The Consett Guardian

AND DERWENT VALLEY ADVERTISER.

An ADVERTISING MEDIUM for Annfield Plain, Blackhill, Consett, Lanchester, Leadgate, Shotley Bridge, &c.

No. 801. | REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD. | SATURDAY, JANUARY 1ST, 1876. | PRICE ONE PENNY.

Business Announcements.

J. BATES
HOUSE CARPENTER, JOINER, UNDERTAKER, HARDWAREMAN,
HARVEY STREET, CONSETT. 675s

JOSEPH OLEY,
AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER,
10, WOOD STREET,
SHOTLEY BRIDGE. 220c

IF YOUR WATCH STOPS,
TAKE IT TO
ADOLPHUS MAY,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER, &c.,
4, FRONT STREET, CONSETT. 222g

JOHN JENKINS,
AUCTIONEER,
HOUSE AGENT, AND APPRAISER,
TRAFALGAR STREET, CONSETT.

PARTIES leaving the Neighbourhood can have their Furniture, &c., turned into Cash on the shortest notice. 660a

HARMONIUMS! PIANOFORTES!!
—TH,
CARR AND SH... LERS,
HARMONIUM DEA...
ANNFIELD PLAIN.

HARMONIUMS from £4 10s. to £80. PIANOFORTES from £20 to £100. Harmoniums exchanged.

JENKINS'S
REAL ORIGINAL
BUTTER-SCOTCH DROPS,
Sold Wholesale and Retail by
W. JENKINS,
CONFECTIONER,
MOUNT PLEASANT, CONSETT.

Refreshments supplied at the shortest notice on Court Days, viz., Mondays and Alternate Thursdays. 691l

THE TEST OF TWENTY YEARS
HAS FULLY PROVED THAT
THE PATENT LEVER WATCHES
MADE BY
JOHN D. CARIS,
20, HIGH STREET, GATESHEAD,
ARE THE
BEST TIMEKEEPERS ON RECORD,
WHILE THEY ARE ALSO
CHEAPER IN PRICE.
Buyers of the above, within a radius of twelve miles, are allowed third-class railway fare. 235a

BLACKETT STREET TEA AND GROCERY WAREHOUSE,
91 & 93, BLACKETT STREET,
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

JAMES JOHNSON, Family Grocer and Tea Dealer. Teas, Coffees, and Spices of the Choicest quality. Good Useful Teas from 2s. per pound. Coffees, 1s. per pound. Household Soaps from 3d. per pound. All kinds of Dryaltery Goods cheap and of the best quality. Hotels and families supplied at wholesale prices.
TERMS—CASH. 879a

SECOND YEAR OF ATTENDANCE AT CONSETT.
ARTIFICIAL TEETH.
MR. L. MARKHAM, Surgeon Dentist, attends Consett every MONDAY, at Mr. BRENTON'S, Victoria Hotel, from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Persons who have been imposed upon by unskilled pretenders to Dentistry may have their Artificial Teeth Remodelled, and made to Fit the Mouth, thus ensuring true comfort and mastication.
Teeth from 5s. to £1 1s.; Sets from £3 to £12.
TOWN ADDRESS—40, NORTHUMBERLAND STREET. Established 1832. 663o

IMPROVED CONCRETE FLOORING.
JOHN DOVE & CO.,
35, CLOSE, NEWCASTLE.

PORTLAND and ROMAN CEMENT supplied to Contractors, Builders, and others in any quantities. CONCRETE FLOORING for Coach-houses, Stables, Kitchens, and Out-houses, done by experienced Workmen. Is not effected by Damp or Heat, more durable than Flags, and not more than HALF THE PRICE.
OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE, 35, CLOSE.

ADOLPHUS MAY,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER, &c.,
4, FRONT STREET, CONSETT,
BEGS to thank his Friends and the Public in general for the kind support given to him during the three years he has been in business, and hopes that, by strict attention and punctuality to business, he will continue to receive the favours so liberally bestowed on him.
A. M. also wishes to announce that he has succeeded in getting the services of a thoroughly PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER'S ASSISTANT, who will do all Work connected with the trade with the greatest care and punctuality.
Work in the Country promptly executed. 281g

THE NOTED BOOTS AND SHOES.
THOMAS CRESSWELL,
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER,
RESPECTFULLY announces to the Inhabitants of Consett, Blackhill, Leadgate, and surrounding District that, in order to supply the increasing demand for
HIS NOTED BOOTS AND SHOES,
He has OPENED SHOPS in
VICTORIA STREET, CONSETT;
DERWENT STREET, BLACKHILL;
AND
FRONT STREET, LEADGATE.
At any of these Establishments parties can at all times rely upon being supplied with a good Article at a moderate price.
Repairing executed on the premises.
AN EARLY CALL KINDLY SOLICITED.

JOHN W. DAVISON,
CABINETMAKER, FURNITURE BROKER, IRONMONGER, &c.,
FRONT STREET, CONSETT,
AND CATCHGATE,
HAS now on hand the largest and best made Stock of FURNITURE in the district.
IRON BEDSTEADS in great variety, from 16s. 6d. upwards.
MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, FLOCKS, RABBIT DOWN.
A large Stock of New Patterns in PAPER HANGINGS.
PERAMBULATORS. HARDWARE.
Agent for the HOME WASHER and MANGLING MACHINES.
BURY'S and HARDY'S PATENT PICKS and SMAFTS. 676f

Business Announcements.

BIRD'S EYE RETURNS.
DICKINSON,
TOBACCO MANUFACTURER,
23 & 24, BIGG MARKET,
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

A. RICHARDSON,
CABINETMAKER, FURNITURE BROKER, IRONMONGER, &c.,
POST OFFICE, 26 AND 28, DURHAM ROAD, BLACKHILL,
HAS always on hand the largest, cheapest, and best made Stock of Furniture in the Locality.
Iron and Brass Bedsteads in great variety.
Feathers, Flocks, Rabbit Down, Mattresses, and Bed Ticking.
Perambulators, Wringing and Mangling Machines, Hardy's Patent Picks, Hardware, and Fancy Goods.
Paraffin Lamps, newest designs.
A. R. would specially call attention to the new Patent "Doty" Lamp. The most superior Lamp that has been invented and gives a light equal to sixteen sperm candles and more brilliant than gas, while it consumes no more oil than an ordinary Lamp. 72g

SUPERIOR WATCHES, SHIP CHRONOMETERS, ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLOCKS,

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Silver Patent Lever Watches..	3	10	0	to 27	0	0
Gold Patent Lever Watches..	10	10	0	to 40	0	0
Geneva Silver Watches.....	2	2	0	to 5	5	0
Geneva Gold Watches.....	5	5	0	to 30	0	0
Ship Chronometers.....	27		0	to 60	0	0

LISTER AND SONS,
WATCHMAKERS TO THE QUEEN,
CHRONOMETER MAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY,
12, 14, & 16, MOSLEY STREET,
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE. 592a

JOSHUA LAX,
FURNISHING IRONMONGER,
SHOTLEY BRIDGE,
BEGS leave to call attention to a large Stock of CRYSTAL PERISCOPE and BUREKA SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES, just received, unequalled by any for their strengthening and preserving qualities. Too much cannot be said as to their Superiority over the ordinary Glasses worn. There is no glimmering, wavering of the sight, dizziness, or other unpleasant sensation, but, on the contrary, from the perfect construction of the Lenses, they are soothing and pleasant, causing a feeling of relief to the wearer, and producing a Clear and Distinct Vision, as in the Healthy Sight. They Preserve as well as Assist the Sight.
To those who are in want of an excellent SEWING MACHINE, J. L. begs to call their attention to the Singer, Family, Medium, and Tailoring Machines, for which he has the sole agency in this district. Sold on the instalment system or a liberal discount allowed for cash.
Rimington's Manglers, the HOME WASHER (never beaten in competition), and Taylor's Patent Sewing Machines supplied on the best terms.
September 30th, 1874.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
TO THE INHABITANTS OF CONSETT AND DISTRICT.
GEORGE YOUNG,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL WINE, SPIRIT, ALE, AND PORTER MERCHANT,
2 & 3, DELVES LANE, CONSETT,
RESPECTFULLY intimates that he has now contracted with Findlater & Co (the well-known Dublin Brewers) for a constant supply of their Celebrated DUBLIN STOUT, which is highly recommended by the Medical Faculty as the best Strengthening Tonic for Invalids.
TESTIMONIALS.
"Dublin, 5th June, 1875.
I have analysed a specimen of "Nourishing Stout" submitted to me for that purpose by Messrs. Findlater & Co. I have never examined a specimen of Porter in which the solid or nutritive constituents were so abundant as in the case of this Stout. It contains ten per cent. of its weight of solid matter, or nearly the amount of solids contained in milk. Its flavour is good, and it is remarkably free from acidity.
CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., F.R.C.S.,
Public Analyst for Dublin and
Professor of Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons."
"Dublin, 3rd June, 1875.
The sample of "Nourishing Stout" submitted to me for analysis by Messrs. Findlater & Co., of the Mountjoy Brewery, Dublin, I find to be remarkably rich in nutritious matter, and to contain over four ounces of life-sustaining substances in the Imperial pint. The alcohol from half a pint contains less than a fluid drachm of Claret. It is perfectly pure and free from any deleterious ingredients.
C. R. C. TICHBORNE, Ph. D., F.C.S.,
Chemist to the Apothecaries' Hall and
Examiner in Chemistry, Trin. Col., Dublin."
G. Y. is also Agent for Burton and Edinburgh Ales and Dublin and London Stout.

STATIONERY DEPOT, FRONT STREET, LEADGATE.
STATIONERY GOODS of every description.
Christmas and New Year's Cards, Book Markers, Birthday Cards, and Valentines in endless variety.
Newspapers and Weekly and Monthly Periodicals of all kinds.
Paper Hangings, a large Stock of New Patterns.
Books neatly Bound in Morocco, Calf, Sheep, or Cloth.
Printing neatly and accurately executed on the shortest notice.
Pictures, Portraits, and Memory Cards Framed.
A large assortment of Plain and Coloured Pictures always in Stock.
Tobacco, Snuff, and Cigars.
Meerschaum, Briar Root, and Clay Pipes in great variety.
Choice Indian Tea at 3s. 4d., 3s. 8d., and 4s. per pound.
Patent Medicines.—The following are a few of the many kinds kept in Stock:—Beecham's, Cockle's, Clayton's, Eno's, Holloway's, Keye's King's, Norton's Parr's, Rooke's and Scott's Pills; Steedman's Soothing, Barlow's Tic, and Fenning's Cooling Powders; Kay's Essence of Linseed; Powell's Balsam of Aniseed; Perrin's Essence of Horehound; Crosby's Balsamic Cough Elixer; Rooke's Solar Elixer; Keating's Cough Lozenges; Brown's Bronchial Troches; Locock's Wafers; Brown's Chlorodyne; Perry Davis's Pain Killer; Winslow's Soothing Syrup; Atkinson and Barker's Royal Infant Preservative; Roo's Fruit Salt; Rooke's and Moller's Cod Liver Oil; Squire Knight's Eye Ointment; Rooke's, Holloway's, and Whinfield's Ointment; Alcock's Porous Plasters; Savory's Infants' Food; Liebig's Extract of Meat; Judson's Dyes; Rose's Lime Juice and Lime Juice Cordial; Todd's Quinine Wine.

Observe the Address—
HENRY POSTLE,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, PRINTER, AND BOOKBINDER.
FRONT STREET, LEADGATE. 179g

Business Announcements.

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE
AND GENERAL GROCERY AND PROVISION ESTABLISHMENT.
WILLIAM AYNSLEY,
THE TEA DEALER,
3, MIDDLE STREET, 11, NELSON STREET, CONSETT; AND FRONT STREET, LEADGATE,
IS SELLING THIS
Best Superfine FLOUR at 2s. 1d. per stone.
Best Fines FLOUR at 1s. 11d per stone.
BOXINGS, 12s. per sack of 12 stones.
OATS and CRUSHED OATS and BEANS, 17s. 6d. per sack.
TEAS OF THE FINEST PICKINGS,
THE NEW INDIAN TEAS,
Specially recommended for Strength and Flavour.
FINEST CUMBERLAND, IRISH, AND AMERICAN BACON.
CUMBERLAND, IRISH, AND KIEL BUTTER.
PRIME STILTON, CHEDDAR, DOUBLE GLOUCESTER, CHESHIRE, AND AMERICAN CHEESE.
PICKLED LOBSTERS, SALMON, SARDINES, CHICKEN, HAMS, AND TONGUE.
MARMALADES, JAMS, AND JELLIES.
CANDIED FRUITS, RAISINS, FIGS, PRUNES, &c.
SPICES OF ALL KINDS.
Always on hand Noted "Miller's" Pure LINSEED CAKE.
ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.
NOTE THE ADDRESS:—
WILLIAM AYNSLEY,
THE TEA DEALER,
3, MIDDLE STREET, 11, NELSON STREET, CONSETT; AND FRONT STREET, LEADGATE.

W & A GILBEY'S WINES & SPIRITS—The undermentioned WINES & SPIRITS, bottled by W & A GILBEY, and bearing their Seals and Labels, can be obtained from their Agents at the same prices as at Head Establishments.
From W & A GILBEY'S List of 200 varieties two descriptions of each class of WINES and SPIRITS are quoted below, one on account of its moderate price, and the second for its fine quality combined with greater age
AGENT—
Wm. AYNSLEY, *Grocer*, CONSETT & LEADGATE

WINES

		Per Bottle	Per Dozen
Castle 1A	PORT *from Portugal* A good-bodied Wine with excellent flavor, well matured. 4 years old at time of bottling	1/0	21/
Castle B	PORT *from Portugal* A fine full-flavored fruity Wine, well matured. 8 years old at time of bottling	2/6	28/
Castle 1	SPANISH PORT A fruity Wine of good body, from the north-east of Spain. 4 years old at time of bottling	1/3	15/
Castle 3	SPANISH PORT The finest Red Wine produced in the north-east of Spain. 5 years old at time of bottling ..	1/9	21/
Castle 1A	*Pale* SHERRY *from Spain* A pure Spanish Sherry suitable for Luncheon or Dinner. 3 years old at time of bottling	1/6	18/
Castle C	*Pale* SHERRY *from Spain* A good type of nutty Spanish Sherry, moderately dry. 6 years old at time of bottling	2/4	28/
Castle VP	*Pale* MARSALA *from Sicily* A delicate flavored Luncheon or Dinner Wine. 3 years old at time of bottling ..	1/4	16/
Castle C	*Pale* MARSALA *from Sicily* The finest dry and delicate Wine produced in Sicily. 7 years old at time of bottling	1/8	20/
Castle A	CLARET *from France* A pure sound Medoc Wine; an excellent beverage at all meals. Upwards of a year in bottle	1/	12/
Castle C	CLARET *from France* A fine, flavored and well-matured Medoc Wine, possessing bottle character	1/6	18/
Castle SAUMUR *Silver Foil*	A Sparkling dry Champagne, with fine flavor and delicacy	Quarts / Pints	2/1 / 1/3	25/ / 14/6
Castle SAUMUR *Gold Foil*	A Sparkling dry Champagne, with fine flavor, great delicacy and age	Quarts / 1-2 Pts	2/6 / 1/6	30/ / 17/

SPIRITS

		Per Bottle	Per Dozen
Castle UP	GIN Distilled from the best unmalted Corn, and highly rectified at our own Distillery. 33 per cent. under proof	2/	24/
Castle PROOF	GIN Distilled from the best unmalted Corn, and highly rectified at our own Distillery. Strength, proof	2/10	34/
Castle UP	IRISH WHISKEY Distilled from fine Malt, and matured in our own Bonded Stores. 33 per cent. under pf.	2/3	27/
Castle PROOF	IRISH WHISKEY The finest old Dublin Whiskey, matured in our own Bonded Stores. Strength, proof	2/3	39/
Castle UP	SCOTCH WHISKEY Distilled from fine Malt, and matured in our own Bonded Stores. 33 per cent. under pf.	2/3	27/
Castle SO	SCOTCH WHISKEY The finest old Scotch Whiskey, matured in our own Bonded Stores. Strength, proof	2/3	39/
Castle UP	BRANDY Possessing the wholesome qualities and much of the fine flavor of Cognac. 33 per cent. under proof	2/3	27/
Castle PROOF	BRANDY Possessing the wholesome qualities and much of the fine flavor of Cognac. Strength, proof ..	2/	36/
Castle D	COGNAC An excellent Brandy of fine flavor, from the Champagne districts of Cognac. 33 per cent. under pf.	2/	36/
Castle FO	COGNAC The finest Champagne Brandy, well matured by great age Strength, proof	4/9	57/
Castle UP	JAMAICA RUM A well-matured Jamaica Rum, and of a soft mellow flavor. Strength, 33 per cent. under proof	2/3	27/
Castle JO	JAMAICA RUM The finest Jamaica Rum, well matured by great age. Strength, proof	3/3	39/

SPARKLING CHAMPAGNES AT REDUCED PRICES.

Castle 1	CHAMPAGNE A pure Sparkling Wine for ordinary use, from the Champagne district ..	Quarts / Pints	2/2 / 1/3	26/ / 15/
Castle 2	CHAMPAGNE A class of Champagne usually sold under special brands and at high prices	Quarts / Pints	3/6 / 1/11	42/ / 22/

All Bottles (except for Sparkling Wines) are charged 1d. each, which is allowed when returned.

20,200 BOTTLES OF WINES AND SPIRITS
HAVE JUST BEEN RECEIVED BY
W. AYNSLEY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL WINE, SPIRIT, AND ALE MERCHANT,
3, MIDDLE STREET, 11, NELSON STREET, CONSETT; AND FRONT STREET, LEADGATE.
Families supplied with the following celebrated Mild and Bitter Ales in bottles, also in nine and eighteen gallon casks:—
WORTHINGTON'S, BASS, OR ALLSOPP'S INDIA PALE ALES.
GUINNESS'S STOUT.
MANDERS'S INVALID STOUT.
EDINBURGH ALES.
SPLENDID EDINBURGH ALE IN SPARKLING CONDITION OR DRAUGHT, AT 4d. PER QUART.
BURTON ALES AT 5s. AND 6s. PER QUART, SOLD REGULARLY AT 8s.

Business Announcements.

THOMAS ROWE, BAKER & CONFECTIONER, LEADGATE AND CONSETT.
PIC-NICS AND TEA PARTIES SUPPLIED ON CONTRACTED FOR.

JUST FORFEITED.—First-class Gold and Silver Watches (by the best makers), Gold and Silver Albertz, Guards, Wedding and Fancy Rings at about half the original cost.—J. TAYLOR, Pawnbroker, 19, Broad Chare, Newcastle. 746g

JOHNSON HOBSON,
PAINTER, GLAZIER, PAPER-HANGER, &c.,
40, DURHAM ROAD, BLACKHILL.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of PAPER HANGINGS. 691g

SAMUEL WALKER,
HAIRDRESSER, STATIONER, AND NEWSAGENT,
1, DERWENT STREET, BLACKHILL.
Agent for the *Consett Guardian*.

P. OSBORNE,
AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER,
FRONT STREET,
SHOTLEY BRIDGE.
Valuations effected for Probate, &c. 282

WILLIAM FITZPATRICK,
TAILOR,
CATCHGATE, NEAR ANNFIELD PLAIN.
A FIRST-CLASS assortment of CLOTHS for the present season. A large assortment of PIT FLANNELS always on hand.

FOR WINES, SPIRITS, AND ALES OF THE FINEST QUALITY, GO TO
JOHN THOMPSON'S
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL WINE AND SPIRIT STORES, LEADGATE.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH, Quality and Construction unsurpassed, fixed with every recent improvement in Gold, Silver, Coralite, and all pure material known to the profession. Mineral Teeth from 5s. each. Scaling, Stopping, &c. Children's Teeth regulated, and every other operation in Dental Surgery skilfully performed.—DE LACY, Dentist, 57, Grainger Street, Newcastle.

HALF MOON YARD HORSE REPOSITORY, BIGG MARKET, NEWCASTLE.
SALES BY AUCTION every TUESDAY and SATURDAY at Two p.m. of HORSES, CARRIAGES, DOGS, &c., by W. SUTTON, Auctioneer and Proprietor. NOTICE.—All Entries free of charge if not sold (Dogs excepted).
Accommodation for Horses at Livery.
Horses Let on Job. 684f

JOHN AITCHISON & CO.'S CELEBRATED
SCOTCH AND INDIA PALE ALES.
Office and Stores—
LISLE STREET, NORTHUMBERLAND STREET,
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.
JOHN BORTHWICK, Agent.

NOTICE.
WILLIAM KNOX
HAS much pleasure in announcing that he has entered upon his NEW PREMISES, at Mount Pleasant, Consett, where he intends carrying on Business as HOUSE CARPENTER, JOINER, &c., and trusts, by strict attention thereto and keeping a stock of good Workmen, to merit a share of Public support.
N.B.—Estimates given for general Repairs, Shop Fronts, &c. 617g

THOMAS LAMB,
STATIONER, BOOKSELLER, PRINTER, AND BOOKBINDER,
ANNFIELD PLAIN.
BIBLES, Hymn Books, Ledgers, Day Books, and Memorandum Books of every description. School and Prize Books. Periodicals (Weekly and Monthly) of all kinds. All kinds of Fancy and Hardware Goods, Jewellery, &c.
Memorial Cards and Raffle Tickets on the shortest notice. Pictures Framed neatly and cheaply.
Agent for the *Consett Guardian*. Advertisements for which are received and inserted at moderate charges.

WILLIAM HALL,
MACHINE AGENT, DIPTON.
EUROPEAN, HOWE'S, BELGRAVIA, TAYLOR'S, or any other SEWING MACHINE in the Trade; also KNITTING MACHINES, WASHING MACHINES, MANGLING MACHINES, WRINGING MACHINES, and SAUSAGE MACHINES.
Any of these Machines on Hire; the Hire to go on Payment.
Sewing Machines Cleaned, Adjusted, Repaired, or Exchanged.
Instruction Free by an Experienced Machinist.
NOTED FOR GENUINE ARTICLES.

JOHN MADDISON,
GROCER, PROVISION DEALER, AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
DIPTON,
RESPECTFULLY returns his sincere thanks to the Inhabitants of Dipton and surrounding district for the liberal support accorded to him during the many years he has been in business, and begs to intimate that he has now on hand
SPIRITS OF THE FINEST QUALITY,
Which he purposes to dispose of at the following moderate rates:—
Fine Gin (superior quality)..... 2s. 6d. per bot.
Real Irish Whisky..... 2s. 6d. and 3s. "
Fine Scotch Whisky.. 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. "
Superior Rum..... 2s. 3d. and 2s 6d "
Excellent Brandy, 3s. 6d., and the very best quality ..... 4s. 6d. "
A trial is respectfully solicited.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
BEFORE YOU FURNISH,
GO TO
WILLIAM WILKINSON'S
FURNITURE WAREHOUSE, AT CATCHGATE.
THE Largest and Cheapest Stock of HOUSE FURNISHINGS in the District always on hand. Well-seasoned Household Furniture; Brass and Iron Bedsteads, in great variety, from 14s. 6d. upwards; Flocks, Feathers, and Rabbit Down; Ready-made Ticks; Paraffin Lamps, from the best makers; and Paraffin Oil.
Agent for the Home Washing and Mangling Machines and Hardy and Bury's Patent Picks.
Pianofortes, Harmoniums, and other Musical Instruments; also, Clocks, Watches, and Jewellery at wholesale and retail prices.
ADDRESS:—
CATCHGATE, OPPOSITE THE TOWN HALL.

[All rights reserved.]

THE LONE HUT IN GHOST GLEN.

By J. J. G. Bradley.

There is something very impressive in a cedar swamp, in the height and g rth of the myriad trees which look like pillars of bronze supporting a roof of emerald and malachite, for so dense is the foliage o'erhead that only at rare intervals can the glowing sun pierce with its rays of light to the rank luxuriance of the herbage beneath.

I and my mate, Ben Barker, had sought out such a place with a special purpose, for we had clubbed our capital together, the proceeds of five years' stock-riding, in order to take contracts for rafts of cedar for the Sydney and Maitland markets.

The scene exercised at first a most depressing effect upon our spirits—it seemed difficult to breathe in that air-unstirred atmosphere—our conversation over our first night's camp fire turned upon the most revolting and terrible topics, and whenever, conscious of this, we endeavoured to change it to lighter and brighter subjects it was sure to recur in a few minutes to the old themes.

At last we relapsed into silence, merely puff, puff, puffing at our short black cutty pipes, and a little later, as though by common consent, although we sp ke not to each other, even to say good night, we wrapped our blankets around us, and with our feet to the cheery blaze and our heads pillowed on our saddles, tried to go to sleep.

But in my case 'twas no good; the leaden foliage of the cedars seemed to hang over me like a pall, for my gaze could not pierce through the sombre canopy to view the star-lit heavens as they were wont to do, and only in one spot did the white moonrays find entrance to pour a ghastly flood of light upon the ruins of an old bark hut that stood about a quarter of a mile away from our camp fire.

'Twas the only object within my limited range of vision calculated to awaken thought. Everywhere else naught was to be seen but the countless tree trunks, rising straight and branchless like bronze columns to a height of fifty feet or more, and then throwing out feathery masses of green-black foliage that undulated like the plumes of hearses in the chilly breeze.

At an equal distance from where I lay, but in an opposite direction to the deserted hut, sparkled the camp-fire of our six sawyers, who, of less imaginative temperament than myself, were doubtless by this time, like my mate, wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

How I wished that I could follow their example, but it was of no use; every minute sleep seemed less practicable, and I lay with my hands under my head listening to the rush of the neighbouring river as its red, turbid waters, invisible to the eye though plainly audible to the ear, swept through the deep gorge they had cut for themselves through the soft alluvial soil towards the distant sea.

