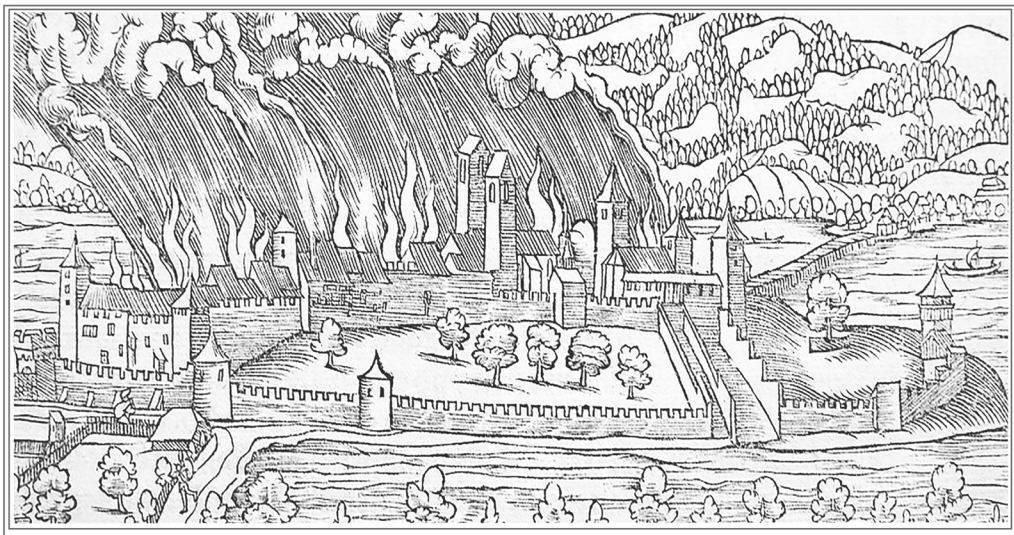


12th Day of Fire, 2150  
Fire - Trekillon - Gaidezgar - 2150

- Published & Edited by Ellytinkin Twinfirbling -

Price: 1/4 Copper Piece  
Fire - Trekillon - Gaidezgar - 2150

# ZARAMOOR ULTIMATUM



Zaramoor ultimatum to provide certainty to Elkia's heartland from surprise attacks from our unknown enemies.

## LORDS OF ZARAMOOR GIVEN VLTIMATVM!

(Zaramoor, 12th of Fire, 2150)

The new Lord Protector Farradain has issued a command to the Lords of Zaramoor to declare their allegiance to the Council of the Twelve Swords, the governing body of Denhaven. They must respond by the 20th Day of the March of Fire or it will be assumed that their loyalties lie with the Trezkillian Church in Sard and the Lord Protector will take appropriate action. The El kian 5th Light Infantry regiment has already been deployed to Shileng and will soon be supported by the 10th Heavy Foot out of Steelguard.

Since the Treaty of Four Swords which ended the Kinstrife in 1677R, the southern Protectorates of Elkia have been governed by noble families who hold patronage to the Trezkillian faith. The Treaty divided the old Imperial Homelands into the countries of Sard and Elkia, and most Trezkillian-allied Lords with holdings in Elkia relocated

to Sard, where the majority of Trezkillians had been living at the height of the Sardelan Empire. However, those noble houses that had land in southern Elkia decided to remain there. The region was known as rich agricultural basin and the Trezkillian families had deep ties with the area, having owned estates there for over 700 years. They did not wish to give up their claim on Zaramoor and its Protectorates and, instead, swore fealty to Denhaven.

With the initiation of the current hostilities, Candallar the Just, our beloved late Lord Protector and hero of the Battle of Sunhollow, was quick to send emissaries to the Lords of Zaramoor. They were asked to renew their pledge their fealty and were tasked with the mustering of levies in the south. Candallar was angered when he received the response from Lord Kraan, Protector of Zaramoor, that the local council, while united in their support of Denhaven, were divided on military involvement in the war, citing that their forces would be better positioned to protect Elkia's farm-

lands, in case the Sardian navy managed to land troops in the south. Candallar threatened Lord Kraan with the removal of his land and titles and demanded that he immediately arrange to assemble and send troops north to Sunhollow no later than the 1st Day of Light. However, more immediate events in the north turned Candallar's attention away from the issue of the allegiance of the Lords of Zaramoor. The Lord Protector took personal command of his army at Sunhollow in order to block the advance of the Sardians. Sadly, Candallar met his end in battle there.

At the recent meeting of the Council of Twelve Swords, the councillors reminded Lord Protector Farradain that the issue with the southern Lords remained unresolved. A formal charter was drafted and sent to Lord Kraan, holding him personally responsible for sending a military force to Denhaven at all speed, demanding a response no later than the 20th Fire. Kraan will be deemed to be guilty of treason if he does not comply with the Lord Protector's instructions. Lord Kraan responded by sending his personal force of one hundred guards to reinforce the mountain forts in the Splintrock Heights, south of Weallin and elements of his allied Lords forces to the coastal forts along the west coast.

[Editor's Note: The office of the Darringmoor Dart has received a report from our correspondent in Zaramoor that the local council held an emergency session on the 1st Day of Fire and, at the time of sending the report, the issue of the muster was still being debated and that an ambassador from Sard had arrived in the city on unknown business. It would appear that the Lords of Zaramoor are being wooed by the Chancellor of Sard and (in my opinion) the new Lord Protector may soon find himself defending our capitol on two fronts! - Ellie.]



Saint Castefn Farwick to deal with Darkmoor Vndead.

