A BOUNDARY RIDER.

He was only a station hand. Where he came from, or why he came there, of course nobody knew—that is common enough in Australia, and perhaps commonest of all on a back country run in Queensland. To look at, indeed, he had something in him—tall, straight, active and manly-looking—there was not a hand on the station who could ride a horse better than Jim. Jim what? You might have been disposed to ask—but that was just what nobody knew or cared much to know. Jim was plenty, when Jim was only a boundary rider on the Mulla-Nulla Run.

It was as Jim that he had joined and was entered on the overseer's book and as Jim he had worked there for at least a twelve month without anybody asking whether he owned another name or not. Mulla-Nulla Run is well known in Middle Queensland. It is rather a large one, and carries more stock for its size than most runs in the district—when Jim was there perhaps 50,000 head of cattle were depastured in its broad valleys and on its grassy downs and there were about twenty-five hands besides the overseer to look after them. The owner, Mr. Leslie of Mulla-Nulla, lived there when he was at home, though, being a member of Parliament and a leading politician, he was a good deal away in Brisbane with his family.

It was a good place to live, too. The house—long, low and substantial—was built half way up the slope between the creek and the wooded range. It faced the west and from the veranda you looked out as far as the eye could see over the open plains, toward the setting sun. Miles upon miles of grassy plain, with here and there a shallow bottom where the pale Mimosas waved their thin feathery foliage and soft lilac flowers over the bed of the little winter stream that remained green so long through the fiery heat of the long, bright summer months. Miles upon miles—green as emerald after the rains—yellow as gold while the summer heat was still but a month or two old—brown as russet through the long hot months from December to April.

Many a glance Jim had cast at the house, lying nestling on the breast of the hill, half hidden in its fruit trees and shrubberies, only glimpses of its green-shaded windows and deep verandah, draped with its gorgeous flowering creepers, visible through the cold vista. In front, sloping to the stream, terrace after terrace, clothed with vines that spread their broad leaves tenderly over the great bunches of their white and and purple grapes. Jim could admire the place to his heart's content, but from a distance only, for though Mr. Leslie was a popular man with his hands, his friendliness didn't extend past his family.

Yet Jim met the girls every now and then, as they rode with their father or brother, and more than once it had been his luck to see them near at hand—so close, indeed, that in his own mind he had settled which was the elder of the two. It hadn't taken him long to decide which was the prettier and there could hardly be two opinions that he was right, for Margaret Leslie was a strikingly handsome girl. Yet strange to say, it was another face that came back with strange persistency to Jim, on his long, solitary rides—other eyes than those of the belle of Brisbane that shone upon him in the still hours of the night in his lonely hut on the outlying boundary.

It would be rash to say what and how much a girl observed of what concerns herself. Perhaps it was not in Jim's mind alone that a face—only a face—unconnected with language, either spoken or written, appeared and reappeared at unbidden moments—who can say. There was something after all, uncommon about Jim, as he sat his horse Firefly with the ease of a centaur, and doffed his broad-brimmed cabbage tree hat to the passing girls—something engaging in the frank, manly look of respectful admiration which would be cast momentarily on one at least of the Leslie girls whenever they chanced to meet.

It was on a Friday night that it happened. It might have occurred on any other day of the week, although to this day Miss Leslie is of a different opinion. Jim was out on the Death's Valley Boundary that day, as luck would have it, and young Leslie and his sisters took their ride in the same direction. It may be that Jim's mind was running on the bright, dark face, with the eyes that glanced so quickly at him as he raised his hat in passing, but whatever the reason may have been he took no notice of the weather till he suddenly found himself face to face with an Australia thunderstorm.

A blinding flash, a deafening roar, a sudden fierce splash of blinding rain, like the discharge of a waterspout—and the storm was upon him. To make for cover was his first instinct, and at any rate his horse refused to face the storm, so in a minute he had turned and was galloping back in the direction of the boundary hut at the foot of the Death's Valley range. With flash and growl and roar, the storm swept after him, but it was the horse rather than the rider, that seemed to feel it. Jim indeed was resigned, for there was no escape from the rain, which came down with splash and hiss on the tangles of the dull golden brown grass that lay matted under foot, and by this time he was too well accustomed to this mood of Queensland nature to feel nervous about the jagged streams of steel-blue light that ran and flickered around him.

