

England has one exclusion act which is strictly enforced. It is against dogs.

Some "run-down" rural neighborhoods still furnish good material to enrich and strengthen life in the city. The snip is running in the old stock.

Much success has followed the organization in Chicago of a body of employers who refuse to engage boys who smoke cigarettes. The extension of the plan will probably help to the extinction of the evil elsewhere.

Machinery for the establishment of a complete steam laundry has just been shipped to China. This seems hardly fair, in view of the fact that we no longer admit human laundry machines from the Celestial Kingdom.

Indiana agrees to appraise all lands for taxation at only \$1 per acre that are planted in forest trees. It is said many landowners are taking advantage of the offer. There are other states that might follow with profit the example of Indiana.

American wooden ware is in great demand in England and Germany, and is now finding its way to Russia. It is also exported to the West Indies, South America, China, Australia, New Zealand, India and South Africa. The articles which find a most ready market abroad are clothes pins, pails, chopping bowls, folding chairs, refrigerators, ice cream freezers, wash tubs and churns.

The other day when Lord Roberts asked a wounded British soldier if there was anything he could do for him, the man said: "Yes; you can keep my name off the casualty list." Somehow this appeals to one more than many things they give Victoria Crosses for. It is a very exceptional man that does not want other people to know when there is something the matter with him.

We live and learn, and we are beginning to learn that there is such a thing as over exertion of the muscle, and that in taking exercise, as in all other things, the rule of moderation is the rule of reason. We are learning from experience that bodily fatigue is not a cure for mental fatigue; that violent straining on gymnastic apparatus hurts more than it helps, and that the real benefits of exercise, which are health, good digestion, good temper, good spirits, resistance to disease and resultant longevity, are acquired by moderate exertion in the open air, rather than by unnatural exertion in the achievement of feats or the breaking of records.

The debts of the civilized nations now add up a total of over \$32,000,000,000—most of it incurred in wars. To realize what thirty-two billions means a few comparative statements are necessary. The highest total value of the entire cotton crop of the United States in any recent year was less than \$300,000,000. If, therefore, the whole American cotton crop were sold for 100 years in succession, and the proceeds applied to the payment of the world's indebtedness—mainly incurred for wars and war preparations—there would still remain an unpaid balance of nearly two billions. Professor H. C. Adams of Cornell some time since calculated that the interest payments alone on these aggregated debts of the nations equal the value of the labor of 3,000,000 men working constantly at \$1.50 per day per man.

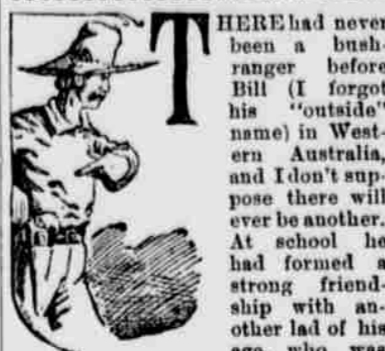
The experiment of Illinois in establishing a Juvenile Court is attracting widespread interest. The law, which became effective last July, is more far-reaching than the probation law in Massachusetts, and is thought to be much superior to the laws of any other state for the correction and reformation of juvenile offenders. It makes provision for a court separate and apart from all other work, and trial in this court of all cases of dependent, neglected and delinquent children, i. e., all boys and girls under the age of 16 years; trial to be upon petition, which may be filed by any reputable citizen, upon knowledge or belief. It prohibits the imprisonment in police station or jail of any children under 12 years of age before, during or after trial, and establishes the parole system, with probation officers; power being vested in the judge to determine what shall be done with a delinquent, not only as regards the specific offence charged, but with relation to the child's home environment, school and court record, and personal habits. In cases of dependent and neglected children, the court may commit to some suitable public institution, to the custody of some reputable citizen, to a training or industrial school, or to some accredited association, the purpose of which is to care for such children or to obtain homes for them.

### THE UNCHANGEABLE.

They tell us that nothing is sure in this world,  
That glory soon flickers away;  
To-morrow the beauty may crumble to dust,  
To-morrow the monarch may beg for a crust.  
Man's power is but for a day,  
To-morrow the courses of rivers may change,  
And mountains may sink out of sight;  
To-morrow the friend who to-day was your aid  
May steal up behind you with glittering blade—  
The world is made over each night.  
They tell us that nothing is sure in this world,  
That all is but change or decay;  
Yet one thing will change not as long as winds blow;  
Some men will be high and some men will be low  
Till the blast on the Judgment Day!  
—S. E. Kleiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

### BILL THE BUSHRANGER

The Story of a Wasted Life.