## FAWICK DECLARES WAR ON VNDEAD

(Darringmoor, 8th of Fire, 2150)

The Church of Ormocea today announced that Saint Castefn Farwick, the hero of Odressi, now directs our destinies in the conflict with Shadowland. There has been tremendous support from the Ormocean powers in Odressi, for the appointment of Farwick as War Minister against the Vndead incursion in the region of Darkmoor.

Saint Farwick has now been appointed to the post after arriving in Darringmoor during the March of Light and has been assisting with the direction the Ormocean Church and the Siritar Paladins, following their losses at Sunhollow.

Following the news that Saint Farwick has been given full control of the Churches of the Holy Trinity in Darringmoor, the city's War Council stepped down at midday, giving him direct command of all efforts against the Vndead in the north. Farwick is said to be keen to begin directing the counter attack against Sirrith's minions immediately. He stated, "Sirrith had previously declared war against Darringmoor on Blacklight Day and, as a reply, the Holy Trinity has demanded their minions retreat and respect the peoples of this region - or they will feel the full might of the Ormocean Church!"

The following new orders and restrictions come into place as at sundown on the 12th Day of Fire.

### Reporting

Any strange occurrences are to be reported immediately to the Shadow Task Force which has a clearly marked booth in the Darringmoor Holy Markets. In particular, this is to include people acting peculiarly, the acknowledgement of any suspicious barrels or similarly large containers, and the witnessing of any strange lights. Further investigations on this information will be followed up by, and only by, the newly formed Shadow Task Force office in the Holy Market Compound. Failure to report will be an admission of guilt and those accused will face the newly-created judicial body, the Court of Shadows.

Missing people are to be continued to be reported to the Missing Persons section of the city guards as previously. Failure to do so will be an admission of guilt and those accused will face the Court of Shadows.

The time and dates of illuminations of  
[cont. over]



Her Worshipful Lady Mayor of Darringmoor, Leafrina Hillbone.

## A WORD FROM OVR MAYOR

(Darringmoor, 11th of Fire, 2150)

Welcome to new visitors to our beautiful Darringmoor! It is always a big step to relocate to a new place and we hope our new neighbours will visit the City Council Hall to access Council's many services, all designed to make your move to your new home much easier.

Darringmoor Council is proud to serve this burgeoning example of Elkia's northern success, renowned for our lifestyle, our vigorous and distinct communities, and our pro-

-vincial estates. Our vision is to become Eldoria's most profitable and urbane city, despite some recent setbacks.

You have arrived at an exciting time for the Darringmoor as it undergoes an economic transformation, embracing new opportunities for the future and taking the provocations of the Shadows head-on. As well as continuing to provide essential daily services, the Council is working on a number of ground-breaking regional projects, including the new leadership in the battle against undead, new building projects in our churches, the Darringmoor Stonewood Project, and we are investigating the possibility of expanding residential areas underground. We are also supporting the refurbishment of the Esmian Hospice project, which is well underway, and pushing for vital upgrades to the port and roads entering the city.

We are shaping the future we want for our Darringmoor, join us on this journey towards a future of prosperity and opportunity.

May the gods bless you,  
**Leafrina Hillbone**  
Mayor of Darringmoor City

## EDITORIAL

### DISTVRBING ASHFOLD SILENCE

What is the mystery surrounding Ashfold? This editor has noticed that there has been no communication from the sleepy hamlet of Ashfold, near Darringmoor, for many Marches. Despite reports of missing relatives and of no communication going in or out of Ashfold, there seems to have been little action by authorities. More importantly for some, there have been no supplies of (real) Ashfold Sweet in almost a year. In fact, I have it on reliable authority that the price of this most famous beverage has quadrupled as no new stock is to be had, and the existing stores have almost dried up. I believe there are important questions to be answered here:

- Is there another undead incursion in the region?
- Have all the villagers been taken by Sirrith?
- WHAT are the local authorities doing about it?

Ellytinkin,  
Editor.



[Fawick Declares War On Undead cont.]

Esmian Wedding Jars must be recorded and immediately taken to the Shadow Task Force. Failure to do so will be an admission of guilt and those accused will face the Court of Shadows.

Controlled Items

Embalming chemicals are now controlled items. Any sale of such has to be reported. Failure to do so will be an admission of guilt and those accused will face the Court of Shadows. The Shadow Task Force will be visiting those businesses dependent on these chemicals to record and track their use.

All necromantic magical constructs and tomes must be handed in by the end of the March of Fire. During this time there will be an amnesty. After this time anyone caught with said items will be admitting guilt and will face the Court of Shadows.

Restricted Areas

The Darringmoor Cemetery is out of bounds except for sanctioned burials and these will be screened by a specialist team of the Shadow Task Force in the coming days. Failure to stay out of such restricted will be an admission of guilt and those accused will face the Court of Shadows.

Anyone caught in underground tunnels beneath the city without authorization will immediately face prosecution by the Court of Shadows.

Yours in the Light,  
Saint Castefin Farwick  
Ormocean Church, Darringmoor

[Editor's Note: I have agreed to print this proclamation from the great 'Saint' Farwick. I have met the priest this morning and I must say that I was quite intimidated by the man! He informed me that, as from tomorrow, any copies of "The Dart" are to have a page devoted to news and statements that will be provided by The Shadow Task Force and failure to do so will be seen as contempt against the Holy Trinity and I would face the Court of Shadows.

I'm off to see the Mayor as I am quite concerned about the erosion of citizen's rights that Darringmoor faces under the laws being implemented by Saint Farwick... and who are the Shadow Task Force and this Court of Shadows?! I mean to find out! - Ellie.]

