Richmond Dispatch.

WEDNESDAY.....JULY 21, 1875.

A KNOT OF BLUE RIBBON.

In the year 1864 I was manager of the Willoughby branch of the Metropolitan Bank of Sydney, New South Wales. Willoughby is a country town containing some five thousand inhabitants, situated on the river Hunter. It lies in a long valley, through the middle of which the river flows, for the greater part of its course, between low, grassy banks. The staff of our branch comprised myself and three others. The accountant and myself lived together in a suit of rooms adjoining the bank premises. We were very good friends, and had everything in the house in common, though, if we had chosen, we might have lived as much apart as if we had occupied separate houses. Dick Weir was indeed an easy companion to get on with. It was a little time before you came to know him, for he was of a shy and diffident nature, who made friends slowly; but when you did get to be familiar with him you liked him without exactly knowing why. He was not brilliant, or especially gifted in any way, though he understood his own business thoroughly, and performed its duties skilfully and well. In personal appearance he was not what, at first sight, you would call attractive. He had plain, strongly marked features, and an ungraceful, loose figure, which under no circumstances could be made to do credit to his tailor. I don't think there was a continuous line of beauty in his whole figure from top to toe. His eyes were good, however; clear, steady, gray eyes. But as nearly always happens when you come to be friends with a man or woman you soon grew accustomed to Weir's outward appearance, failed to see its homeliness, and liked the man for himself, for his simple, genuine, and sound-hearted nature. At least this was my case.

Willoughby is a social little place, and Weir and myself had a considerable circle of acquaintances in it. The family whose house we most frequently visited was that of Mr. Blaxland. John Blaxland was a retired gentleman of property, a hearty, kindly, hospitable man. His house was pleasantly situated on the bank of a river, and distant about three miles from the town. Mr. Blaxland was a married man with two children, a son and daughter. The latter, at the time of which I write, was in her twentieth year, and one of the prettiest girls in the country side. Ella Blaxland was a good girl, too, warm hearted, frank, and affectionate, willing to please and be pleased on all occasions, a little coquettish sometimes, and fond of fun, but neither vain nor frivolous.

Weir and I were at Wyandra—such was the name of Mr. Blaxland's place—sometimes as often as twice a week, and we were always sure of a kindly, unceremonious welcome. No one understood better how to entertain their friends than John Blaxland and his wife, and this without seeming to make much effort in so doing.

As may be supposed, Ella Blaxland had many admirers, but for a long time no one of these seemed to find especial favor in her sight. Nothing could ever be detected in her manner whereby you could gather that she regarded one with more friendliness than another. When such signs did appear, as they did at last, it was in favor of a comparative stranger in the district, one who had but lately come among st us. This was a matter of no small chagrin to some of Ella's old admirers; but certainly the new-comer had many of the personal qualities such as frequently recommend a man in ladies' eyes. Leonard Hamerton had established himself as a solicitor in Willoughby. Previous to his coming to the district he had been for a number of years in a well-known solicitor's firm in Sydney, and brought with him letters of introduction to most of the better-class families in the town. Mr. Hamerton was a tall, well-made, rather slight man, with fine brown hair and eyes, and a fresh color. He had a ready, fluent address, helped by a melodious voice; and his manners were easy, assured, and perfectly well bred. He possessed accomplishments, too, which, if not of a deep, were of an eminently useful and effective kind, such as win favor in average society. He could sing and perform on the piano with taste and skill, knew whist and most other games at cards thoroughly, played croquet with dexterous grace, and handled a billiard cue in a manner that rather astonished some of our young fellows who thought they knew something in that way. Hamerton was a prudent man. He knew exactly the limits of his own strength, and never attempted anything beyond his range. His country rivals were never successful in tempting him into any of the sports in which they believed themselves to be stronger. He had decided objections to being seen at a disadvantage.

Soon after his arrival in Willoughby, Hamerton became a frequent visitor at Wyandra, and it was not long before his name was mentioned as that of Miss Blaxland's favorite suitor. At first I regarded this as an idle rumor. Other young men had at different times earned this distinction, and each had in turn quietly lost it. But by-and-by both Dick Weir and myself thought we saw signs that the popular rumor was at last about to be verified. Ella Blaxland seemed to be regarding Leonard Hamerton with a favor greater than that which she extended to others. This was not very marked; but to us, who were so frequently about the house, it became sufficiently so to be hardly mistakable. I didn't like it myself, for no reasons of a personal kind, for I had never looked upon Ella Blaxland in any other light than that of a friend, and my warmer affections were directed elsewhere, but simply because I didn't much care for Hamerton. I had reason to believe, though he said little about it, that the sentiments with which I regarded him were shared in a great measure by Dick Weir.