'Twas the only sound that broke the stillness of the close, sultry summer's night; for even the white owl and the flying fox failed to appreciate for a home the gloomy solitude of the cedar grove, and the lively possum preferred making his nest in the blue gum trees out in the open bush.

In the midst of it all that old tumble-down hut seemed to speak to me like a voice from the past.

I was irresistibly drawn towards it; unwillingly, yet irresistibly.

I rose to my feet, took up my carbine—for revolvers and pistols weren't so commonly in use then as now—and, anathematising myself as a fool all the while, walked towards it.

Although I walked very much like a sheep whom strong inner convictions might force to proceed of his own accord to the slaughter-house, I was not long in reaching it, and stepping across the fallen door I stood the next instant in its interior.

The place certainly looked as if devilry had been worked there, with the foul weeds forcing themselves through the chinks of the slabs, the wet sodden bark half off the roof, the timbers burnt and blackened as though by fire, and the green moss covering the floor and creeping over the logs.

The solitary ray of moonlight I have before spoken of as lighting this one weird spot and no other made every object within the hut as visible as though the scene had been illumined by the white limelight, so often made use of for stage effect; and so I presently noticed that some words were cut with a knife or other sharp instrument on one of the timber uprights against which the bark slabs composing the walls were nailed.

I walked up and read them as calmly as I might, considering their dread import.

They ran thus:—"*This is the hut of death and corruption, This is Ghost Glen!*"

I stayed not a moment longer within those unhallowed walls. With an icy chill creeping down my spine and pervading my scalp, I tucked my carbine under my arm, leapt over the door, nor paused to look back until I reached the expiring embers of our camp fire, and had again wrapped my blanket around me and laid my head on my saddle.

Even then, however, my still sleepless gaze would turn towards the hut, and remained as though, magnetised thereon, I had no power to withdraw it.

Presently I fancied that I could see something moving inside, and then the figure of a man, clad in a Crimean shirt and a pair of white canvas trousers, wearing a broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hat well slouched down over his eyes, and smoking a short black pipe, stood full in the open doorway.

In one hand he carried a gun, the other was lopped off at the wrist, and a stream of blood trickled from it on to the ground.

Splashes of the same red rain were on his shirt and trousers, his face was deathly pale, and from underneath his cabbage-tree hat a stream of blood trickled down over his ashen cheeks and through his short curly locks.

After looking up and down through the tree trunks with agonised terror in his gaze, he glided away in the direction of the river, and as though drawn forward by a power that I could not resist, I rose to my feet and followed in his footsteps.

Often he looked back and seemed to beckon me on, and I continued to follow him mechanically, as it were, until he reached the summit of the cliff that overhung the rushing river a hundred feet below.

Here he paused, and facing me, threw both arms above his head as he shouted in shrill unearthly accents:

"The river—the river—rather that than be eaten alive by the black spawn of hell who for six weeks have besieged me and my mates in that accursed hut of death and corruption. What though the neungir spears and yelemens found their heads and their brains through the cracks and seams in the warped wood, I have buried them all where no cannibal fingers can scrape them up, and no cannibal teeth rend them asunder. And this spot shall be known hereafter as Ghost Glen. Ha! ha! ha!" and with these words he turned round and leapt boldly into space.

I rushed to the edge of the bluff and looked over.

Far below, amid the dark swirling waters, I saw an upturned face, white as the pale moonlight that flooded it with its cold rays. Then an agonised cry rose upwards to my ears, the pale ghastly face sank 'neath the inky tide, and all was over.

Like a man in a dream I walked back to the now extinguished camp fire, and for the third time wrapped myself in my blanket, though to sleep now I did not even try.

Perhaps for this very reason it gradually stole over me. Anyhow I rapidly lost consciousness, nor did I awake until my mate roused me up to partake of breakfast.

Of course when, over mutton-chops, damper-cake, and tea, I told him what had transpired during the night, he laughed in my face, and hinted that I had dreamed it all. Nor could I persuade him to the contrary, even though I took him to the hut and showed him the terrible words that were cut in the wood.

He then declared that I must have walked thither and read them in my sleep, but that the after adventure with the ghost was purely imaginary.

[illegible] change his convictions, and that persisting in my statements only made me seem ridiculous in his eyes, I dropped the subject, and turned my thoughts on practical matters.

Consignments were made to duly appointed agents in Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, and it was decided that my mate and I should take it in turns to go down thither with the timber, and purchase whilst there whatever we might require in the way of rations or tools, whilst the other remained to manage and superintend affairs at the camp.

Ben Barker started for the metropolis soon after.

I felt it very lonely after he was gone. The six sawyers were a drunken lot of rascals, whose conversation was anything but edifying, and whose room I certainly preferred to their company, so that I had the snug little hut that Barker and I had erected in a single day all to myself; and during the long hours of darkness, for the winter season was now on, I had nothing to amuse me but my reflections and my pipe.

The former were not very cheering ones. I grew wretchedly nervous, and Ghost Glen became peopled with a thousand nameless horrors which my readers would only laugh at were I to describe them.

These feelings induced me to choose for a companion the least objectionable of our sawyers, a tall, strapping, high spirited young fellow, who cared neither for man nor devil, and whose only faults were that he swore like a trooper, drank like a fish, lied like a lawyer, and thieved whenever he could.

His society was, however, under the circumstances, a great comfort to me, and I was soon destined to discover that he possessed qualities which, circumstanced as we were, outweighed all his evil ones.

One night as I lay on my slab-of-bark bed, with my solitary blanket wrapped well around me, and an old sack stuffed full of leaves under my head for a pillow, the most dismal forebodings of some immediately impending evil took possession of my mind and refused to be banished therefrom.

In vain I lighted my pipe and strove to smoke the impression away. It was no use, and when I saw a black grinning face looking in through the open window, a face covered with alternate streaks of yellow and red ochre, and surmounted by a fanciful head-dress of parrot and cockatoo feathers, I felt terror-stricken, but in no way surprised.

I was out of bed in a second and dashed to the wooden window shutter in the black's face, drawing the wooden bolt with eager but trembling fingers.

Therefore, and just as quickly, I bolted and locked the door, and then awoke my companion.

"Ted, the blacks are on us," I said, in a whisper.

"The blacks? Nonsense, master. You're on at your old dreams and fancies again. What should the blacks be doing here?" was the answering growl.

"Hanged if I know, but they are here for all that," I retorted, rather irritated at his unbelief, "so get up and look to your firearms."

"Ugh, 'tisn't much past midnight. You've just woke me out of my first sleep with your whims. I'll be shot if I get up. No, no; I'm off to sleep again. Good night. Ha! ha! ha! Murder! mur-d-e-r!" And as he concluded Ted Robinson came flying out of bed with a very pale face and a hand clapped to a portion of his frame which shall be nameless.

"Bad luck to that spear head; didn't the fellow shove it through the crack in the bark with a vengeance? Ugh, I shan't be able to sit down again for a week of Sundays. I do wish I'd obeyed your commands a little quicker, master, and I should have escaped it—the beggars have besieged us beyond a doubt."

"Yes, and we shall have pretty hard work cut out for us to hold our own," I answered, as upon looking through a narrow interstice between the great slabs of bark, I saw upwards of a score of naked savages with oval shields strapped to their left arms, and grasping in their right hands long slender yelemens, curved boomerangs, ponderous millah-mullahs, or heavy waddies.

Ted Robinson saw them too, but he did not show the least alarm at the sight. "Bah, they are only niggers," he said, contemptuously; "our guns will talk to them presently, and then they'll make tracks pretty quickly, I'll warrant!" and all the time he was speaking Ted was biting cartridges, ramming home charges, and preparing both my gun and his own for the struggle that was evidently at hand.

At this juncture shrieks, yells, and horrid imprecations reached us from the other extremity of the grove.

"Our mates have been caught napping, and the black fellows are helping them to a sounder sleep than the one they have just awoke them from," said Ted, very calmly.

"Can we not aid them in any way?" I asked.

"'Twould be madness to attempt it," responded my companion. "The savages are in force, and we should be no match for them in the open. We should resemble porcupines in less than five minutes, so many yelemens would they have hurled into us by that time. I've seen this kind of work, young as I am, up on the Barcoo, and believe me, our only chance of escaping with our lives is by fighting under cover."

I knew that he was right, and I took my carbine from his hand, determined to sell my life dearly at all events.

Every instant now we expected an attack to be made on our position, and we kept our guns in our hands and our eyes skinned; but an hour went by, and then another, without any hostile demonstration being made; so at last we lighted our pipes and sat ourselves down on a couple of old spirit kegs, and puffed, and looked, and listened by turns.

Day had begun to dawn in the east before a crackling amongst the dry undergrowth told us that something was up.

On peeping through two fissures in the bark we saw a regular pack of naked black devils all painted and befeathered coming towards the hut, brandishing their weapons as they advanced.

At their head was a gigantic fellow bearing on his spear-point not a flag of truce, but a pair of old trousers, which Ted immediately recognised as having belonged to one of the sawyers.

He came close up to the hut and waved this curious banner to and fro, whilst he shouted in a shrill voice:

"*Walli wacha atchu churoyé chava!*"

Doubtless the smutty chieftain never anticipated that we were armed, or he would scarcely have ventured so near, but his cool command to us to come out and be eaten so angered me that I took deadly aim at his broad black chest, and punctured it in the very centre with a leaden bullet.

He dropped like a stone with a bloody froth on his lips, and his great wondering eyes fixed on the flash of flame and the wreath of blue smoke.

His followers for a moment seemed awestruck and inclined to flee, but a lesser chieftain rallied them, and they came towards the hut at run shouting:—

"Atchu mi nyina booman burrowa!"

"Atchu mi nyina wanda camnya!"

"Look out Ted," I said, as I rapidly reloaded my carbine," level low and aim sure. Wait until they come within half pistol range and we will fire together."

On they came like a black wave, brandishing their weapons about their heads, but just when they were within a dozen yards of the hut, through two fissures in the black slabs we fired right into their compact array, and three of their number bit the dust.

This onrush was unchecked however.

With the strength of a battering-ram they surged up against the frail door, the bolts parted like matchwood, the lock gave way, the door fell inwards, and in they came pell mell after it.

We were rather taken aback at the blackfellows coming it so gamelike, but I felled two to the ground with the butt-end of my carbine, and Ted Robinson, seizing hold of a large billy of tea that had just begun to boil over the fire, and which we had fondly hoped we should have been able to have drunk before the dusky foe disturbed us, hurled the half-gallon of scalding liquid right over them.

By Jove! how those naked niggers danced and roared; and following up his advantage, Ted seized two blazing cedar branches out of the fire and, one in each hand, sprang right into the midst of them, slashing right and left.

Well, the hot tea, followed by the blazing cedar branches, cleared the niggers out of the hut sharp, and lifting the door we shoved it back into its place, rolling an empty beer barrel against it, and further strengthening it with two beams of wood.

The enemy, though repulsed were not defeated, however, and from their frantic cries of "Oooyum beisa!" we discovered to our horror that they had made up their minds to burn us out.

Once set on fire, our bark hut, with its wooden chimney, would be burnt to the ground in five minutes, and Ted and I, along with the four or five wounded natives who strewed the floor, and who seemed too frightened to stir hand or foot, would be consumed with it.

Of course, before this came to pass, we might pull down our door and rush forth, but if we adopted this plan we should be speared through and through with the long, slender, quivering yelemens, or brained with the whirling boomerangs before he could ever quit the circle of fire and smoke.

One of these two fates was evidently to be ours, however, for in almost less than no time, and in spite of the leaden pills with which we physicked our foes whenever an opportunity offered, they had heaped great piles of dry cedar foliage against the bark walls of the hut and fired the heaps in three places.

"Let us cut the throats of these rascals they have left behind, and then sally forth and kill as many of the black spawn of hell as we can before we are overcome and slain in turn," said Ted.

"We hav'nt time to kill them," I answered, knowing that 'twas vain to appeal to any sentiment of mercy or pity that he might have entertained at any other time. "Before we can pull the door down, the hut will be a volcano of flame."

"Then hold my gun, I will have the door open in a twinkling," he cried, forgetting all about the black prisoners in his excitement.

He rolled away the cask, cast down the beams, and the door fell inwards.

He clutched his carbine out of my grasp, and crying, "Come on, mate, and I'll show you how we used to fight on the Barcoo," rushed out of the hut, dashed through the blazing brushwood, shot a black fellow who tried to bar his passage, brained two others with the butt end of his piece, and fell to the earth pierced through and through by native spears.

Of course I rushed forward to avenge him, and, firing my carbine, laid about me right and left with the stock.

I felt one yelemen pierce my shoulder, and another sink deep into my left hip, but just as I was about to fall across the body of poor Ted Robinson a volley of musketry rang out, and I saw my friend Ben Barker, with four sawyers, fighting their way towards me, knocking the black fellows down like ninepins as they came on.

Immediately in the rear was a party of native police, before whose charge the wild savages broke and scattered in all directions.

Never again during our residence in Ghost Glen were we disturbed by them; never again did I see the warning ghost of the ruined hut.

[The End.]

BORED TO DEATH.

By J. S. Borlase.

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I am what is vulgarly, if not profanely, called a "poor-devil author."

The clock had just struck nine as my pen gave the last stroke to Chapter One Hundred and Twelve of the "Hobgoblin Husband," a thrilling tale which I contribute hebdomadally to the *Siberian Journal*. By my side lay the unfinished manuscript of that scathing treatise on the political tendencies of the English Channel which subsequently attracted such general attention in the *Diurnal Review*.

Withdrawing my mind momentarily from its preoccupation, I observed that my grate wanted coals—an observation whose correctness was confirmed by a shivering sensation in my limbs.

Rousing myself to the effort which the emergency demanded, I arose from my seat and—my room being unprovided with a bell—went to the door, opened it, stepped out into the hall, leaned over the baluster, and was just inflating my lungs to shout "Bridget!"

I should, however, remark parenthetically that my room was No. 5 of the attic of Mrs. M'Screwsby's boarding-house, in Southampton street, Strand. It was Boxing Night, and the other occupants had, two hours before, gone out singly and in groups to the theatre or cheaper places of amusement. Unwonted, almost fearful, silence reigned—a silence that was rendered the more impressive by the fact that the fifth story, immediately below, was equally quiet.

I was, as before intimated, about to break this silence by shouting "Bridget!" when the intended action of my vocal organs was prevented by a sound which just then saluted my ears. That sound was a violent and obstreperous chachination. It was not precisely a horse-laugh; I am unable zoologically to classify it. It broke abruptly upon the stillness with no apparent cause or sequence, and seemed to leave a strong quiver in the succeeding silence.

I had just convinced myself that it was but the product of my own brain, over-excited by the thrilling conceptions just embodied in Chapter One Hundred and Twelve aforesaid, when I again heard it more distinctly than before. Although decidedly masculine in tone, it yet forcibly reminded me of the refrain heard by Jane Eyre in the desolate chambers of Thornfield; and I stared in uneasy apprehension of seeing Grace Poole with her pot of porter, or the livid Mrs. Rochester herself stalk forth from some attic room in Mrs. McScrewsby's boarding-house.

"Ha! ha! ha!"

This time it was a deep, resonant, and hollow laugh, as though forced from the depths of an empty stomach. I fancied that the Demon of Starvation might be exulting over the carcase of some of my unfortunate fellow-attics—perhaps Brown, the unpublished poet in Number 3, or Smithio, the gaunt artist in Number 9.

"Ha! ha! ha-a-a!"

Sonorous and prolonged, like the jubilant howl of a wolf that has just concluded a repast on some unusually toothsome traveller.

I confess that I was frightened. I felt the capillary covering of my head rise and stand in serried array around its bald apex. A chill crept through the marrow of my bones—if, indeed, the bones of a poor devil author can, even figuratively, be said to contain marrow.

I at length perceived that the strange sounds originated in No. 8—Jones' room.

I knew nothing whatever of Jones, except that his inky fingers and untidy aspect had convinced me that he belonged to the literary profession. The settled gloom of his countenance and compression of his bloodless lips, together with a strange twinkle in his eye, had given me the impression that he was harbouring some dreadful purpose. I had always instinctively shrunk from Jones.

Now, however, fully determined to learn the source and nature of these mysterious explosions, I proceeded to No. 8. The door stood open, and I timidly looked in. There sat Jones in his solitary chair before the empty grate, habited only in a ragged dressing-gown. He held a newspaper before his eyes, and would alternately read something therein and give utterance to a yell of laughter.

Thinking him intoxicated, I was about to retire, when, seeing me, he rushed forward to greet me.

"Ah! come in, Mr. Polhammer! Delighted to see you! Come to congratulate me, I suppose? Happiest moment of my life! He's done for—yes, he's done for at last! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Who's done for?" I asked, bewildered.

"Ah! true, you don't know. Read that. Ha! ha! ha!"

Thrusting into my hand an *Evening Standard*, he pointed to an obituary notice:—

"Death of an Editor.—We regret to have to announce the demise of Archibald Pippin, Esq., the late well-known and accomplished editor of *Bullion's Monthly*. He has been for some time declining, and expired last night."

Here followed an eulogium on the talents and virtues of the deceased.

"Been some time declining! Ha! ha! ha! Sit down, dear fellow, and I'll tell you the facts of the case, confidentially."

I would gladly have retreated, but Jones had buttonholed me, and placed himself between me and the door. So, with the best grace possible, I sat down on the bed.

He rubbed his hands together and laughed again, but then, with an effort, became quiet, sat down in the chair, drew it in front of me, leaned forward until his glaring eyes almost touched mine, and began:

"Sir, I was born a genius. I manifested that genius when not yet out of my cradle, by crying only in poetic feet. I made verses before I could talk distinctly, and was an acknowledged poet at six years of age. When I reached manhood my productions were the delight of my native parish—I am a native of the north of Scotland, sir. They were eagerly sought for and lauded by the editors of the *John O'Goat's Journal*, the *Shetland Miscellany*, and the *Orkney Literary Monthly*. Poetry gushed spontaneously from my inkstand. No subject was too lofty or too profound for my prose; I dwelt in a heaven of imagination, sir, from which I looked down with placid contempt on the puny efforts of those whom the world calls great.

"It is ever a necessity of genius to love and be loved. It was my fate to adore Arabella Muggins—an angelic creature, with languishing eyes and glossy black ringlets—the daughter of a timber merchant in my native village. Arabella adored me in return. We plighted our mutual faith and sought the paternal benediction.

"The sordid Muggins, insensible to the charms of poetry and the dignity of genius, called me a beggar, and forbade me, with threats of personal violence, ever again to visit his daughter.

"That night I formed a resolution. I managed to have an interview with Arabella, and communicated my resolution to her.

"'Arabella,' I said, 'your father accuses me—with truth—of being poor. There is here no adequate pecuniary reward for literary genius. To-morrow I will go to London, where wealth is the recompense of merit. I will write for the magazines, and receive the magnificent sums which the publishers delight to lavish on contributors. I will produce books whose multiplied editions shall pour gold into my now empty pockets. I will purchase a villa at Kew, where the banks of the silver Thames are dotted with the suburban palaces of literary men. Then I will return, exhibit to your father the evidences of my opulence, and again sue for your hand. Think you he will then refuse me?'

"Arabella approved of my resolution.

"With one passionate embrace, the memory of which will ever haunt me, we bade each other—as we thought—a temporary adieu. Oh! what bliss then loomed up before! It was all blasted by——But he's done for! Ha! ha! ha!

"I came to London—it was just a year ago—took rooms, and devoted myself to intense literary labour. Even genius needs money. To supply my immediate necessities I prepared articles for the magazines. Having first devoted several hours to the study of my subject, I penned a trenchant satire on city life. I also produced several poems, and a scathing review of contemporaneous literature. I took these to the office of *Bullion's Monthly*, inquired for the editor, and was ushered into the presence of Pippin.

"I conversed freely with Pippin, communicated to him something of my history, plans, and aspirations, and added some valuable suggestions with regard to the management of his magazine.

"Pippin said that, as a matter of form, it would be necessary to examine my manuscripts before paying for them, but promised to send me the money as soon as they should have been approved. I returned to my room and waited for the remittance, of which I stood in need, my landlady and laundress having suggested the payment of their bills.

"Three weeks passed, and the money came not. In the meantime my landlady and laundress had become urgent. Thinking the remittance might have miscarried, I decided to call upon Pippin. As I entered the office he quietly opened a drawer—to get my money I supposed. You may imagine my astonishment and indignation when he produced and handed to me my manuscript, on which were endorsed the words 'Declined with thanks.'

"My first impulse was to throttle Pippin. My second emotion was compassion for a man so lamentably destitute of literary appreciation. Bestowing upon him a glance of withering contempt, I left the office and carried the manuscripts to *Pressman's Monthly*. There they met the same fate.

"In the meantime my landlady and laundress had become even more clamorous.

"My articles were afterwards successively rejected by *Tinsel's Monthly* and *Fizzle's Monthly*.

"In the meantime my landlady and laundress had become belligerent, and I had been driven to change my quarters.

"During the months which had now elapsed I had not been idle. I completed a book—a poem in forty cantos—a poem whose success I confidently expected would cause Milton, and Shakspeare, and Byron to rise from their graves out of sheer envy.

"With triumphant emotions I bore it to the publishing house of Sheep and Calf, and left it for the inspection of their manuscript reader.

"At the appointed time I called to complete the arrangements for its publication. Messrs. Sheep and Calf informed me that their manuscript reader had reported unfavourably of my book.

"Under this unexpected blow I only found breath to demand 'Who is your manuscript reader?'

"'Archibald Pippin, Esq.,' replied Calf.

"'Pippin of *Bullion's Monthly*?'

"'The same,' said Calf.

"The whole mystery stood revealed. I rushed out into the darkness of gathering evening, and strode homeward. Torrents of rain deluged my head and streamed down my back, but could not cool the fever of indignation within. The object of that indignation was Pippin. Pippin, moved by base envy of superior genius, had first rejected my articles. Pippin had doubtless instigated other editors to do the same. Pippin had now committed his crowning outrage by condemning my book.

"I passed periodical depots, where the next month's magazines were for sale, filled with common-place trash—that my brilliant productions were excluded was the work of Pippin. From booksellers's windows gleamed, in crimson and gilt, the inferior works of weak authors—that my great epic poem had no publisher was due to Pippin. Other literary men were dwelling in the midst of luxury, and breathing the incense of adulation, while I, Adolphus Jones, was [illegible] umbrellaless through the storm, to encounter the yet more formidable tempests of my unpaid and indignant landlady—for this I had to thank Pippin.

"I reached my cheerless room. On my table lay a letter from a correspondent in my native village. It informed me that Arabella, having waited six months for me to fulfil my promises to her, had at length yielded to her father's solicitations and had become the wife of another.

"My cup of bitterness was full, my ambition crushed, my hopes blasted, my love blighted. Henceforth I could have but one object in life—revenge on Pippin. Towards morning—it may have been a dream—I thought a demon perched on my bedside, and whispered to me a suggestion. That suggestion I adopted, and arose at daybreak with a fully matured resolution, a resolution to the accomplishment of which I have since devoted every energy of my being. That resolution was—let me whisper it to you—to bore him to death.

"The *modus operandi* was to visit him frequently, provided with a liberal supply of manuscript. This I would read to him by the hour, under the pretence of asking his criticism or submitting it for his acceptance. I generally paid my visit to him about noon, the hour when the energies are beginning to flag after the labours of the morning, and prolonged them until I saw that he was reduced to the extreme point of irritability and exhaustion.

"Fortunately for my success, Pippin was a man of slender physical frame and highly sensitive nervous organisation. I, on the other hand, was endowed by nature not only with iron nerves, but also with that peculiar pertinacity of purpose and fertility of resources so essential to the organism of a great and highly successful bore. You need not wonder, then, that I soon gained as complete ascendency over Pippin as does the mesmeriser or psychologist over his subject, or the serpent over the bird which he is charming.

"Within a few months I began to observe unequivocal tokens of my success in Pippin's increasing haggard countenance and look of ill-concealed terror, with which he would greet my approach.

"Pippin did not yield to his fate without some struggles; but against a determination such as mine his struggles were impotent. When driven to desperation, he gave orders that I should not be admitted, but I gained access to him by means of ingenious disguises. When he changed his quarters I was sure to trace him unerringly, and penetrate his retreat. Neither remorse nor a bailiff ever dogged a victim more indefatigably than did I mine.

"Never did doting parents watch more eagerly the returning bloom on the countenance of an invalid child than did I the encroaching ravages of terror and anguish on the visage of Pippin. Oh! it was glorious to note the deepening and lengthening of the wrinkles, the sinking of his eye, the increasing cavity of his cheek. Never was trill at the opera house such dulcet music to my ear as was the feeble, sepulchural tone with which he complained of loss of appetite, qualms, chills, vertigo, and sleepless nights.

"At length he took to his bed.

"Yesterday I called at his house. Lest I should not be admitted I hastened to his room without announcing my name. Assuring the anxious friends who surrounded his bed that I had come to amuse and divert him, I seated myself beside him and read forty pages of manuscript which I had prepared for the occasion. I then entered into a detailed narration of my early history.

"When I had thus entertained him for several hours, I observed that his countenance became agitated with violent convulsive twitches. He asked in a scarcely audible voice, but with that wild intonation which always characterised him, if I would not defer the remainder of my interesting recital until another occasion. But assuring him that I was quite at leisure I continued my narrative.

"His countenance became yet more violently agitated, and his eyes flashed with the lurid light of a fast-expiring taper. He sprang from his bed, and, with a sudden spasmodic movement of the hand, followed by several equally-sudden movements of his foot, impelled me out of the room and down the stairs. He then bolted the door after me.

"I knew that exertion would be fatal to him!

"The next morning I met the undertaker coming from his house with a happy countenance. We grasped hands and rejoiced together.