FESTIVAL FURY  
(Darringmoor, 5th of Fire, 2150)

On the Festival of Fire Day, in Jillard Green, Tallheart, two men entered the green at night and cut down a lower branch of a tree in said Green. The city guards broke up a very heated dispute between these men and one Slan Bookanio, on the Holy Walk.

The men, who wish to remain anonymous, declared they are residents of Tallheart and as such were entitled to cut down said branch as part of their (Residency) Rights. They were acting lawfully in collecting wood to celebrate the festival on both religious and civil grounds.

The member of the Jillard Action Group (IAG) involved in the dispute, Slan Bookanio, vehemently denied this 'Right'. Bookanio stated that it is very clear that the Jillard Green Common Law, under section 12.3, only gives the residents of the district of Tallheart an Estover's Right, but this is limited to bushes and fallen branches. Mr Bookanio wanted it on record that the other common rights, as to pasturing animals, are permitted but only one beast per family. However this is permissible only when the marking fee has been paid in full for the year.

MURDER – SUICIDE  
(Darringmoor, 5th of Fire, 2150)

The apparent murder-suicide of a husband and wife at a home in Dock Shore West, near Darringmoor's market, has left the city in shock, the Mayor, Leafina Hillbone says.

City guards were called to the room on Imperial Avenue in the city, in central Darringmoor, just before the market closed on 39th day of Light. Bystanders heard a scream inside Arn's Amber Jewellery, and shortly afterwards Arn came out of his shop, saying his wife had been attacked by a rat and that he was taking her to the Esmians for treatment.

Darringmoor artisan couple, famous for amber jewellery, found dead in their homes. Murder-suicide is suspected.

The next day, when the shop didn't open, neighbours called in the guards. When the apartment was searched, he was found hanging in bedroom and his wife's body was found on the floor of the shop's store-room apparently strangled.

Darringmoors's Mayor said it was a "very sad story".

"The whole city is in shock this morning that something like this has taken place on the eve of the Festival of Fire, one of our most sacred days," Leafina Hillbone said. "We have had Esmians co-operating with the City Guards, looking after neighbours, making sure they're well looked after, and that if there is anything they need, we can accommodate them."

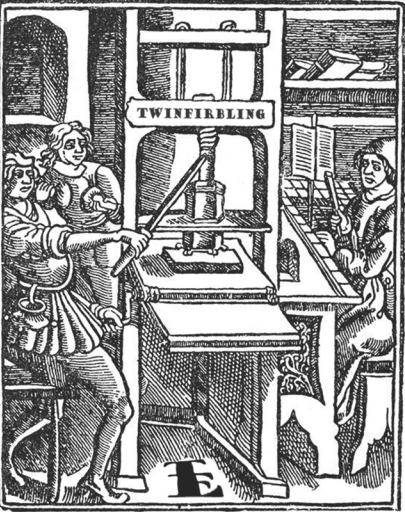
Neighbours who met Arn said he had appeared to be a decent person. Jyhn , a local shop owner, said, like the rest of Darringmoor, he was shocked by the tragedy. "He seemed to me to be a decent fellow, who worked hard in order to protect and feed his family," Jyhn said. "That was my assessment of him and I would like to offer my condolences to the family of the deceased and we will do anything they might ask of us to get them back on the road to recovery."

Mr Mynyguzzick, a resident, said the neighbourhood was typically very quiet. He said his mother knew the old woman who had died, and he described her as "a nice lady".


Ormocean priests have joined the City Guards in this investigation.

DARRINGMOOR DART

Elly's Printery  
AND ITEMS OF  
WONDER



Darringmoor Merchant Centre  
QUALITY GOODS  
\*\*Amazing-Astounding-Affordable\*\*



Ashenfold  
Sweet

"Like a bee to honey."

ENCOUNTER WITH A GHOST  
(Port Lyric, 30th of Light, 2150)

The following letter was addressed to the Editor of the Darringmoor Dart, via the Lyric Tireme:

Perhaps you well afford me space to give a short narrative of an adventure which occurred while crossing Whitingcroft Common, which people who are acquainted with the locality know, is a lonely place at night. I had been to Kinffer and had stayed longer than intended, and at about 4ANF, passed Whitingcroft Inn. In two minutes or so, I was in the solitude of the Common. With the silence around me, I was on my guard should I be surprised or set upon by some desperate character, but let no one suppose I was oppressed by the silence or solitariness. No such thing – I was enjoying the solitariness and drinking delight from the wondrous beauty and calmness of the scene, and jogging along at something like three-miles to the hour. From the time of leaving Kinffer, I had not met a single soul but at this moment, just as I was about to ascend a hill – observed a figure approaching.

It's manner of approach struck me as strange, it appeared rather to glide than to walk, but I accounted for this by the softness of the ground which prevented me hearing the footfalls. At this moment, the moon was overshadowed and a comparative darkness fell upon the scene. There, however, the figure stood still, and I could see it plainly although the moon was obscured. I demanded why I was thus stopped but there was no answer, and I made an attempt to pass on one side. I was far from feeling assured that I could force a passage and, raising my stick with all my force, aimed a blow at the unwelcome visitor. My blow was well aimed but my stick passed straight though what ought to have been a head. The swing made me stumble and I heard a low chuckling laugh. The figure extended a long arm and I was pressed gently but irresistibly down until I was laid upon my back on the way-side. A cold sweat broke out and the phantom continued to stand about a yard away. I could see it with perfect distinction as the cloud had passed from the moon and she was again pouring a silver stream over everything around.

At last, day began to break and as the first ray gilded the clouds on the eastern horizon, the phantom lifted up both arms above its shadowy head, uttered once again its mocking chuckle, and disappeared.