It was about two months after Hamerton had come to Willoughby that a little *fête* was held at Wyandra in honor of Ella's twentieth birthday. It was intentionally a quiet little festival, and those who met to celebrate it were none but the more intimate friends of the family. But we were a very merry and pleasant party. We met early in the afternoon of a lovely day in the end of April, which, it may be necessary to remind English readers, is the Australian autumn. I remember the day by reason of a slight circumstance of which I alone was witness—a circumstance which was a revelation to me at the time, and which after events recalled to my memory with added significance. During the afternoon, the larger portion of our party were engaged in croquet, while some wandered about the garden talking and idling away the bright hours. Ella Blaxland was looking especially bright and charming; gay, animated, and happy, as befitted the occasion. She was dressed simply, in some soft, light, airy material, with bits of delicate blue ribbon here and there about her person, and a loop of the same interwoven amid her hair. There were other girls present with undeniable claims to beauty; but Ella moved among them like a little princess, though with no air of conscious superiority. Leonard Hamerton was at his best to-day, exerting his utmost powers of pleasing. Sparkling, witty, and carelessly gay, he infused mirth into all our diversions, and was confessed, by some tacitly, by others openly, to be the life and spirit of our party.

We were just bringing our croquet contest to a close, preparatory to adjourning indoors for tea, when Miss Blaxland discovered that she had lost one of the ribbons with which the sleeves of her dress were fastened at the wrist. Search was made by all of us over the croquet-ground, but in vain. It was very strange where the bright knot of ribbon could have hidden itself on that smooth, level sward, and we were all sure that Ella had had both her wrist-ribbons on when we began our game. Then I suddenly recollected that I had seen Dick Weir, who had not taken part in the game, but had been acting as umpire to us, stoop once while we were playing and pick up something from the ground, which he hastily placed in the breast-pocket of his coat. I merely thought at the time that it was something of his own which he had dropped, but now it occurred to me with convincing force that it was nothing else than Ella's ribbon when he had picked up. That explained the haste with which he had hidden it away. A minute or two before Ella had missed it, Dick, his services being no longer required by us, had strolled away in the direction of the house. I said nothing, for I was resolved to keep my friend's secret. What I had seen now put things in a new light. "So," I thought, "is that how the land lies?" Poor Dick; I felt genuinely sorry for him. It he had any hope of ever winning Ella Blaxland's affections I felt he was doomed to disappointment. But surely he knew this himself by this time.

That evening, as Dick and I rode home together from Wyandra in the moonlight, I said: "Looks as if it was a settled thing between Ella and Hamerton, don't you think?"

Dick looked round at me, and I saw that his face was very grave, and I thought somewhat pale; but that might have been the moonlight. "Do you think it's really settled?" he said. "Well, we both wish her all happiness, don't we?"

There had always been the most friendly intimacy between Weir and Miss Blaxland, but nothing more that I had ever discovered. Dick's name had never been one of those even mentioned among the aspirants to Ella's hand, though they had known each other from childhood, both being natives of Willoughby.

It came to be a matter of general belief in Willoughby that Leonard Hamerton was to marry Ella Blaxland, though nothing definite upon this point could be traced back to Wyandra. Meanwhile, my liking for Hamerton did not increase, and I could not view him as a worthy husband for Miss Baxland. The strong friendship I had formed for the pretty, kind-hearted girl made me desirous of seeing her marry a man who would be worthy of her, and Hamerton did not impress me with this idea. I felt that this might be in a great measure prejudice, but some of Hamerton's habits of life did not appear specially laudable. Weir and I found him a frequent night-visitor of the billiard-room of the Willoughby Arms, and this not with the merely innocent object of enjoying a game. He never seemed to care for playing unless for money-stakes, and he was always prepared to play as high as his opponents would go. He almost invariably won; and when he did not it struck me that he had his own reasons for it. In fact, he did much what he liked with such opponents as he met at the Willoughby Arms, though they were slow to see it; and his fine talent for the game no doubt brought him in a comfortable little addition to his income. He employed his knowledge of cards whenever opportunity offered with the same results.

The winter of 1864 is still remembered in New South Wales as that in which one of the largest floods that the colony has ever been subjected to occurred. The Hunter River district suffered especially, and we in Willoughby did not escape the general destruction. The rapidity with which a flood occurs in Australia is not readily realized by people in the home-country. The rain began to fall in Willoughby at noon of one day, and by dusk of the next the river had risen thirty feet. By next morning half the town was submerged, the water completely covering the ground-floor of many of the houses. Our bank premises stood comparatively high, but we were obliged to abandon the first floor on the second morning of the flood. Boats were being employed all that day in conveying the inhabitants from the lower parts of the town, and the houses immediately contiguous to the river, to those situated on more elevated ground farther back from the stream. Of course, at such a time all business is at an end. Every one who could be of any service employed himself in manning the boats for the rescue of the flooded-out families. Weir and I had been hard at work all day with the boats, and were resting from our exertions in our little sitting-room, after our 6 o'clock dinner. We were both pretty tired, and did not propose doing anything more that night unless some urgent demand were made upon us. As we sat smoking in silence, Weir said suddenly: "By-the-bye, did it ever occur to you how the Wyandra people may be getting on?"

