A TERROR TO EVIL-DOERS.

CHAPTER I.

The town of Picton stands on the high-road between Melbourne and the gold-fields of Victoria. It is now the centre of a large pastoral district, with railway communication with the capital and a growing population that divides itself into castes in the orthodox old-country style.

But twenty years ago it was a small place, important chiefly because it was the only township within thirty miles, and because inside its walls—such as they were—all the organizations of civilization was concentrated There were churches in Picton—an Episcopal church and a Baptist chapel; there was a store and a court-house; and a doctor had lately set up in practice. Being an energetic young fellow, who believed that skill and earnestness are worth as much in a new country as capital is in an old one, he was doing well; though his patients paid their fees in gold-dust and sheep and grain as often as in coin of the realm. Yet he was not a happy man this mild March day, as he stood in the veranda of the vicarage, looking with irritated admiration at a girl whose yellow dress and tawny brown hair and eyes harmonised with the brilliant autumn tints of the creepers that twined around the posts and hung in long trails from the roof.

Madge Renton, the vicar's daughter, was not the belle of Picton; that pre-eminence was claimed by Jenny Birch, the innkeeper's only child, who had golden hair, and a pink and white complexion, and three times as many new gowns as Miss Renton. But tastes differ, and though the miners from up the country and the occasional travellers who for any reason, or none, stopped at Picton, all admired Miss Birch, Dr. Philip Sewell did not think her worth looking at when Madge was by. He would have been well content to have had this eccentric taste all to himself; but unfortunately, it was shared by another member of the small community, and that the most important one in it. The Law by common consent ranks above Medicine in our social organization—the newspaper which spoke of "the value of life and the sacredness of property" only echoed the public sentiment which has fixed the respective status of the professions—and though the Church is supposed to rank above either, it is to be feared that the lawyer, above all when he is magistrate as well, bulks more largely in popular esteem than the parson. At least that was the case in Picton, where Captain Frere, the "police magistrate," was decidedly the greatest man in the place.

He had been in the army before he came to Australia, and had been invalided after the Crimean War, which at once made him something of a hero. He was, moreover, a distant cousin of a peer who had once been Governor of Victoria; and it was to this connection that he owed his present appointment, given him when his health seemed so shattered as to make active service impossible. The Australian climate had restored him to strength, and if one might judge from expression as well as looks, to more hope and energy than he had seemed capable of when he came to Picton, two years before the day when Dr. Sewell—a later arrival still—lost his temper with Madge Renton after having already lost his heart to her.

The girl sat rocking herself in a light canechair as if trying by the motion to keep some inward vexation from finding vent in words. A faint flush stained her usually pale cheeks, and her tawny eyes looked darker with anger. Miss Jenny Birch who had been known to describe Madge as "a red-haired, white-faced thing," had never seen her look so beautiful; for it was Miss Renton's wont to go about the world rather coldly, except when love or pity of anger roused her soul and her features to some excitement.

There was considerable excuse for the indignation she was now showing. Dr. Sewell had the habit of candour, and he had been indulging in it to the full, under circumstances when reticence would have been especially advisable. He had just asked Miss Renton to marry him; and his request being refused he had demanded the reason of her negative reply, and begged her to reconsider it. At first Madge had merely

General naval experts are testing the reiterated her assurance that she could never accept him; but she liked him just well enough to hate wounding him, and in order that she might not seem to be doing so without cause, she at last explained that she was engaged—privately, not even her father knew of it—to Captain Lewis Frere. At this raint the rejected suitor's duty was clearly to bow to the hand of destiny and retire from the contest with as much dignity as he could muster.

This, which he ought to have done was exactly what Philip did not do. He looked aghast, shocked, indignant, and ejaculated almost unconsciously; "Engaged to that old—fogey!"