I felt immediate deliverance and reached home in a complete state of exhaustion, mental and physical. I can only say that I never get drunk and was perfectly sober. Moreover, no dreams visit the bestial sleep of a drunkard. Others will say that I must be a timid man and that my imagination played me a trick. To this I would say, I am not of a timorous nature and my health was never better at the time. How to account for the adventure I cannot tell, but I shall not forget the experience of that horrible night.



NOTICES

BY MR PHOPKINS

MR PHOPKINS is favoured by instructions from Messers CUPIT of Northside Park, who will decline the dairying business, to SELL by AUCTION on PHARIANZAR, the 13th of Fire, 2150, the very lawful and well-bred Incalf DAIRY COWS and capital Incalf HEIFERS, Improved Lyrie, Gilts and Boar Pigs, large iron Land-roller, narrow-wheeled Wagon, Hay-making machine and Land-presser, with the Dairy Utensils, comprising four 6 galls. milk buckets, 4 milk churns, milk and cream pans, whey tubs, 40 large cheese vats, 15 boards, one brass cheese pan 45 gallons, and two copper cheese pans of 60 and 130 gallons each; in lots,

on the Farm premises of the Lardge Hill, near Amber-gate Station.

Sale will commence at 5ASR.

o0o

MR PHOPKINS is ordered by MRS HAWS (who is retiring from business and who has Let the House and Land, to SELL by AUCTION on XARIZAR, the 18th of Fire, 2150, the capital DAIRY COWS, IMPLEMENTS, FURNITURE, and three large Ale Coolers, at her residence, Openwood-gate, near Belper.

Sale at 5ASR.

o0o

MR PHOPKINS begs to inform the public that he is honoured with instructions by Mrs Lohker (who is removing), to SELL by AUCTION, on GADWYZAR, the 20th of Fire, 2150, the excellent dining, drawing, and bed-room FURNITURE, kitchen requisites and other effects, at her Residence, 'Duffield', near Terriek's View.



THREAT TO SILVERBOUGH  
AVERTED  
(Darringmoor, 8th of Fire, 2150)

With Darringmoor still reeling from news that members of the Scarlet Sisterhood have been arrested under suspicion of being associated with the Cult of Sirrith, news has reached the Siritar Church that the Esmian hospice of Silverbough had been infiltrated and taken over by senior members of the Scarlet Sisters. The Church of Siritar received information concerning the Scarlet Sisterhood's activities on the 38th Light and acted swiftly to stop the group's activities in Darringmoor.

Fears were held for the clergy who operate the Silverbough hospice, south of the city, and the Siritar Church dispatched a small group of trusted professional warriors to investigate the hospice and ensure that the Esmians there were safe and sound. This was not the case! The soldiers found that the priestess in charge of Silverbough had supposedly succumbed to the Rose Plague and was being held in isolation, and that the Scarlet Sisters had assumed charge of the hospice. The loyal adventures were forced to deal with a zombie force that had been secretly created on the grounds, and then engaged the Sister themselves. Some-time during the altercation, a Keening opened and they were hard put to deal with a powerful undead creature, riding upon a winged beast. Our forces triumphed in the end, aided by a number of the Esmians of the hospice.

The Church of Siritar has confirmed that Silverbough is now secure and a small company of guards has been allocated to the hospice for its protection. They have also alerted the city guard and regional patrols to be on the lookout for a group of around ten Scarlet Sisters who managed to flee the hospice and were last seen heading westward. They may be travelling incognito.





### EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT A WEDDING

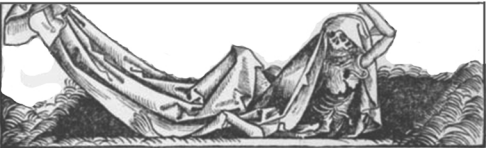
(Quorull, 33rd of Light, 2150)

A most extraordinary scene took place on Gadwyzar morning at the Stude-Rhioria Temple, in the Newtown. The solemnisation of matrimony between a man and a woman was being performed. The happy pair, as it is customary to call them, stood in front of the altar. The Priestess proceeded to read the marriage service. All of a sudden, there was a commotion in the church which was followed by several peals of laughter. A woman with a baby in her arms, and two children by her side, suddenly presented herself at the altar; whereupon addressing herself to the Priestess, she declared that the marriage ceremony must not be proceeded with. “And why not?” said the bridegroom’s best man.

“Because a man in this country cannot legally marry two women,” answered the newcomer. “I am his wife and these are his three children.”

A barely audible scream escaped the lips of the bride, who then fainted away. The consternation and terror depicted upon the countenance of the faithless husband it would be utterly impossible to convey to the reader by description.

Of course the marriage was not proceeded with as there could be little doubt as to the woman’s statement. The cleric closed the book. The bride was borne by her friends to the carriage, and the whole party broke up in “admired confusion”. It is rumoured that legal proceedings will be taken by the parents of the young lady who was so cruelly victimised by a man whose only object was to become possessed of her property.



### APPALLING DISCOVERY OF TWO SKELETONS IN A THEATRE

(Zaramoor, 23rd of Light, 2150)

The facts of the case, as briefly detailed by our correspondent, are as follows: It appears that the timbers in the roof of The Beatre Playhouse was in a state of decay – and the workmen engaged in the repairing of the building were surprised and alarmed upon removing the boards that ran around the upper part of the edifice, at finding the ghastly forms of two persons who were locked together in a last deadly embrace. Vpon closer examination, the workmen found a large Y’siran knife buried deep in the chest of one of the figures, the handle of which was still grasped by the fleshless hand of the other figure, in whose neck the broken blade of another weapon was found. It was evident from the position of the combatants that a deadly struggle had taken place in which the lives of both men had been sacrificed.