"No," I answered, somewhat slowly. "It never struck me; but I suppose they're all right; they don't lie very low, and they've the boats."

"They don't lie very high," replied Dick, rising to his feet, and standing with his back to the fire; "and as to the boats, if they have to take them, who's to man them? You know Mr. Blaxland never pulls, and the two gardeners are. I should think, poor enough hands at it. There's a good lot of women-folk about the place, and very few men at this time of the year—none, in fact, I expect, except the gardeners and a boy. By Jove! Jack, we should have thought of this before. But there's no time to be lost. We must find a boat and get up to Wyandra tonight. Are you game for it, old man? Don't go, if you don't feel up to it. I shall easily be able to pick up a crew at the Willoughby Arms."

"I'm quite ready, Dick," I answered. "You're right; we should have thought of it before."

We got four men at the hotel, whom we knew to be all sturdy pullers, and a boat.

Wyandra lay up the river, and in making for it we followed the course of the stream. Had it been in the daytime we might have saved something by taking a cross-cut, but there was not sufficient light to make such a course now judicious. It was still raining in torrents from the heavy, low-hung heavens, that seemed to be slowly settling down lower and lower upon the earth. The current of the swollen river was very strong, rendering pulling extremely difficult. We were the best part of an hour in reaching Wyandra. Rowing across what was a day or two ago a smiling garden, we approached the house from that front, and found the ground-floor completely submerged. There was an ominous silence about the place, and it was with no slight feelings of misgiving that Weir and I climbed from the boat through the windows of the second floor and entered the house. We found the whole household gathered together in one room—Mr. and Mrs. Blaxland and their daughter, three women domestics, two men-servants, and the boy. They were seated, with white faces and cowering forms, around the dying embers of a wood fire, and the whole group presented a very pitiable sight. As we entered the room John Blaxland started to his feet, and when he recognized us grasped the hands of both of us with convulsive energy.

"My dear boys," he cried, "you are just in time; half an hour more, and the water will be knee-deep in this room! All our fuel is useless, too, and we have been half-famished with cold."

"Dear me, Mr. Blaxland," I said, "we never imagined you would have been in such a plight; but it was very thoughtless of us. Didn't you think of trying to get away in the boats at first?"

"We put off till it was too late. The two skiffs are such light things, you know, and none of us understood much about the management of boats. We didn't fancy trusting ourselves to them, that's the truth."

"Well, we mustn't put off time now, sir," I said.

Dick had been meanwhile doing his best to reassure Mrs. Blaxland and her daughter, the former of whom was in a state of extreme nervousness, which the poor lady was in vain exerting herself to control. We got together such shawls and rugs as were in the house and still untouched by the water, and wrapping them about Mrs. Blaxland, Ella, and the other three women, made them as comfortable as the circumstances admitted in the stern of the boat. When all the male portion of the party were seated and the rowers had taken their places, we found that the boat was already full. One other person it might hold, but not possibly more. Here was a difficulty we had not contemplated. We had taken the largest boat we could get at Willoughby. What was to be done? Weir was prompt with a remedy. He took me aside a moment.

"There is only one thing for it, Jack," he said. "I must stay behind."

"Not while I go," I replied.

"Now, Jack," said my companion, in a quiet but decided voice, "listen to reason. It's simply a matter of necessity. There are not two sides to it. Both of us can't go, and one of us must. You must, for you are the best steerer, and it will need all your skill in getting safely back with that heavily-laden boat, and through such a sea of waters. I know you would do what I am doing, but you see I must be the one who stays behind in this case. The lives of all in that boat depend upon your going."

I saw the stern force of what he said. It was imperative that I should go, and it seemed impossible that Dick should go to.

"Well, Dick," I said, "I see it must be so. Heaven grant that we may be able to come back for you in time. You will have to take to the roof, I expect; but if you can manage to hold out against the cold, all will be well. I shall get some fresh men at the hotel."

"All right, old fellow," said Dick, hurrying me into the boat; "I shall be all right; don't fear. Just give me your tobacco-pouch, will you? I'll keep life in me till you return. You've got the brandy-flask, I think; but perhaps you'll need it for some of the women." He was wonderfully calm and cool.

"No, no," I said, handing him the flask; "you'll want it a great deal more than any of them." I took my seat in the stern of the boat.

"O, Mr. Weir," cried Miss Blaxland from her place, "can you not go with us? Surely we can make room for one more."

"No, no, Miss Blaxland," replied Weir; the boat is already fuller than is safe. I shall be all right till Jack returns. Push off, men."

The boat lurched forward into the tumbling sea of waters. I looked back at Dick, and for a moment saw his pale, calm, resolute face watching us from the window; in the next, it was swallowed up in the enshrouding darkness.