Madge felt certain that a harsher word than fogey was in his mind, though he managed to restrain it; and fogey was bad enough. A girl who is thoroughly in love with a man considerably her senior can laugh at the surprise of her friends; but when she is not quite sure that he is the one man in the world for her, when she has been carried away by the novelty of wooing, and by the knowledge that a man who has been all round the world and has tried all life's flavors for five-and-forty years, seeks as the best gift it can give him her untutored self—when vanity has dictated her acceptance more than love, she is apt to resent very deeply any insinuation that, after all, her prize is not so very well worth winning. She must prove that it is a pearl of price; she requires to convince herself of it as much as any one else; and she is very indignant when another gives utterance to the doubt that has been lurking half-suspected in her her own mind.

Fogey, indeed! How dare Philip Sewell that a tsuch a word! It is true that Lewis was a little bald, and had a few crow's feet about his eyes and that there were white streaks in that beautiful beard of his. She was sure Philip would have been only too proud if he had had a beard as long and flowing, instead of a miserable little moustshave it off; it certainly did make him ache. Still, she would make Lewis look older, and there was no need to do that. But he wasn't a fogey!

"You are very courteous!" she exclaimed in tones that made Philip feel how lacking in courtesy he had been.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Renton; I had no right to speak as I did; but—but—you know"—

"O yes, I know! I know that boys of four or five and twenty" (Philip was twenty-six, and this was as near it as she dared venture) "always try to disparage men who have reached the age of wisdom. They are jealous of them, I suppose."

"No, they're not," said Philip bluntly; "except—that is—except when—when"—

"Pray, don't make exceptions out of consideration for me. I am quite prepared to admit that very young men don't appreciate the qualities of those who have more experience than themselves; but women, fortunately, are different," said Miss Madge, who had just passed her nineteenth birthday, with a grand air.

"I hope they are! That is, I hope you are in love with this fellow, Frere, though I don't see how you can be. And I don't believe you are."

"Dr. Sewell how dare you speak in such a fashion!"

"I beg your pardon; I am very stupid. I know I have no right to criticise your choice. I am mad—jealous, I suppose. But when a man has his best hope taken away from him, he"— The words ceased, a certain husky feeling that had been in Philip's throat since the moment Madge said "No" having suddenly became so marked as to prevent articulation.

The girl grew softer when she saw how moved he was. "I am very sorry, Philip, very sorry," she said gently; "but you see I am not free, and you will find somebody else who will suit you better.'"

"Never!" he exclaimed stoutly. "Even a boy may know his own mind, when he is a boy of twenty-six, and I know that I shall never love any one but you."

She was about to combat this opinion, which would probably have resulted in a new development of the original quarrel between them, when her father appeared. The Rev. Mr. Renton was an anxious-looking man, who seemed to feel how little his Oxford training was adapted to his Australian environment. He had come to the antipodes first because his health was weak; and when the pure soft air had healed his feeble lungs, he began to look for some sphere of work in the new land. It was in the purest missionary spirit that he had come to Picton ten years before; and it was in a missionary spirit sublimed to a forlorn-hope that he clung to his post in spite of the bitter consciousness of failure. A few, the more aristocratic portion of the Picton community, came to his church; but the majority of those who cared for religious exercises at all went to the chapel. This consciousness of failure in his life-work gave the parson an apologetic air, even before those who, like Dr. Sewell, were loyal members of his flock. Philip did not indeed see that Mr. Renton was nervous in his presence; but he perceived, and confided to himself—having no other confidant whom he could trust with a disparaging judgment of Miss Renton's father—that the vicar almost cringed to Captain Frere; and at this moment he glared at his inoffending pastor, being suddenly struck with the idea that he had forced his daughter to accept the captain.

(To Be Continued.)

THE QUEEN'S NARROW ESCAPES.

Attempts Which Have Been Made to Assassinate Her Majesty.

Since she has been on the throne, Queen Victoria has had several narrow escapes from assassins. The first attempt on her life was made by Edward Oxford on June 10, 1840. He discharged a pistol at Her Majesty when she was going up Constitution Hill. The man was quite mad, and after being captured was sent to Bedlam and thence to Dartmoor, where, after 35 years, he was transported to Australia, where he set up in business as a house painter.