The figures were in an upright position when discovered, the clothes they had on literally “shreds and patches”.

### ANOTHER EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT A WEDDING

(Odressi, 2nd of Fire, 2150)

A Holy Isle periodical relates a thrilling scene which lately occurred in the Pari Town Hall [Pari, a coastal town at the Ghardon end of the Holy Isle – Ellie]. A couple presented themselves to be married, the bride about eighteen years of age and possessed of considerable personal attractions; the bridegroom, an extremely small man aged forty-five. When the ceremony was concluded, the door of the hall was burst open, and a woman of gigantic stature, accompanied by a thin damsel of fifteen, proceeded into the room and elbowed her way through the semicircle of guests. “Wretch, scoundrel, thief!” she cried, addressing the husband, who had turned as white as a sheet, “this is how you leave me in the lurch, who has sighed for fifteen years for the day when I might call myself your wife!”

Saying this, she seized the unhappy man by the collar and jerked him up under her left arm as though he were some slight cushion, taking no notice of his struggles. She addressed the Mayor in a voice of thunder, “do I arrive too late?” “The marriage is concluded,” replied the Mayor, “and I request you to leave Mr Gustinin and retire.”

“Not,” said the giantess, “without giving his deserts to the villain who leaves me with this girl here.” “No, no, that girl is not mine!” howled the little man. He had better to have remained silent. The giantess frantically raised him in the air and whirled him about her head. “Repeat what you have said,” she roared, “being as this child is like you as one pea is another – is she yours or not?” Mr Gustinin did not open his mouth. His executioner then seized his nose in her left hand and wrung it violently. About this time, two of the guests, moved by the entreaties of the bride, attempted to interfere, but the enraged woman, using the bridegroom as a weapon and brandishing him at arm’s length, charged her opponents with such fury, that she put them speedily to flight.

“Call the Guard!” cried the Mayor.

“You need not give yourself the trouble,” now croaked the giantess, “I will let go the rascal of my own accord. Here, my beauty,” addressing the bride, “is your little bit of a man. I have not broken him. We have no further business here. Follow me, Babtrine!” and so saying, she flung her victim at the feet of two agents of the Guard, who, at that moment, appeared at the door. “I go,” she added, “but let him ever appear before me on his wife’s arm, and I will take him between my thumb and forefinger and make but one mouthful of him.”

This little incident cast quite a gloom over the assemble guests, and no one even dared to pick the collapsed bridegroom from the floor until the last echo of the heavy footsteps of the injured fair one had died away in the distance, whereupon they raised him to his feet, and, in solemn silence, took

YOU'RE SUCCESSFUL



DRESS THE PART

### SHOCKING MURDER AND SELF-MURDER

(Tarren-reach, 6th of Fire, 2150)

About 3ANF on the evening of Drydanzar of Trekillon, a most premeditated murder was committed in a field near the Goblefields farm, Talon-on-Dale, about 14 miles East of Terrick’s View, equal North of Daringmoor.

The victim of the outrage had just turned her eighteenth birthday and was the daughter of Murr Brindle the farmer. The murderer and suicide, Carlesh Rhoamer, was about twenty years old. Both were employed at the Mill of Mr Poter Brown and, for about three years, Rhoamer and the girl were on intimate terms. Recently, she had received from Rhoamer a letter in which he asked her to meet him after leaving work in Merlinns Field. On leaving the mill, she mentioned the letter to her sister and stated that she wanted nothing more to do with him. The sisters travelled together as far as Merlinns Field, the murdered one remaining with Rhoamer, the other sister continuing home. Subsequently, she was found in the Merlinns Field with three fearful wounds in her throat from which blood flowed copiously. The poor girl was conveyed home and everything done to preserve her life, but fruitlessly, as she expired in a very short while.

Ormocean Auxilliarities near the district of Talon-on-Dale presently found the wretched murderer Rhoamer suspended from a tree by a rope about two miles from the scene of his crime.

## NOTICES

Money Lent Privately  
FROM 10gt UPWARDS,  
ON BORROWERS  
OWN PROMISORY NOTE.  
AT MUCH LOWER INTEREST THAN USUALLY CHARGED.

The Undersigned has been Established Since 2138R, and has always conducted business under HIS OWN NAME. He has always endeavoured to act in a fair and straightforward manner, and has received MANY HUNDREDS OF MISSIVES OF APPRECIATION AND THANKS from those who have dealt with him. NO PRELIMINARY FEES CHARGED. NO BILLS OF SALE TAKEN. PROMPT ATTENTION TO ENQUIRES.

Prospectuses, pamphlets containing complimentary letters from Borrowers, terms for advances, or any information desired, will be supplied, FREE OF CHARGE, on application, either personally, or by letter, to

GEORGE PAYNE,  
SCRIBE  
22 PEOPLES WALK, D.

9



NOINNEH

9

BY MR YATS

### STOUSTEPHEN'S HILL FARM, BLATHE-FIELD, NEAR TUGELEY.

Superior flock of black-faced SHEEP, BARREN, INCALF, and FAT COWS and HEIFERS; young, powerful, and active team of CART HORSES; FAT and STORE PIGS; modern AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS; by the most eminent makers, MAINGOLD DWURFTEL, &c., &c.