The current of the river was now with us, and our progress was more rapid than it had previously been. But our course was more dangerous, from the turbulent violence with which the current was flowing, and from the heavily-laden condition of the boat. Steering was extremely difficult, and it was only with the greatest effort that I could keep the head of the boat straight. For that night, at least, the only place in which my living freight could be accommodated was our rooms at the bank, and as soon as I had seen Mr. and Mrs. Blaxland, Ella, and the rest as comfortably provided for as possible, I set off again in the boat for the Willoughby Arms. Of my four rowers one consented to return with me. The other three, though they would have been willing to go with me, declared themselves unable for the work. At the hotel, by offering a sufficient money-inducement, I was enabled to obtain three other men.

Back over the dark, eddying flood we made our slow way. The rain was falling, if possible, in heavier torrents, and the night had grown thicker. Stormy masses of cloud swept slowly across the lowering heavens, looking as though they might at any moment descend bodily and overwhelm us in black destruction. It was with a heart beating with anxiety that I sat straining my eyes out into the darkness as we approached the house at Wyandra. The water had risen high above the windows of the second-floor, and was level with the roof—more than level; the turbid-colored tide was lapping over the low stone parapet in front. I climbed up upon the roof. I knew that Dick must have been driven from the interior of the house long since. In a stooping position, more often than not on my hands and feet, I groped my way in the rain and the darkness along the sloping shingle-roof. For some time I was unable to discover any sign of Weir. I called his name again and again, but there was no answer. A dread came upon me that, wearied out as he was by the long and unwonted exertions of the day, he had been overcome by exhaustion, and swept away by the remorseless waters. At last, when hope was fast sinking within me, I stumbled and tripped against something lying at my feet. I stooped, and found Weir lying with his back propped against one of the chimneys of the house. I lifted him in my arms and made my way as fast as possible to the boat. Dick was quite insensible and very cold. I wrapped him in a large rug which I had brought with me, and which had kept tolerably dry in the locker of the boat, poured some brandy into his throat, and began chafing his hands. For some minutes he showed no signs of returning animation, and I thought all was over with him; but in a little while his lips moved nervously, and he seemed to go off again, as it were, in a swoon. Reassured, however, that he was still alive, I bade the men push off, and wrapping the rug closer about the rigid form of my friend I placed him at my feet at the bottom of the boat, where I could watch him as I steered. Again we were in the current of the river. The night had grown still darker, and by straining my sight to the utmost I could see no farther than half a dozen yards beyond the boat's head. The current was rushing at headlong speed, and with a deafening roar like the crash of a vast waterfall. The men were using their oars more to steady the boat than to propel her while we were borne along with an uneasy, lurching motion on the swollen, eddying waters. Every few moments a dark object drifted past us—now a dead horse or cow, now a barrel, a ladder, or a hen-coop—wafts from many a ruined homestead. Once a haystack struck the boat sideways, wheeled us round, and all but overwhelmed us in the surging flood. From time to time I bent over Weir and applied the spirit flask to his lips. It was all that I could do, for I had to give my undivided attention to the work of steering. When we reached the town the men were all but exhausted. Like the rest, they had been working with the boats all day. One of the three doctors in Willoughby lived close to the bank, and I bade the men stop for a moment at his house. When he heard my story the doctor immediately accompanied me home.

We laid Dick in his bed. Besides the doctor and myself, Mr. and Mrs. Blaxland and their daughter were the only others in the room

With anxious faces we bent over the bed as the doctor proceeded to examine the still insensible form of Weir. He laid open Dick's waistcoat, tore aside his shirt, and placed his hand on his heart. As he did so, something fell out from between the folds of the woollen shirt and lay on Dick's breast. It was a small knot of blue ribbon. I picked it up and handed it to Ella Blaxland. As she took it her face, that had been marble pale before, changed to crimson; a strange, startled look came into her eyes, and she turned hastily from the bedside and seated herself by the fire. She, too, recognized the ribbon.

A few moments' examination satisfied the doctor that Dick was still alive, and we proceeded to apply such remedies for his restoration as were within our power. These proved more quickly successful than I had hoped for, and soon we had the satisfaction of seeing Dick slowly returning to consciousness and life. Before the doctor left he had fallen into a sound sleep.

When he awoke next morning, Dick was completely himself again. When the doctor called and saw him, he pronounced that no grave results had ensued from the previous night's exposure.

On the day succeeding that of the events above narrated the rain ceased and the waters receded from the earth almost as quickly as they had risen. But what a scene of desolation they left behind! Far as the eye could reach the land that a few days before had been green and smiling lay a dreary waste of wilderness—farms and home-steads, gardens, orchards and vineyards, stripped bare by the cruel waters, and left a shapeless ruin. But on these things, familiar enough to many a colonist, it is not my intention here to dwell. It was some time, of course, before the pleasant homestead at Wyandra regained its old shape and beauty; but the Australian soil and climate have quick recuperative powers, and Mr. Blaxland's property was restored to its former appearance with a rapidity that would have astonished a stranger in the country.