Nearly two years later, on May 30, 1842, and almost in the same place, John Francis fired at the Queen. He was sentenced to death for this act, but was afterward reprieved and was transported to Tasmania.

The third attempt was made on July 3 by a deformed youth named John William Bean, but his pistol missed fire. He was imprisoned for 18 months in Newgate.

Again, in May, on the 19th, in the year 1849, and a third time on Constitution Hill, William Hamilton fired at Her Majesty. He, however, was only sentenced to transportation for seven years for this act.

In the following year, Lieutenant Pate committed another outrage, but he had no murderous intent. Just as Her Majesty was leaving Cambridge House Pate struck her over the face with a cane, and, like Hamilton, was sentenced to transportation for seven years.

The last occasion on which anybody attempted to injure Her Majesty was two days after the thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, when a young man named Arthur O'Connor approached Her Majesty's carriage in the courtyard of Buckingham Palace and threatened the Queen with a pistol. John Brown, who was then Her Majesty's closest personal attendant, seized the youth, and took the revolver from him which was found to be unloaded.

In A Treasure Ship.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a curious sensation, and a minute or two passed before I could realize what had happened. Even that ghastly looking object, with its livid arms and mangled, shapeless body and head that now lay limp and flaccid on the deck, seemed for the moment hardly more substantial than a dream. After a few moments I put out my hand and touched it, and with the touch it all came back to me.

"But the gold, Tom," I exclaimed, eagerly, looking into Madison's face; "surely the native brought up some of the gold with him."

Tom smiled and glanced at the captain, and the captain shook his head.

"Have a drop more brandy," sir," he said; "ye ain't shook the water out o' yer head, not yet," and the worthy skipper held a glass of neat brandy to my lips as he spoke. I groaned. It was just what I had expected. Of course, they didn't believe in the treasure-ship, and I had nothing to show—nothing at least but the remains of that wretched devil-fish, and, of course, that proved nothing. I looked from one to the other, and then my eye rested on the black, who seemed to be the one referred to as Boru by Madison.

"Did the nigger tell you where he found me?" I asked, looking at Tom.

"No, Boru isn't communicative, and it was just about all he could do to speak at all by the time he got you up. But where do you think you were?" said Tom, with a little more curiosity in his eyes.

"In the hold of the Spanish galleon, to be sure," I said, promptly, "within a couple of feet of the treasure."

"The devil, you were!" exclaimed Tom, in a startled tone.

"Look here, Tom," I said, as I proceeded to get up, "if it hadn't been for that brute of a fish, I'd have brought gold enough on board with me to convince all hands, and as it is I'm going back to get it."

Tom's face looked puzzled, as if he hardly knew what to think, but there was no hesitation about the captain's jolly visage as he exclaimed, "Not you, my hearty. That thundering devil-fish has got into yer head, but ye'll be all right when ye've had an hour or two's snooze."

I put my hand on Tom's shoulder, "Come on below, old man," I said, "and I'll tell you all about it."

The skipper nodded to Madison. "That's talkin', now," he said. "Get him to lie down for a bit, till he gets over it, Mr. Madison, I should like to hear about it myself, only I've got to go ashore again now. Keep the yarn till I come back, Mr. Hall, ye'll tell it all the better for a sleep."

"Now, what's to be done, Madison," I asked, as we sat half an hour later on opposite sides of the table in the little saloon of the brig.

I had told the story to Tom just as it had happened, and he had sat and followed it word by word without ever taking his eyes off my face till I had finished. Now he looked at me for a moment, or two, as if he was going over it in his mind—then he spoke with a sort of gasp.

"You're dead sure there was no mistake, Hall," he said, "it was coin you saw trickling into the water?"

"Sure!" I ejaculated with contempt. "Should I want to go back again for fun, do you suppose?"