"I carried the tidings to the *Evening Standard* Office in Fleet street, and waited patiently for its issue. I seized the first copy obtainable, and bore it in triumph under Temple Bar and down the Strand home. I read it aloud, and shouted in my ecstacy as I walked along. People stared at me, and doubtless thought me mad. They little dreamed"—

At this moment the terror and disgust excited in me by Jones' recital reached its climax. The malicious gleam which his eyes shot into mine filled me with a shuddering apprehension that he was about to repeat upon me the horrid experiment whose success had filled him with such fiendish exultation. The bare idea caused my flesh to creep and my bones to quiver.

Suddenly thrusting him away with a violent effort, I made a rush for the door. Winged by fear, I fled through the hall, overthrowing several of the lodgers who were just returning from the various theatres. I reached my apartments in safety, and bolted the door behind me. I dreamed fearful dreams all night, from which I awoke with the horrible expectation of seeing Jones seated beside me, intent on *boring me to death*.

When I looked in the glass that morning I found that three hairs in my left whisker had turned from their original red to snowy whiteness.

I immediately removed to the attic of another boarding-house, in which I now pen this narrative.

[The End.]

Suggestive.—A provincial paper says a witness was asked by a county court judge, recently, "Did you go to the party yourself?" Witness: "Yes, sir." Judge: "And what did he say to you?" Witness: "He told me to go to the devil, sir." "And so," says the judge, quietly taking a pinch of snuff, with a roguish smile, "you came to the court?" Many a true word spoken in jest.

Indian Humour.—"I am glad," said the Rev. Dr. Young to the chief of the Little Ottawas, "that you do not drink whiskey, but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes," replied the chief, and he fixed an impressive eye upon the Doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians *use* a great deal of whiskey, but we do not *make* it."

Tit for Tat.—An American judge was obliged to sleep with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued: "Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a judge; would you not, Pat?" "Yes, yer honour," said Pat; "and I think yer honour would have been a long time in the old country before ye'd been a judge, too."

Total Depravity.—Deacon Brown took occasion to administer a reproof to old Joe for swearing. Joe listened attentively to his words, seemed to appreciate the exhortation, and when he had concluded, replied as follows: "The fact is, deacon, that I may swear a great deal, and you may pray a great deal, but neither of us means anything by it." The deacon alludes to Joe as an instance of total depravity.—*American paper.*

The Butt End.—A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee when there was a log to lift generally contrived to secure the small end, for which the farmer rebuked him, and told him always to take the butt end. Dinner time came, and with it a sugarloaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, giving the farmer a wink, and exclaiming, "Always take the butt end!"

During a recent hailstorm in Michigan an old lady was amazed at the descent, as from the sky, of several hard-boiled eggs. It appears that her rascally son, an imp of eleven years, threw them from the garret window to absorb the old lady's attention, and set her gossiping with the neighbours, so that he might have a chance of robbing her drawers of the money which he knew to be stowed away in odd corners thereof.—*American paper.*

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THE STORM SPIRIT.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH.

By Perrin Browne.

When I say that my husband and I had a three days' journey before we reached our destination in the north of Scotland, it may surprise the traveller of these days. But so it was that leaving London on Monday night we did not arrive at Helmsdale, in Sutherland, till late on Thursday evening. Such a journey in the cold grey days and windy nights of November was not undertaken for pleasure.

John had obtained the appointment of surveying engineer for a projected extension of the railway into Caithness; and partly because he would not leave his young wife behind, and partly because she refused to be left, we both set out on the cheerless expedition, and after three days drove down into the little Sutherland village on a Thursday evening, cold and tired, and wishing from our hearts that we had found the railway there, and not come to make it.

I remember that that evening there was brought in to replenish our drift wood fire a piece of whitened plank that was red, and rusted through where the nails had been that held it to its place between some mariner and death. It filled me with a great awe of the wild waste of sea we had seen all day from the coach top beating upon the eastern coast.

"Perhaps," I said, "this was the faithless plank that parted silently from its neighbour and let death creep in whilst the fishermen were labouring at the oars within sight of haven."

I remember that John scolded me for my gloomy thoughts, but this and many other strange forebodings lightly dismissed at the time crowd in upon me now, and I am forced to believe that they came to warn me. I saw them in the stormy sky, wild shapes beckoning me into the black heart of the rising gale; I saw them in the wreck that strewed the shore in the line of foam that stretched northward to the Ord of Caithness; they came as tokens of the awful event that the powers of sky and earth and sea were working out, and I despised their warning.

The morning after our arrival we secured lodgings in a fisherman's cottage, and set out to explore our winter quarters.

John had chosen Helmsdale as being the centre of his work; and whatever it may do now, it presented a very cheerless aspect on that cold November morning. A lonely amphitheatre of hills stretched around the little village; the coach road dipped into it on either side from the higher level of the cliffs; the houses were all huddled together on the north bank of the little estuary which formed the harbour; a mountain stream, which seemed to gather its waters in the hollow of the hills, but in reality flowed through it from a far upland of moor and loch, chattered under the high-arched bridge and past the quay, where twice a day the thick-masted fishing boats were floated and stranded by the tide. Rows of empty barrels lining the quay showed traces of the herring harvest, and sturdy women, with bare feet and worsted leggings, staggered to and fro under loads of nets, while their husbands smoked and slept, and waited for the tide.

On the southern jaw of the estuary rose a precipitous height overlooking the port and village; there stood the Castle of Helmsdale, admirably placed for strength, but crumbled now under the breath of time into a ruin, serving only as a landmark to the seamen.

The three remaining walls were white and rugged; in their exposed position no vegetation would lend them its softening garment; only on the landward side, where one tall tower rose in solitary grandeur, the tendrils of a gnarled and stunted ivy-plant climbed adventurously towards the sky.

On this landward side, too, was the old archway of a chimney, or disused doorway, fronting the village, and sheltered from the east wind. Here, on a heap of stones, John and I rested on the first morning we passed in Helmsdale, and made forecasts, in a joking way, of our winter prospects in that outlandish region. We made out our fisherman-landlord's house in the principal street of the village, and so bright was the sun on that November morning, and so clear the air, that we could catch the glancing of the gude wife's needles as she sat knitting on the doorstep, a little huddled-up thing the size of a fly.

It was during one of our subsequent visits to this spot—for it was our favourite resort when the weather was propitious—that one of our sailor friends (we reckoned most of the inhabitants of the little port in their number) volunteered to tell us the legend of the old castle. We readily assented, and his solemn manner of repeating the story impressed me so deeply that, like everything else connected with that fatal time, it clings to my memory almost in the very words of Tammas M'Kay.

"Many years ago, when this castle was twice as lofty as it is now, and twice as large with great dungeons and prisons in the base of it, there lived here a wicked lord who oppressed the people, and did many cruel things. He was killed one night in his own castle, and this was how it happend. It was a stormy winter night, the wind blowing on the coast, and the lights were put out in Helmsdale, and the peasants, and fisher-folk were asleep and snugly dreaming. The wicked lord walked that night by the battlemented wall, and heard, as he thought, a cry coming out of the heart of the stormy sea. He mounted quickly to a turret, and thence beheld a sight that would have roused the honest villagers from their beds. A vessel was driving on the rocks below, and the cry of the sailors as they clung to the rigging had reached his ears. Without help from land all those voices would be dumb before morning, and none would claim the gallant wreck that strewed the shore. He left his turret, and sat in the banquetting hall all night waiting for the morning. But in the morning came a fearful storm of thunder, and the lightning struck the castle, and killed the wicked lord as he sat by the fire, with the grey morning breaking out at sea, and the vessel shattered on the rocks below. They buried him with the mariners' corpses that came ashore; and since then, on stormy nights, when the spray climbs the cliff side, and hangs like mist round the grey walls, a voice is heard, a sudden bitter cry, as of one caught in some agonising death, which sounds above the piping of the winds and waves, and makes the women shudder at their firesides. Next morning when the fishing boats return, one is missing; there is a desolate hearth or two, and in a few days the lost boat is found bottom upwards.

"Aye," said the man, "there's mony a one the sperrit has cheated of his bed yonder," pointing to the kirk above the town.

The sorrows and trials of a sea-faring life are great; the wonders that the fisherman sees on the great deep are enough to make his stout heart quail; a stormy night brings trouble to the anxious wife; no wonder, I thought, that these wild fancies are woven into shape and fix themselves deeply in their simple creed.

The first month of our stay at Helmsdale was an uneventful one; John worked late and early, sometimes miles away, sometimes near home; often leaving the house before daybreak, not returning till after dusk. But when the severity of the weather relaxed his duty, we went long walks together across the bleak moors, and among the interminable stone dikes, I muffled up like a frost-swollen-sparrow, and John doing his best to walk slowly for my sake.

One evening when work was slacker than usual the fisherman in whose house we lodged stepped into our sitting-room, and, addressing himself to John, said that the fleet were going out next day to try their luck with the herrings, would the gentleman join them, and see what like the sport was?

Now I knew that John had often wished for a night at sea with his rough friends, and I also knew that he would at once refuse if he thought I should dislike it, so I joined my persuasions to those of our landlord, and it was decided that John should be on the quay ready to start the next afternoon.

That night I heard in my dreams the dismal cry from the storm-spirit, sharp and loud as of a man who suffers an agonising death. I heard it as I often hear it now, and I started up and laid my head on my husband's breast and wept, but now as the castle rises before me, and the little port beneath, I bury my face in my hands and moan a moan, for my heart is too dry to weep.

Next day the weather changed, and in the afternoon it rained so hard that John would not allow me to stir from the door, and set off alone in his oilskin coat.

For half-an-hour I sat over the fire; then starting up I resolved to brave the rain, and watch the boats go out to sea. Going down the street to a house whose windows overlooked the quay, I saw them with their stout masts and red sails, passing one by one over the harbour bar, and standing out to sea.

The rain had by this time ceased, and the boats flew before the freshening breeze, and fading into brown specks were swallowed up in the twilight.

When the last had disappeared (and I fondly imagined that John was in, waving his hat to me from the stern), I set out to return home, and not too soon. The woman at whose window I had been standing offered to escort me home, for the sky was black and lowering, and thunder rolled among the hills. But any alarm I felt as I watched the clouds driven wildly out to sea, and listened to the echoing thunder peals growing momentarily more distinct, was for some one far dearer than self.

I declined her proffered kindness, and walked up the street alone. The lower stratum of clouds came so quickly down from the hills that in a few moments the castle mound was completely hidden, and the castle itself seemed to stand on vacancy; over all hung a dense black mass, sinking lower and lower, till it swallowed up the ruin and rested on the very roofs above my head. A dense blackness had suddenly filled the street, and scarcely knowing what I did I made my way instinctively to our own door, where on that first morning we had watched the gude wife knitting.

A sudden blaze, and the castle walls shone out as clear as in the day; and standing there in the street, I, Jane Feest, heard in the pause before the thunder the cry of the spirit, loud and clear, swelling fiercer and fiercer till it joined in the roar of the thunderclap.

When I came to consciousness, I was lying by the kitchen fire, and the fisherman's wife was chafing my hands. By degrees I learned that all Helmsdale had heard that strange cry mingling with the thunder. There was trouble that night, and sore crying by many a hearth, for the wind thundered on the roofs and roared in the chimneys, and up the beach the surge was rolling heavily, and of the five-and-forty boats that went a fishing only four-and-forty would return.

My kind landlady had a husband afloat and two sons, and we sobbed, and cried together till I fell asleep in her arms.

I awoke in the morning at the sound of a voice telling me to dress myself and put on my cloak. I obeyed silently and followed the fisherman's wife into the chilly street. We turned towards the pier, and there was a company I shall never forget, silent and awestruck like ourselves, standing on the brink of the pitiless sea. I suppose every one in Helmsdale had come down that morning to watch for the returning fleet.

As the dim mist lifted and the morning dawned out at sea, I stood there waiting for my husband, and the castle looked down upon me a leaden blotch against the grey sky, as if the storm had never been. The long waves began to roll past us up the estuary, for the tide was coming in. The aspect of that waiting crowd was very terrible to me. The men stood in groups, as if together they could see further than alone; the women walked about and spoke in hurried whispers, ever and anon straining their eyes across the white-crested waves. In the certainty with which these people awaited their doom I lost all thought but that the warning cry had been sent to me, and that my husband was among the drowned.

I don't know how long I had stood there when it was whispered to me quietly that the boats were in sight. I could see nothing, but the harbour-master, standing with his glass upon the pierhead, counted aloud. He counted forty, counted again, and reached forty-four, counted again, and many counted with him silently. "Forty-five" said the harbour-master; "forty five," said several voices at once; and turning in his place on the whole, the old captain of the port took off his cap, and said loudly, so that all might hear, "All safe! praise the Lord." The women would not believe it till, with tearful eye and faltering they had counted over and over again the blessed number forty-five; and then gradually there arose a cry of great joy, and as with one impulse they sang.

The storm is changed into a calm,
At His command and will;
So that the waves, which rag'd before,
Now quiet are, and still.

Then are they glad because at rest,
And quiet now they be;
So to the haven He them brings,
Which they desir'd to see.

The tune was one I had often heard at the kirk, "Evan," I think they call it, and its echoes rang through my heart as I watched the red sails growing larger and larger, tossing on the dreary waves, and running into harbour with the expiring breath of last night's gale. Whilst others went laughing up and down the pier I could hardly realise that all was well. The message of the storm-spirit had been delivered first to me of all that crowd, and it could not be so lightly dismissed.

In time the boats came riding in on the tide, dropping their sails one by one in the lea of the hill, and jostling up side by side to quay. Then there was running here and there, hand-shaking, embraces, and many a fervent word of thanks to Heaven. But where was John? I asked the question; and I grow cold and heart sick as I tell the story now, as I grew cold and heart-sick then; the answer was, "He never went with us."

The village people around me were clasping each other by the hand with glad faces and thankful hearts. I was listening—I knew not how—to the words of one of the fishermen.

We told him it might blow up a bit before morning, and he said, "I'll go another day; Jane may be afeard." I saw him cross the bridge and climb the hill, and as we cleared out of harbour, he was standing yonder by the castle."

"My God!" said the man, "look there!"

The storm in the night had hurled down a piece of the castle wall, it lay in huge masses of masonry, filling up the archway I knew so well. From between two of the stones there flapped a piece of yellow oilskin.

I knew it all now; it was a true message I had received, my husband's last farewell, the cry of a man in the agonies of death.

They found him half buried under the ruins; they said he had been sheltering under the archway when the castle was struck.

Art Criticism.—Lady (whose opinion of the picture has been asked, after a long pause): "I suppose there is no way of washing all the paint off, is there, if you want to use the canvas to put something else on?"

Arguments with Ladies.—An old author quaintly remarks: "Avoid arguments with ladies. In spinning yarns amongst silks and satins a man is sure to be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up."

THE SUNBURST:

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

By J. G. D.

[Written specially for the Guardian.]

(Concluded from our last.)

The morrow came, and found our friends, as well as a number of the guests of the night before, all together at the specified time at the pond, or lake, I might say, if I were to judge by its extent and depth. Some splendid skating ensued. Harry and Emily, however, were the king and queen of the pond—if I may use the term, and they accomplished some magnificent work. The skating had not gone on long when the centre of the pond began to give way and assume that character which our juveniles characterise as "bendy leather." Very few would venture on it and these only the lightest and fleetest. At last it was deserted altogether, and the skaters kept to the outsides, where, however, there was plenty of room. The party were about to leave off skating to go home when someone threw a lady's pocket-handkerchief fastened round a stone right into the centre of the pond. It was quite evident to everyone why it was thrown, but there was a moment's hesitation before anyone ventured to go after it. All at once despite the cries and entreaties of those around her, Emily, who was in the highest of spirits, sped towards it. Away she went as fleet as only an accomplished skater can go. Everyone stood breathless. The ice bent under her like canvas as she went. The ice bends more and more; now she reaches it; stoops; quick as lightning snatches it up, and as a cheer bursts out from the people, she waves it round her head. But ere the echoes of that cheer have died away, the people are breathless again. Every face is covered with an anxiety which can only be realised by the highest degree of painful suspense; for see, Emily, instead of going round the pond takes a magnificent curve, and is coming straight back, fleet as the wind. Again the ice bends, but more than before. Cleverly she comes on; she reaches the worst part; now she is almost over, and the party begin to breathe freely. But something, a shrub, catches her skate; she stops. That stop is fatal; for the ice gives way under her, and, screaming, she sinks. O, heavens! who will venture his life? Who will rush into the jaws of death with only the merest chance of either him or her being saved. The women, as women always do, are screaming and fainting, only adding confusion to perplexity. But see! some one has rushed off! Harry, after telling Phil to go and get a rope as quick as possible, has gone. He skates slowly and steadily towards where Emily is struggling to keep herself above the water. Coming close to her he presses on the ice where he stands, and it breaks with him. But it makes the circle of water larger, so that there is not so much danger of them being drawn under the ice. He then swims towards Emily, catching her round the waist and bearing her up. He is just in time, for she is almost fainting when he catches her, and she would have sank in a few minutes. He now swam to the edge of the ice to find if it was strong enough to bear them up until help should come. At first it breaks with the slightest pressure, but as he gets more from the centre it becomes stronger, and at last it is sufficiently solid and strong to bear him and his burden. This has scarcely occupied a moment; but Harry is dreadfully exhausted with his exertion, and benumbed with the coldness of the water. Phil now returns, having by good fortune found a rope close at hand. It is thrown out to Harry, who, with Emily's help, for she is yet sensible, gets it under her armpits. Then by dint of almost superhuman exertion he raises her up on the ice. The rope is pulled gently, and she is drawn to where the ice is yet firmer, and where willing hands are prepared to receive her. The rope was then thrown to Harry, who, with great difficulty, got himself out. Emily had been conveyed as quickly as possible to the Hall. Beyond a few cuts and bruises, she was not seriously injured; but it was feared that the chill she had received might have dangerous effects. Harry, who possessed a strong, healthy constitution, when he had got a change of clothing and some restoratives, was all right again.

He was now the admired of all admirers. He was praised, complimented, and courted by everybody for miles around. Eulogiums poured in from all sides; so much so that Phil used to laughingly chide Mary for not going and trying to drown herself too, so that he might have had a chance of "mortalising" himself. But there was something that pleased Harry far more than all this commendation. It was to visit Emily, who was confined to her couch for several days, and see her radidly approaching convalescence. The kind, grateful—I might say loving—smiles with which she greeted him each day when he came, were more gratifying to him than a thousand eulogiums from anyone else. Added to this, her father, hearing of the accident, had came with all haste to the Hall, and his gratitude to Harry for saving the life of Emily, who was his only child, knew no bounds. It was now within a week of Christmas, and Emily was able to go about a little. Harry at the request of Mr. Enfield, who was very fond of his company on account of his superior intellectual attainments and good general knowledge, still continued his almost daily visits to the Hall. Consequently, he and Emily were much in each other's company. This was pleasant to him, and it was painful. So painful, indeed, that every day saw him more fretful and melancholy; aye, he was even growing paler and thinner.

His intercourse with Emily was pleasant because—he loved her. That heart of his which he boasted should not be caught so easily was now his no longer; and he could plainly see that Emily reciprocated his love, for she was of a disposition that could not conceal outwardly what were her inward sentiments. True, they had not orally communicated to each other these feelings. But is there not a language which goes out from heart to heart, and which speaks with a distinctness, a clearness, a softness that the brain-moved tongue is not capable of giving utterance to?

When Harry was in Emily's company he was happy; but when alone, he would think how foolish was his love. Foolish, because the object which it coveted was unattainable. He knew that his uncle had plans laid out for him to follow, which forbade his marriage with Emily. If he did not follow those plans, he was thrown upon the world, in comparison with Emily, a begger. He could not then, as a gentleman, avow to Emily his love for her, as that implied marriage. It was these thoughts that cost him restless nights and made him thin, and pale, and melancholy. And many and anxious were the enquiries made by his friends as to these latter. But no satisfactory answer would he give.

Friend Phil, however, suspected something, and laid his plans to have that something made clear. He knew Harry talked in his sleep, and thinking that by taking advantage of that he might gain the information he desired; he resolved to stretch his honour when it was for the good of his friend, and play the listener. So that night he secreted himself in Harry's chamber. A short time found him in possession of all he wanted to know; and the next morning beheld him in earnest conversation with Mr. Enfield. What that conversation was I need not say, but when Phil shook hands at parting with Mr. Enfield, after half-an hour's talk, the extra shake which he gave the hand that was offered to him seemed to say: "You are the best, kindest-hearted old man that this world or any other world contains." And if old Sally Jones, the village pedlar and gossip, *did* say when she went into any of the village houses "that young Mr. Elder had gone daft wi' summut; for when she met him he was jumpin', an' laughin', an' thrawin' up his cap, an' he put his hand in his pocket, an' pulled out a lot o' money, an' thrawed it into her basket, an' said she was the best old woman in the county; and she was sartin that he'd gone daft, or that summut had happen'd that pleased him so much that he couldn't had hissel"—when she did say this she may have been correct in some parts, particularly in the last words.

This occurred on Christmas Eve. There was to be a small gathering of friends at Wilton Hall that evening, and Harry, Phil, and his parents were all to be present. Harry was somewhat surprised to receive a note from Mr. Enfield, requesting him to be over at the Hall about two hours before the time appointed for the arrival of the guests, as he wished to speak to him privately. Harry complied and when he arrived was ushered into a private room where Mr. Enfield was sitting, apparently waiting for him.

Harry was a little astonished, however, to find when the conversation began that Mr. Enfield did not appear to have anything particular to talk of. It commenced on the ancient philosophers, poets, and historians. The ancient history of Greece and Rome, and the manners and customs of those people next came under notice. Mr. Enfield dwelt upon the Olympian games their use and abuse. He then turned on to the sports and pastimes of the present day, the degenerating tendencies of some, the healthy, vivifying tendencies of others. In speaking of the latter, skating was particularised. Harry was now engrossed in the conversation, and had forgotten all about the peculiarity of his visit. This was what Mr. Enfield desired, and when skating came under notice, it seemed quite natural that he should refer to Harry's bravery in saving his daughter, and the great debt which was due from Mr. Enfield to him for that gallant act. "That is a debt, Harry," he said, "which it is almost beyond my power to ropay."

"I am amply, aye more than repaid, sir, in having through it obtained your good opinion, and the friendship of Miss Enfield."

"Nay, nay, Harry; you are not repaid. You do not know the ruin of mind and the misery you saved me from by rescuing her from death, or you would not say so. But is there no way whereby I may requite you?"

Harry knew of a way, but he only smiled and said—"I can only repeat what I said before, I am already amply repaid for the little I have done."

"The reason I put the question, Harry, is this,—of late, it has become quite plain to me, as well as to your other friends, that there is something paining and fretting you and wasting you away. I do not believe it to be a bodily pain, it is a pain of the mind. My experience of life tells me that a trouble has taken possession of your breast, which, by its incessant stinging, if not plucked out, will raise a wound which will be irreparable. It may be in my power to pluck it out, but not without your informing me of the root and cause. You have seen a good deal of me since I came here, and I hope you have seen enough of me to tell you that I would be your friend as far as lies in my power. Lay open, then, to me this trouble and its cause, and let me by curing it, redeem at least in part the heavy debt which you have laid on me and on my daughter."

During the progress of this speech which was spoken with great earnestness, Harry appeared much moved. He sunk his face in his hands, and it was some time before he answered.

"Sir," he said, "I thank you. From my heart I thank you. I acknowledge the sincerity and disinterestedness of your wishes, but the disease which you offer so kindly to cure is beyond your power."

"You evade me, Harry. It is within my power to heal. But I might have known that you were too much of a gentleman to divulge it under the circumstances in which you are placed. From an authority whose veracity is unquestionable I have been made aware of that which is troubling you, and I have the cure. A few moments ago you said you were amply repaid for saving my daughter's life, in having gained her friendship. Let me tell you this, that you have gained more. You have won that which is a woman's most precious boon to give—her love! Such being the case, all I can do to repay the debt which remains due from me to you, is to give that which I love dearer than my life or my fortune—my child."

Harry's feelings, for a time, were too strong to allow him to speak. Then rising to his feet and pacing the room deeply moved, he said—

"Had you, sir, been able, to have offered me the crown and sceptre of the mightiest kingdom on the earth, I would have refused them, a thousand times in favour of that which you have offered me. But I will tell you the real cause of my trouble. I have an uncle. He it is who has brought me up, and given me my education. For his so doing, I have reason to be thankful to him. He has also promised that I should be his heir. But in return for that I must be slave to his every whim—and he is eccentric, exacting, and selfwilled. For a number of years my life with him has been almost unbearable. I have had but few holidays, and those in his unpleasant company. I could have borne all this rather than been a beggar, for that was the only alternative other than implicit obedience. But just before I came here from the college I received a letter from him, placing me under an obligation, which, whether I comply with it or not, precludes the possibility of my marriage with Miss Enfield."

"I happen to know," said Mr. Enfield, smiling, "the obligation you mention, as well as all the other circumstances. Notwithstanding, I make you the offer."

Harry stopped, astounded and reseated himself. Fain would he have asked Mr. Enfield how he had obtained the information.

"But, sir,—I will be a—beggar."

"You will not. You have talents far above the average. Your acqurements are superior to those of any young man of my knowledge,—and I know a great number. These are a fortune which only a favoured few possess, and are the sure tools wherewith a fortune, in the general meaning of the word, may be obtained. But, in any case, my boy, it is not a man whose riches are his recommendation that I would wish for my daughter. I would have her wedded to affection not affluence, provided the man were honourable, educated, of a good disposition, and fit to take his place in the society of gentlemen. You are the possessor of these qualities in an eminent degree, and if you wed my daughter she has riches enough for both."

