it is more easily absorbed by the soil, and it is more easily removed from the soil by the rain.

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