

## NORMANTON.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

News has been slack, and times have been dull, but we have had premonitory signs of a breaking up of the drought. For two weeks, thunder has growled north, south, east, and west. Lightning has been vivid, and news has come to town from various directions of thunderstorms and rain, but it was not till after midnight on Sunday, and just as we had got into November 11, that our turn came. As a rule, after heavy drought we have the stormy season heralded by a hurricane of wind, and this year's first attempt was no exception to the rule. Every old resident was hoping the first burst would come while we had daylight, but it was not to be. The storm ~~came with wonderful rapidity~~ straight away from the southward. There had been a smart shower on the Sunday, and we were congratulating ourselves the dust which had troubled us for months was done for. Alas for human hopes and judgments. The storm that burst near the midnight hour, came with a perfect hurricane blast, bringing the heaviest dust I have ever witnessed. Dust, pebbles, leaves, and debris of all kinds, hurled through the air, and bombarded the houses. The lightning was exceedingly sharp with terrific thunder, but the lightning glared with a weird garish light only through the dense cloud of earthy matter that roared on every side. Only 70 points of rain fell, but of debris, including dust, pebbles, chips, buckets, tubs, roofs, and verandahs, I fancy nearer 70,000,000 points than a poor meagre 70 came to us.

White ants are the friends of contractors and carpenters up here, and when their exertions throughout a dry season is supplemented by a hurricane of wind, a good many repairs are required, and the unemployed may rejoice where others wail.

On the 9th instant, about 200 people went by train for a picnic to the 14-mile. The usual fun was had, and grog was plentiful. The railway employees and the townsmen agreed to disagree near the end of the day, the former being the aggressors, and sundry scrimmages, aided by various blends and 108deg. in the shade, were indulged in. Skin was lost and beauty spots damaged, while the air was darkened by expletives and front teeth. All things must come to an end, and

teeth. All things must come to an end, and the picnickers returned by train. The Normanton Band was in attendance, consisting of a fiddle, a cornet, a hotel gong, and a stick. It was noisy, though not musical, and would hardly obtain recognition in more favored regions. Fortunately the instruments didn't get drunk or damaged, so they'll serve another turn.

Our amateurs gave an entertainment on Monday, the 11th, at the School of Art. Our Girls were given to an appreciative audience, among which Judge Neel and his coadjutors were visible. This club is a good one. The audience was very respectable, and the work was done exceedingly well. New scenery had been obtained from Sydney, and our hospital will benefit to the tune of about £25.

The following is the letter received here from Inspector Douglas, who is at Lawn Hill. It was sent by him to Sergeant Ferguson, and gives a full account of the fight with, and the end of the notorious Flick:—

"Mr. Fred Doyle and trooper Jimmy, who were present at Wavell's murder, informs me as follows:—The police horses, for want of grass, were, with the exception of two Government horses and one private one of Wavell's, running in the Corinda paddock, 30 miles from Turn Off Camp. Flick took two horses out of this paddock, viz., "Collector" and a private horse of Wavell's, and rode these to Turn Off Lagoon. Here he took trooper-horse "Railway" and another horse of Wavell's, and drove them two miles away and shot them; and Mrs. Anderson, who lives there, informed Wavell the previous evening that her blackboy had seen Flick wandering about. The following morning trooper Jimmy found the two horses shot, and Flick's track on horseback riding away. Wavell then got horses from Mrs. Anderson and followed on his tracks. Passing Corinda Wavell got fresh horses and Trooper Noble from Constable Gunn, who was going up from Burketown, and they tracked Flick on to Lawn Hill. Five miles from there they came on him, and being hard pressed he left behind his pack

horse "Collector" with saddle. On arrival at Lawn Hill Wavell went up to the station for fresh rations, and there met Mr. Doyle. After getting the rations he started again on Flick's tracks, and followed him into one of Mr. F. Hann's paddocks where he found

of Mr. F. Hann's paddocks where he found the pony Flick had been riding hobbled in the paddock. They saw Flick in a small paddock endeavoring to catch a fresh horse, when Wavell sent his two troopers on foot to cut him off, and Mr. Doyle sent his black boy on horseback to assist. Wavell, who was very ill with dysentery, remained with the horses. Flick made his way to the head station, and got into Mr. Hann's old dining room pursued by the two troopers, who surrounded the house. In this room there were plenty of revolver ammunition and a choke bore breech-loader with cartridges. Mr. Doyle, hearing shots, left Wavell and rode back to the station, and met a man named Bird in Hann's employ who told him not to go near the dining room as Flick was there shut up. Mr. Doyle informed Wavell, who immediately rode to where Flick was, dismounted, drew his revolver, and walked up to the hut calling on Flick to surrender. Flick immediately shot him through the heart from out of a small shutter window. Mr. Doyle then, with the two troopers and Bird, surrounded the hut and kept him in till Mr. Hann came back, which was at 4 o'clock the same afternoon. Mr. Hann on arrival called out to Flick, and said, "I want to speak to you; will you promise not to shoot, and no one will hurt you?" Flick promised not to fire, and Mr. Hann went up to the window and shook hands with him. Mr. Hann said: "Will you put your revolver down, and come outside and surrender, and you will not be touched here; and you can't get away; there are too many around the hut watching, all fully armed." Flick promised to come outside, and threw up his hands. Mr. Hann then went round to the opposite side of the hut to open the door, and had half opened it when Flick shot him in the breast. Hann immediately fired with his rifle, but missed him. Hann then got away from the hut, and after dressing his wound, which was in the left breast, the bullet having entered at the nipple, and glancing along a rib, came out under the left shoulder blade; the party surrounding the hut—which was made of galvanised iron—opened a continuous fire on the hut for at least an hour, Flick having barricaded himself in with tables and stools. The party kept watch all night firing at intervals. There was a heavy storm that night and light rain, and towards morning Flick got out and made his way to Pandanus Creek, about half a mile from the station; his tracks showing that he had been

Creek, about half a mile from the station; his tracks showing that he had been severely wounded, the inside of the hut was covered with blood. Mr. Doyle, the first thing in the morning picked a site for Wavell's grave, as it turned out afterwards Flick was planted about three or four yards from the site watching in the Pandanus; Mr. Doyle then proceeded with the troopers and station blacks on Flick's tracks into the Pandanus, and while tracking Flick shot Mr. Hann's black boy through the body. Mr. Doyle and the troopers opened fire again for some time in the vicinity of the place from where Flick had shot the black boy; about an hour after Flick fired another shot at some one, but evidently the cartridge was damaged; the place was again riddled, and this was the last shot he fired. They watched the place until night, and then watched the station in case he should be able to come up for rations, &c. On Tuesday morning they searched again for him, when Mr. Doyle and trooper Noble found him dead with a revolver and gun both loaded close to his side. He was naked with the exception of his trousers, and was wounded in nine places. One of the wounds he received in the hut was through his stomach from side to side, evidently made by a Snider bullet. There is no doubt about this, as he had bandaged himself with some handkerchiefs taken out of a valise of Mr. Doyle's that was in the hut. He was buried on the spot where found dead.

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