"You are too, generous, sir," said Harry; "but do not think that I undervalue your generosity if I say that, although I love Emily as passionately as man can love, under the circumstances you have named, I would not marry her, if it were to break my heart. But if I might presume so far, sir, if she would wait two years I should work——"

"I understand, Harry, I admire your spirit; Emily I am sure would wait, but two, ten, aye twenty years might pass, and you would not, unless fortune especially favoured you, have gained that wealth which you think it is necessary for you to have before you can marry Emily. I speak from experience, and I would advise you to drive out such utopian notions, and let happiness, my daughter's as well as yours, take its course."

"I could not be happy. Heaven help me," said Harry with a groan.

At this moment a rap came to the door. A servant entered holding in his hand a telegram which he said, had been brought by Phil. It was for Harry. Harry opened it, read it, and never spoke, but handed it to Mr. Enfield. It was to apprise him of his uncle's sudden death, and summoning him home at once.

"I am not glad, I cannot be sorry, Mr. Enfield," he said; "but that clears all difficulties. I will go and see Emily, and then depart at once for home."

* * * *

It is the "merry month of May." Nature in all her virgin beauty shines over the country. But it would seem she favours more particularly that part of it where Wilton Hall is situated. The woods seem to bear a purer freshness than ordinarily, the fields a brighter green, and the flowers upon their breasts appear in a variegated loveliness that enchants the eye. The little lambs appear to skip and run with an extra friskiness. The lark "at heaven's gate rings" with a sweetness, a clearness, a joyousness such as we think we have never heard before. Even the sparrow's homely chirrup, as it hops about the chimneys and through the now almost empty stackyards, seems to have a briskness, a liveliness in it which fall with dreamy softness upon the attentive ear. Ah! they are tintinabulary. How pleasant the voices of the village church bells when they strike upon our ears on the lovely spring morning, as we stand at distance on a little eminence where we have a good view of the surrounding rural beauties! What devotional, awe inspiring thoughts they raise within us! From the fulness of our hearts we cannot help bursting forth in silent secret orison to that beneficent Giver of all those, we might think, paradisiacal charms we see around us.

But the sweet sounds which particularly attract our sense of hearing this morning greatly remind us of joybells. And methinks too they emanate from the old-fashioned church tower we observe almost buried among the trees yonder. Let us then, gentle reader, proceed there, and divine the cause of those exhilirating chimes. We pass through the homely little village as we go, but why are those little triumphant arches stretched across the road at short intervals? And why are the villagers standing in little groups here and there talking merrily? As we look round with observant eye, we hear a shout, and someone points in a certain direction. We look, and see in the distance coming towards us a procession. As it approaches we see it is a wedding party; and as it comes nearer still, we think we observe, occupying those places which are set apart for the brides and bridegrooms certain old friends—Harry and Phil, Emily and Mary. And as they pass we hear somebody say—

"It was too bad of you, Harry, to disappoint Miss Delaine as you have done."

"It was Phil," it was answered; "but I can only say that I shall never do it again."

It is perhaps needless to inform the reader that this last scene is the marriage of Harry and Emily, and of Phil and Mary. Harry always called it The Sunburst. Let us wish them joy.

THE END.

The mayor of Wilmington, N.C., has hit upon a novel method of ridding the city of thieves. He has notified the police that if the robberies that are of so frequent occurrence there are not abated by October 1 he will discharge every man in the force.

Agitation.—An Irish Wicklow Quaker was recently replied to by a lady listener. The Quaker was exclaiming against agitation. The lady responded "What good in the world was ever done without agitation? We cannot make butter even without it."

"How had you the audacity, John," said a Scottish laird to his servant, "to go and tell some people that I was a mean fellow, and no gentleman?" "Na, na, sir," was the candid answer, "you'll no catch me at the like o' that. I aye keep my thochts to mysel."

Lips and Head.—"I have the reputation," said a silly fop to a bright young lady, "of having the softest lips that ever pressed those of beauty." "Indeed!" exclaimed the young lady, spontaneously, adding: "Then as like as two chips are your head and your lips."

Maria is a very popular name in Illinois. When a cat climbs a back-fence in a well-populated neighbourhood, and plainly calls out "Mariar!" twenty or thirty windows are hastily thrown up, from which protrude twenty or thirty feminine heads wildly answering, "What?"—*American paper.*

Smart Work.—A man in Northampton, it is said, made so many pairs of shoes in one day that it took two days to count them. He was a smart one, but not equal to one in county Tipperary, who built so many miles of stone fence in one day that it took him all night and next day to get home.

A Sydney editor has the following placard posted outside his office:—"'Time is money.' The editor is not to be seen; if you do insist, the first five minutes a sovereign, a quarter of an hour four sovereigns, half an hour fifteen pounds, after which every one will be ejected by the window."—*American paper.*

He was a sharp-looking little man who had offered to go on the bail bond of a prisoner. The counsel for the people was suspicious, and asked him quite sternly, "Do I understand you to swear that you are a property holder in this county?" "You do," he answered, proudly; "I own two lots in a buryin' ground less'n a quarter mile from here."

Pointed Answer.—"What am I made of?" asked a little girl, fresh from her first Sunday school lesson, as she essayed to show off her knowledge to a younger sister. "I don't know," was the honest answer. "What does mamma sweep up from the floor?" was the first speaker's next trial in the Socratic method. "Pins, needles, and hairpins," was the prompt but unexpected response.

At a public dinner in Montreal, a Dutch settler was one of the company; and during the banquet he paid such assiduous attention to a roasted pig immediately in front of his plate, that he devoured the entire animal. As he finished the last morsel, unctuous and savoury, a bustling waiter asked him what he would be helped to next. "Oh," replied the feeder, "I'll dank you for von more of dem leetle hoks."

An exemplary clergyman, who is somewhat weak in the pulpit, relates with much good nature how an "elevated" drover, whom he met in a coach, did in all kindliness try to gloss over this inferiority. "Ah, Dr. B.," said the drover, his heart warmed by good bargains at a great market, "ye dinna ken me, but I ken you. I'm whiles in your parish. There's no a better likit man onywhere; yer own folk jist adore ye. Who cares aboot preachin'?"—*Scotch paper.*

The subject of impression at first sight was being talked over at the tea-table, when the lady whose duty it was to preside said "she always formed an idea of a person at first sight, and generally found it to be correct." "Mamma," said her youngest son, in a shrill voice, that attracted the attention of all present. "Well, my dear, what is it?' replied the mother. "I want to know what was your opinion when you first saw me?" The question gave a sudden turn to the conversation.

The *Medical Times* tells a humorous story of the late Sir Chas. Locock, as an evidence of his powers of repartee. His great repute had induced certain vendors to advertise cough lozenges under the title of Locock's Pulmonic Wafers, or Locock's Cough Lozenges. This, of course, caused him some annoyance. One morning he met the Duke of Wellington in Hyde Park, who said: "Locock, I have a bad headache from taking your lozenges." "Well," said Sir Charles, "I might as well say that I am lamed by wearing your boots, for I wear Wellingtons."

Barnum has been lecturing at Chicago, and he tells the following story:—"In his museum a gentleman and daughter stood gazing at the Siamese twins. The showman said they were the most remarkable phenomenon in the known world, were born in Siam, &c. "Brothers, I suppose," remarked the gentleman, interrogatively, still looking with wonder at the tied-ups. "Yes, sir, brothers; and natural brothers, too," said the showman. "My dear," said the visitor, religiously, turning to his daughter, "think of the goodness of Providence in thus linking two natural brothers together, instead of two strangers."

The following charming advertisement comes from a Warwickshire paper: "Wanted, a servant in a small family, where a man is kept. The housework and cooking all done by the members of the family. The gentleman of the house rises early, but prepares the breakfast himself. All the washing is put out, and the kitchens provided with every comfort and luxury. Cold meat and hash studiously avoided. Wages no objection to a competent party. References and photographs exchanged." The last sentence looks a little suspicious; but still a servant who is to be treated so well might not object to exchange both references and photographs.

Business Announcements.

NEW PLUMBING, GAS-FITTING, AND BELL-HANGING ESTABLISHMENT.

T. D. LAMB
(LATE OF EDINBURGH),

HAS OPENED an Establishment in St. George's Place, Blackhill, where Plumbing, Gas-fitting, and Bellhanging Work will be done at the lowest charges. A good Job guaranteed.
N.B.—Repairs executed with uttermost dispatch.

E. FARNSWORTH,
Wholesale and Retail
FRUIT AND POTATO MERCHANT,
NEWMARKET AND VICTORIA STREETS,
CONSETT,

HAS always on hand an excellent supply of FRUIT in season. Fresh BUTTER and EGGS and CHEESE of excellent quality. Fresh RABBITS daily. Licensed Dealer in TOBACCO and GAME.

GEORGE WARD,
CARTWRIGHT, JOINER, AND UNDERTAKER,
KNITSLEY LANE, CONSETT,
(Adjoining Mr. Glendinning's, Blacksmith,)
AND MEDOMSLEY,

RESPECTFULLY announces that he has recently commenced Business at Consett, as above, and hopes, by strict attention and moderate charges, to merit public support. Orders received at either of his establishments, will meet with prompt attention. 244g

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL SPIRIT STORE,
VICTORIA STREET, CONSETT.

JAMES DONNELLY

BEGS to inform his Friends and the Public generally that he has OPENED a Wholesale and Retail SPIRIT STORE in Victoria Street, Consett, and, by keeping SCOTCH and IRISH WHISKEYS and other SPIRITS of Good Quality, he hopes to obtain their patronage and support.

MAIN AND ROBINSON,
MILLWRIGHTS and ENGINEERS,
Gibson Street, Consett,

BEG to announce that they have commenced business as above, where they are prepared to execute all Mill Work, together with the Manufacture of Crushing Machines and Circular and Endless Saws, Thrashing Machines, Reaping Machines, together with every description of Agricultural Implements. All orders promptly attended to. 6874

MRS. CHRISTOPHER,
NORTH-EASTERN HOTEL,
(Near Benfieldside Station, Blackhill),

BEGS to return her sincere thanks for the liberal support accorded to her late husband and self, and respectfully intimates that she continues to LET OUT HORSES and CONVEYANCES on HIRE at moderate terms.
☞ All Orders left at the above Address punctually attended to.
Funerals completely Furnished. 6583

MRS. I. ELSDON,

RESPECTFULLY intimates to her Friends and the Public that she has commenced business as GENERAL PROVISION DEALERIN, in Victoria Street, Consett, and has always on hand HOME-MADE BREAD, TEA CAKES, &c.

SOUP and BROTH ready every day.
TEA, COFFEE, and other Refreshments provided on the shortest notice. 177g

JAMES PALLISER,
Family Grocer, Provision Merchant, and Commission Agent,
5 and 6, FOUNDRY ROW, BLACKHILL.

J. P. begs most respectfully to inform his Friends and the Public that he has succeeded Mr. A. Simpson in the above place, and is prepared to offer GOODS (in quality and cheapness) equal to anyone in the Trade.
Agent for the Royal Life and Fire Assurance Company and the Union Permanent Building Society. 7129

RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.

ROBINSON'S EFFERVESCING VEGETABLE APERIENT is the best Remedy for Bilious Attacks, Sick Headache, Vomiting, Heartburn, Constipation, Impure Blood, Skin Eruptions, Giddiness, &c.
No one should be without it, as it purifies and invigorates the blood, thus acting as a preventative of Small Pox, &c.
Sold retail by all Chemists, in bottles 2s. 3d. each; wholesale, John Ismay, Newcastle.
Prepared only by Joseph Robinson, Chemist, Stanley. 6887

WILLIAM RAW,
AUCTIONEER, APPRAISER, AND GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,
DURHAM ROAD, BLACKHILL,
County of Durham.

VALUATIONS MADE FOR PROBATE AND LEGACY DUTIES.

EMIGRATION AGENT.
Agent to the Liverpool, London, and Globe Fire and Life Insurance Company.
☞ All Orders attended to with care and punctuality.

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENTAL, and PLATE GLASS INSURANCES effected through the following First-class Offices:—
The London Assurance Corporation—Fire and Life. Established 1720.
The Ocean, Railway, and General Accident Assurance Company.
The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, for Mutual Assurance of Lives.
The Scottish Commercial Insurance Company—Fire and Life.
The London and County Plate-glass Assurance Company.
The Commercial Guarantee Society.
Full Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, and other particulars may be had from Mr. Adam Brodie, Auctioneer, Valuer, and Accountant, Sole Agent for Consett and district. 302g

TODD'S QUININE WINE
STANDS PRE-EMINENT FOR
PURITY AND STRENGTH.

IT is the best known remedy for Indigestion, Nervous Complaints, Debility, Wasting Diseases, &c., and is recommended by the Faculty.
TODD'S QUININE WINE strengthens the whole system. The genuine is manufactured only by JOB TODD, Chemist, Carlisle, and bears his name on the Government Stamp. Sold by all Chemists. Ask for and have only
TODD'S QUININE WINE.
Agents—W. Aynsley, Grocer, Middle Street, and D. Imrie, Chemist, Front Street, Consett; J. A. Curry, Grocer, Dipton; T. J. Muse, Castleside; and Joseph Robinson, Chemist, Stanley.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS, POST FREE.

THE LANCHESTER COMMON ACT with the Awarded Roads, Quarries, Wells, Watering Places, &c., set out by the Commissioners by their Award, dated 13th June, 1871; also a note of the various
CUSTOMS OF THE COPYHOLD OF MANORS OF THE SEE OF DURHAM.
Edited and Compiled by Robert Jackson, for upwards of thirty years Managing Clerk in the Copyhold Office, Durham, and late Bailiff of the Manor.
The whole of the remaining copies of this useful work, which was published at 3s. 6d., having been purchased by Robert Jackson, *Guardian* Office, Consett, he has determined to reduce the price to *Three Shillings* per copy (post free) in order to effect a speedy clearance.
Also on hand a few copies (being an exact fac-simile) of the *Original* LANCHESTER COMMON ACT, recently published by Mr. John Calvert, at the reduced price of *Two Shillings* (post free).
☞ Every owner or occupier of property within the boundary of Lanchester Common should possess a copy of either of these editions.
Mr. Jackson will be glad to forward copies of either of these editions by return of Post. For which Halfpenny Postage Stamps or Post-Office Orders made payable to Robert Jackson, Consett, must be received.

Business Announcements.

JOHN BRYSON,
Coach and House Painter, Glazier, &c.,

BEGS to inform his Friends and the Public generally that he has entered the Shop lately occupied by Mr. J. Dawson, plumber, 6, Victoria Street, Consett.
All Orders punctually attended to. 6926

ROBERT MORGAN,
DIPTON.

BRANDY	4s. 6d.	4s. 6d.	5s. 0d.
Irish WHISKEY	2s. 6d.	3s. 0d.	3s. 6d.
Scotch WHISKEY	2s. 6d.	3s. 0d.	3s. 3d.
RUM	2s. 6d.	3s. 0d.	
GIN	2s. 3d.	2s. 6d.	3s. 0d.

Good ALE on Draught at 5d. per quart. 222g

NOTICE.

JOHN ARMSTRONG,
WEST KYO, NEAR ANNFIELD PLAIN,

WISHES to inform his Friends and the Public generally that he has commenced Business as PUBLIC AUCTIONEER, and hopes, by strict attention to Business, to merit a share of patronge and support. 7121

NOTICE TO FARMERS AND OTHERS.

GEORGE HOBSON

TAKES this opportunity of thanking his numerous Friends for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him during the many years he has been in business, and begs to inform them that he has now got his Mill under thorough repair, and, with the addition of extra CRUSHING and SPLITTING MILLS, he is now in a position to fully meet the requirements of his Friends and the Public. Particular attention will be paid to Grinding, Crushing, or Splitting Grain for Farmers and the Trade.

Try G. H.'s CRUSHED OATS and BEANS for Horses.
Try G. H.'s CRUSHED MIXED HORSE FEED.
Try G. H.'s MIXED COW FEED.
Try G. H.'s MIXED PIG FEED.
Pure BARLEY MEAL, PEA MEAL, INDIAN MEAL, and every other Article in the Trade on the most reasonable terms.

HARPERLEY STEAM AND WATER CORN MILLS
(Warehouse, Catchgate),
NEAR ANNFIELD PLAIN.
Established, 1817. 238g

AUTUMN NOVELTIES,
IN
SHAWLS, SKIRTS, MANTLES, and HOSIERY

The New HYDE PARK MANTLE—Children's, at 8s. 11d.; Ladies', from 13s. 9d.; beautiful design in New French Hosiery, from 2s. 9d. to 3s. 6d. per pair.
WINCEYS, from 3½d. to 2s. per yard.
Heavy SHAWLS, from 3s. 11d. to 22s. 6d.
SILK UMBRELLAS, at 4s. 11d., with chain.
Men's WOOL and UNION SHIRTS, from 2s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
BLANKETS, really good value, from 12s. 6d. to 17s. 6d.

READY-MADES.
A lot of Men's TROUSERS at 10s. 6d., usual price, 15s. 6d.
Heavy PILOT JACKETS, from 16s. 6d.
TROUSERS and VESTS in great variety
AT
JACOB DOWSON'S,
BLACKHILL. 186g

NEW MILLINERY! NEW MILLINERY!
NEW MILLINERY!!!

A TREAT FOR CONSETT.

T. ROWE,
The Cheap Draper,
16, VICTORIA STREET,

BEGS to inform the people of Consett and surrounding district that he has bought for ready cash an entirely NEW STOCK of MILLINERY. Beautiful HATS and BONNETS in all the Newest Styles of the day.
Special Notice.—The above Department will be under the able management of Mrs. Ralph Ord, late of Middle Street, Consett, who will be glad to see any of her old friends.
NEW DRESSES in great variety. Hundreds to choose from at nominal prices.
NEW PRINTS, all beautiful patterns, from 3½d per yard; Hoyle's best, at 6d. per yard.
The Cheapest CALICOS in the World from 1½d per yard.
NEW HOSIERY, GLOVES, TIES, COLLARS, LINEN SETTS, &c.
NEW SKIRTS in every make and style.
NEW FLOWERS, FEATHERS, RIBBONS, &c.
A special lot of TRIMMINGS, BUTTONS, RIBBONS, VELVETS, YAK LACE, &c. This is a rare chance for Dressmakers, who will be supplied at the lowest London Wholesale Prices.

READY MADES! READY MADES!! READY MADES!!!
New arrival of Men's, Youth's and Boys' Ready-made Clothing, suitable for the present Season, at most reasonable prices.
The largest and best assorted STOCK of Alloa Yarns, Wools, and Worsteds in Consett.
Notice.—Agent for Alexander Elder, Dyer and Cleaner, Newcastle. Goods Dyed and Cleaned on the shortest Notice, and on reasonable terms.

Note the address—
THOMAS ROWE,
16, VICTORIA STREET, CONSETT. 6927

CREOSOTED CARBOLIC SOAP
MIXES INSTANTANEOUSLY WITH WATER IN ALL PROPORTIONS.

CREOSOTED CARBOLIC SOAP — A SURE CURE AND PREVENTIVE FOR FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.
To be convinced of the value of Creosote and Carbolic Acid for this Disease, see the "Daily Telegraph" of the 10th September and 13th October, 1875.

CREOSOTED CARBOLIC SOAP — DESTROYS ALL PESTS THAT INFEST ANIMALS AND PLANTS, SUCH AS LICE, BUGS, FLEAS, TICKS, ANTS, MEALY BUG, SCALE, THRIP, &c.

CREOSOTED CARBOLIC SOAP DISINFECTS LINEN, CLOTHING, &c., AFTER CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, SUCH AS SMALL-POX, ITCH, MEASLES, AND TYPHUS AND ALL OTHER FEVERS.
One Dress ing Cures the Itch.

CREOSOTED CARBOLIC SOAP — KILLS BLACK BEETLES, COCKROACHES, CRICKETS, &c.

CREOSOTED CARBOLIC SOAP PURIFIES BILGE WATER, HOLDS OF SHIPS, DRAINS, CLOSETS, URINALS, &c.

1 Gallon, 4s. 6d.; 3 Gallons, 10s. 6d.; 24 Gallons, £3. Pint Bottles, 9s. per dozen; Quart Bottles, 16s. per dozen.
Post-office Orders and Cheques payable to C. Fowler, with sample Order. London references for Monthly Accounts. Agents Wanted. 262g
Crown Laboratories: White Post Lane, London, E.

Business Announcements.

CHEESE!
CHEESE!!
CHEESE!!!

THOMAS SWAINSTON,
GROCER, TEA DEALER, AND GENERAL PROVISION MERCHANT,
MIDDLE STREET, CONSETT,

HAS much pleasure in calling the attention of his numerous Customers to his Select
STOCK OF GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
For the Festive Season,
Consisting of Finest American, Derby, Cheshire, Cotherstone, and Stilton CHEESES. HAMS and BACON of his usual quality. FRUITS and SPICES. FRUIT LOAF at 6d. and 1s. per lb., in 1lb. and 2lb. Loaves. In fact, everything that is required to make a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
AMERICAN CHEESE, 7½d. per lb. (a few pounds.)
DERBY CHEESE, 9d. per lb., whole.
CHESHIRE CHEESE, 10d. per lb., finest.
HAMS, Fine and Mild, 7½d. per lb., whole.
BACON, whole sides, 7s. 9d. per stone.
FINES, per Sack, 37s. 6d.
SUPERFINES, per Sack, 40s. 6d.

SHAW AND ATKINSON
Are now offering an immense
STOCK OF READY-MADE CLOTHING
Of every description at very much under the Regular Prices.

INTENDING Purchasers will find it to their advantage to inspect these Goods, as the Styles, combined with the large Variety to Select from, cannot fail to be appreciated.

CONSETT, LEADGATE, AND ANNFIELD PLAIN.

V. R.

NOTICE! SPECIAL NOTICE!!

THE Season's NEW and FASHIONABLE GOODS are just to hand, including rich and exquisite designs in French and Berlin Fans; Hair and Head Ornaments; Ornamental Hair in splendid variety; Combs and Brushes in Shell, Ivory, and Pearl; Perfumery from London and Paris, including White Rose, Upper Ten, Exquisite, and Centfleur Bouquets; Sponges, Soaps, and Toilet Requisites.
The famed "EAU BOTANIQUE" for every purpose of restoring COLOUR and QUANTITY of HAIR in a few days.
The HAIRDRESSING DEPARTMENT represented by first London Artistes.—FASHIONS IN WINDOWS.

C. ROUGIER,
PROPRIETOR,
29, GREY STREET, NEWCASTLE.
Wholesale House, York. 274g

NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES.

RECEIVED A LARGE QUANTITY
OF
SPIRITS OF NOTED BRANDS FOR CHRISTMAS TIMES,
FROM THE
ROYAL IRISH DISTILLERY, BELFAST,
DUNVILLE AND CO., &c.

SCOTCH WHISKEY FROM THE EDINBURGH DISTILLERY.

TRY OUR FINE OLD GLENLIVET WHISKEY.

PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

Note the Address:—
H. NICHOLSON,
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
JOHN STREET AND PITT STREET WINE AND SPIRIT STORES,
On the newly opened thoroughfare from Medomsley Road to the Centre of
CONSETT
(By Order of the Local Authority).

Orders by Post or otherwise will receive immediate attention.

THE SECRET OF OUR SUCCESS.

THE people who don't use our Indian Tea, wonder at our success and even doubt the extent of our transactions. The people who use it, cease to wonder as soon as they sip the first draught of this life-sustaining cup of pleasure. We would have been surprised had the people not appreciated this, our great effort, to secure for them the greatest luxury in the world. Years ago, when Indian Tea was little known and its cultivation little understood, we discovered in the Native Tea Plant of India a great future for the Tea Trade in that Empire. At first, the Growers were cautious and slow. Year after year New Parcels were shown in our Markets, which were readily bought by those who could appreciate real worth. At that time the supply was so limited that we could not offer competition existed amongst the new Growers, their great ambition being to produce the finest quality. This healthy competition has secured a supply of the finest Tea in the world. (We write this advisedly after 30 years' experience as Dealers in Tea.) To support the views of the Growers, we resolved to sell the finest quality only and no other. This we fixed at 4s. per lb., a high price we admit. We had confidence in our judgment and faith in the public. You will think we trusted confidently when we inform you that last year we sold 136,337 lbs. of Tea. We believe, we are now doing the largest Indian Tea Trade in England. We are now in direct communication with the Indian Tea Growers. Years of careful observation have made us acquainted with most of the Tea Gardens under cultivation on the hills or in the valleys of India. The extent of our sales has made it to the interest of Growers and Importers to forward us samples under offer of the finest Teas, as soon as they arrive in England. These advantages are not lost sight of by us. After we have written all this about the development of our Trade, we must now answer the question as to the secret of our success. We answer, it has taken us many years of careful study to learn the peculiar character of the produce of every Tea Garden, and, what is more, we are still learning. This knowledge helps us to combine in our present 4s. Indian Tea, the produce of 17 Tea Plantations, each having a distinct character. This combination only known to ourselves, is the Tea that charms and makes the evening meal an hour of pleasure to thousands of the tea-drinking public. We should like you to set aside your prejudice and test the correctness of our judgment as to the strength, lasting power, and economy of Indian Tea.

WILLIAM STEWART, THE TEA DEALER,
Central Establishment, 23, GRAINGER STREET,
Branch Establishment, 23, SANDHILL,
Branch Establishment, 32, MOSLEY STREET,
Sunderland Branch, Corner of FREDERICK ROAD, HIGH STREET. } NEWCASTLE. 644

Business Announcements.

JOHN GLENDINNING,
BLACKSMITH,
KNITSLEY LANE, CONSETT,

RESPECTFULLY intimates, that in addition to his regular Business, he is prepared to Lead Coals and undertake every other description of Cartwork. 304g

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

WILLIAM RAMSEY,
DIPTON,

THANKS his numerous Friends for the support which they have hitherto accorded him, and begs to call their attention to his CHRISTMAS BEEF, PORK, and MUTTON. 338g

LADIES' SCHOOL, WEAR TERRACE,
BISHOP AUCKLAND.
Principal—Mrs. Cleminson.