Leonard Hamerton did not marry Ella Blaxland. It turned out that there had never been any mention of an engagement either on the part of themselves or Ella's parents, though I have reason to think that Miss Blaxland at one time was really very favorably inclined to Hamerton. But circumstances occurred to change her feelings completely in this respect. Shortly after the great flood Hamerton disappeated suddenly from Willoughby under somewhat inexplicable circumstances. After his departure stories got about very little to his credit, chiefly relating to pecuniary matters. There was a good deal of mystery about the whole affair; and it was thought that the young man's friends in Sydney had used their strongest influence to hush the matter up. Enough, however, got abroad to render Hamerton's further stay in Willoughby impossible. He consequently sought a larger field in a neighboring colony, where he might, if he chose, start afresh and reform certain of his habits of life.

The place in Ella Blaxland's regard that had been supposed by everybody to have been occupied by Hamerton was quietly taken by one of a very different stamp—Dick Weir. Of course everybody was surprised when it came to be known for certain that Weir was to marry Miss Blaxland. It was hardly conceivable! The very last person that any one would have thought of! But so it was. The small world of Willoughby was not behind the scenes, and perhaps its surprise was not very wonderful in this case. Dick did not at once strike you as the kind of man likely to carry off the prettiest girl in a country-side.

EXTRAORDINARY SWIMMING FEAT. — The London *Daily News* of July 5th has the following: "A remarkable exhibition of natatory power and skill took place in the Thames on Saturday afternoon, when Captain Webb undertook to perform the unprecedented feat of swimming from Blackwall to Gravesend, a distance of twenty miles. Mr. Webb is a sturdy, well-proportioned Englishman, twenty-seven years old, stands five feet eight inches, and weighs about fourteen stone. Master of a merchantman trading between Liverpool and Ireland, he has not hitherto appeared in the capacity of professional or amateur swimmer, but he has from early life accustomed himself to the water, and has succeeded in accomplishing more than one notable exploit. Chief among these was a gallant display of heroism from on board the Russia, one of the Cunard line of steamers, when in mid-Atlantic on her way from New York to Liverpool, in April, 1873. While the ship was going at full speed through a heavy sea, against half a gale of wind, a sailor fell overboard. Mr. Webb, then serving as able seaman, jumped after him immediately, but the sailor had disappeared never to rise again, and the brave man who had plunged in was soon left far behind, out of sight, buffeting with the waves. For thirty-five minutes his fate was uncertain, until the ship put about, and a boat, which had been promptly lowered, succeeded in picking him up. For this courageous action Mr. Webb was rewarded by a subscription of £100 raised by the passengers, the silver medals of the Liverpool and Royal Humane societies, and the Stanhope gold medal, given by the latter Society for the best "case" of the year. This medal was presented to him by the Duke of Edinburgh as chairman of the one-hundredth anniversary dinner of the Society at the Free Masons' Tavern in May, 1873. The present feat was undertaken for a small wager of £20 to £10, accepted by the adventurous voyager. Mr. Beckwith, teacher of swimming, and a small party of friends, went down per steamer Falcon to Blackwall, and followed Captain Webb on his course. He plunged into the mid-channel of the Thames at 2:25 o'clock, on the first of a slow ebb on a calm and rather dull afternoon. Feeling confident that he could sustain himself against the coldness of the water, and knowing also that swimming was to him as walking to an ordinary man, Mr. Webb took his work gently. Striking well out with his hands, and resting on his chest, he drove himself steadily along with smart strokes by the feet. At first it would seem that the power of so small an object as one man in a vast expanse of water would be altogether inadequate to cover twenty miles; but when in little more than an hour and a half nearly one-half the distance had been accomplished, and Captain Webb was still vigorous as ever, the chances became decidedly in his favor. On receiving at this stage three successive sips of brandy and water, he declared himself to be still quite fresh, and to all appearances showed no signs of falling off. A thunder-storm of heavy rain passed over without interfering with the steady progress of the swimmer, who, lying chiefly on the chest, took an occasional change to the side for a brief period. The expedition was not generally known, but at various stages of the course, and especially in passing the training ships, the gallant swimmer was warmly cheered. At Rosherville and Gravesend quite a flotilla of boats gathered around the still active and vigorous form of the swimmer, and at 7:18 off Gravesend town pier Captain Webb was taken on board his attendant boat amid general plaudits. The twenty miles was done in four hours and fifty-three minutes, on a tide running about four miles an hour. Captain Webb was pale and seemed somewhat chilled by his long immersion, but, according to his own outspoken and manly words, was "all right." The feat is undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary of the kind ever accomplished. It is said that a swim across the Channel will be next attempted. Captain Webb is a native of Shropshire, and the son of a surgeon in that county.