MR YATS will SELL by AUCTION, by orders of Mr Lilliat Sward, of Stoustephen's Hill Farm, who is leaving for Barkmouth Junction, on DRYDANZAR, the 19th day of Fire, 2150, viz. -

12 well-bred and coloury SHORTHORN BARREN TWINTERS.  
4 ditto ditto IN-CALF ditto.  
4 fresh BARREN SHORTHORN, and NORTHLANDE COWS.  
3 excellent and well-bred SHORTHORN COWS, incalf or will have calved by the time of sale.  
3 very fine FAT COWS, and HEIFERS.  
1 excellent two-year-old SHORTHORNED BULL, bred by Mr Bohnd of Swan-moor.  
85 superior black-faced IN-LAMB EWES.  
52 ditto ditto EWE and WETHER HOGS, either for slaughter or go on.  
9 capital black-faced yearling RAMS.  
4 prime FAT PIGS, about 12 scores each.  
1 excellent SOW in-pig or pigged at the time of sale.

#### CART HORSES.

Active and powerful black Mare, 'Music', rising 7.  
Ditto horse, 'Major', rising 9.  
Ditto bay Mare, 'Brandy', rising 6.  
Ditto brown Horse, 'Roge', rising 7.  
Ditto brown Horse, 'Carlesh', rising 5.  
Ditto grey Mare, 'Jolly', rising 7.  
Ditto brown Horse, 'Belgirt', rising 10.  
Ditto bay Mare, 'Merrymaid', rising 8.

#### HUNTERS, HACK, AND HARNESS HORSES.

A splendid brown Horse, rising 7, 15 ¼ hands, by the 'Steamer', a superior weight-carrying hunter, steady in harness, and is well-known in the Praetor's Folly Hunt. A handsome bay Cob, rising 7, 13 hands, an excellent hack, with splendid action, and steady in harness. A handsome chestnut Gelding, rising 3, by 'President', dam by 'Cussock' out of 'Macphine' by 'Felt', has been handled, is very gentle, and promising to make a first-rate hunter. A very useful black Horse, 5 years old, with capital action, and quiet in all types of harness.

o0o

#### TALON-on-DALE

SPECIAL SALE of FAT AND STORE STOCK, &c.

MR YATS having been requested by several of his Friends and Customers to hold Special Sales of Fat and Store Stock, at the above place, begs to comply with their requests, and intends holding the FIRST SALE on PHARI-ANZAR of DAUKAS, the 26th of Fire, 1861, at the VERDENT ARMS, TALON-on-DALE.

There is already entered a quantity of FAT and STORE STOCK, half-meated black-faced WETHERS, FAT CALVES and PIGS.

Particulars in next weeks paper. Entries to be made to: MR BOOTH, the Landlord, or MR YATS, Auctioneer and Valuer, Colton, Tugeley.

7th of Fire, 2150.

o0o

### IN CHANCERY. HUISH V. HELM.


ALL persons having claims against MR JYHN BAKEWELL HELM, in respect of his business as an Advocate and Scribe, from the 25th day of Light, 2145, to the 24th day of Light, 2150, are requested forthwith to send in their accounts to me, SAMET HOLTINN, Receiver.

No.6, 'Ward-wick', Saltwalk Way, D'moor.  
12th of Fire, 2150.

FOR SALE

MONKEY DOLLS

Wonderful monkey dolls for your children.



Expertly made by local crafters. Comes with three sets of beautifully detailed clothes. Be the first on your street to own one.

Limited supply, so hurry! High quality - none of your Y'siran rubbish. 3 Silver Pieces.

Available from Neesta's Clothing and Embroidery Shop.



# CLASSIFIEDS

**THE SECOND MASTER**  
at the **DARRINGMOOR DAY SCHOOL**,  
an Odressi Graduate in Honours, desires to  
take **PRIVATE PUPILS**.  
Apply to Mr C. R. COOKE, 36, Harbourside  
Way, D'moor.  
---  
**FOR SALE**,  
a **SHARE** in the **OCEAN REST TOWN** and  
**COASTAL LIBRARY**.  
- Apply at the Darringmoor Dart Office.  
---  
**TO be DISPOSED OF**,  
a **GROCERY** and **PROVISION TRADE**,  
in one of the best situations in **NORTHSIDE**.  
Rent moderate; no other payments. No fixtures  
to be taken to. Satisfactory reasons given for  
leaving.  
- Apply to **MR APPLEMOUNT**, House Agent,  
Arrem Alley, N'side.  
---  
**WANTED** a middle-aged **WOMAN** to Manage a  
Dairy of 6 Cows, and undertake the washing  
for a Family, with the assistance of a Girl.  
- Respectable reference required.  
- Apply at the Darringmoor Dart Office.  
---  
**LAW**.  
  
**WANTED** by a **YOUTH** a **SITUATION** as  
**JUNIOR CLERK**; can Copy and Engross, &c.,  
neatly.  
- Address, L. B., Darringmoor Dart Office.  
---  
**WANTED** a **SITUATION**  
as **GROOM** and **COACHMAN**,  
by a respectable married man of good  
character.  
- Apply Mrs R. Pick, 2, Starry-gate, N'side.  
---  
**WANTED** immediately,  
  
a competent middle-aged  
**COOK-HOUSEKEEPER**.  
- Apply Mrs R. Pick, 2, Starry-gate.