PUPILS from this SCHOOL have Passed the Middle-Class Examinations of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham, and obtained Honours, Prizes, and Titles. 7076

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

JOHN DAWSON,
Plumber and Gas Fitter,

RESPECTFULLY returns his sincere thanks to his Friends and the Public of Consett and surrounding district, for the patronage already accorded to him, and begs to intimate that he has now
REMOVED
To more commodious premises,
No. 7, SHAKSPEARE STREET,
(below the Town Hall)
CONSETT,
Where he has always on hand a large assortment of Chandeliers, Water Closets, Spouting and Gas Fittings.

VALUABLE AND DESIRABLE
VILLA AND OTHER BUILDING SITES
FOR SALE,
IN LARGE OR SMALL PLOTS,
ON THE BENFIELDSIDE ESTATE.

APPLY TO
WILLIAM RAW,
AUCTIONEER, VALUER, SURVEYOR,
AND COMMISSION AGENT,
BLACKHILL,
278g CO. DURHAM.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

J. R. SMITH,
PLUMBER AND GASFITTER,
SHERBURN TERRACE, CONSETT,

BEGS to inform his Customers and the Public generally that he has now on hand a choice and varied Assortment of
GAS FITTINGS AND PARAFFIN LAMPS,
Which he is prepared to supply at Wholesale Prices. Also, a large Stock of
METAL SPOUTING.
J. R. S. also wishes to announce that he has received a large Consignment of
DOTTY LAMPS,
Which are so highly spoken of by the Admiralty, and now in use in our Lighthouses.

N.B.—All Repairs executed at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. 258g

THOMAS SMITH,
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
BURNOPFIELD,

HAS now on hand a choice selection of SPIRITS, WINES, &c., which he offers at the following prices:—

SPIRITS.

Good Scotch Whiskey, at 2s. 6d., 3s., and 3s. 6d. per bottle.		
" Irish	2s. 6d., 3s., and 3s. 6d.	"
" Rum at 2s. 6d. and 3s.		"
" Gin at 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 3s.		"
" Brandy at 3s. 6d.		"
Best French Brandy (Brown) at 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.		"
" " " (Pale) at 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.		"
(Bottles included)		
Good Scotch or Irish Whiskey at 12s., 16s., and 18s. per gallon, in jars.		
" Rum at 12s. and 16s. per gallon, in jars.		
" Gin at 12s. and 15s.	"	"

WINES.

Good Port Wine at 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 4s. per bottle.
" Sherry " at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., and 3s. 6d. "
Champagne, in quarts, 6s.; in pints, 3s. 6d. per bottle.
Ginger and other British Wines at 1s. 6d. "

THOMAS SMITH,
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
BURNOPFIELD. 308g

SELLING OFF, SELLING OFF, SELLING OFF, AT COST PRICE.

R. PICKERING

BEGS most respectfully to inform the Inhabitants of Consett that he is

NOW SELLING OFF
The whole of his Large and Valuable
STOCK OF DRAPERY GOODS
at Cost Price.

Persons who are in want of Cheap Bargains will find his a good opportunity.

Large Sales are now going on at
20, NEWMARKET STREET,
CONSETT. 345g

JOHN COLE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
ALE, PORTER, AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
Front Street, Leadgate,

BEGS to return thanks to his friends and the public for their kind patronage during the time he has been in business, and hopes, by continuing to supply them with WINES, SPIRITS, ALES, &c., of the best quality, to still merit a continuance of their favours.
J. C. having laid in a large Stock of the Best Brands of SPIRITS, is prepared to compete with any house in the trade.

LIST OF PRICES.

SPIRITS.

Brandy	3s. 6d. to 5s. 0d.
Whisky	2s. 3d. to 3s. 6d.
Rum	2s. 3d. to 3s. 6d.
Gin	2s. 3d. to 3s. 0d.

ALES, &c.

Sparkling Edinburgh Ales, on Draught, 5d. per quart.
Burton Ale, 6d., usually sold at 8d.
Bottled Ale and Porter, from 2s. 3d. per Dozen Pints.
Bottled Ale and Porter, from 4s. to 4s. 6d. per Dozen Quarts.
Families Supplied with ALE in Nine, Eighteen, and Thirty-six Gallon Casks on reasonable terms.

☞ Orders by Post punctually attended to, and delivered free of charge by J. C.'s own Waggon. 7101

Business Announcements.

B. MOODY,
WATCHMAKER, EBCHESTER.

JOSEPH HOWARD AND CO.,
SHARE AND MONEY BROKERS, INSURANCE AND GENERAL COMMISSION AGENTS,
51, SIDE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, AND BLACKHILL, CO. DURHAM.

MONEY advanced upon approved security. 367g

MICHAEL HARRISON,
DIPTON,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the Public that he has succeeded Thomas Hetherington in the CARRYING BUSINESS. The Waggon leaves the White Swan, Newcastle, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three o'clock each day; and Dipton, Leadgate, and Consett, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. 364g

FOR SPIRITS OF NOTED BRANDS
AND
SPARKLING EDINBURGH AND BURTON ALES,
GO TO
H. NICHOLSON'S,
JOHN STREET AND PITT STREET WHOLESALE AND RETAIL ALE AND SPIRIT STORES,
CONSETT. 369g

NOTICE.

MR. JOHN HUNTER, Medomsley Grange Farm, begs to inform the Farmers of Medomsley and adjoining district that he has a BULL which will serve Cows, the pedigree of which is as follows:—Bred by Mr. W. Morley, Sweet Wells, Stanhope. Dam—Red Rose, by Squire Patrick; Grand Dam—Rose of Bywell by Bywell Victor. Conditions: Cows, 5s. each; if not proved with calf, 2s. 6d. All Calves kept for Bulls, Five Guineas.—For further particulars, apply to Mr. HUNTER. 381g

JAMES BELDON AND CO.,
WHOLESALE WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS,

DESIRE to call public attention to their splendid "Old Stingo" Whiskey, which is highly recommended by the Medical Profession and Connoisseurs as being superior to the Finest French Brandy.
The above supplied in Cask or Bottle.
Bonded Stores, 58, Dean Street, and Close.

Address:—
JAMES BELDON AND CO.,
GOLDEN TIGER INN, PILGRIM STREET,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE 340g

R. C. WHINFIELD,
4, DERWENT PLACE
(Within Two Minutes' Walk of Central Station and Facing the Sheep Market),
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

DIARRHŒA Mixture, Tonic Drops and Pills for Nervousness and Indigestion, Specific Oil and Eclectic Liniment, Drawing and Healing Salve for Dry and Wet Scurvy, Cough Drops, Breast Ointment, Certain Cure for Asthma and Bronchitis, and Miraculous Mixture for Gravel.
The above to be had of Messrs. TAYLOR, GIBSON, and Co., Druggists, Bigg Market, Newcastle; Co-operative Society, Consett; Mr. HENRY POSTLE, Stationer, Leadgate; Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, Grocer, Tow Law; Mrs. MYERS, Grocer, Cornsay; and Mr. WM. DAVISON, Castleside. 375g

Public Notices.

NOTICE! NOTICE!!

ANY Person found Trespassing in pursuit of Game, gathering Mushrooms, Brambles, &c., on Middle Heads, Oliverford, Knitsley Grange, Aller Heads, Lyerdeen, Rowley, Dean Houl, and Healeyfield Farms will be Prosecuted as the Law directs.
July, 1875. 7132

SHOTLEY BRIDGE AND CONSETT DISTRICT GAS COMPANY.

ANY Person Removing, Altering, or Tampering with any Meter, Pipe, or other Property of the above Gas Company, without first obtaining the said Company's permission, will be prosecuted according to Law.
By order of the Directors,
August 21st, 1875. M RICHLEY, Secretary.

ART UNION OF KENT, UNDER GOVERNMENT AUTHORITY.

NEW YEAR'S DRAWING.

LAST WEEK FOR TICKETS.

21ST SEASON. ONE SHILLING PER SHARE. Many Hundreds of Prizes, ranging in value to £100. See Prize Lists. Purchasers of Ten Tickets entitled to a large Photograph. The Committee present to purchasers of Forty Tickets and upwards (in the event of their not gaining a prize), a Picture to the value of half their subscriptions. Drawing, January 22nd, 1876. Tickets, One Shilling, of Local Agent, Mr. R. JACKSON, Consett. 335g

SHOTLEY BRIDGE AND CONSETT DISTRICT GAS COMPANY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that any Person or Persons entering into the occupation of any House, Shop, or other Building, to which Gas has been supplied to the previous occupant, upon such entry must first obtain the consent of the Secretary of the Company before consuming the Gas supplied by the said Company. In default therefore, upon proof of the use of the Gas, without first obtaining such leave, such Person or Person will be Prosecuted as the Law directs. The Secretary can be seen daily at the Company's Office, Shotley Bridge, to whom all applications must be made.
By order of the Directors,
M. RICHLEY, Secretary.
Shotley Bridge, October 9, 1870. 24

BIRTHS AND DEATHS REGISTRATION ACT. 1874.

THE following places and times have been appointed by the Registrar for the requirements of Registration:—
First TUESDAY in each Month, at Mrs CHRISTOPHER's, Blackhill, from Nine a.m. to Eleven a.m.
First TUESDAY in each Month, at the LOCAL BOARD-ROOM, Consett, from Twelve noon to Two p.m.
First TUESDAY in each Month, at Mr LAIDLOW's, 119, Leadgate, from Three p.m. to Five p.m.
Second MONDAY in each Month, at Mrs MARY ROBSON's, Medomsley, from Nine a.m. to Ten a.m.
Second MONDAY in each Month, at Mr STOKER's, Westwood Colliery, from Eleven a.m. to Two p.m.
Second MONDAY in each Month, at Mr WILLIAM CHARLTON's, Ebchester Hill, from Three p.m. to Five p.m.
Second TUESDAY in each Month, at Mr POTTS', Castleside, from Two p.m. to Four p.m.
First FRIDAY in each Month, at Mr WILSON's, Satley, from One p.m. to Three p.m.
Second FRIDAY in each Month, at Mr THOMAS HUNTER's, Annfield Plain Wood Cottages, from Ten a.m. to Twelve noon.
Third MONDAY in each Month, at Mr JACKSON's, National School, Holmside, from Eleven a.m. to One p.m.
First MONDAY in each Month, at Mr THOMAS WAUGH's, Hill Top, from Eight a.m. to Ten a.m.
First MONDAY in each Month, at Mr COCKERILL's, Quebec, from Eleven a.m. to One p.m.
First MONDAY in each Month, at Mr SIDDELL's, Old Cornsay, from Three p.m. to Five p.m.
At my OFFICE, Lanchester, on WEDNESDAYS, from Eleven a.m. to Four p.m.; and SATURDAYS, from Eleven a.m. to Four p.m.
It is now compulsory for all persons to attend on the Registrar under pain of prosecution.
JOHN JAMES THOMPSON,
Registrar of Births and Deaths for the Sub-district of Lanchester.

Public Notices.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the GAME over the Estates of Priestfield, Lintz Green, and Loft House is strictly Preserved. Anyone found Trespassing will be prosecuted according to Law. 831d

A GRAND BALL will be held in the LONG-ROOM (which will be tastefully decorated) of the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, TANTOBIE, on WEDNESDAY EVENING January 5th, 1876. An efficient BAND will attend. Dancing to commence at Six o'clock.
JOHN BREWIS, M.C. 382g

NOTICE.

ANY Person or Persons found TRESPASSING or KILLING GAME upon Derwent Grange Farm, near Castleside, will be Prosecuted according to Law.
By order,
372g WILLIAM R. DICKINSON.

A GRAND BALL
WILL BE HELD IN THE
TOWN HALL, SHOTLEY BRIDGE,
ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE, DEC. 31, 1875.
Dancing to commence at Half-past Eight o'clock.
Gentlemen, 1s. 6d.; Ladies, 1s.; Gallery, 6d.
Refreshments will be provided. 348g

WESLEYAN CHAPEL, SHOTLEY BRIDGE.

ON THURSDAY, January 6, 1876, there will be a CHRISTMAS TREE in the SCHOOL-ROOM, attached to the above Chapel.
To be opened at Five o'clock.
Proceeds in aid of the Foreign Missions. Refreshments will be provided. Admission, Threepence each.

CONSETT INDUSTRIAL AND PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

THE FIFTIETH QUARTERLY MEETING will be held on SATURDAY, January 8th, 1876, at 6·30 p.m., in the Large Room on the Premises.
On MONDAY, January 10th, a SPELLING BEE will be held in the same room. For particulars, see Bills.

TOWN HALL, SHOTLEY BRIDGE.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL, from London, Editor of "The Victoria Magazine," and Author of "Change upon Change," will deliver a Public LECTURE in the above Hall, on THURSDAY, January 13th, 1876, on "The Best Society, our own Book Shelf." For further information, see Handbills.
Tickets of admission can be had from the Officials and Members of the Consett and District Young Men's Christian Association. 385g

INDEPENDENT UNITED ORDER OF MECHANICS.

BROTHERLY LOVE LODGE, VICTORIA INN, LEADGATE.

A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members of the above Society will be held on SATURDAY NIGHT, January 8th, 1876, at Five o'clock.
By order of the Committee,
371g JAMES DAVISON, Secretary.

SPIRITUALISM! SPIRITUALISM!!

TWO INSPIRATIONAL ORATIONS will be delivered in Mr. HEPTON's SCHOOL-ROOM, DERWENT STREET, BLACKHILL, as follows:—
On NEW YEAR's-DAY, January 1st, 1876, by Mr. WESTGARTH.
On SUNDAY, January 2nd, by Mr. NICHOLSON.
Each Oration to commence in the Afternoon at Half-past Two o'clock.
Subjects to be chosen by the audience; but must have a direct bearing on the spiritual nature of man.
Messrs. WESTGARTH and NICHOLSON are mediums of great ability who speak with authority and not as the scribes.
Collections will be taken to defray expenses. 378g

CATCHGATE, ANNFIELD PLAIN, AND DIPTON DISTRICT PLOUGHING SOCIETY.

THE FIRST ANNUAL PLOUGHING MATCHES will take place (weather permitting) on THURSDAY, the 20th January, 1876, or on the first suitable Thursday afterwards, on the Farm of Mr. GEORGE WAILES, PONTOP PIKE, when the following Prizes will be given:—

FIRST CLASS.
Open to all England.

First Prize	£4	0	0
Second Prize........................	2	0	0

SECOND CLASS.
Open to all England for Double Furrow Ploughs.

First Prize........................	£3	0	0
Second Prize........................	1	0	0

THIRD CLASS.
Open to the County of Durham for Ploughmen who have never taken a First Prize.

First Prize	£3	0	0
Second Prize........................	2	0	0
Third Prize	1	0	0

FOURTH CLASS.
For Boys under eighteen years of age; register of birth to be produced in case of any dispute, before the Prizes are awarded.

First Prize........................	£2	0	0
Second Prize........................	1	10	0
Third Prize	0	10	0

In all Classes, the Ploughing is not to be less than 5 inches, nor to exceed 5½ inches in depth, with a neat finish, and black furrow not more than 2½ inches deep.
The Ploughs to be on the ground at 8.30 a.m., to start at 9 o'clock, and finish in 5½ hours.
All Entries to be made to the SECRETARIES, or to Mr. R. WHEATLEY, Catchgate, on or before January 17th.
Members' Sons or Servants, Free; Non-members, 2s. 6d. each entry.
Dinner at Mr. R. WHEATLEY's, Catchgate, at Five o'clock.
JOHN FRENCH,
WM. HENRY RITSON, } Secs.
Catchgate, by Lintz Green,
December 27th, 1875. 380g

To Let.

TO LET, at Templetown, Two HOUSES, Four Rooms each.—Apply to ADAM MAXWELL, Templetown, or JOHN LEMM, Dipton. 363g

TO LET, with immediate possession, a HOUSE containing Four large Rooms, situated in Front Street, Medomsley, suitable for a Butcher, Tailor, or Bootmaker.—Apply to Mrs. ROBSON, Medomsley. 323g

Sales by Auction.

By Mr. J. Murray.

FREE PROPERTY SALE.

MR. JOHN MURRAY will hold a SALE by AUCTION of PROPERTY, at the QUEEN'S HEAD HOTEL, CONSETT, every Three Months, viz., MAY, AUGUST, NOVEMBER, and FEBRUARY. Two per cent. commission if sold.

For Sale.

WASTE PAPER, in good condition, may be had at the *Guardian* Office at 2d. per lb.

FOR SALE, Three FREEHOLD COTTAGES, of Two Rooms each, self-contained, and about 270 yards of FREEHOLD LAND, situate in Benfieldside Lane, Blackhill.—Apply to J. BATY, Esq., Solicitor, Hexham, or to Mr. R. JACKSON, *Guardian* Office, Consett. 162g

TO INNKEEPERS.

A LIGHT LANDAU, a BROUGHAM, a large BRAKE, a STATION OMNIBUS, a GIG and a DOG CART, and Two MOURNING COACHES FOR SALE.—Apply to ATKINSON and PHILIPSON, Newcastle.

CARRIAGES FOR SALE.

A GENTLEMAN'S OMNIBUS, of very modern make; a Wagonette OMNIBUS; a WAGONETTE; a Back-to-back PHÆTON; a Mail and Stanhope PHÆTON; a Pair-horse LANDAU, with patent head; also a One-horse LANDAU; a Pair-horse BROUGHAM; also a light One-horse BROUGHAM; several Albert Park, Sociable, and other PHÆTONS, in excellent order. A light BRAKE. Some excellent Double and Single HARNESS.
May be seen at Messrs. ATKINSON and PHILIPSON's, 15, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
N.B.—Drawings and particulars of any of the Carriages sent on application.

Lost.

LOST, from High Stables Farm, on the 18th Dec., 1875, a LEICESTER TUP, marked with Tar on Face.—Anyone returning the same to ISAAC BROWN, will be rewarded. 379g

LOST, on Dec. 22nd, 1875, a Black RETRIEVER DOG, Nine Months old, with a few White Hairs between Fore Legs. Answers to "Jack." The finder returning him to Mr. J. JOHNSTONE, Grocer, Annfield Plain, will be rewarded; anyone detaining him after this notice will be Prosecuted. 373g

Found.

FOUND, at Castleside, a White DOG, with stand lugs. The owner can have it by applying to GEO. FLEMING and paying expenses. If not claimed within seven days, will be sold. 370g

Wanted.

WANTED, Two Apprentices to the DRESS-MAKING BUSINESS.—Apply to Miss M. WATSON, Front Street, Leadgate. 359g

WANTED, an APPRENTICE.—Apply to JOHNSON ROBSON, Painter and Paperhanger, 40, Durham Road, Blackhill. 272g

WANTED, by the Leadgate Co-operative Society, a Steady MAN as CARTMAN, good reference required.—Apply to the Committee, on MONDAY, Jan. 3rd, 1876, at 6 p.m. 376g

WANTED TO BUY, 100 CONSETT WATER COMPANY SHARES.—State Price and Class of Shares to J. HOWARD & CO., Blackhill, Co. Durham, or, 51, Side, Newcastle-on-Tyne. 368g

WANTED, a CERTIFICATED MASTER for the National Schools at Satley. His wife must teach sewing.—Apply, with references, stating salary, to the VICAR, Satley, Darlington. 384g

WANTED, a Steady, Respectable MAN as outdoor servant, to take care of Horse, Cows, and Garden, and make himself generally useful.—Apply, with references, to the VICAR, Satley, Darlington. 383g

TO SERVANTS.—WANTED, Young GIRLS and Experienced SERVANTS.—Apply at Miss ATKINSON's, Register Office, 14, Bensham Road, Gateshead. 235g

TO ADVERTISERS.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

1 insertion........	4d.	per line per insertion.	
2 to 6 insertions..	3d.	"	"
7 to 12 "	2½d.	"	"
13 "	2d.	"	"
26 "	1½d.	"	"
52 "	1d.	"	"

Paragraph Advertisements are charged one-half more, and Parliamentary Notices double the above rates.

The Consett Guardian.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1876.

Local and District News.

OFFENCE AGAINST THE MINES' REGULATION ACT.—A man named Nicholson Pearson was charged before the Gateshead County Magistrates, on Tuesday, "that he, on the 20th December, at the parish of Whickham, in the Byermoor Pit, being a miner employed therein underground, did use an iron damping rod or stemmer for ramming the wadding, or the first part of the damping or stemming, on the powder, contrary to the general rules of the colliery, and contrary to the Coal Mines' Regulation Act, 1872."—The defendant was fined £1 and costs.

EXTRAORDINARY AND FATAL ACCIDENT AT STANHOPE.—About six o'clock on Friday morning, Henry Bainbridge, a child of about four years, son of John and Ann Bainbridge, Back Lane, Stanhope, whilst in the act of getting out of bed accidentally fell over the side with his throat upon a chamber utensil, which cut his throat so severely that he died in a few minutes from the injuries received, and before a medical man could be procured. There were other four or five of his little brothers and sisters in bed in the room at the time of the accident, one brother being above eleven years of age.

ACCIDENT AT CONSETT.—On Monday last, a lad named George Atkinson, thirteen years of age, son of Mr. Caleb Atkinson, of Templetown, met with an accident whereby one of his legs was fractured. The lad is employed at Templetown Engine Shops, and on the day in question he was attending to a standing engine. He seems to have been oiling some of the machinery, and whilst standing on a ladder the latter overturned, and Atkinson fell upon a grindstone. He was at once removed to his father's house at Templetown, where it was found that one of his legs had been fractured by the fall.

LEADGATE PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL.—The anniversary services in connection with the above chapel were commenced on Christmas Day and continued over Sunday and Monday. On the former day a fancy bazaar was held and proved a source of attraction, a large sum of money being taken at the stalls, which were provided over by Mrs. Hawdon, Miss H. Collinson, and Miss McKinney. In the afternoon a tea took place, the ladies who presided at the tables being Miss Collinson, Mrs. Ramsey, Miss Laidler, and Miss Gardiner. On Sunday three sermons were preached, those in the morning and evening being delivered by Miss McKinney, of Paisley, and that in the afternoon, by Mr. T. Southron, of South Shields. On Monday night the Rev. J. Welford, circuit minister, delivered a lecture in the same building on "Oliver Cromwell." The services have been a great success, the total amount realized being £103 4s. 2d.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, CONSETT.—In connection with this place of worship a Christmas tree was exhibited in the chapel on Christmas-eve. The tree was decorated with a large variety of articles, both useful and ornamental, which were offered for sale during the evening. A beautiful screen was on view, the selling price of which was £12 10s. The screen was a gift, Mr. Knox (joiner) providing the frame-work, Miss Moss (dressmaker) ornamenting it with very numerous illustrations, and Mr. Dinning (painter) varnishing it. Misses S. Little and Moss attended to the selling of the goods, and succeeded in disposing of a considerable quantity. A coffee supper was also held in connection with the above, the "needful" for which was gratuitously supplied by the members of the church. Mesdames Moss and Rainer attended to the carving department, whilst Misses E. Little, Gibson, Maxwell, and Hutchinson presided at the tables. There was a good number present, and everything seemed to pass off harmoniously.

SHOCKING DEATH OF AN OLD WOMAN AT SOUTH MOOR.—On Wednesday sen., Mr. John Graham, coroner, held an inquiry at the house of Mr. William Martin, South Moor, touching the death of Eleanor Armstrong, who had died on Monday evening from burns received on the previous day. The evidence adduced went to show that deceased was a widow, seventy-five years of age, and lived at Greenland Cottages. The only person living with her was her granddaughter. The latter appears to have gone to church on Sunday evening, leaving the old woman in the house alone. It is supposed that the deceased had lit a candle, and whilst moving about the place had ignited her clothing. Soon after the granddaughter had left the house, shrieks were heard proceeding from Mrs. Armstrong's dwelling, and on two neighbours, named Elizabeth Brown and Isabella Lumley, going towards the house they found the deceased lying near the door. She was much burnt about the body, and succumbed to her injuries about five o'clock on Monday night. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

A FAMILY GATHERING.—On Christmas-day, Mr. John Murray, auctioneer, entertained his family to dinner at Consett. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Murray, four sons with their wives, four daughters with their husbands, thirty-four grandchildren, and one great grandchild—making a total of fifty-three persons.

The hotel robberies still go on as brisk as ever in the North of England. The money is left very often on shelves and in drawers, the proprietors' movements are watched carefully by an interested party, who seizes the first opportunity to bolt with the proceeds of a week's business. A good fire-proof safe can be bought of J. R. HALL, St. Nicholas'-square, Newcastle, for £5, which would prevent the loss of hundreds. 6829

DEATH OF A CONSETT TRADESMAN.—Our obituary of this week records the death of Mr. A. May, jeweller and watchmaker, of Consett. The deceased was by birth a German, and after coming to this country worked as a journeyman watchmaker for a short time in Durham. About five years ago he came to Consett, and after being here a short time, set up business for himself, and by his genial disposition and steady business habits he gained a number of friends. The deceased leaves a widow and two children.

In consequence of the unparalleled success attending the administration of Todd's Quinine Wine in cases of nervousness, debility, indigestion, and all stomach complaints, some unprincipled tradesmen for the sake of greater profit are endeavouring to deceive the public by offering spurious imitations at a low price. It is therefore absolutely necessary to ask for and have only Todd's Quinine Wine, and to see that the name of "Joe Todd" upon the Government stamp pasted over the cork of each bottle. Manufactured only by Joe Todd, Chemist, Carlisle.

DERWENT COTTAGES.—The Wesleyans at this place had a tea meeting in their chapel on Christmas-day, which was attended by a goodly number of friends. The tables were presided over by Mrs. Dobson, Miss Edgar, Miss Bulman, and Miss Dobson. In the evening, an entertainment was held, consisting of readings, recitations, and dialogues. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Hunter, and speeches were given by Messrs. Thos. Crick and W. Robinson. Hymns and anthems were sung by the choir, and the usual votes of thanks given.