As Jim turned into the boundary hut gully he was startled by the sound of the long, shrill wail of the native Coo-ee-ee, which rang out strange and wild through the dull splash of the falling rain. It seemed to come from the hut and they hurried on. The party, then, had been caught in the storm—it was awakened, no doubt, but at least he would make their acquaintance. In another minute he had rounded the bend in the gully, and once more that cry, so wild and despairing, met him as he turned. It was strange and alarming, and as he peered through the swimming mist of the falling water, he could just make out moving figures in the uncertain light.

"Blacks!" he put spurs to his horse and sprang forward. Yes, but a few yards on and the dark, lithe form of a native, spear in hand, seemed to melt out of his path, and something passed him with a sharp swish, so close that involuntarily he stooped his head. In another moment he had reached the hut, and as he leaped to the ground he saw more dusky forms disappearing behind the veil of blinding mist.

A glad cry of relief welcomed his arrival, and the rough bark door of the hut was thrown open. With quick decision Jim plucked off the bridle and struck the horse sharply with the stockwhip in his hand. Firefly threw up his head indignantly and disappeared into the storm. Then Jim stepped quickly inside the door. He had been right—there they were. There, but in evil case. On the floor, half propped against the wall of the hut, half leaning against his younger sister's shoulder, lay young Leslie, the first victim of the murderous attack of the natives. The slight shaft of the spear which had pierced his side lay on the ground beside him, while his half-glazed eyes looked up anxiously at the newcomer. "Pull it out!" he whispered huskily. Jim stooped and looked at it. "I don't know that it's safe," he said. "Now, now!" whispered the feeble voice, more huskily yet, "it hurts too much—pull it out!" Jim shook his head, then glanced a question at his sister. "Do what he asks, please," she said in a low tone. Jim drew out the spear. As he did so something struck the slight door and the sharp head and most of the shaft of spear came through.

There was a shriek—it came from the other girl who was crouching in an agony of fear against the opposite wall of the hut. Jim gathered up the coils of his stock whip and grasping the short loaded handle by the smaller end. "Don't be afraid," he said reassuringly; "they won't come in while I'm here." He took his stand at the door. No more was said, and there was a silence in the hut but for the weak panting breathing of the wounded man and an occasional moan of terror from Miss Leslie. From the outside came the growl of the thunder and the monotonous splash of the falling rain. The dusky interior of the hut dimly lighted by the little window, its lower half barricaded by a rude shutter, flashed into splendor after the blue glare of the lightenings. Slowly the minutes crept on—slower and yet more slowly came the gasping breaths of the wounded man. Gradually the lightening paled, the long volleys of the thunder rolled sullenly away, the rain ceased, and the sun blazed out again in all his golden splendor. It was the signal for attack, and the sharp stroke and rebound of the spears grew frequent, while here and there one found its way through door or window, and stood quivering in the earthen floor.

The labored breathing of the wounded man ceased, and Jim motioned to his companions to shelter themselves under the rough table. At last! A hasty rush of naked feet upon the sodden earth—a rude impact against the frail back door. The fastening gave way, letting the intruders fall on the earthern floor. They came at a bound through the opening, and fell headlong under the deadly stroke of the loaded whip at the very feet of the dead white man. Then the door was closed again and the silent watcher resumed his vigil.

When at last the sharp reports of half a dozen rifles told of rescue, the level rays of the western sun shone on the fragments of a broken door—shone on the calm face of a dead white man—shone on the pale faces of two terror-stricken women—shone also on the dead bodies of three natives, and on Jim, who, his long guard relieved at last, had fallen senseless in the doorway with spear wounds through thigh and shoulder.

They carried him to the house on the Mulla-Nulla run, and when at last he recovered he rode away. Another rider has the northern boundary now, and one at least at Mulla-Nulla knows that Jim has a right to another name. One pair of bright eyes turns often in the direction where the boundary hut on the Death's Valley still stands. In one memory the last sight of Jim's strong active fingers as he rode away with a lingering, backward glance is a living memory still—though he was only a boundary rider. Will Jim come back to Mulla-Nulla? The has often asked—the answer still remains, as so much remains—perhaps. Who can tell?

LEPROSY IN HAWAII.

The Number of Victims Increasing, but the Disease Not Hereditary.

The government of Hawaii has been pursuing for thirty-six years the policy of segregation the lepers, who are sent to the island of Molokai, where they must live and die. When this policy was adopted it was believed that it would accomplish the extirpation of the disease, and upon that theory it is still pursued; but recent official reports show that in the long fight against the disease the faith of those in the contest sometimes wavers. The leper population upon Molokai increases steadily, and while some authorities hold that there is not much leprosy upon other islands, there are those who assert that there is as much of it as ever.