# NOTICES

**HATS! HATS!**  
**EASTPORT AND BRACKENDOR'S BEST**  
**HATS**.  
-  
**HAIRYFOOT & WHITE'S ODESSI-STREET**  
**HATS**,  
and the patent **ANTI-GREASE HAT**, now  
ready, in great varieties.  
Also,  
The real **MARITAANIN SHAPE HAT**,  
and other makes of superior qualities, from  
10s 6c to 16s 6c.  
Also, the **TREBLE STRENGTH HATS**, for  
Farmers, warranted suitable for any kind of  
hard wear.  
-  
25 Dozen **DOG SKIN GLOVES**,  
At 8c per pair, or 7s 9c per dozen, taking ½  
dozens or dozens.  
-  
**HOSIERY, GLOVES, SCARVES, &c.**  
In all the New Varieties.  
-  
Just to hand, a Splendid Stock of  
**WEST OF ELKIA NEW RIBBED** and **DIAGO-**  
**NAL COATINGS**,  
Suitable for the Intermediate Season.  
-  
At C. GAMBOLE'S  
**SUNHILL ROAD, DARRINGMOOR**

**LECTURE HALL**  
**A GRAND MILITARY & VOCAL CONCERT**  
will be given on **DRYDANZAR** evening, Fire  
19, 2150, under the immediate patronage of  
**LEAFRINA HILLBONE (MEQ)**.  
**HIGH SHERIFF** of the **PROTECTORATE**  
of **DARKMOOR**, and  
**MAYOR** of **DARRINGMOOR**.  
  
For the Benefit of the  
**WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND**,  
Darkmoor District, of the Independent Order  
of  
**ODD FELLOWS** (Odressi Unity).  
  
And under the Management of Past District  
Grand Master, **W. DREW**.  
**CONDUCTOR, MR WOODSWARD**.  
  
For particulars, see small Bills.

**LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE:**  
Brother Odeenish Wallop,  
Rural Ormorean Justicator

Zharazar of Yhankas, 21st Day of Earth,  
2150R  
Friars Rest of Jepheth

First I went to the Glebe. A pair of shears  
lay on the door step and a beautiful luxuriant  
sweet briar climbed a trellis by the door and  
filled the whole porch with fragrance. I met  
the old Chaplin-magistrate (in the old par-  
lance still practiced here in the North), Br  
Sarmsden, in the hall with his stout frame,  
ruddy face, white hair, stern long sweeping  
eyebrows and a merry old twinkle in his  
eye. One of the last of the old-fashioned Ec-  
clesiastics. He gave me some splendid  
West-Llan cider – actually made just to the  
north of us, on Llan's most easterly coast –  
and some bread and butter, and there came  
in with him a very small black and tan mutt  
named Wy (or Wyvern I suppose), a wad-  
dling wheezing gasping mass, a ball of fat.

“I am bishop here,” said the Chaplin-m,  
then, fetching the temple key, he added,  
“Come and see the Cathedral.”

The Cathedral lay a little distance down a  
pretty lane over-arched and avenued with  
sycamores and limes. It was one of the very  
large Llannish templeyards, 2 acres in  
extent, and thinly peopled. The temple, long  
low and whitewashed, an unbroken line of  
roof without a tower or bell-turret of any  
kind. An immense chancel with an equally  
large belfry and a small nave. The belfry is  
the village school, fitted up with desks,  
forms and master's desk, and a fireplace.  
The village clerk is the village schoolmas-  
ter. In a huge deep Church-chest were an old  
parish accounts book, an enormous flagon of  
pewter and pewter paten and a fragment of  
one of the Temple bells. There used to be  
three good bells in then Glascoon Church,  
“brought by the enchanted bisons from Llan-  
dooi Beacons” (as I was told more than once  
– mostly by the children). Just before the  
present Brother came, there was a tremen-  
dous wedding of a farmer's daughter. There  
was great enthusiasm and excitement and  
the bells were required to ring very loudly.  
One bell did not ring loudly enough to sat-  
isfy the people so they took an axe up to the  
bell and beat the bell ‘til they beat it all to  
pieces.

At the west end of the templeyard, almost  
hidden in trees, is the Yat, Squire Veaban's  
house, or as the Squire tries to have it  
called: Glascoom Court. Just outside the  
churchyard, the Veaban family have a private  
burial ground, unconsecrated, where a  
number of them are buried.

Br Sarmsden entertained me with some  
reminiscences of his own. “A Public House  
in the village, haven't we?” he said, “We just  
have, and they keep a fearful noise there  
sometimes. Then I put my head out of my  
bedroom window and holla at them and they  
fly like the wind. When I was chaplin of  
Llan-gorse,” he said, “the Brother of  
Ta-Llangarth was ill and I had to procure an  
assistant priest. So I wrote to Wellyn, now  
Pastor of St Sidads, Zaramoor – then Prin-  
cipal (Archivist) of The Lampster, the oldest  
of the Clerical Libraries in Jasper – to send  
me a man who wanted a title for orders and  
could speak Old Llan and Common. Wellyn  
wrote that he had the very man for me,  
“doctus utriusque linguae” [Learned in both  
languages - Ellie]. The man came. I saw his  
Llannish was a little shaky.

“Once, he was reciting the marriage Banns.  
He meant to say: Why these two persons  
may not be joined together before the Lord  
and Deities Assembled. But what he did say  
was: Why these two backsides may not be  
joined together before the Lord and Deities  
Assembled. Everyone in Temple hid their

faces. When we came out of Temple, I said,  
Well, you have done it now. What, said he.  
I told him. Gods forbid, said he. It is true. I  
said.”

**Farazar of Yhankas.**  
At 7ASR, I started with my Father for  
South Coast (of Llan). Just before we  
reached Barkmouth Junction, the Quorull  
omnibus was hailed and pulled up and a  
party of people came tumbling into our car-  
riage. It was Strong, Marhi and Deffrey,  
and two Miss Disaves. They were staying  
at Barkmouth and had been out into the  
country to visit a friend who had influence  
enough to hail an omnibus as if it were a  
Zaramoor buggy and pull it up for them.  
From Barkmouth Junction, leaving the sea,  
we travelled up the beautiful valley to  
Goldelly beside the noble estuary of the  
Maddach, mountains standing close on  
either side of the river.