"Well," he said, after thinking for half a minute, "there's only one way that I can think of—you'll have to go down again. I'd go myself in a moment, old man, but the chances are I shouldn't find it."

I jumped up and gripped Tom by the hand, as I exclaimed, "That's what I say, but how are we going to manage it? They'll try to stop me going."

"The skipper would, sure enough," said Tom, with a laugh, "but I can manage the others while he's gone ashore. I'll go and talk to the mate now while you get into the togs again. I'll have to offer him a share, though, I expect."

"Oh," I said, "of course, we'll all share, Tom. There'll be something for everybody if we can once get it up."

Ten minutes later, I went on deck ready to face it again, and the moment I looked at the men I could see that Tom had been as good as his word. There was more curiosity than ever in the glances thay cast at me, but there was a look of suppressed eagerness about the mate's face that convinced me he would forward my enterprise by every means in his power.

"Look here, sir," he said, coming up to me, "do ye think ye could pilot us somewhere near the spot? Mr. Madison tells me ye saw it from the deck, and I should feel more easy in my mind if I could feel sure as there were no mistake afore ye went down."

The idea seem a good one, and in less than five minutes we were in the boat, two sailors rowing, and the mate and Tom peering over the gunwale on each side, while I did my best to direct the men as I sat in the stern. We rowed some little distance, and then I bade them turn and come back, but as yet we had seen nothing. I could see the mate glance up once or twice as if he began to doubt, and I was puzzled myself. Surely we were too close to the brig, now, I thought, and yet we seemed to have taken the right track, too. I stooped over the side, and gazed into the glassy depths and even as I did so a shadow seemed to rise from the bottom. I grasped the gunwale and stared into the water. Yes; there it was again. The same shapeless, yet suggestive, rock I had looked at from the brig.—the same. "Stop rowing!" I shouted. "Back-water, men!"

In another minute we lay perfectly still, and, to my surprise, not more than thirty yards from the brig. Tom and the mate gazed downwards, for some seconds without speaking, and then the latter looked up. "'Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed, "if I don't believe as it is a ship after all!"

I put on the helmet which lay on the seat beside me, and Tom saw to the fastenings. I motioned to the men to pull a stroke and then to stop. Tom saw that the gear was clear, and the hands on the brig looked after the pump, and in another instant I had lowered myself over the stern. Tom put a large butcher's knife into my hand, and nodded. Then I let go. We had judged our distance well, for when I felt my feet touch the bottom, and looked around, I found that I was standing once more on the sloping deck of the Spanish galleon. A step or two, and I had reached the edge of the hold, and then I paused. A strong shudder ran through me as I looked into the darker depths below, and for a moment I hesitated. Then I looked upwards, and there, surrounded by a halo of coloured light, I saw the boat floating motionless overhead. I could fancy I saw faces peering down at me through the water, and I felt that I was not alone. In another moment I had dropped into the hold.

It looked strangely familiar as I cast a quick glance around me in the liquid twilight, but I felt that I couldn't afford to pause. I turned my face resolutely to the darker shadows, and descended the slope step by step into the darkness below. I was determined to succeed, and yet the effort was the greatest I had ever made in my life. My quick glances seemed to travel round my little horizon with the speed of lightning. Each coral branch, each sponge or hairy medusa that trembled in the moving water made my heart stand still and my feet falter; and yet went on. I gripped the knife I held in my hand with a fiercer clasp, and held it in front of me, so that I could faintly see the glitter of the blade, and it seemed to give me courage, Step by step I went on into the shadow.

At last I had reached the place. If it had only been by the sharp shudder that passed through me I should have known that it was the same. Yes, there was the black heap of piled up cases once more; there the black cavern out of which the arms had stolen—I could fancy I saw and felt them again. I stopped. I waited in breathless expectation; but nothing happened. Then I stooped forward into the darkness and groped blindly in the shadow. I gave a cry as I felt my gauntlet close upon something the touch of which seemed familiar even through the leather—it was gold!

