

Cargo and Thereabouts in 1899.

The following account of a journey to Cargo in November, 1899, will revive many memories of an area that has undergone a marked change over the intervening years. The trip was accomplished on horseback, and as the traveller approached Cargo he tells us: "Soon after the sun went down and the horse and I had struggled over the loose stones and hills to within sight of Cargo town. It looked snug amongst its high surroundings, and I couldn't have felt a stronger desire to reach it if it had been Paris itself. I was anxious for something to sit on, and I wanted something to eat and drink. Mr. Collins, of the Post Office hotel, provided both these requirements.

An entertainment in the form of a dance and supper was going on in the hall over Mr. Bulkely's store as I walked across and up the stairs, to the strains of a couple of violins and a piano, to view the tripping lads and lasses. Messrs. Byrnes and Mitchell, the former a resident, and the latter from Forest Reefs, were doing good work with the bows and strings, while Mr. Mayne and Miss Powers divided honors at the piano. The musicians were models of good nature and the violinists deserve special mention for standing up to it and keeping time as consistently as they did. The music, for a country dance, was the best we have heard. Why, they despise a concertina at Cargo. The dancing was kept up until 2 o'clock, when the conscience of Cargo felt it had had enough, and decently departed. Had more been there perhaps the outside element would have extended the time, but as it was there was less weariness to sigh over. Mrs. Power, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Collins, and others catered splendidly.

On rising next morning I was able to get a good square look at the town, renowned principally for its idle mines and its bank robbery. Three hotels line the street, Mr. Collins', Mrs. Mayne's, and Mr. Hamilton's, and all three licencees deplore the falling off in trade, which is due to slack mining. Mr. Bulkely keeps the Cargo Post Office store now. He is a new-comer from Wallerawang and succeeded Mrs. Powers. With his business experience Mr. Bulkely should do well in his quarter of the globe. Mrs. Hicks, one of the oldest residents, is still carrying on business, and with Mr. Hicks, her up-to-date son in the management and mining revival, trade should be all that could be desired. Mr. Hamilton, further down the street, is busy, as a produce dealer, and keeps a store going alongside the hotel. Complaint is