We drove to Miss Trebor's Hotel, the  
Golden Lion. “Did you had your luggage?”  
asked the omnibus driver. I was very much  
struck and taken with the waitress at the  
Golden Lion.

She said her name was Jahne Milliams and  
that her home was at Bettoo y Cod (Bea-  
con/cliff-by-the-Sea). She was a beautiful  
girl with blue eyes, eyes singularly lovely,  
the sweetest saddest most weary and most  
patient eyes I ever saw. It seemed as if she  
had a great sorrow in her heart. Into the  
soup, the cook had upset both the salt cellar  
and the pepper box. After dinner, we went  
out and strolled around the town. Llomb-  
bell's menagerie had just come in and the  
town was all alive and swarming with  
people. The caravans were drawn up in the  
“Marian Moor”, the marshy meadow at the  
back of the Hotel, just outside the Golden  
Lion's garden. It seemed so strange to hear  
the little children chattering in Old Llan-  
nish. I have always had a vision of coming  
into a Llannish town about sunset and  
seeing children playing on the bridge, and  
this evening the dream came true.

**Draelinzar of Hiralien.**  
Today we read in the Tempest Journal that  
the Merchant troops are in possession of  
Foryn's Landing, but that the Landing is on  
fire, the Char-Endl pirates having yesterday  
drenched with tar the Turtleries, the Lord's  
Lounge, The Dolfine (the oldest Gurthor  
Temple in the Great Inner Sea), the Hotel  
Vedille and Lady Saite's Chapel, and set  
them in flames. When the Journal left  
Tempest two days gone, the Turtleries were  
a heap of ashes, the Lounge not much better,  
and no hope of saving anything, the tar  
flames were so furious.



**CROWSON'S**  
**NEW PARCHMENT FOR PRESENTS**  
**CROWSON'S**  
**NEW DIARIES & ALMANACS.**  
**CROWSON'S**  
**DISPATCH BOXES, & DESKS.**  
**CROWSON'S**  
**FANCY ARTICLES FOR GIFTS.**  
**CROWSON'S**  
**WATERCOLOUR ALBUMS**  
**CROWSON'S**  
**WATERCOLOUR PORTRAITS**  
**CROWSON'S**  
**PLAIN & FANCY STATIONERY**  
**CROWSON'S**  
**PICTURE FRAMES & GILDING**  
**CROWSON'S**  
**CIRCULATING LIBRARY**  
  
3/2, GREEN CIRCLE, LOW RAWLD,  
DARRINGMOOR.

# LATE NEWS

**SHOCKING MURDER + SUICIDE OF**  
**THE MURDERER**  
(Darringmoor, 11th of Fire, 2150)

A shocking domestic tragedy was enacted  
on Fyrezar at the warehouse ‘corner’ of Kel-  
lick Bay, opp. the K'Yth warehouse. Mr  
Ristoper Heedlam, a brick manufacturer, of  
the Bay, is a man in humble circumstances,  
aged sixty-five. Some twenty years ago, he  
was left a widower with five children, and  
afterwards married a young woman was his  
junior by many years, and who has now  
fallen a victim to his eldest son, Roge  
Heedlam, aged thirty-six. The son, when  
working as a labourer at the docks in  
Northside a few months ago, met with an  
accident which caused an internal rupture.  
This injury, from which he had only partial-  
ly recovered, led to a depression of his spir-  
its and produced great irritability of tem-  
perament, and he had become almost uncon-  
trollable in the last few days.  
On Fyrezar, about half-past 6ASR, Mrs  
Heedlam and her husband (who had just en-  
tered and was reading a copy of the Dar-  
ringmoor Dart), the unhappy son Roge, and  
his half-brother Ejah, aged seven years, were  
waiting for their mother, who was about to  
serve up a rice pudding, when Roge, who  
had stood by the table to her left side, began  
to eat the pudding out of the dish with a  
butcher's knife. The stepmother requested  
him not to do so, but to sit down and have  
some pudding on a plate. Simply crying out  
“I shalln't!”, he struck a backward blow with  
the knife, which entered the lower part of  
the right side of the unfortunate woman's  
neck just above the breastbone, to a depth of  
about three inches and penetrated the jugu-  
lar vein. He withdrew the knife, threw it to  
the floor, and rushed out of the house to-  
wards the bay, and jumped into the water.

He was quickly followed by a brother-in-law  
aged seventeen, and a labourer named Iaks-  
son, who succeeded in dragging him out.  
The youth then left them and hurried home  
to ascertain the fate of his mother-in-law,  
who had staggered into the next cottage,  
fallen down, and expired immediately.  
Meanwhile, a struggle ensued between the  
murderer who was determined on self-de-  
struction, and Iackson, in which Heedlam  
proved the stronger, and as Iackson clung to  
him to prevent him from carrying out his  
intention, he was dragged into the pond –  
and to preserve himself, Iackson was com-  
pelled to release his hold, and the murderer  
succeeded in drowning himself. The de-  
ceased woman had ever behaved in the most  
kind and feeling manner towards her inval-  
id stepson, and had the previous day taken  
home for him, from the Holy Market, bran-  
dy-wine and confectionary.

On Farazar, Br Marris, acting as Adjudica-  
tor for the district, presided over a Jury at  
the “Green Waters Inn”, Port South, to in-  
quire into the circumstances above de-  
scribed; and also upon the body of Roge  
Heedlam, aged thirty-six, who after having  
inflicted the fatal wound upon his stepmoth-  
er, drowned himself in the Kellick Bay.

The verdict in both cases was **Homicide** by  
Heedlam, whilst in a fit of spiritual an-  
guish.