I am not sure how I got back to the daylight. At the touch of the coins, and still more I think at the yellow gleam as I held up a handful close to my eyes, the same rush of wild feelings of exultation came back that I had felt before when first it dawned on me that I had found the treasure. I found my way back somehow; I pulled the signal rope as agreed, and still in the same state of unnatural excitement, I found myself hoisted through the water to the side of the brig. The boat was there before me, and the first things I saw as my eyes recovered from the dazzled feeling with which they confronted the white sunlight, were the eagerly staring faces, of Tom, the mate and the sailors. The mate grasped me by the arm and he and Tom hauled me on board the boat, and then, for the first time I opened my hands and let the flashing sunlight glitter on the quaint gold coins that had lain hid so long amidst the coral beds of Illolo Bay.

As I had anticipated, the evidence of the gold was irresistible, and even the skopper was ready to confess that there might be a case in which an amateur descent was worth the risk involved. We moved the brig to the spot, and the task of getting up the treasure proved less laborious than might have been expected.

For my own part, I didn't go down again. Now that the excitement was at an end I found that the strain had told upon me more than I had any idea of at the time. I was, however, the hero of the party without a rival from that day forward, and I confess the position was a pleasant one, as I lay on an extemporized couch under an awning sail, and watched bag after bag of yellow gold deposited on the deck beside me as it was hoisted out of the hold of the Spanish galleon, where it had been guarded so long and so well by the great devil-fish of Illolo Bay.

(The end.)

THOUSANDS SEE A HANGING.

Tom Delk Executed Before 6,000 Persons in an Open Field at Zebulon, Ga.

Tom Delk, the Georgia outlaw, was hanged at Zedulon, Georgia, on Friday afternoon. He was marched from his cell to an open field and died in view of fully 6,000 people. On the way to the gallows Tom bowed to the men and smiled as he took his hat off to the women. He was in good humor and said, as he looked at the throng:

"Looks like it was election day, don't it?"

Fully half an hour was taken up in the journey to the scaffold, the crowds blocking the way, but finally all the intervening fields had been traversed and the fences torn down, and Tom ran up the steps of the gallows with his hat in his hand. He made a speech declaring his father, Taylor Delk, innocent of the crime of killing Sheriff Gwyn, for which both father and son have been sentenced three times to death. Tom helped Sheriff Millner to adjust the noose and shook hands with everybody within reach. The crowd was half crazy with excitement, when the trap was sprung, and no effort was made to preserve the order. The drop fell at 2.06, and at 2.26 o'clock the physicians pronounced Tom dead.

A SMASHER.

Mrs. Grumpy—What makes you think that the cook will break her marriage engagement with the policeman?

Mr. Grumpy—Because the bills show that she is breaking everything she can get near.

MERELY AN ACCIDENT.

Miss Shamley, you assured me you would say nothing about that matter. Why have you broken your word?

It was accidental. I dropped it with a lot of other gossip.

NAMES OF COUNTRIES.

The Meaning of Some Which Are Most Commonly Known.

Everybody knows the origin of the name America, but not so many are aware that Europe means broadface in Greek; that Asia is the land of the dawn, and that Africa comes from a Phoenician word meaning a black man, and is literally "the land of the blacks." The Latin word australis, southern, gives a name to Australia. The ancients knew only the lands around the Mediterranean, and for this reason considered that sea "in the middle of the world." The Adriatic is named from the city of Adria, the black town, which was so called because it was built up on the black soil brought down by the River Po.

The origin of the name Canada is unknown. Mexico comes from nexitl, the Aztec war god. Honduras means deep water; Costa Rica, rich coast, and Nicaragua, sweet water. Venezuela, meaning little Venice, was so named because some of its people built their houses over the water, as the Venetians did. When the Spaniard asked the Indians of a part of Central America, the name of their country, they answered: "Junca tan?" ("What do you say"?) and th ecountry was called Yucatan in consequence. Brazil was so named because the wood of a certain tree of that country was thought to resemble in color the coals in a brazier. Ecuador means equator; Argentine, silver; Chili, the land of snow; Patagonia, the land of big feet, and Paraguay,

THE RIVER OF WATERS.