From the statistics given in the report of the president of the Hawaiian board of health it appears that in 1866, when the Molokai settlement was established, there were 105 lepers in it, and by 1870 they had increased to 279. In 1880 the number was 606, and in 1890, 1,213. In 1893 it was 1,155, a less number than in 1890, but an increase over 1892. The report comments: "Considering the natural decrease of the native population and the number of new cases which annually occur, it would seem that in proportion there is now as much leprosy as at the commencement, if not more."

The settlement is kept up at an annual expense of $80,000 or over, and of course it would not be maintained if it were not generally believed that segregation abates the plague of leprosy, with prospects of its ultimate eradication. And bearing in mind that this policy stamped out leprosy in Europe, where it was very prevalent during the middle ages, it is reasonable to believe that it will do the same in Hawaii, only it must be continued a century or two, not merely for twenty-six years.

This report shows that the theory of hereditary leprosy has been shaken by the experience at Molokai, where most of the children of lepers seem to be healthy, or, in the term used by the physicians, "clean."

And many of the children taken awa young do not in after life develop the disease. This evidence, in the opinion of Dr. Meyer, the health officer upon Molokai, justifies the belief that children do not inherit the leprosy, but contract it from their parents during early childhood.

This separation of the children from their leper parents involves a good deal of suffering, and has not been universally followed. There is a home provided for the little daughters of the lepers, but none for boys. Dr. Meyer asks the question, What will become of these children who grow up on the island? and answers it by saying: "They will grow up probably a lawless and dangerous element. The settlement is their home; they know no other. There is no work for them; they have learned nothing; they have seen little else than idleness, drinking, and gambling, and whatever else perfects hoodlums and tramps."

A human being could hardly come into existence under more depressing conditions than those of the healthful child in a colony of lepers.—Oakland (Cal.) Enquirer.

OLD AGE IN ANIMALS.

Instances of Longevity in Creatures of the Land and the Sea.

Many animals live to a surprising age, retaining their vitality so long that it is difficult for man to count their years. Of all, the oldest, or rather the one attaining to greatest longevity, is the Greenland whale, which, if the inferences from its growth be correct, lasts between three and four hundred years.

The king of beasts probably prowls his native heath three score and ten years, for even in confinement he has been known to live this period. A lion known as "Pompey" remained in the tower of London over seventy years, and his age was unknown when captured. Another brought from the river Gambia, died at the age of 63. Leopards, bears, and tigers live about twenty-five or thirty years; the camel, forty and more; the rhinenoceros and hippopotamus from seventy to eighty, and the elephant certainly from 140 to 150. Ajax, the famous warrior, captured an elephant from Porus, a king of India, and inscribed upon a brass plate the history of the victory. After this was securely fastened the animal was set at liberty, and it turned up 350 years afterward, still having the plate recording the story.

The tortoise lives an astonishing time. Several specimens of the Indian variety are to be seen in the Zoological Gardens of London promenading in their quiet fashion, though each is known to be over 200 years old. Two very antiquated tortoises reside near York, England, which were brought from Rochelle soon after the siege in 1628, and were personally acquainted in all probability with Joan of Arc. A document called the Bishop's Barn, among the archives of Peterborough Cathedral, contains some astonishing details of a tortoise, which dwelt in the palace garden over 200 years. The Bishop's predecessor remembered it over sixty years, and he was the seventh Bishop whose miter had been seen by the venerable reptile. Its shell was perforated and attached to a chain so that it might roam the garden without a keeper or straying away. Another tortoise appeared at Lambeth palace about the year 1625, during Archbishop Laud's residence there, but it died in 1756, through the neglect of the gardener.

Some of the birds live to a green old age also. Falcons and ravens sometimes celebrate their golden weddings as they attain to a hundred years and more; pelicans and herons live fifty years; peacocks, twenty; hawks, thirty; geese a hundred, nightingales over ten; domestic fowls ten years, and thrushes and other wood and field birds acquire from eight to nine, while wrens do not survive three years.

The age to which a swan may live is differently estimated. Bacon said a hundred, and Goldsmith declared 300. Certainly, in 1672 a swan lived in Holland, in the town of Alkmar, wearing a collar dated 1527, and in Molleson's Museum, England, there is a stuffed bird known to fame as the "old swan of Dun," which died in 1823, aged 200 years.