BIBLICAL SYMBOLS.—By the kind permission of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland a number of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the hall of Sutherland House to see a display of models of the appiratus employed by the early Jews in connection with their religion, and to hear a lecture in reference thereto by Dr. Cranage, of Wellington, Salop. The models included one of the Tabernacle as set up by Moses in the wilderness, on the scale of an inch to a cubit, the table of shewbread, the golden candlesticks, the altar of incense, and the Ark of the Covenant, with living representatives in full robes of the High Priest of Israel. These, with the exception of the Tabernacle, were modelled in gilt, and would certainly be taken by a stranger, ignorant of the object of the meeting, as part of the furniture or artistic decoration of the hall. When, however, Dr. Cranage, commencing with prayer, entered upon his lecture, there could remain but little doubt as to their purport. Dr. Cranage began by saying that the Bible was the Bible, and the New Testament was but a commentary upon it; that the types and shadows of the Bible had more to do with them in their teaching than ever they had with the Jews; that they were written, indeed, for the Jews, but that Christians possessed them with God's inspired commentary. The lecturer then explained in turn the various models, beginning with the Tabernacle and ending with the Ark of the Covenant, in which he found a symbol of the Trinity, the Cherubim representing God the Father resting upon Christ, and the Holy Ghost resting in the same place.—*London Telegraph.*

Children are children, as kittens are kittens. A sober, sensible old cat, that sits purring before the fire, does not trouble herself because her kitten is hurrying and dashing here and there in a fever of excitement to catch its own tail. She sits still and purrs on. People should do the same with children. One of the difficulties of home education is the impossibility of making parents keep still; it is with them, out of their affection, all watch and worry.—*Memoir of C. W. Dilke.*

"Pitch a lucky man into the Nile," says an Arabian proverb, "and he he will come up with a fish in his mouth."

The roofs of the houses in Budha-Pesth, the capital of Hungary, were covered with ice two feet thick during a recent hail-storm in that city.

The Sultan of Zanzibar was scandalized at the epithet "worshiptul" being given to a London company, deeming that such an epithet should be kept for God only.

DENTISTS.

DENTISTRY.—F. DAVISON, formerly of Hudson & Davison, 729 Main street.
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5½ P. M.
I expect to stay in my office all the summer.
je 16-eod2m* F. DAVISON.

JUD. B. WOOD, D. D. S.,
has removed to his
NEW DENTAL ROOMS,
over Messrs. Meade & Baker's drug store,
MAIN STREET,
between Ninth and Tenth.
L. M. COWARDIN, D. D. S., Assistant.
(se 2-eod)

JOHN MAHONY,
DENTIST
(formerly of Wayt & Mahony).
Office, 625 Main street, between Sixth and Seventh.
(oc 1-eod)

AUCTION SALES—This Day.

By Cook & Laughton, Auctioneers,
No. 10 Governor street.

SUPERIOR ROSEWOOD PIANO, PARLOR ORGAN, PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE, AT AUCTION.—On WEDNESDAY the 21st instant, at 10 o'clock, we will sell at the residence No. 708 Grace street, between Seventh and Eighth streets,
1 SUPERIOR ROSEWOOD CASE, 7½ octave, grand scale Bradbury PIANO, entirely new;
1 Taylor & Farley PARLOR ORGAN, with six stops;
1 handsome WALNUT FRAME PARLOR SUIT, covered with crimson reps;
1 WALNUT PARLOR SUIT covered with stain cloth;
OAK CANE-SEAT DINING-ROOM CHAIRS;
WALNUT HAT-RACK, LOOKING-GLASSES;
HAIR-CLOTH DIVANS;
MAHOGANY SIDE BOARD;
1 WALNUT CHAMBER SUIT, with marble top-pieces—very little used;
2 COTTAGE CHAMBER SUITS as good as new;
HAIR and CHUCK MATTRESSES, PILLOWS;
WHITE GRANITE TOILET SETS;
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, &c., &c.
COOK & LAUGHTON,
jy 19 Auctioneers.

HIGH CONSTABLE'S SALE AT THE CANTON COLOR-WORKS WAREHOUSE.

I will sell at public auction, on WEDNESDAY MORNING the 21st day of July, 1875, at 10½ o'clock, at No. 1514 Franklin street, below Wall street, the following property to satisfy a distress-warrant in my hands in favor of Mary N. Priddy vs. Henry Thomas:
YELLOW OCHRE,
WHITING,
VARNISH IN BOTTLES,
LAMP BLACK;
7 barrels ROSIN;
LOT OF LUMBER;
ONE ROLLER;
EMPTY BARRELS and BOTTLES, &c.
TERMS: Cash.
A. B. DUESBERRY,
jy 20-2t High Constable City Richmond.

AUCTION SALES—Future Days.

By Williams & Gibson,
Real Estate Agents, Auctioneers, and Stock Brokers,
corner of Twelfth and Main streets.

