

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 were 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 harmonized 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 cane chair 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 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 point 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 to 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 own mind.

"Fogey, indeed! How dare Philip Sewell that a touch 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 mustache. 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—"

"O yes, I know. I know that boys of four or five are 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—"

"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 criticize your choice. I am mad—jealous, I suppose. But when a man has his best words taken away from him, he—"

"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 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 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 confessed 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 three 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 afterwards 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 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 better 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 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 were trickling into the water?"

"Shure!" 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—ye'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 expect to have to offer him a share, though."

"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 there was more curiosity than ever in their glances that 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 somewhere near the spot? Mr. Madison tells me ye saw it from the main, but I should feel more easy in my deck, 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 a 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 right gunwale into the glassy depths and, 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 shape, less, yet suggestive, rock I had looked at from the brig—the same. "Stop rowing!" I shouted. "Back-water, "

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 that passed through me I should have known that it was the same. Yes, there once more, there the black cavern out of which the arms had stolen—I could fancy I saw and felt them again. I stopped; but nothing 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 clasp 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 so 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 same rope as agreed, and still in the same state of unnatural excitement, I found myself hoisted through the water to the top 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 hailed 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 Iloilo Bay.

As I had anticipated, the evidence of the gold was irresistible, and even there the skipper 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 work 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 day 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 Iloilo Bay.

(The end.)

THOUSANDS SEE A HANGING.

Tom Delk Executed Before 6 000 Persons in an Open Field at Zedulon, 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 in front of the crime-killing Sheriff Gwyn, for which both father and son had been sentenced three times to death. Tom helped Sheriff Miller 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 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.

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One of the bases upon which claim superiority to women of capacity on the part of business, by which they get and the care of men, they insist, are natural, able of unraveling the mystic counts, cannot understand involving the use of more beyond simple addition, idea of the value of money as it represents expenses, and other luxuries, a real ground of this insister fault to say. It cannot be the different mental counts men and women, for this is not sufficient to warrant a charge. There are men who rival men in their mathematics, and who know well that a supply of it does not indicate a balance. There are many, also, who business quite as successful who have not originally been it. Look at the successful boarding houses, at the dressmakers, the proprietors, schools, etc. In many of stores in this country the chief departments, the bookkeepers, are women. It to be quite as assiduous in quite as competent and than the majority of men half of the occupants of stores are women.

It cannot be charged, women are less desirous than men, nor that special repugnance to by methods which do lower their social caste, they are quite as economical and they often display the care of property, or holding on to it, unequal Statistics show that the failures among women are less than among men, that they are more careful willing to take risks. Unless her instincts are with by her affection—for an incurable disposition to whom they like—a woman out of ten a better guardian than a man. She is therefore more suspicious her caution often amount to er of anxiety as to possible. In investments shunting losses rather than profits, and prefers four interest with absolute safety cent. with any risk. Scarcely possible disaster recognize any margin be safety and danger. It is business view-point that her a better guardian of the man.

Again, in the matter of gain, the woman is far more. She may be deficient, as the man declares, unable to foot up a colt three times in succession result. But all the same an account of her expenditure the year, while the man do so goes to smash their New Year's day. And she habitually postpone accounts, she knows instinct is keeping well within. She had charge of household generations, the habit from mother to daughter ship has become a shelter. She insists on getting for expenditures, the shopkeeper in a woman could not bring his will go or send all over constant consumption of difficult to waste the cash phase of feminine. The majority of cases the woman absolute control hold expenditure, and throws upon her in responsibility for making the fortune which he cumulate. He knows the details of expenditure at all of the manner can best be effected. The year he quietly deposits results of the woman peering at her lack of dity. He really believes the money, and that for his firm grasp would have spent it singular still, the woman to think so too. Other illustration of the women, and their habitly some men must the real business domestic concern, and knowing it, they still old cry about women finance. Why do the fuse in making their wives, whom they lives held responsibilities, as executors. Why do lawyers own wives about to and who take their money warn their clients their property in the trol of a woman? What about property so prevent women from party? We refuse to simply because we of losing their position must perforce be imprudent that they properly taking care is truly that they do