Only men from bleak northern latitudes could have named Greenland and Labrador, the last meaning land that might be cultivated.

Britain is a word of uncertain origin. The name may come from the Celtic britii, painted, applied to the inhabitants, because they painted their bodies; or from the Phoenician baratanic, the land of tin, because the Phoenicians visited Cornwall for tin. England is Angle-land, the Angles being one of the Teutonic tribes that overran the island. Scotland is the land of Scots, or "wanderers." Ireland may derive its name from Ir, a Spanish chief, who invaded the country early in the Christian era.

The German Franks, who settle among the Celtic tribes of Gaul, gave their name to France, themselves deriving it from franca, a kind of spear with which they were armed. Belgium takes its name from the Belgae, who possessed one of the three parts of "All Gaul" in Caesar's time. The Suevi, another tribe mentioned by Cæsar, gave their name to Sweden. Holland means marsh ground, and nearly the same meaning is preserved in the present name of the country—Netherlands, the underlands, or lowlands. Denmark is plainly the march or territory of the Danes.

Austria is Oesterreich, the Eastern Empire. Prussia is the land of the Borussi, and Russia is the country of the Russ, a Swedish tribe that overran a part of the land and founded the empire at Novgorod.

The name Germany is of uncertain origin. By some it is supposed to be derived from Dschermania, the name of a region in central Asia. The Germani, a tribe whose name means "followers of Buddha," lived in Persia in the days of Herodotus. Switzerland, gets its name from Schweiz, the name of

THE THREE CANTONS

that first asserted their independence of Austria. Spain, Latin Hispania, comes from the Phoenician spahan, a rabbit, the country in early times abounding in these animals. Portugal is derived by some from Portus Cale, the ancient name of Oporto; others find in the word portus Gallae, the gateway of Gaul. Italy comes either from Italus, an early tribal chief of the country, or from the Greek italos, a young bullock. The Greeks called their country Hellas, and themselves Hellenes, but the Romans named the land from the Graecii, a tribe of Epirus.

Turkey means tributary people; Persia, the land of brightness; Arabia, the district of the desert-man; Hindustan, fixed dwelling place; Siam, dark land, from the color of the soil, and Ceylon, lions. Japan is a corruption of Zipangu, the name of the country as given by Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, who visited it in the thirteenth century.

The derivation of Egypt is unknown. Morocco is the territory of the Moors, and Barbary that of the Berbers. Soudan means the district of the blacks. "The Desert of Sahara" is a needless repetition, for Sahara means desert. Gibraltar is "the mountain of Tarif," who, with a Saracen army, built a castle on the rock in the eighth century. In South Africa, Transvaal is the country beyond the Vaal River, and Natal owes its name to the fact that it was discovered on Christmas, the dies antalis of Christ.

THE THEATRE HAT.

At last the theatre hat is about to be "circumwented," as Sam Weller would have said. A London optician has invented a stereotelescope which enables a person to see a performance on the stage, no matter if a woman wearing an Eiffel tower, with a cascade of lace, two or three waterfalls of ribbon, and a whole ornithological and floral exhibition on it, does occupy the seat in front of him. The instrument is a form of binocular, by means of which a corrected and highly magnified view of anything at a distance may be seen either at the sides of or over the obstruction, even when the looker is looking through the glasses directly at the obstruction. The new opera glass attains its object by an arrangement of telescopic lenses in two arms six or eight inches long, which bring a reflection of the object aimed at to a point in front of the eyes.

WELL QUALIFIED.

What makes you think Smoothly is an experienced fisherman?

Because he is one of the most natural and artistic liars I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.