NEW, WELL-BUILT, CONVENIENT, AND VERY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE NEXT TO CORNER OF LEIGH AND TENTH STREETS FOR SALE AT AUCTION.—At the request of the owner we will offer for sale at public auction, on the premises, on TUESDAY, 20th instant, at 6 o'clock P. M., the handsome BRICK DWELLING adjoining on the west the residence of A. S. Lee, Esq. The house fronts twenty-three feet on Leigh street, and has been elegantly and substantially built of the best material by an excellent workman. It contains ten rooms, besides a sub-basement; is provided with all modern improvements, and is situated in one of the best neighborhoods in the city, within a few minutes' walk of the custom-house.
TERMS: One-third cash; balance at six, twelve, and eighteen months, interest added, secured by a deed of trust.
Immediately after the above sale will be sold the THREE VACANT LOTS on the west, fronting 24 feet each by 137½ deep to an alley twenty feet wide.
TERMS: The same.
WILLIAMS & GIBSON,
Real Estate and Stock Brokers and Auctioneers.

POSTPONEMENT.
In consequence of the inclemency of the weather the above sale is postponed until THURSDAY AFTERNOON, July 22d, at 6 o'clock.
jy 21 WILLIAMS & GIBSON.

REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.

FOR SALE OR RENT, FOUR STOCK-BRICK-FRONT HOUSES at the corner of Jefferson and Canal streets, just built in the most substantial manner, each containing eight rooms, with gas, water, bath tub, and all the modern conveniences. To those desiring to purchase or rent most favorable terms will be offered.
CHAFFIN, STAPLES & CO.,
Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers.
jy 21-1w No. 11 Tenth street.

HOWARD'S GROVE LOTS FOR SALE ON LIBERAL TERMS.—Determined to make this locality a desirable neighborhood, sales will not be made to objectionable parties.
RICHARDSON & CO.
jy 19-2w 1113 Main street.

WOODVILLE LOTS FOR SALE.—This locality is especially suited to parties of moderate means. RICHARDSON & CO.
jy 19-2w 1113 Main street.

FOR SALE OR RENT, C. P. WORD'S TOBACCO FACTORY, at the corner of Seventh street and the James River and Kanawha canal. Apply to J. L. APPERSON,
jy 19-6t Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer.

A VALUABLER SUBURBAN PLACE consisting of about TWENTY ACRES OF FERTILE LAND, a large and attractive FRAME DWELLING with basement, two stories and attic above, containing twelve rooms; the usual outhouses, &c., all well enclosed and in a delightful neighborhood, FOR SALE. Apply to
RICHARDSON & CO.,
jy 17-4t 1113 Main street.

By W. Goddin and Bronaugh & Taylor,
Auctioneers.

VERY VALUABLE REAL ESTATE IN MANCHESTER, AND IN CHESTERFIELD COUNTY NEAR MANCHESTER, FOR SALE.—At the request of William A. Cosby and C. C. McRae, commissioners, and with the concurrence of Mr. W. H. Brander, we offer for sale that portion of the real estate of Mr. Brander not sold at the recent offerings; and in addition to the large amount of valuable real estate embraced in the recent advertisement we are authorized by Mr. Brander to offer at private sale any of his real estate, whether in Manchester or Chesterfield, including, also, his interest in the valuable "Gowrie" coal-pits, on the Danville railroad, now about being worked.
TERMS: Very reasonable.
Apply in Manchester to
BRONAUGH & TAYLOR,
and to WELLINGTON GOODIN,
jy 10-eod2w Richmond, Va.

By Robert B. Lyne,
(successor to Lyne & Brother,)
Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer,
No. 1212 Main street.

NICE AND DESIRABLE FRAME DWELLING WITH SPLENDID LOT, ON CORNER OF MAIN AND LINDEN STREETS, FOR SALE PRIVATELY.—I am authorized to sell the above desirable property, located on southeast corner of Linden and Main streets, containing seven rooms; kitchen, gas, and water, and in thorough repair; new roof lately put on; occupied by a good tenant; lot fronts 30x199 feet. A good opportunity is here offered to secure a pleasant home upon good terms, and at a reasonable price. Apply to ROBERT B. LYNE,
jy 3-4w* Auctioneer.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.

VALENTINE'S MEAT-JUICE,
LIEBIG'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF.
POLK MILLER & CO.,
jy 17 corner Ninth and Main streets.

ONE SET TWADDLE'S HYDROMETERS;
One 1,000 gr. sp. GRAVITY BOTTLE, &c., in case;
1 AGATE MORTAR for chemical analysis;
1 SET HERNSTEIN'S TOOTH-EXTRACTING INSTRUMENTS. For sale by
J. BLAIR, Druggist,
je 10 corner Broad and Ninth streets.

FRENCH PHARMACEUTICALS
AT
MEADE & BAKER'S DRUGSTORE.