The Battenbergs.

The death of the Princess of Battenburg recalls temporary attention to one of the most romantic family histories of modern times. It is said now that she was of Polish noble descent, but her father, Count Haucke, was the first who ever bore the title. His father was a school teacher in Warsaw, of Jewish blood, who, being a man of great cleverness and personal attractions, got for pupils the pick of the daughters of the Polish nobility, and even princesses from the German courts. He married the beautiful Alsatian governess of one of the Hessian families, and this clever couple, through the interest of their influential girl pupils, secured for their three sons fat places at the Russian court or army and important marriages. Now two of their descendants are husbands respectively of a daughter and granddaughter of the Queen of England, and a third occupied a European throne and came within an ace of marrying a sister of the German Emperor before he died. With the solitary exception of the Bonapartes, there is no parallel to such swift advancement of a family in the whole Almanach de Gotha, and even there the progeny of the Jewish tutors is much more securely placed than that of the great Corsican's brothers and sisters.—New York Times.

WOMAN

AND HER DISEASES.

Paine's Celery Compound Peculiarly Adapted to Regulate the System and Give Her Strength.

A PARAGRAPH OF TRUTH FROM A MEDICAL JOURNAL.

The following paragraph from a medical journal published on this continent, demands our serious attention. It reads thus:—"It is safe to say that more than one-half the revenue of the physicians of the world, is derived from the treatment of females. Not once is the diagnosis correct; not once in fifty is the treatment successful to the patient."

Why is it that the editor makes such a statement in his editorial in regard to the sufferings of women? Because the spirit of the times affects them as much as it does the men—more, for their nervous systems are more delicate and sensitive. This is a case for every evil, and in the school-room we can usually find the starting point of these headaches, backaches and womanly ills which are growing so alarmingly common. When the great change from childhood to womanhood is in progress, the girl is crowded, pushed, overworked, to keep up with her studies. Add to this the severe anxiety and worry which attend examinations, and when the school life is over her health is seriously deranged.

After school-days what comes? Are not the duties of women as wearing as those of men? Even more. Social, household, often business cares, must be assumed, which all lend a hand in bringing those delicate nerves into an irritated, weakened, unstrung condition. Is it to be wondered at that the sensitive organs, covered by a network of nerves, are deranged, and that life becomes one long, dreary road of suffering, without an escape or turn.

Paine's Celery Compound, that great medical discovery, should be used. Soon your nerves will be strong and vigorous, and the nutrition, digestion and specially womanly functions will be natural and regular. Rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, a beautiful figure, all the freshness and beauty of youth will follow the health giving influence of Paine's Celery compound. When you are nervous, weak, tired, cannot sleep, have headaches, or any of the nameless ills which so many women suffer in silence, use Paine's Celery Compound, and it will restore to you the greatest blessing of life—health.

Why Jumbo Was Attached.

It was eight or nine years ago, and the cars containing the animals were unloaded near the Canal street frieght house. The animals were guided across exchange place by attendants, and the elephants went along very peaceably.

They hadn't gone a great distance, however, when Jumbo's back began to itch. The big elephant tried to reach the place with his trunk, but didn't manage to. So he stepped from the line and looked for some suitable place against which to rub his back. There were two objects in sight, a big flagstaff and Paddy Burns's shanty, which stood in the rear of the Three Ones fire station. Jumbo picked out the shanty, and by the time he had relieved his feelings things inside were upside down, and the building had nearly been removed from its foundation and shoved into the water.

Paddy Burns looked for a lawyer, and found the late Ambrose E. West. The attorney issued a writ and gave it to a deputy sheriff, with instructions to attach Jumbo. The officer presented the paper to the treasurer of the circus and then took up a position near the elephant, but out of the reach of the swing of his trunk.

The bill for damages was promply settled but the officer said afterward that if the animal had decided to walk away he hadn' any idea how he could have proceeded to enforce the law by compelling him to remain.—Providence Journal.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
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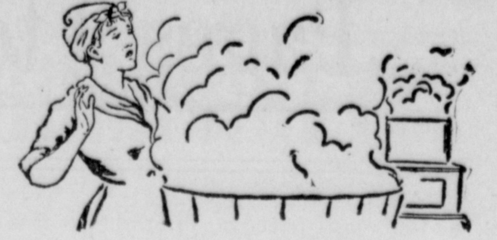
Full of steam.



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