FRUIT BANQUET AT BLACKHILL.—The annual fruit banquet at the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Blackhill, on Christmas-day, which has been established at least a quarter of century, was again a very successful one, the chapel being well filled, and, judging from the frequent applause, the audience appeared thoroughly to appreciate the whole of the proceedings. The chair was occupied by Mr. Robt. Telford, and the speakers were—Mr. T. Southron, jun., architect, of South Shields; Mr. Scurrah, from the Theological Institute, Sunderland; and the Rev. J. Welford, one of the circuit ministers.

BEAMISH.—10TH DURHAM RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.—The officers and members of this Corps were entertained to dinner at the Commercial Hotel, Tantobie, by Captain Joicey, on Christmas-eve. There were about 70 present at the dinner, the chair being occupied by Captain Joicey, and the vice-chair by Lieutenant Ridley. After the removal of the cloth the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and duly honoured. The healths of Colonel Joicey and the officers of the First Durham Administrative Batallion, and of Captain Joicey and the officers of the Tenth Durham Corps were drunk with much enthusiasm. The prizes for the present year were afterwards paid to the successful competitors by the chairman, and after a very pleasant evening had been spent the company separated, highly pleased by the entertainment accorded them. The large dining-room of the hotel was very tastefully decorated by evergreens, banners, and mottoes, and great credit is due to Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, the host and hostess, for the excellent arrangements on the occasion.

SHOTLEY BRIDGE WESLEYAN CIRCUIT.—The quarterly meeting of ministers, local preachers, stewards, and leaders in connection with the above circuit was held in the School-room of the Wesleyan Chapel, Shotley Bridge, on Monday afternoon. There was a good attendance. The superintendent minister (Rev. A. Edman) presided, and the senior steward (Mr. J. Dickinson) reported the circuit to be in a good position financially. The following is the number of members reported to be connected with the several societies in the circuit:—Shotley Bridge, 63; Castleside, 61; Consett 153; Blackhill, 135; Leadgate, 176; Blackhall Mill, 52; Derwent Cottages, 28; Medomsley, 41; Ebchester, 22; Blanchland, 40; Ramshaw, 35; Roughside and Espershields, 13; Edmondbyers, 10; Prudhoe, 62; Crawcrook, 47; Hedley, 27; Mickley, 16; Ridley Mill, 17; Fotherley, 7; Whittonstall, 17; Newlands, 20; Lanchester, 64; Aunfield Plain, 139; Iveston, 24; East Castle, 41; Dipton, 104; Tantobie, 54; Kip Hill, 28; South Moor, 13; Stanley, 30; Tanfield Lea, 35. The term of office for the circuit stewards having transpired, a vote of thanks was presented to them for their services, and Mr. J. Dickinson was re-elected senior steward and Mr. W. Cheesman elected junior sterward in the room of Mr. J. W. Davison, who resigned.—At the close of the meeting, a substantial repast was partaken of by the company, which was gratuitously supplied by Mr. J. Dickinson. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to that gentleman for his kindness.—In the evening, a public meeting was held in the chapel, the Rev. A. Edman presiding. Short addresses were given by Messrs. Thomas Barron, James Batey, and M. James Elliott.

THEATRE ROYAL, CONSETT.—The proprietor (Mr. Fielding) has, this week, given the play-going inhabitants of Consett a treat, not before witnessed here. After a short melo-drama each evening, followed the pantomime of "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene," with scenery and effects by Mr. Dalton and assistants, to whom we give all praise for the splendid manner in which they are produced. The character of Alonzo is taken by Mrs. Fielding, and we can say with confidence that it could not be better rendered by anyone in the profession. The style in which she goes through her adventures quite takes the audience by storm. During the progress of the pantomime she introduces some very fine local hits, of which the following is a sample:—

I'd keep all poor from unions could I afford to,
And have more union in our Local Board, too;
I'd have all business settled straight and square,
And as for presidents, each one should have a share;
And if they want new roads, not fight like elves,
But set about and make them, and pay for them themselves.
In summer, too, improvements I would start;
I'd have good fire-engines and a water-cart;
I'd flags our paths, the roads make good and sound,
And light the streets the whole year round.
To make improvements, I would use my wits—
I'd build good alms-houses for those that work down pits,
That all who meet with injuries and accidents so dread
Should have a home to go to and never want for bread.
As for trade, there should be no stagnation;
I'd settle all disputes by arbitration;
I'd pay you all right well, like jolly Turks,
And pension Mr. Jenkins of the Consett Iron Works;
He's steered us through rough tides and many a threatening sea,
Then success to him, I say, his wife and family;
And may you all be blest with comfort and good cheer;
May Heaven bestow on Consett a prosperous New Year.

The songs are written specially for the occasion by Mr. Fielding, and are rendered by Mrs. Fielding in her usual dashing style. Mr. Becket personates Mephistopheles in a manner that shows he understands the character to perfection. The other characters are sustained by Messrs. Mai, Dalton, Firman, and Miss Harrison in a very artistic manner. In the harlequinade there is a large amount of the usual fun, concluded by a scene of splendour never before attempted in Consett, the whole showing that the spirited lessee has spared neither talent nor expense.

EPP'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

CONSETT WESLEYAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—The annual Christmas festival in connection with this Sunday-school was, as usual, held on Saturday last. A beautiful evergreen tree was displayed in the chapel, and bore an extensive variety of articles, which were offered for sale. In addition to this there was a stall, which was laden with goods of various descriptions. A noticeable feature amongst the articles for sale was some bronze statuettes of John Wesley, representing that venerable divine in a speaking attitute, with one hand uplifted and the other holding a book, and which were soon disposed of for 2s. 6d. each. The sales were conducted by Miss F. Bell, Miss E. Perry, Miss E. Proudlock, and Miss M. E. Batey, who were assisted by a number of others. In the vestry, there was an exhibition of curiosities. Amongst these was a Chinese Junk—a sort of heathen temple—which was cut out in ivory, and was said to be worth £40. There was also a French clock, 350 years old, and several other articles not commonly seen. Visitors to the exhibitions had to pay one penny, and very many availed themselves of seeing the curious collection. Tea was provided in the school-room during the afternoon, the "tables" for which being given by Mrs. Iager, Mrs. S. Murray, Mrs. T. Pescod, Mr. J. Harper, and the other by subscription. There was a large attendance at the tea, about 250 partaking thereof. In the evening, selling in the chapel was suspended, and a public meeting held. Mr. D. Imrie presided, and addresses were given by Messrs. J. Curry, H. Rogers, F. Jones, J. Lowes, jun., and V. Dunn. At the conclusion of the meeting sales were re-commenced, and carried on till nearly ten o'clock. As the day was exceedingly fine, the visitors to the tree were very numerous, and the time seemed to pass away quite joyfully. The amount realised will be appropriated to the fund for building a new school, which is very much needed.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Christmas Day was as usual observed as a general holiday at Consett and the neighbourhood. Services were held in the respective Churches, all of which were tastefully decorated with evergreens, &c. The weather on Christmas Eve was mild and warm, and a large number of people paraded the principal streets of Consett until after midnight. In consequence, perhaps, of the depression of trade and the consequent scarcity of money, very few drunken men were to be seen in the streets. Shortly after midnight the choirs of the Primitive Methodist and Wesleyan Chapels appeared in the streets and sang appropriate hymns. Whilst the well-to-do were feasting off their turkey and roast goose, the poor had not been forgotten, Mr. Jenkins, of Consett Hall, having with his usual kindness caused to be distributed amongst all those receiving parochial relief a liberal allowance of beef. There were the usual celebrations at the chapels in the neighbourhood. Christmas trees and bazaars were held at Consett on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. The Baptists of Highgate also celebrated their anniversary services on Christmas Day. The Chapel is being enlarged, and in consequence the services were held in the Wesleyan Chapel at Blackhill, which had been kindly placed at their disposal. A tea was held in the afternoon, and was followed by a public meeting. At Leadgate, the Primitive Methodist also held a Christmas tree and bazaar; and during the week services have been conducted in the Free Methodist Church by the Rev. T. Guttridge, of Manchester. At Blackhill a very successful fruit banquet was held in the Primitive Methodist Chapel on Christmas Day. Sermons were preached at various chapels in other parts of the district. At Lanchester the inmates of the workhouse had their usual Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum budding. The childeren received presents of fruit, the old people had a good supply of tobacco, and every thing was done by the worthy master and matron, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, to make them happy.

INQUEST AT CONSETT.

A WARNING TO PARENTS.

On Thursday afternoon, John Graham, Esq., coroner, held an inquest at Miss Medici's, Alexandra Hotel, Consett, on the body of an infant child named John Conway.

Elizabeth Conway said she was the wife of Peter Conway, blast furnace keeper, and lived at 30, John Street, Consett. About one o'clock on Sunday morning last she went to bed, taking with her the deceased, who was three weeks old. Her husband was in bed at that time. He lay at the far side of the bed next the wall, and the child was placed in the middle, in order that it might not fall over the side. She had two other children—aged respectively three and two years—who lay at the foot of the bed. The child was awake when it went to bed, and witness suckled it for a few minutes before it went to sleep. Before going to sleep herself, witness took the breast from the child, and placed the bed clothes over it. Witness awoke about six o'clock the same morning, but finding that the child was not breathing she got up and procured a light and discovered that the child was dead.

The CORONER: At the time you took up the child, did you not notice how the bed clothes were?

Mrs. Conway replied that they were not on the child's face.

The CORONER: Was the child quite well the night before?

Mrs. Conway said it was owing to the child's liveliness that she was kept out of bed so late. The lamp was burning in the room, and the child was taking notice of it and appeared to be pleased. There had not been any drink in the house that night. Her husband had had a few pints of beer, but he was not drunk when he went to bed.

Peter Conway, husband of the last witness, said he went to bed about half-past eleven o'clock in the evening. He had some drink during the night, but did not taste after ten o'clock. He went to sleep about a quarter-past twelve, and his wife was then preparing for bed.

Walter Cameron Morris, assistant to Dr Renton, said on Sunday morning, about half-past six o'clock, the last witness went to the Surgery, and from what he said witness proceeded to Conway's house, which he reached at ten minutes to seven. The child was then dead, but not quite cold. There was a purple mark upon the bottom of the abdomen down to the knee, which might have been caused by pressure. There were no other marks upon the body. There was no distortion of the face. He had that day, in conjunction with Dr George Renton, made a *post-mortem* examination of the body. The *post-mortem* appearances were those produced by suffocation.

The CORONER: Independent of the possibility of the clothes being over the child's mouth, the position in which it was sleeping, between two grown-up persons, would be likely to produce suffocation?

Dr Morris replied that it was exceedingly probable that the mother or father had rolled over on the child without being conscious of it.

The CORONER, in commenting on the dangerous practice of allowing infants to sleep with their parents, remarked that a very slight covering indeed would prevent respiration in infants and cause death.

The jury then returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

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Leaves Newcastle (Week days) 6·0, 6·50, 7·35 (*), 7·55 9·0, 9·45, 10·55, 11·50(*), 12·30, 2·10, 3·0, 3·35 (*) 4·5, 5·5, 6·5, 7·10, 8·5, 9·35, 10·55.

Leaves Newcastle (Sundays)—6·10, 8·0, 9·40, 2·0, 5·0, 7·10, 8·10, 9·30.

These trains leave intermediate stations as follows:—Gateshead, 3; Felling, 8; Pelaw, 15; Hebburn, 20; Jarrow, 25; Tyne Dock, 30; and High Shields, 36 minutes after the above times, arriving at South Shields about 40 minutes after the time they leave Newcastle.

* First, second, and third-class express trains, stopping at Gateshead at 3 minutes, Jarrow at 15 minutes, and Tyne Dock at 18 minutes after the above times, arriving at South Shields about 25 minutes after the time they leave Newcastle.

Fares from Newcastle to Gateshead: First, 3d; second, 2d.; third, 1d.

Felling: First, 6d.; second, 4d.; third, 3d.

Pelaw: First, 8d.; second, 6d.; third, 3½d. Return, first, 1s. 2d., second, 10d., third, 7d.

Hebburn: First, 10d., second, 7d., third, 5d. Return, first, 1s. 6d., second, 1s. third, 9d.

Jarrow, Tyne Dock, High Shields, or South Shields: First, 1s.; second, 9d.; third, 6d. Return, 1s. 8d., 1s. 3d., 10d.

Relief Trains leaves Newcastle for Jarrow on SATURDAYS at 7·5, 8.0, 9·30, and 10·50 p.m.

On SATURDAYS ONLY, a relief train leaves Hebburn for Shields at 2·2 p.m.

SOUTH SHIELDS TO JARROW AND NEWCASTLE.

Leaves South Shields (Week days).—4·55, 7·0, 8·0 8·30(*), 9·0, 10·5, 10·30, 11·45, 12·30, 1·50, 3·15, 4·0 (*), 4·15, 5·10, 6·15, 7·15, 8·15, 9·15, 10·35.

Leaves South Shields (Sundays).—6·15, 8·0, 9·55, 2·10 5·0, 7·15, 8·20, 9·35.

These trains leave intermediate stations as follows:—High Shields, 3; Tyne Dock, 8; Jarrow, 14, Hebburn, 19; Pelaw, 24; Felling 30; and Gateshead, 35 minutes after the above times, arriving at Newcastle about 40 minutes after the times they leave South Shields.

ON SATURDAYS

Relief trains leave JARROW for NEWCASTLE at 1·55 3·18, 8.23, 9·23, and 10·43 p.m. calling at all intermediate stations.

* First, second, and third-class express trains calling at Tyne Dock, Jarrow, and Gateshead, leaving Jarrow 10 minutes after the above times, arriving at Newcastle about 25 minutes after they leave South Shields.

Fares from South Shields to High Shields or Tyne Dock: First, 3d.; second, 2d.; third, 1d.

Jarrow: First, 8d; second, 6d.; third, 3½d.

Pelaw, Felling, Gateshead, or Newcastle: First, 1s.; second 9d.; third 6d.

SUNDERLAND TO SOUTH SHIELDS AND JARROW.

Leaves Sunderland (Week days).—4·45, 6·50, 7·50, 8·50 9·55, 11·5 12·15, 1·40, 3·5, 3·55, 5·0, 6·5, 7·5, 8·5, 9·5, 10 25.

Leaves Sunderland (Sundays).—6·5, 7·50, 9·25, 2·0 4.50, 7·5, 8·10, 9·25.

These trains leave intermediate stations as follows:—Cleadon Lane, 7: Tyne Dock, 13; High Shields, 17, minutes after the above times, arriving at South Shields about 20 minutes after the time they leave Sunderland.

Passengers between Sunderland and Jarrow *change carriages* at Tyne Dock.

Fares from Sunderland to Cleadon Lane: first 6d. second, 5d; third, 3d.; Tyne Dock, first, 10d.; second 8d. third, 6d., High Shields and South Shields first, 10d.; second, 8d.; third, 6d.; Jarrow, first, 1s 4d.; second, 1s.; third, 7½d. Return tickets to Jarrow first, 2s. 3d. second, 1s. 8d. third, 1s. 2d.

JARROW TO SOUTH SHIELDS AND SUNDERLAND.

Leaves Jarrow (Week days).—5·25 7·13, 8.18, 9·23, 10·8, 11·18, 12·53, 2·33, 3·23, 4·28, 5·28, 6·28, 7·33, 8·28, 9·58, 11.18,

Leaves Jarrow (Sundays)—6·33, 8·23, 9·53, 2·23, 5·23, 7·33, 8·33, 9·53.

These trains leave intermediate Stations as follows:—South Shields 4, High Shields 7, Tyne Dock 11, and Cleaden Lane 16 minutes after the train leaves Jarrow arriving in Sunderland in about 24 minutes.

Fares from Jarrow to South Shields: first, 8d.; second, 6d.; third, 3½d.; High Shields: first, 8d.; second, 6d.; third, 3d.; Tyne Dock, first, 6d.; second, 4d.; third, 2d.; Cleadon Lane, first, 10d.; second, 8d.; third, 4½d.; Sunderland, first, 1s. 4d.; second, 1s.; third, 7½d. Return tickets to Jarrow, first, 2s. 3d.; second, 1s. 8d.; third 1s. 2d.

NEWCASTLE TO TYNEMOUTH.

Leaves Newcastle—Central Station—(Week days)—6·10(*a*), 7·0, 8·10, 9·0(*), 9·15, 9·45, (*c*), 10·15, 11·0, 12·0, 12·45, 1·15, 2·0 2·30, 3·5, 4·10 4·45(†), 5·10, 5.50, 6·5, 6·45, (†), 7·10, 8·10, 9·0, 10·0, 11·30.

Leaves Newcastle—Central Station—(Sundays).—6·10 (*a*), 9·0, 10·5, 1·0, 1·15, 2·0, 2·15, 3·0, 3·15, 4·0, 5·0, 6·35, 7·0, 7.35, 8·0, 8·45, 9·15.

These trains leave intermediate stations as follows:—Manors 3, Heaton 7, Walker 11, Wallsend 16, Howdon 21, Percy Main 25, and North Shields 30 minutes after bove times, arriving at Tynemouth 35 minutes after eaving Newcastle.

* First, second, and third class express trains, stopping only at North Shields.

† These trains stop only at Manors and North Shields Stations.

a.—This train stops at intermediate stations when required, to set down passengers arriving from the south by either the 4.38 or 5·58 a.m trains.

b.—The 6·45 p.m. train from Newcastle will stop at all Stations on Saturdays and reach Tynemouth at 7·20 p.m.

c.—The 11·30 p.m. train stops at intermediate Station when required, to set down passengers.

3d.; third, 2d.; Walker, first, 6d; second, 4d.; third

Fares from Newcastle to Tynemouth: First, 1s. 3d., second, 1s., third, 8d. Return, first, 2s. 0d., second, 1s. 6d., third, 1s.

North Shields, first, 1s., second, 9d., third, 6d. Return, first, 1s. 8d., second, 1s. 3d., third, 10d.

Percy Main: First, 10d., second, 8d., third, 6d. Return, first, 1s. 6a. Second, 1s. 2d., third, 10d.

Howdon: First, 10d., Second, 8d., third, 5d. Return, first, 1s. 6d., second, 1s. 2d., third, 9d.

Wallsend: First, 8d., second, 6d., third, 3½d. Return, first, 1s. 2d., second, 10d., third, 7d.

Walker: First, 5d., second, 4d., third, 2½d. Return, first, 9d., second, 7d., third, 5d.

TYNEMOUTH TO NEWCASTLE.

Leaves Tynemouth (Week days)—5·20, 6·40 (*a*), 7·45, 8·30 (*), 9·0. 9·30 (*), 10·0, 10·30 (*), 11·0, 12·0, 12·45, 1·50, 2·10, 3·0, 3·30. 4·0, 5·0, 5·35 (*), 5·55, 6·30, 7·30, 7·30, (*), 8·0, 9·0, 10·0, 10·50 (*).

Leaves Tynemouth (Sundays)—7·35, 9·45, 1·0, 1·45, 2·0. 3·0, 4·0, 5·0, 5·45, 6·0, 6·35, 7·0, 7·35, 8·0, 8·45, 9·15.

These trains leave intermediate stations as follow:—North Shields 3, Percy Main 9, Howdon 11, Wallsend 16, Walker 19, Heaton 23, and Manors 30 minutes aftera bove times, arriving at Central Station, Newcastle about 35 minutes after leaving Tynemouth.

* First, second, and third class express trains, stopping only at North Shields and Manors stations.

a.—The 6·40 a.m. train stops at intermediate Stations to take up passengers booked to the Central Stations.

b.—The 10·50 p.m. train stops at Stations up to and including Walker on Saturdays, and does not reach the Central Station until 11·20 p.m.

Fares from Tynemouth to North Shields, first, 4d. second, 3d.; third, 2d.; Percy Main, first, 6d.: second, 4d.; third, 3d.; Howdon, first, 8d.; second, 6d.; third, 4d.: Wallsend, first, 10d.; second, 8d.; third, 6d.; Walker first, 1s.; second 9d.; third, 6d.; Heaton, first, 1s.; second 9d.; third, 6d.; Newcastle (Manors or Central), first, 1s. 3d.; second, 1s.; third, 8d.

STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY

GOING EAST.—WEEK DAYS ONLY.

STATIONS.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Newcastle	dep.	5·45	12·30	2·30
Benfieldside	„	6·50	1·30	4·25
Rowley	„	7·0	1·40	4·35
Burnhill Junction	„	7·10	1·50	4·45
Tow Law	„	7·23	2·3	4·58
Crook	arr.	7·35	2·15	5.10
	dep.	7.38	2·25	5·25
Bishop Auckland	„	8·5	2·55	5·55
Darlington	„	8·55	3·35	7·0
Stockton	„	9·25	4·5	7·30
Middlesbro'	„	9·35	4·15	7·42
Saltburn	„	10·10	4·50	8·20

GOING WEST.—WEEK DAYS ONLY.

STATIONS.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Saltburn	dep.	5·45	11·30	4·30
Middlesbro'	„	6·22	12·5	5·5
Stockton	„	6·34	12·15	5·15
Darlington	„	7·15	1·5	5·55
Bishop Auckland	„	7·48	1·35	6·25
Crook	arr.	8·10	1·57	6·45
	dep.	8·15	2·20	6·48
Tow Law	„	8·27	2·32	7·0
Burnhill Junction	„	8·42	2·45	7·15
Rowley	„	8·52	2·55	7·25
Benfieldside	arr.	9·5	3·5	9·35
Newcastle	arr.	10·5	4·30	9·40

CONSETT BRANCH

TRAINS.—WEEK DAYS.

		1,2,G. A.M.	1,2,G. A.M.	1,2,G P.M.	1,2,G. P.M.	1,2,G P.M.
Newcastle	dep.	5·45	10·0	12·30	2·30	5·35
Scotswood	„	5·52	10·7	12·37	2·37	5·42
Swalwell	„	5·59	10·14	12·43	2·44	5.49
Rowland's Gill	„	6·9	10·24	12·51	2·54	5.59
Lintz Green	„	6·15	10·30	12·59	3·0	6 5
Ebchester	„	6·28	10·43	1·12	3·13	6·18
Shotley Bridge	„	6·34	10·49	1·18	3·19	6·24
Benfieldside (Consett & Blackhill)	arr.			1·25	3·25	
	dep	6·40	10·55		4·35	6·30
Knitsley	„	6·54	11·9		4·49	6·45
Lanchester	„	7·3	11·18		4·58	6·55
Witton Gilbert	„	7.10	11·27		5·5	7·4
Durham	arr.	7·25	11.48		5·5	7·20

DOWN TRAINS—WEEK DAYS.

STATIONS		1,2,G. A.M.	1,2 G. A.M.	1,2,G. P.M.	1,2,G P.M.	1,2,G P.M
Durham	dep.	7·35		12·10	3·3	*8·0
Witton Gilbert	„	7·50		12·24	3·48	8·16
Lanchester	„	7·55		12·35	3·59	8·25
Knitsley	„	8·12		12·45	4·4	8·36
Benfieldside (Consett & Blackhill)	arr.				4·20	
	dep	8·27	9·15	1·0	3·35	8·48
Shotley Bridge	„	8·32	9·20	1.5	3·40	8·53
Ebchester	„	8·36	9·23	1·9	3·44	8·57
Lintz Green	„	8·47	9·33	1.19	3.54	9.8
Rowland's Gill	„	8·53	9·38	1·24	3·59	9·13
Swalwell	„	9·2	9·47	1·33	4·5	9·22
Scotswood	„	9·9	9·53	1·39	4·14	9·29
Newcastle	arr.	9·20	10·5	1·50	4·30	9·40

MARKET TRAINS ON SATURDAYS.

First, second, and third class return tickets will be issued on Saturdays by the following trains—

STATIONS.		A.M.	P.M.		
Newcastle	dep.	7·10	4·0	5·25	7·30
Scotswood	„	7·17	4·9	5·32	7·37
Swalwell	„	7·23	4·15	5.39	7·44
Rowland's Gill	„	7·31	4·25	5·49	8·55
Lintz Green	„	7·37	4·29	5·55	8·2
Ebchester	„	7·50	4·42	6·8	8·16
Shotley Bridge	„	7·57	4·47	6·14	8·23
Benfieldside (for Consett and Blackhill)	arr.	8·5	4·56	6·20	8·30
	dep.	9·10	5·10		
Knitsley		9·21	5·21	..	
Lanchester		9·34	5·34	..	
Witton Gilbert		9.46	5·46	..	
Durham	arr.	10·0	6·0	..	

STATIONS.		A.M.	P.M.
Durham	dep.		4·0
Witton Gilbert	„	8·5	4·13
Lanchester	„	8·17	4·25
Knitsley	„	8·30	4.38
Benfieldside (for Consett and Blackhill)	arr.	8·42	4·50
	dep.	8·50	5·30
Shotley Bridge	„	8·55	5·35
Ebchester	„	9·0	5·40
Lintz Green	„	9·9	5·49
Rowland's Gill		9·16	5·59
Swalwell	„	9·23	6·7
Scotswood	„	9·29	6·13
Newcastle	arr.	9·40	63·0

SUNDAYS.

LEAVE	a.m.	p.m.	LEAVE	a.m.	p.m
Newcastle	7·30	7·15	Benfieldside	8·35	8·20
Scotswood	7·37	7·22	Shotley Bridge	8·40	8·25
Swalwell	7·44	7·29	Ebchester	8·44	8.29
Rowland's Gill	7·54	7·39	Lintz Green	8·54	8·39
Lintz Green	8·0	7·45	Rowland's Gill	8·59	8·44
Ebchester	8·13	7·58	Swalwell	9·8	8·51
Shotley Bridge	8·19	8·4	Scotswood	9·14	8·59
Benfieldside (arr)	8·25	8·10	Newcastle (arr)	9·25	9·30

SCARROW'S (VINTS) STOMACH PILLS.