VIN PEPSINE A LA DIASTASE,
VIN DE DUSART, au Lacto-Phosphate de Chaux;
SIROP DE DUSART, au Lacto-Phosphate de Chaux;
GOUDRON DE GUYOT,
PEPSINE—BOUDAULT—acidifiee,
PEPSINE a Porel,
PEPSINE Amylacee,
PEPSINE A LA SUCRE,
PHOSPHATE DE FER—par Leras,
SIROP DE AUBERGIER,
PERLES D'HUILE PHOSPHOREE,
PERLES DE CHLOROFORME,
PERLES D'ESSENCE TEREBINTHINE,
PERLES DE VALERIANE,
PRISES DE PAULLINIA,
PRISES DE GUARANA,
PASTILLES DU DR. BELLOC,
PASTILLES DIGESTIF DU BUISSON,
PASTILLES DE L'EAU EMS,
TAMAR INDIEN—fruit laxatif contre la constipation, and all new and valuable remedies for sale by MEADE & BAKER, Pharmacists,
jy 12 919 Main street.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. J. MARSHALL VEST having associated himself with his father (Dr. R. S. Vest) in the practice of MEDICINE, SURGERY, &c., offers his professional services to the citizens of Richmond and vicinity.
Residence and office No. 2304 east Broad street.
jy 14-W,Th,S,tu,&Th5t*

F. H. McGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RICHMOND, VA
Office, corner of Tenth and Main streets
(over Grigg's shoestore). je 1-eod3m*

ALASKA POWDER—best preparation in use for cleaning metal, washing paint, glass, &c. To housekeepers it is particularly recommended by CHRISTIAN & WHITE,
je 5 Agents.

THRESHING-MACHINE, Pitt's pattern, large-sized, twelve-horse power. Cardwell's make, and in perfect order. The owner having quit farming will sell it low. Apply to
jy 8-2taw3w E. & S. WORTHAM & CO.

AUCTION SALES—Future Days.

By W. Goddin,
Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer,
office corner of Eleventh and Bank streets.

FORTY BEAUTIFUL LOTS IN DUVAL'S ADDITION, ON THE MAIN ROAD BETWEEN HAM CEMETERY AND THE RESIDENCE OF MR. W. A. ROBINSON, FOR SALE AT AUCTION.—At the request of the owner, I shall sell at auction, on the premises, on THURSDAY the 22d of July, 1875, at 5 o'clock P. M., those FORTY LOTS located as above, each 33 by 125 feet to an alley fourteen feet wide. These lots, without doubt, are the most beautiful that can be conceived of, being on an elevated plateau, commanding a handsome view of the city, and being only a short distance beyond the corporation line, are therefore exempt from city taxes. To persons of small means these lots offer peculiar attractions.
TERMS: One-fourth cash; balance at four, eight, and twelve months for negotiable notes, interest added, secured by a deed of trust. Liberal discount to those who may prefer to pay cash.
A plat of the lots can be seen at my office.
One-half of these lots lie on the west line of the main road, and the other half on the east line of a street thirty-three feet wide. W. GODDIN,
jy 21 Auctioneer.

By W. Goddin,
Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer,
corner of Eleventh and Bank streets.

SALE AT AUCTION OF A NEAT AND ATTRACTIVE NEW RESIDENCE ON XENION HILL, ON THE WEST LINE OF WASHINGTON STREET BETWEEN JAMES AND BAKER STREETS.—At the request of Mr. N. W. Harrison, I shall sell at auction, upon the premises, on TUESDAY the 27th of July, 1875, at 6 o'clock P. M., that NEAT, ATTRACTIVE, AND BEAUTIFUL COTTAGE RESIDENCE located as above, recently erected by Mr. Harrison for his own use. The lot is 30 by 125 feet, is located on the crown of the hill, commanding a lovely view of the city, and where fresh air is always enjoyed. The cottage is well built, contains three rooms, besides cellar. The neighborhood is an agreeable one, and is greatly improving with many new dwellings.
TERMS: At sale.
Those who desire a sweet little home should attend this sale. W. GODDIN,
jy 21-23,24,&25 Auctioneer.

By Grubbs & Williams,
Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers,
Eleventh street between Main and Bank.

HANDSOME COTTAGE RESIDENCE ON THE MECHANICSVILLE TURNPIKE, ONE MILE FROM THIS CITY, WITH ABOUT EIGHT ACRES OF VERY PRODUCTIVE LAND, FOR SALE AT AUCTION.—At the request of Mr. E. Weidmyer we will sell at auction, on the premises, on MONDAY, July 26th, at 5 o'clock P. M., the cottage residence located as above. The improvements consist of a FRAME COTTAGE, with six rooms, stable, and all necessary out-buildings, and a good orchard. The house is surrounded with handsome shade trees and shrubbery. The location is a good one for a gardener, nurseryman, dairyman, or a gentleman doing business in the city.
TERMS: One-third cash; balance at one and two years, for negotiable notes, six per cent interest added. GRUBBS & WILLIAMS,
jy 19 Auctioneers.

By W. Goddin,
Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer,
office corner of Eleventh and Bank streets.

SALE AT AUCTION OF LOT AND SMALL FRAMED TENEMENT ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF GROV