FOR INDIGESTION, WIND ON THE STOMACH, PURIFYING THE BLOOD, SICK HEADACHE, Etc.

No. 1.

When the late Proprietor of the "Tonic Antibilious Pills" first recommended them to a few individuals who were afflicted with stomach complaints, headache, &c. he had no idea of their becoming so extensively known; but the astonishing success which has attended their use obtained with those who first used them not only a decided preference over every other preparation of the kind, but induced them to recommend them to others who were suffering from like causes; and thus to real experienced benefit, and not to any ostentatious recommendations, these Pills owe their present popularity and esteem.

Hitherto these Pills have been given with merely a written or verbal direction, because the Proprietor has always had a rooted avertion to the boasting recommendations that usually accompany Patent Medicines; but, finding from their extensive sale, that it was impracticable to write directions he is compelled to adopt the present popular method. In giving these Pills greater publicity, it is not intended to exhibit them as an absolute panacea, but they can be confidently recommended in the following diseases, their efficacy in which has been witnessed by the Proprietor himself and confirmed by the gratifying testimony of others:—They have been successfully administered in Stomach Complaints, Indigestion, Vomiting, particularly after taking food; Headache, and especially that called Sick Headache; Incipient Liver Complaints and Habitual Costiveness. Ministers and others of studious and sedentary habits have found them particularly useful. They may safely be taken by pregnant women, and by children, requiring no restriction of diet or confinement; strengthening the stomach and at the same time correcting the disposition to a superabundance of bile in the system.

These Pills are recommended as a valuable Family pill, proper for every family to be in possession of.

A gentleman who had found Mercury to be ineffectually administered to a patient in a severe attack of Bile accompanied with vomiting and sickness, has given these Pills with the most complete success, and has kindly offered to testify if required.

Cases of long standing need not be dispaired of, as the Proprietor has had the satisfaction of knowing them perfectly successful where the malady was of an inveterate nature and long standing. After excess of eating or drinking, these Pills will be found highly serviceable. Persons going to the East or West Indies will find them a safe and efficacious remedy for bilious disorders and diseases of the liver.

SCARROW'S (VINT'S) TONIC ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.

No. 2.

A few individuals of extreme delicacy of constitution have stated to the Proprietor that they found the "Tonic Antibilious Pills," No. 1, too powerful for them, and consequently were not able to take them regularly as directed, and of course did not derive the usual benefit, to such persons the Proprietor has prepared a milder description, and has for distinction denominated them No. 2.

Sold in Boxes at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and in Family Boxes at 2s. 9d. Directions for use are affixed to each Box.

☞ If, after taking the Pills marked No. 1 two or three days they should be found too active for the bowels, which may happen to persons of great delicacy of constitution, those marked No. 2 are to be preferred.

Wholesale Agents:—Messrs. Sanger and Sons; Barclay and Son; Sutton and Co., London. Wm Foggitt, Thirsk. Clark, Bisdale, and Co., York. Goodhall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds. Ismay; Taylor, Gibson and Co; Jones and Strickland; Curry and Hutchinson, Newcastle. Raimes and Co., Edinburgh.

Observe the name—

SCARROW'S (VINT'S) PILLS.
Retail of all Chemists.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS AND NURSES.

SCARROW'S (VINT'S) INFANT'S RESTORER

Should be used by all persons who value the health of their children. It is the best and safest medicine for Difficult Teething. Wind. Convulsions. Griping Pains, Diarrhœa, Want of Thriving, &c. For Painful and Difficult Teething it is invaluable, allaying all the feverish and restless symptoms incidental to that time, thus giving to the weary mother or nurse a quiet night's rest.

The Infants' Restorer and Preserver is calculated, on chemical principles, to prevent and remove those fatal disorders in the bowels of Infants. It is not solely a composition of the late Proprietor's own composing, but was communicated to him by a Physician of great eminence, whose studies and practice had been directed chiefly to the disorders incident to women and children, and who administered it in his own practice with the greatest success. From his authority, and from the Proprietor's own observation, he can recommend it with confidence, and would do so with earnestness to all who value the health and preservation of their infant offspring. He can assure them that it contains nothing that can prove injurious to the most tender infant, but, on the contrary, everything calculated, on the most scientific principles, to remove those fatal disorders in the bowels of infants to which they are so liable.

Prepared only at the Apothecaries' Hall, Sunderland.

Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d.—Sold by all Chemists.

COUGHS! COUGHS!! COUGHS!!

SCARROW'S (VINT'S) CELEBRATED COMPOUND BALSAM OF HONEY

Has been proved during the past half century to be one of the Best Remedies for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, &c. It speedily allays Irritable Coughs and heals all soreness of the breast and lungs.

One dose of the Compound Balsam of Honey, taken in time, invariably gives relief, and one bottle generally cures. No one should despair until they have tried this valuable Medicine, as hundreds of persons have testified to its wonderful efficacy.

The properties of this valuable remedy are—that it speedily allays irritable Coughs, removes congealed phlegm, and all obstructions in the glands by a free and easy expectoration, heals all soreness of the breast and lungs, restores obstructed perspiration, and produces comfortable and refreshing rest. Hundreds of individuals who have been unable to follow their usual avocations, some of whom were unable to lie down in their beds, or procure rest night after night, and concerning whom both themselves and their friends had concluded there was no hope, have, through the use of the Compound Balsam of Honey, speedily been restored to health and comfort.

Prepared only at the Apothecaries' Hall, 147, High Street, Sunderland.

Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d.—Sold by all Chemists.

Wholesale Agents—Messrs. Sanger and Sons; Barclay and Son; Sutton and Co., London. Wm. Foggitt, Thirsk. Clark, Bleasdale and Co., York. Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds. Ismay, Newcastle.

PILOSAGINE FOR WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, BALDNESS, &c.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE. BY POST EIGHTEEN STAMPS.

PILOSAGINE contains neither oil nor grease, but is a liquid extracted from various extremely scarce productions of the vegetable world, and contains no mineral extract whatever. It therefore will not injure the most delicate skin, and its success is daily being testified to by hundreds of unsolicited testimonials from all parts of the globe.

PILOSAGINE being absorbed by the skin is invisible immediately when applied; it can therefore be used with perfect comfort at any hour of the day.

Full directions for use are enclosed with each Bottle, the size of which has just been enlarged. Each Bottle contains the words,

PILOSAGINE, WRIGHT & COMPY., HULL,

impressed on the glass, without which none are genuine.

PILOSAGINE *versus* Beardless Faces.
PILOSAGINE for Whiskers and Moustaches.
PILOSAGINE for Thin and Falling Hair.
PILOSAGINE prevents and cures Baldness.
PILOSAGINE removes Scurf, Dandrif, &c.
PILOSAGINE of Chemists and Perfumers.
PILOSAGINE in Enlarged Bottles.
PILOSAGINE. Price One Shilling and Sixpence. By Post Eighteen Stamps.

WRIGHT'S WORLD-FAMED PILOSAGINE.

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WRIGHT'S WORLD-FAMED PILOSAGINE.

WRIGHT'S WORLD-FAMED PILOSAGINE.
Registered Trade Mark.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts of the globe prove WRIGHT'S World-famed PILOSAGINE to be the only successful producer of

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES.

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES.

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES.

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES.

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES
Speedily produced, and
BALDNESS CURED BY
WRIGHT'S WORLD-FAMED PILOSAGINE

WRIGHT'S WORLD-FAMED PILOSAGINE

Is proved by thousands of unsolicited Testimonials to be the only producer and restorer of hair, and the only certain remedy for Baldness. After a few applications it will cause Baldness to give way to a luxuriant growth of hair; new hair will soon be seen to start around the margin of the bald places near the permanent hair, and extending upwards until the entire bald place is covered with fine short hair, the growth of which will be most rapid, and will present the colour and appearance of youth.

WRIGHT'S WORLD-FAMED PILOSAGINE.

A few recent Testimonials are appended, and a large assortment will be sent gratis and post free to any gentleman sending his address to WRIGHT AND CO., PILOSAGINE MANUFACTORY, HULL.

From J. C. M——, A——, Feb. 2nd, 1875.

Some time ago I purchased a packet of your PILOSAGINE, and I can only say that I cultivated an Imperial in three weeks. Now send me another. Previous to this I had carefully tried both——and——preparations [names are suppressed], but to no purpose, so PILOSAGINE is really a most efficient and speedy preparation for the hair. You may give my real address to any inquirer for reference, if necessary.

From Mr. John Bell, Plumstead-road, Plumstead, 30th Jan., 1875.

Please send me another packet of PILOSAGINE. The last has made the hair grow on the bald place on my head.

LONDON, 16th January, 1875.

Allow me to state that the PILOSAGINE I had of you a short time ago has been attended with marvellous effects; I have now a moderate-sized Moustache and Whiskers. You are at liberty to make what use you please of this, as it will perhaps induce others to try it.

A. R. JENKINS.

BEDMINSTER, BRISTOL, 6th January, 1875.

I received your PILOSAGINE and applied it to my face, but for a fortnight could not see any difference and was beginning to despair when I observed a lot of little hairs beginning to shoot out, and I followed it up and they are now getting quite strong. I am recommending it to my friends.

Yours truly,
T. BURSTON.

ROYAL ARTILLERY, COBB HOUSE FORT,
January 4th, 1875.

I find your PILOSAGINE answers my purpose, and have recommended it to my comrades.

Yours truly,
GUNNER S. BAKER, R. A.

RODSTOCK, NEAR BATH, January 4th, 1875.

Having used one Bottle, new hair has made appearance.

JACOB SEYMOUR.

TRANMERE, BIRKENHEAD, January 4th, 1875.

The last you sent me works well, and I shall take the pleasure of introducing it to others.

E. D. GRIGGS.

1, LA MOTTE STREET, JERSEY,
December 28th, 1874.

Enclosed I forward Eighteen Stamps. Please send me a packet of your PILOSAGINE. I have already had some three weeks since, which I find is improving the growth of my hair.

GEO. MARETT.

AYR, SCOTLAND, 11th December, 1874.

The PILOSAGINE improved the growth of Whiskers.

W. CREAN

SOUTH SHIELDS, Nov. 5, 1874.

The PILOSAGINE I received from you I was very much satisfied with. My upper-lip had not the semblance of a hair before I received it. I only used half the bottle and now I have a fair show of hair on my upper lip. My age is sixteen years.

Yours respectfully,
J. D. HACKWORTH.

WRIGHT'S WORLD-FAMED PILOSAGINE.

WRIGHT'S WORLD-FAMED PILOSAGINE

WRIGHT'S WORLD-FAMED PILOSAGINE. 342

Price One Shilling and Sixpence of Chemists. By Post Eighteen Stamps.

Note the Address—

WRIGHT AND CO.,
PILOSAGINE MANUFACTORY, HULL

SONGS OF COALLY TYNE

'There's native bards in yon town,
For wit and humour seldom bet;
And they sang sae sweet in yon town,
Good faith I think I hear them yet.'

JUST PUBLISHED.

ALLAN'S ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF TYNESIDE SONGS,

A choice collection of local gems, by Shield, Gilchrist, Marshall, Thompson, Mitford, Nunn, Emery, Oliver, T. Wilson, J. P. Robson, Ned Corvan, G. Ridley, R. Harrison, Joe Wilson, &c.

Containing, among many others, the Pitman's Courtship, Fiery Clock Fyce, Panshop Bleezing, the Skipper and the Quaker, Horrid War in Sandgate, Hamlick Prince of Denton, the Bobby Cure, Greet Bull Dog at Shields, the Weshing Day, the Keel Row, Newcassell Prope, Canny Newcassell, Blind Willie's Deeth, Famous Aud Cappy, &c.

A full collection of Tyneside Songs has been long wanted. This edition contains all the Old Favourite Tyneside Songs and many Copyright Songs by Joe Wilson, Corvan and Ridley. To make it more complete and interesting, Notes explanatory of the Songs, and brief sketches of the Lives of the Tyneside Poets are given.

The Volume is illustrated with Views of the Principal Buildings; and Portraits of the Poets and Eccentrics of Newcastle.

Strongly bound, price 4s., reduced to 3s. 4d.; or in Volumes, 2s. each, reduced to 1s. 8d. each; also, in parts 6 each.

ALLAN, BOOKSELLER,
DEAN STREET, AND COLLINGWOOD STREET, NEWCASTLE.

"Cum Geordy had the bairn
Aw's sure awll not stop lang."

JOE WILSON'S TYNESIDE SONGS, BALLADS, AND DROLLERIES.

Contains:—Aw wish yor Muther wad cum, Bob Hobson's Advice to his Son, Be kind te me Dowter, The Chep that knaws nowt, Cume hyme i gud time, Dinnit clash the Door, The Gallowgate Lad, It's Muthers Cum, It's time to get up, Jack's Listed i the Ninety ite, Keep Dark, Landlord's Dowter, Miseries of Shiftin, Meun Leet Flit, Peg's Trip te Tynemouth, The Row upon the Stairs, Recknin for the Pay, Sunderland Trip, The Time that me Feathur wes bad, Deeth of Bob Chambers, The Neybur Abuv, Wor Geordy's Album, We'll niver invite them to Tea ony mair, What gud can sweerin dee, and about 160 other equally popular Songs.

Complete Volume 2s 6d, reduced to 2s 2d; Numbers 1d each; Parts 6d. Volume post-free 2s 6d.

TWENTY NEW TEMPERANCE SONGS.

JOE WILSON'S TEMPERANCE SONGS, READINGS and RECITATIONS, containing A happy neet at Hyem, Killed thro a fall downstairs, Think o' the little ones at Hyem, Tom Broon, The Horrors, Try may hinny, try, Life ev a Spunge, The sober real Enjoyment feel, &c., &c.

"A cheaper or more wholesome twopennyworth of verse was never on sale."—*Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, Mar. 21st. Part 1, 6d.; Numbers, 2d. each.

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DEAN STREET AND COLLINGWOOD STREET, NEWCASTLE.

"Maw nyem is Geordy Black, awm getten very awd,
Auve hewed tons o' coals I' maw time."

ROWLAND HARRISON'S POPULAR TYNESIDE SONGS,

Containing Geordy Black, Deeth of Renforth, The Drum Major, Bob Chambers, The Bathin Lass of Tinmuth, Onions, The Bonniest Lass of Sheels, Sawdust Jack, The Barber's Shop, Jack Simpson's Bairn, Somebody's Stole his Bottle, Two Married Men, Johnny wi' the Gaunsey on, Threehapence for a Shave, and Threepence for a Crop, The Chep on Stricke, Ned Fry, Aw laff her bad temper away and others, as sung with great success by the Author.

Nos. 1d, Complete, 6d, Post Free, 7d.

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TRADE MARK.

(*The Lion, Net and Mouse.*)

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For Coughs | For Asthma
For Bronchitis | For Influenza, &c.

THIS OLD ESTABLISHED INVALUABLE MEDICINE has the extraordinary property of immediately relieving Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Huskiness in the Throat. It operates by dissolving the congealed Phlegm, and thereby causing a free expectoration.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL.

Dear Sir,—I may tell you that I have used your Balsam for a very long time (both for myself and my family), I think it an invaluable medicine for members of my profession, and have always strongly recommended it to my brother and sister artists. If you think a testimonial from me would be of any service, you are very welcome to make use of this.

I am, dear Sir, Yours truly,
LIONEL BROUGH,
Globe Theatre.

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POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED.

Sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world at 1s 1½d; 2s 3d; and family size 11s per bottle.—Proprietor, THOMAS POWELL, Blackfriars Road, London.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

Trade Mark, "Blood Mixture."

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER

For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities, cannot be too highly recommended.

For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin Diseases, and Sores of all kinds it is a never-failing and permanent cure.

It Cures old Sores.
Cures Ulcerated Sores on the neck.
Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs.
Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face.
Cures Scurvy Sores.
Cures Cancerous Ulcers.
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
Cures Glandular Swellings.
Clears the Blood from all impure matter,
From whatever cause arising.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietor solicits sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.

Sold in bottles 2s. 6d. each, and in Cases containing six times the quantity, 11s. each—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long standing cases—by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the United Kingdom and the World, or sent to any address on receipt of 30 or 132 stamps by

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A GUIDE FOR THE SAFE AND SURE TREATMENT AND CURE of all debilitating diseases, whether from YOUTHFUL EXCESSES, VENEREAL or CONTAGIOUS DISORDERS, or Tropical Climate. Dr. BARNES' treatment is the result of many years successful practice in all cases of Debility and Wasting Diseases, Groundless Fears, Muscular Relaxation, Want of Confidence, Love of Solitude, Impaired Sight and Memory, Indigestion, Loss of Energy and Appetite, Palpitation of the Heart, Pains in the Back, Timidity, Self-Distrust, Blushing, Eruptions on the Face and Limbs, and many other ailments, which if neglected bring the sufferers to an early death.

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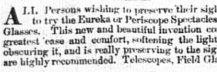
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Rickets and Curvature of the Spine and Limbs in children depend, in almost every case, upon a certain state of the bones, which permits their bending under the weight of the body, or action of the ribs in breathing; and this state of the bones is one of softening.

In order to better explain, it may be mentioned that the bones are made up, roughly speaking, of two kinds of materials—one an animal matter, which may be likened to gelatine, and the other a mineral matter, having its type in chalk. These two kinds of materials are blended together in healthy bone in certain nearly definite proportions; but, under unfavourable conditions of livelihood, such as obtain among the working classes in large towns, this healthy proportion becomes deranged, and the mineral or earthy ingredients are in less than their usual amount. The object in nature of this mineral matter being to give firmness and strength to the bones, especially the long ones, the consequence of its deficiency is to permit of a yielding and bending in the bones, commensurate with that deficiency and the weight of the superimposed body.

Now, this softened condition of bones is termed Rickets, and is one which leads to curvature of the spine, to bandy legs and to pigeon-breasts. Curvature in the female child leads to—sometimes impossible, at all times difficult—child-bearing.

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THE ENEMY IS COMING in the shape of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and all Lung complaints tending to Consumption. [illegible]

Local Police Courts.

LANCHESTER PETTY SESSIONS.

THURSDAY, December 23rd.—Before H. SMITH, Esq. (chairman), J. CLAVERING, Esq., and F. GREENWELL, Esq.

BREACH OF THE PEACE.—Geo. Wallace and James Pool were summoned for having committed a breach of the peace by fighting, on the 27th November. The offence was proved by P.C. Curren, and defendants were bound over in their own recognisances of £10 each to keep the peace for three months, and ordered to pay the costs.——James Stewart and Thomas Forster, charged by P.C. Reay with a similar offence in the vicinity of Annfield Plain, were also ordered to pay the costs and find sureties for their future good behaviour.

KEEPING DOGS WITHOUT LICENSES.—Daniel Bradley was summoned for keeping a dog without a license. Mr. Wilson, Inland Revenue Officer, said on the 26th November he visited the defendant's house and found a dog, for which no license had been taken out.—The defendant did not appear in person, but was represented by his wife, who informed the bench that the animal in question was merely a pup. She had since taken out the license.—Mr. Wilson said the dog had the appearance of being an old one.—Mr. Watson (magistrates' clerk) said the fact of a license having been taken out implied that the dog was more than six month's old.—A fine of 25s., including costs was imposed.——David Wheatley was also charged with keeping a dog without a license at Leadgate. Defendant pleaded guilty, and was fined 25s.——John Kane, of Leadgate, was summoned for a similar offence. In this case, also, a fine of 25s. inclusive of costs was imposed.

DRUNKENNESS.—Dennis Corcorn was charged with having been drunk on the 19th ult. P.C. Dent, of Waterhouses, proved the case, and defendant was fined 10s. and costs.——Wm. Temperley, James McGee, Patrick Keough, and Thomas Calligan were severally charged by P.C. Reay with having been drunk in the neighbourhood of Annfield Plain. Each defendant was fined 5s. and costs.——James Croudace, Isabella Gladdon, and John Quinn, were summoned by P.C. Tranmer for having been drunk near Oxhill. Croudace was fined 5s., Gladdon 1s., and Quinn 10s. and costs.

PITCH AND TOSS.—Joseph Simpson, Alexander Fleming, John Brown, William Cassidy, Thomas Errington, Michael Bates, William Murray, James Burnett, James Turnbull, John McGurk, and John Bennett were charged with playing at pitch and toss on the highway. Defendants were represented by Mr. Granger. From the evidence of P.C. Tranmer it seemed that thirty or forty men were congregated on the road at Oxhill. They were "schooling," and the officer took the names of the defendants, all of whom were looking on. In answer to Mr. Granger, the constable said he could not positively say that money passed amongst the defendants, or that any of the latter threw up money.—The Chairman said they were of opinion that defendants took part in what was going forward, but as it was not a bad case, defendants would be let off on payment of the costs, 5s. each.

DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.—Robt. Nicholson, John Dixon, John Hinde, Jas. Cornforth, Francis Mooney, and Edward Hind, miners, of Stanley, were severally charged by Sergt. Stamper with having been drunk on the 4th ult.—Edward Hinde, Cornforth, and Nicholson were each fined 5s. and costs and the others 10s. and costs each.——Patrick Ward, miner, Marley Hill, charged by P.C. Little with a similar offence on the same date, was fined 10s. and costs.

A VIOLENT PITMAN SENT TO PRISON.—Robert Conway, miner, was charged with assaulting P.C. Cully, at Hedleyhope. The officer stated that on the 18th of December, from information he received, he proceeded in the direction of the defendant's house and found Conway with a large hammer in his hand. He struck witness with his fist, and subsequently threatened to rip him open with a huge gulley.—Mr. Patrick, for the defence, called witnesses who denied that the defendant had used any violence to the officer.—The Chairman said it was just a year since Conway was committed to prison for a month for assault. They were satisfied that defendant was guilty of the present charge, and he would be sent to gaol with hard labour for six weeks, and in default of paying the costs he would be further imprisoned for a fortnight.——The defendant was then charged with an assault on John McCullock. The latter, it seems, lodged with Conway. On the 4th ult., a dispute arose between complainant and Mrs. Conway about some money, and it was alleged that the defendant interfered and knocked McCullock down. After hearing the evidence, the magistrates dismissed the case.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF ASSAULT AT OXHILL.

Miles Batey, a miner residing at Oxhill, was summoned for assaulting Jane Herron, a married woman. Mr. Granger, of Durham, prosecuted; defendant was unrepresented.

MR. GRANGER said this was rather a peculiar case of assault. It would, no doubt, be within the recollection of the bench that the complainant, a married woman, summoned her husband to that court a fortnight ago for her maintenance. On that occasion the defendant Batey appeared as a witness, and swore that while Mrs. Herron, who had been turned out by her husband, was staying all night at his house, he found a man named Parker in her bedroom. Now, the charge preferred against Batey was that he had on the night in question gone to the room in which Mrs. Herron was sleeping for an improper purpose, tore her night-dress, and was guilty of other misconduct. He had two witnesses, but these were apparently hostile to Mrs. Herron. He would examine the complainant, and after hearing her evidence he had no doubt they would come to the conclusion that defendant had committed an unjustifiable and brutal assault, which was made worse by the statements made by Batey at the previous court.

Jane Herron, the complainant, was then examined by Mr. Granger. She said she was the wife of John Herron, a miner, at Oxhill. She remembered the 18th of September last. On that day she was staying with her mother-in-law. At night her husband returned home, and he then said she should not stay there all night. He attempted to strike her, but his mother prevented him. Her mother-in-law then took her to the defendant's house, and it was arranged that she should remain there all night. Batey, his wife, and a man named Parker were in the house. It was arranged that she should sleep in the back room upstairs. When she went to her bed-room Parker did not go with her. She remembered Batey going to her room. At that time he had only his shirt and drawers on. There was no lock on the bed-room door. When the defendant entered her room he said he and complainant's husband had been [...]aining about her. He got upon her bed, but once jumped out, and proceeded to the room in [...] Mrs. Batey was sleeping. On telling Mrs. [...] the defendant had conducted himself the [...]ly laughed. She got into bed beside [...]d immediately afterwards Batey en[...] seized her by the waist, and tore her [...] complainant added her belief that [...] to Batey's house for a certain

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and the defendant, Mrs. Batey, Thomas Parker, and the complainant were then in the house. They all went to rest shortly afterwards, witness and Parker remaining downstairs. He afterwards heard a row upstairs. Batey was telling Mrs. Herron to put her clothes on and leave the house. He heard a rumbling noise, as if one person was following another from room to room. He heard Mrs. Herron crying on the landing. Mrs. Herron asked Batey to let her "bide" that night. Witness also heard complainant talking to Mrs. Batey. Defendant and his wife had a quarrel that night. Batey had accused his wife of having been with another man.

Thomas Parker was then called. He stated that on the night in question he was in Batey's house. Shortly after Batey and his wife and Mrs. Herron had retired, witness left the kitchen and went on to the landing. On being asked his object in going upon the landing Parker said he was acquainted with the house, and "simply went upon the stair-head." He denied that he went upstairs for an improper purpose. It was not true that Batey found witness in the room with Mrs. Herron.

Batey, in defence, said shortly after he and his wife had gone to their room, Parker's sister went to the door and inquired for him. Defendant went downstairs expecting to find Parker, but as he was not there he went upstairs and found Parker in Mrs. Herron's bed-room. He ordered Mrs. Herron to leave the house, and she then began to cry, as she said she had no place to go to.

The magistrates dismissed the case.

GAME TRESPASS.—Clayton Lumley was charged with trespassing in pursuit of game on the 29th ult. Mr. Granger defended. The charge was proved and defendant was fined 20s. and costs.——Henry Beckerton, charged with a similar offence on the 7th ult., was also fined 20s. and costs.——Thos Parker, Robert Elliott and Newick Carr were summoned for trespassing in pursuit of game in the neighbourhood of Hamsteels Colliery, on the 16th ult. Each of the defendants was fined 20s. and costs.——John Anderson, charged with a similar offence, on the 5th ult., was ordered to pay 40s. and costs.——Robert Bell, of Lintz Colliery, miner, was charged with a similar offence. Mr. Granger defended. A witness deposed that about ten o'clock at night he was in a field near Steel Close when he heard dogs running in a wood. He afterwards saw the defendant, who had a couple of terrier dogs with him. Mr. Granger, for the defence, said the defendant was on the public road at the time he was seen by the witness, and he asserted that the case had been brought forward through ill-feeling on the part of the witness.—The case was dismissed.

A DEAR PARTRIDGE.—James Henderson, of Marley Hill, was summoned for killing game without a license. P.C. Little said on the 4th ult. he was on duty near a plantation at the Causey, when he heard the report of firearms. Immediately afterwards he heard the "whirr" of some partridges. The defendant came down the plantation, and on searching him he found a partridge in his pocket. The bird was dead, and had been shot.—Defendant admitted that he had the partridge upon him, but said that he found it lying upon the ground. It was alive, and after twisting its neck around he put it in his pocket.—Mr. Smith said defendant appeared to have been fined for game trespass at Chester-le-Street, six weeks ago. He would now be fined 40s. and costs.—Defendant said the policeman had taken possession of his gun. He paid the license for it, and wished to have it returned.—The Chairman said it was a matter they declined to interfere in.

REFUSING TO QUIT.—Edward Whitfield, miner, was summoned for refusing to quit the licensed premises of James Foster, innkeeper, Stanley, on the 4th ult. Fined 10s. and costs.——Henry Dodds, charged with a similar offence on the same occasion, was also fined 10s. and costs.——Charles Bell, of Waterhouses, miner, was charged with refusing to quit William Wilson's public-house, at Satley, on the 27th November. The charge was proved by P.C. Cully, and defendant was fined 10s. and the expenses.—Anthony Joyce, Hedley Hill, and Thos Hart, Hedley Hope, Miners, were summoned for refusing to quit the Derwent Valley Hotel, on the 18th ult. Joyce was fined 10s. and Hart 5s. and costs.

A TRIPLE CHARGE.—Stephen Ogleby, of Tanfield Lea, was charged with assaulting P.C. Stoner whilst in the execution of his duty, with being drunk and disorderly, and also with refusing to quit William Gladders' public-house, on the 17th ult. For the assault on the officer he was fined 40s. and costs, and in each of the other cases he was fined 5s. and costs.

ASSAULT AT HAMSTEELS COLLIERY.—John Flynn was charged with assaulting Patrick McMann at Hamsteels Colliery, on the 17th ult. The parties are labourers at the above colliery, and appear to have quarrelled. The case was considered proven, and defendant was mulcted in a fine of 10s. and costs

POOR LAW ACT.—William and Stephen Wiseman, brothers, were charged with refusing to support their father. Mr. Thompson, clerk to the Lanchester Poor Law Union, said the defendants were men in receipt of good wages, one being an inspector and the other a screenman, at Fence Houses. The old man was unable to work, being 72 years of age. He was at present residing with a granddaughter at Shield Row.—One of the defendants said the granddaughter had offered to take charge of their father —Mr. Smith, in ordering each of the defendants to pay 2s. per week, characterised their conduct as shameful.——Thomas Moore, ironworker, Blackhill, was charged with allowing his wife to become chargeable to the Lanchester Poor Law Union. Mr. Granger defended. Mr. Thompson put in the marriage certificate, from which it seemed that the parties had not been married many months. The complainant had applied to the Guardians for relief, and the latter ordered her into the Workhouse.—Mr. Granger [...] and it had not been proved that defendant refused to maintain his wife. She might have gone to the Workhouse without his knowledge. The defendant, he said, was a hard-working man, and would have lived with his wife if he could have done so. He also alleged that Mrs. Moore had sold the furniture of the house —Mr. Moon, relieving-officer, submitted the particulars of defendant's earnings, which showed that he had been making 7s. 2d. per day.—The magistrates made an order for the defendant to pay 5s. a week to the maintenance of his wife.——Francis Fenwick, of Blackhil[...], labourer, was charged with allowing his children to become chargeable to the Lanchester Poor Law [...] Union.—Mr. Thompson said the children—three in [...] number—had been in the Workhouse since the [...] 6th of December.—Mr. Moon, relieving-officer, [...]id defendant was a dissipated character, who [...]rely worked. He was ordered to pay £1 14s. [...]e to the Union, and support the children.

KICKING THE WRONG M[AN].—Robert Bolam, Thomas Bolam, and William M[...]arshall, three young men, were summoned for ass[au]lting John Bell, at Maiden Law, on the night of [...]e 9th December. Complainant said he did not wish [...] to proceed with the case, as Bolam's father and his [...] (complainant's) father were old neighbours.—The [...] chairman said they would have to know the nature [...] of the assault before they could approve of a comp[...]romise.—The complainant then stated that on the nig[h]t of the 9th ult. he was at the Maiden Law public-h[...]ouse. The defendants had a quarrel with a man na[med] [...]d Henderson, with whom they were fighting out[side]. [...]e. Complainant left the place in company with He[...]nderson, but were followed along the road by the defe[...]ndants. Henderson ran away, and the defendants mi[s]taking complainant for Anderson they knocked him down and kicked him. He was off work about a week from the ill-usage he received.—The chairman said the bench would not allow the case to be compromised. They wished to put a stop to the brutal practice of kicking, and defendants would be fined 20s. a[nd] costs. If they were brought up on a sim[ilar] charg[e] and convicted they would be sent to prison.

STEALING A DUCK.—William Scott, a miner, was charged with stealing a duck belonging to John Wilkinson, farmer.—Thomas Wilkinson, son of the prosecutor, proved seeing the prisoner leaving the fold-yard with a duck in his possession.—P.C. Hawley, of Burnhope Colliery, said on apprehending the prisoner and charging him with stealing the duck, he replied that it was a "bad job."—Prisoner pleaded guilty, and said he was drunk at the time he committed the theft. He was committed to prison for three months with hard labour.

UTTERING BASE COIN.—Luke Armstrong, a respectably-dressed young man, was charged on remand with uttering base coin. On the 4th ult. defendant went into the shop of Mr. George Alder, grocer, at Old Cornsay, and purchased groceries to the amount of 2s. 9d., for which he tendered a sovereign in payment and received in change 17s. 3d. Shortly after he left the shop, it was discovered that the coin tendered by the defendant was what was known as a Hanoverian penny. He was committed to take his trial at the sessions.

A CANNIBAL.—Dennis Shovellan, a young man who has frequently been before the bench, was charged with assaulting Sergt. Masterman, at Consett. The officer stated that he was on duty in Middle Street between ten and eleven o'clock at night when he heard the defendant's mother shout for the police. She said the defendant had been trying to put her out of the house. Witness, in company with another officer, went into Mrs. Shovellan's house. They found defendant lying in the pantry, and witness was in the act of lifting him up when he jumped to his feet and kicked witness on the shin. They had a struggle in the pantry and during the struggle the defendant bit a piece out of his hand.—The Chairman said defendant would have to go to prison for a couple of months with hard labour, with an additional fourteen days in default of paying the costs.—As he was being removed, the defendant muttered a regret that he had not "bit the officer's hand off"

CONSETT POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, Dec. 27.—Before A. TOWN, Esq.

SERIOUS CHARGE OF KICKING.—Three men named Patrick Keenan, Thomas McNally, and Patrick Conolly were placed in the dock on a charge of assault. Supt. Oliver said the defendants were charged with assaulting a young man named Patterson. It appeared that on Christmas-Eve Patterson was knocked down and kicked in a brutal manner, so much so, in fact, that for a considerable time his life was despaired of. He purposed calling the prosecutor to speak to what took place, after which he would ask for a remand until Thursday.—The young man Patterson was then examined. He stated that on leaving the Commercial Inn with a companion on Friday evening he heard an old man shouting. Complainant went towards the old man, and saw the defendants standing beside him. Thinking that he might get badly used, complainant told the old man to go home, whereupon Keenan said "nobody was going to hurt him" Complainant was then knocked down by Keenan, and whilst lying on the ground he was kicked on the small of his back and stomach. He remained insensible for four hours.—Supt. Oliver said Patterson was carried to an adjoining house, and attended by Dr. Morris, assistant to Dr. Renton, and whilst he remained unconscious he underwent a painful operation.—Defendants were then remanded until Thursday. Mr. Town expressing his willingness to accept substantial bail.

A BADLY USED YOUNG MAN.—Edward Keenan, who has repeatedly made his bow to the local magistrates, was charged with being drunk. From the evidence of P.C. Turner, it seems that at eleven o'clock on Christmas-Eve the defendant was fighting in Middle Street. He was drunk, and the constable was obliged to lock him up.—Edward, in defence, admitted having had a "sup," but reminded the bench that it was Christmas-Eve. He denied that he was disorderly, but was willing to admit that he was lying on the ground when the officer came up and took him into custody, adding that he was knocked down by a man whilst in the act of crossing the road. —He was told to keep sober in future, and in default of paying a fine of 5s. and costs was sent to prison for seven days.

SHOUTING IN MIDDLE STREET.—John and Robert Wilson, brothers, were charged with having been drunk and disorderly in Middle Street. Sergeant Masterman said about eleven o'clock on Friday night his attention wae called to the defendants, who were drunk and shouting. He ordered them off the streets, but after going a few yards they again commenced to shout, to the annoyance of the people living in the street. Defendants were fined 5s. and costs each.

SEEKING LODGINGS.—John Cowan, an old man, was charged with being drunk. About eleven o'clock on Christmas-Eve P.C. Cowan found defendant wandering about the streets. He was very drunk, and could only walk with difficulty.—Defendant denied that he was drunk, and said when he was taken into custody by the constable, he was seeking for lodgings for his wife and children.—The statement of the policeman was taken in preference to that of the defendant, and the latter was fined 5s. and costs.

DRUNK IN NILE STREET.—James Hagan was next charged with drunkenness. From the evidence of Sergt. Masterman, it appears that on Christmas-Eve defendant was drunk in Nile Street. Defendant was liberated on paying the usual fine of 5s. and costs.

DOOR KICKING.—Patrick Cosgrave was charged by P.C. Cowan with a similar offence. About midnight defendant was found kicking at a door. He was drunk, and was accommodated with lodgings at the Police Station. Fined 5s. and costs.

A SPREE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—Francis McAllister, Michael McCann, and James Hines were charged with having been drunk in Medomsley Road, Consett. Between four and five o'clock in the morning of Christmas-Day Sergt. Reed saw the defendants leave a private house where they had been drinking during the night. They were drunk, and as they caused a disturbance they were taken into custody and locked up.—Defendants pleaded guilty, and were fined 5s. and costs each.

A COUPLE OF JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS.—Michael Connelly and Peter Gilhespie were charged with being drunk. Sergt. Masterman said between two and three o'clock on Sunday morning he found the defendants in John Street. They had a bottle containing liquor, and were laughing and shouting. They were each fined 5s. and the expenses.

CHARGE OF VAGRANCY.—Robt. Hamilton and Robt. Greener were charged with being in an outhouse for an unlawful purpose. P.C. Smith said about half-past three o'clock that morning he found the defendants in a cabin at the Iron Works. Hamilton appeared to be asleep, and Greener was sitting on the seat. They were both sober, and as they could give no reasonable excuse for being in the cabin they were locked up.—Hamilton said he and Greener were on their road home from Castleside, and they merely went into the cabin for a light.—P.C. Smith said defendants had been in the cabin from twelve o'clock that night.—In answer to the bench, Hamilton said he was a puddler at the Works, and Greener was employed under Mr. Henry Ritson.—They were discharged with a caution.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Bad Legs.—When from injury, feeble circulation, foul blood, or neglected chill, inflammation, succeeded by ulceration, has attacked the lower limbs, the sufferer may turn for a cure, without fear of disappointment, to Holloway's celebrated Ointment, whose fame for such disorders has resounded throughout the habitable globe, and testimonials in all languages have been received universally praising this celebrated Ointment. In all old cases, Holloway's Pills should be taken while his unguent is used; both together are most effective, and the cure is accomplished painlessly and readily. Under their joint curative influence the worst wounds or ulcers assume a more healthy charater, and shortly begin to fill up or contract and soundly heal.

A CHILD BURNT TO DEATH AT LEADGATE.

John Graham, Esq., coroner, and a jury held an inquest at the Black Bull Inn, Leadgate, on Friday last, relative to the death of Charles McCartan.

Margaret McCartan said she was the wife of Chas. McCartan, a labourer at Iveston Colliery, and resided in Short Irish Street, Leadgate. The deceased was three years old. On the morning of the 16th September, about half-past nine o'clock, she left the house and proceeded to Front Street for the purpose of getting some milk. When she left the house the deceased was sitting on a chair in the kitchen. He was only dressed in his night-gown, and was drinking tea out of a cup when witness left him. She had a girl seven years old, whom she left in bed when she went out. She was about ten minutes away from her house, and as she was returning she observed her little girl open the door and call for Mrs. Dunn, a neighbour. On reaching the house she found that the deceased's night-gown had been on fire, and that her daughter had attempted to extinguish the flames by putting a pinafore round the child. Witness removed the remainder of the night-dress, and it was then discovered that the child had been burnt from the neck downwards. Before the child died he told witness that when his night-dress caught fire he was attempting to light a candle. She kept a lodger, but the latter lay in the room above the kitchen. There was no woman about the place that she could have left in charge of the children.

The CORONER observed that some people were very careless about leaving their children. People of means usually had nurses to take care of their children, but this poor woman did not appear to have anybody that she could leave the child with.

James Willes, assistant to Dr. George Renton, described the nature of the burns, which, he said, were such as to cause great pain.

The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

CONCERT AT LEADGATE.

The members of the Wesleyan Choir at Leadgate held their annual concert in the Wesleyan Chapel on Christmas Day, which was densely crowded on the occasion. This highly-efficient and well-conducted choir deserves special notice for the careful training they display, as well as for the general good harmony that prevails amongst them. The concert was ably presided over by Mr. Muse, of Leadgate, a gentleman who takes an intense interest in the general welfare of the Wesleyan society, and whose abilities and merits are too well-known to require any comment. The chairman opened the concert by giving out the hymn—

"Father in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
Thy glory, power, and praise receive,
Of thy creating love."

Prayer next followed, after which the chairman introduced the programme of the evening, which was as follows:

PART I.

Chorale.. "Hark, the herald Angels sing," ..Webbe.
Full Anthem "Sing, O daughter of Zion." Scarisbrick.
Verse parts by Miss Applegarth, Messrs. Hedley, Wilkinson, and Gibson.
Anthem...... "Lift up your heads," ......Tenney.
Full Anthem { "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," } Scarisbrick.
Verse parts by Misses Bainbridge and Bell, and Messrs. Wilkinson and Gibson.
Chorus.. "All ye nations praise the Lord," ..Muller.
Anthem....... "O come let us sing," ....Rice.
Parts by Misses Applegarth and Bell, and Mr. Usher.
Anthem...... "The earth is the Lord's,"......Smith.

PART II.

Chorus...."Hosanna to the son of David,"....Hatton
Solo.. "When I think upon Thy goodness," ..Haydn.
Miss Applegarth.
Anthem........ "Save us, O Lord," ....Parsons.
Solo............ "Consolation," ....Hatton.
Miss Bell.
Anthem.......... "Blessed is he," ....Smith.
Solo............ "Author of good," ......Walmsley.
Mr. Gibson.
Solo........ "Bright, blissful state,"........Fawcett.
Miss Bainbridge.
Anthem........ "Sing unto the Lord,"........Prout.

It would be a somewhat difficult matter to do justice to the manner in which the general arrangements of the programme were gone through. The chorale, anthems, and the respective parts were beautifully rendered. The solos were specially worthy of commendation. The solo, "When I think upon Thy goodness," given by Miss Applegarth, was particularly well received, and was heartily *encored*, and on her return she fully sustained her former reputation—her genial manners and accomplished tone of voice appeared to gain her great admiration. Miss Bell sang "Consolation" so well that she was honoured with an *encore*, and gave the greatest satisfaction. Miss Bainbridge, who gave "Bright, blissful state," quite charmed the appreciative audience with her well-cultivated voice, and she was also loudly *encored*, and her repeated effort was vociferously applauded. The solo rendered by Mr. Gibson was well received, but we are sorry to say that this gentleman had a severe cold which tended a little to militate against him, but we may add that Mr. Gibson is a most accomplished vocalist. An interval of ten minutes being allowed between the first and second parts, the chairman occupied the time with an able address on the great progress the choir had made since its commencement. The choir was originated in 1861 by Mr. John Whitfield, of Sherburn Terrace, Consett, and the leadership was conducted by that gentleman for a period of nine years, during which time it made rapid progress. The present leader, Mr. J. Davison, has since conducted the choir with the greatest credit to both the choir and himself, and to him is due, in an eminent degree, the progress it has hitherto made, and through the indefatigable exertions of the choir it has attained the high degree of efficiency which now characterises it. They have a splendidly-toned organ, which was built by Mr. Nicholson, and which has just been completed with a bourdon in the pedal organ, flute harmonique, and flageolet in the great organ. The instrument was played upon by Mr. J. H. Hedley, of Leadgate, who possesses considerble musical ability. The concert was altogether a great success, and we feel no hesitation in saying that if the choir continue to improve in the same degree it has latterly done, it will prove second to none in the district. At the conclusion of the concert, a public supper was held in the School-room. The delicacies provided were both numerous and varied in character. The general arrangements of the supper were courteously superintended by Miss Black and Mrs. Willey, who were assisted by Mrs. Whitfield, Mrs. R. Wilkinson, Mrs. M. Wilkinson, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Collinson and Miss Forster. A number of gentlemen also rendered valuable assistance on the occasion, to all of whom the sincere thanks of the Wesleyan Society are due. The supper was most agreeably concluded and the company dispersed to their respective homes highly delighted with their evening's enjoyment.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT WHITTONSTALL.—A successful coffee supper was held in the Wesleyan Chapel, Christmas-day, when about 100 persons partook of an excellent supper. The tables were gracefully presided over by the following ladies:—Mrs. E. H. Hunter, Mrs. M. A. Thompson, Miss M. Hunter, and Miss Lumley. After supper, a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Edward H. Hunter, of Whittonstall. Very interesting speeches were given by Mr. R. Carr, of the Primitive Methodist Theological Institute, Sunderland, and formerly of Whittonstall; Mr. Robson, of Dipton; and Mr. J. Maddison, of Westwood. The usual votes of thanks were given.

MR. JENKINS ON THE HOMES OF THE WORKING CLASSES AND DRUNKENNESS.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Talbat, a recognised minister of the Society of Friends, of Ohio, America, gave a temperance address in the Baptist Chapel, Consett. The Rev. M. Morris, presided.

MRS. TALBAT began by explaining the laws relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors in the state of Ohio. They were arranged, she said, so as to protect women from their drunken husbands. In Ohio, if a man was made drunk and went home and smashed his furniture, the wife had a remedy against the owner of the drinking saloon in which her husband was supplied with drink. The speaker related her experiences of the many homes made miserable through intemperance, and in glancing at the other side of the picture, referred to a saloonkeeper who had been prevailed upon to knock in the ends of his liquor barrels and had since become one of the greatest temperance advocates of America. Mrs. Talbat referred to the great good work of the Young Men's Christian Associations of her own country, and in conclusion earnestly exhorted all those of her hearers who had not already done so to sign the pledge.

MR. JENKINS, of Consett, in proposing a vote of thanks to Mrs. Talbat, said he was not what was called a temperance man, but if he could be brought to believe that his becoming a total abstainer would be beneficial to those among whom he lived, then he would willingly sign the pledge. He was sorry to say that there was more drunkenness in the county of Durham than in any other county in England, according to the population. In Durham the number of drunkards was one in every forty of the population, that was to say, one person in every forty was brought before the "beak" and convicted of drunkenness, whilst in Essex the proportion was only one in 980. Notwithstanding the bad name they had earned for themselves in Durham, however, he believed drunkenness was diminishing amongst all classes of people in this country, and, in corroboration of this statement, he referred to the large numbers of people who visited the various places of amusement and interest in London on Christmas-Day, and where drunkenness was conspicuous by its absence. As for his own men, he believed they could work as well without drink as with it. He did not attribute the drinking habits of the country altogether to the love of intoxicating liquors; he believed in many instances drunkenness resulted from want of proper homes for the people. The most effectual way, he thought, of keeping the drunkard from the public-house was by making his home comfortable. He was glad to say that employers were providing a better class of houses for their workmen now-a-days, and there was also a growing desire amongst the working men to become the possessors of the houses in which they lived. As regarded the workmen of Consett, many of whom had within the last ten years been making their ten, fifteen, twenty, and even forty shillings a-day, no class of men in England had had better opportunities of providing themselves with comfortable houses.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to Mrs. Talbat and the Chairman.

DIPTON WESLEYAN CHAPEL.—A sermon was preached in this chapel on the afternoon of Christmas-day by Mr. T. Watson, of Consett; after which, an excellent tea was served out to a numerous company. A public meeting was held in the evening, the chair being occupied by Mr. Wm. Jackson. Addresses were given by Messrs. W. Stark, T. Burlinson, M. Jas. Elliott, T. Watson, and J. Urwin. There was a large attendance, and a collection taken at the close of the sermon and lecture.—On Monday, a Christmas tree was exhibited in the Joiners' Shop of South Medomsley Colliery, the articles with which it was laden being provided by Mrs. Shipley. Later on in the evening, a coffee supper was held in the same building. The "good things" for the supper were given by Mr. Shipley.—On Wednesday, a concert of sacred music was given in the Dipton Wesleyan Chapel by Mr. Humble's choir from Annfield Plain. The proceeds of the above, which were all a success, are to be applied to the fund for building the Wesleyan New Chapel at Dipton. We are sorry to state that this building, which was so far completed as to be ready for the slates, was nearly all blown down by the severe wind of last Wednesday. We hope that the trustees will receive practical sympathy from the entire district.

Markets.

NEWCASTLE CORN MARKET, Tuesday.—At this day's market there was a small supply of English wheat, and a moderate arrival of foreign. Having only a thin attendance of buyers the business done was limited, but for all fine qualities the prices of this day week were maintained. Barley for malting sold slowly and at less money; grinding unchanged. Malt is lower. Beans and peas as before. Oats slow, and maize 6d lower. Flour dull and rather cheaper.

HEXHAM CORN MARKET, Tuesday.—At our market this morning there was an average show of wheat. Trade sluggish, at last week's prices. Large show of barley and oats, but sales were slow, with no change from late quotations.

NEWCASTLE CATTLE MARKET, Tuesday.—The show of stock presented for sale exhibited a decrease of 200 beasts and 282 sheep as compared with that of last week. Respecting quality, that of cattle was indifferent for a holiday market, while sheep were seasonably good. The supply of beef comprised 1,280 head. The number of sheep was 3,438. Pigs: 508 were shown. Beasts, prime heifers, per stone, 10s 9d to 11s 0d; secondary sorts, 9s 9d to 10s 3d; good oxen, 10s 3d to 10s 9d; middling, 9s 6d to 9s 9d; cows and inferior, 7s 0d to 9s 0d; pork, large, 5s 6d to 7s 6d; do. small, 8s 0d to 9s 0d; sheep, good vendable welders, per lb., 10½d to 11d; middling, 8½d to 9d.

DURHAM PROVISION, Saturday.—Oats, 7s 3d to 9s 0d; barley, 7s 9d to 8s 9d; wheat, 11s to 11s 6d; beans, 11s 6d; peas, 11s 0d to 11s 3d per boll. Beef, 9d to 1s; mutton, 10d to 1s; veal 10d to 11d; bacon, 6d to 8d; hams, 10d to 11d; pork, 8½d to 11d per lb. Chickens, 2s 3d to 3s 8d; ducks, 2s 2d to 3s 6d; hens, 1s to 2s each; butter, 1s 9d to 1s 11d per lb.; eggs, 4 to 5 for 1s; onions, 10d to 1s; apples, 1s to 1s 4d; pears, 9d to 1s 0d per peck; grapes, 10d per lb; plums, 2d to 4d per quart.

DURHAM POTATO, Saturday.—Potatoes, 10d to 1s per stone.

NEWCASTLE HAY AND STRAW, Tuesday.—Old land hay, 170s to 180s; this year's growth, 120s to 172s; new land hay, 190s to 220s per ton; this year's growth, 135s to 180s; wheat straw, 3s 6d to 4s 0d; barley straw, 3s 0d to 3s 6d; oat straw, 3s 8d to 4s 3d per thrave.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

The insertion of anything beyond the simple announcement of Births, Marriages, or Deaths, will be charged as Advertisements.

BIRTH.

TANTOBIE—On the 24th ult., the wife of P.C. Stoner, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

LEADGATE—At St. Ive's Church, on the 18th ult., by Rev. J. W. Mitchell, Mr. William Iley to Miss C. Stephenson, both of Leadgate.

SHOTLEY BRIDGE—At the Wesleyan Chapel, on the 25th ult., by the Rev. Aaron Edman, assisted by the Rev. S. Lock, Mr. T. Wilson, Morpeth, to Miss M. A. Reed, Annfield Plain.

DEATHS.

CONSETT—At Sherburn Terrace, on the 25th ult., aged 24, Mr. A May.

BLACKHILL—At Foundry Row, aged 2 days, John George Dunn.

DARLINGTON—At Chesnut Cottage, on the 22nd ult., aged 36, Mr. John Doidge, late of Dipton.

MIDDLESBROUGH—On the 24th ult., aged 33, G. A. Blakey, late of Leadgate.

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