HERE had never been a bushranger before Bill (I forgot his "outside" name) in Western Australia, and I don't suppose there will ever be another. At school he had formed a strong friendship with another lad of his age, who was exactly opposite to him in character, tastes, and pursuits, but, nevertheless, they were inseparable "mates," and all Bill's people hoped that the influence of this very quiet, sedate youth would in time tame Bill's wild and lawless nature. As the boys grew into their teens it became the question of choosing a career, and the quiet boy always said he wanted to get into the police. That was his great ambition, and a more promising recruit could not be desired. It came out afterwards that when the lads discussed the subject, the embryo policeman often observed: "If you don't look out, Bill, and alter your ways, I'll be always having to arrest you." Bill laughed this suggestion to scorn, not that he had any intention of mending his ways, but he could not believe that any one, who knew his great physical strength and utter recklessness, would dare to lay a hand on him.

The strange thing was that, in spite of a strong instinct for plundering, Bill was universally acknowledged to be a splendid "bushman"—that is, one familiar with all the signs and common objects of the forests. He would have made an ideal explorer, and could have lived in the bush in plenty and comfort, under conditions in which any one else would have starved or died of thirst.

Time passed on, and one of the boys, at least, got his heart's desire and was enrolled in the very fine police force of Fremantle. Just about this time one of the neighbors imported a special breed of fowls, which Bill forthwith proceeded to torment in his leisure moments. One Sunday evening, just at dusk, Bill was hanging about the poultry yard with evil intent, when he suddenly perceived his friend in uniform and on duty, the other side of a low hedge. The owner of the fowls had asked for a constable to watch the place, and, as ill luck would have it, Bill's friend was sent. The two boys looked at each other for a moment, and then the policeman said:

"Now, Bill, you had better come along quietly with me; there's a warrant out against you, and I've got to take you to the police station."

"If you come one step nearer I'll shoot you dead," answered Bill.  
"That's all nonsense, you know," the poor young constable replied, and began pushing the hedge aside to get through it. Bill drew his revolver and shot the friend and playmate of his whole life dead on the spot. He then rushed back to his own place, and, hastily collecting some food and cartridges, was off and away into the nearest "bush" or forest, the fringe of which almost touched even the principal towns in those days.

It is hardly possible to imagine the state of excitement into which this crime threw the primitive little community. Murders were comparatively rare, and I was told that they were almost always committed by old "lags," men who had begun as convicts perhaps thirty-five or forty years before, and had generally only been let out a short time before on a ticket-of-leave. But this catastrophe was quite a fresh departure, and called forth almost as much sympathy for the relatives of the wretched Bill as for those of his victim. The native trackers set to work at once, and picked up Bill's trail without any difficulty but the thing was to catch him. No Will-o'-Wisp could have been more elusive, and he led the best trackers and the most wary constables a regular dance over hills and valleys, through dense brush and scrub-covered sand, day after day. News would come of the police being hot on his tracks thirty miles off, and that same night a store in Fremantle would be broken into, and two or three of its best guns, with suitable cartridges would be missing. As time went on the various larders in Perth were visited in the same unexpected manner, and emptied of their contents. Bill never took anything except ammunition, food and tobacco, but whenever the police came up with his camping-ground—often to find the fire still smouldering—they always found several newspapers of the latest date giving particulars of where he was supposed to be.

In the course of the many weeks—nine, I think—that this chase went on, the police often got near enough to be shot at. One poor constable was badly wounded in the throat so that he could never speak above a whisper again, and another was shot dead. But Bill was never to be seen. Sometimes they came on a pannikin of tea, standing by the fire, and another time he must just have flung away his pipe lest its smell should betray him. One is lost in amazement at his powers of endurance, for he could have had no actual sleep all that weary while. The general plan of campaign was to keep him always moving, so as to tire him out. What strength must he have possessed to do without sleep all that time, and to cover such fabulous distances day after day. The police themselves, or rather their horses, and even the trackers, got quite knocked up, in spite of a regularly organized system of relief; so what must it have been for the hunted boy, who could never have had any rest at all!

At last the end came; at earliest dawn one morning Bill, resting on a log in the bush without even a fire to betray him, opened his eyes to the sound of a command to "put up his hands," and saw half-a-dozen carbines levelled straight at him a few yards off. He showed fight to the last, and managed before holding up his hands to fire a shot at the approaching constables, wounding one of them in the leg. The men rushed in, however, and he was soon overcome and handcuffed, and brought into Perth. But the most curious part of the story lies in the universal sympathy, and, indeed, admiration, immediately shown by the whole of our very peaceable and orderly little community for this youth. Of course, the officials did not share this strange sentimentality, for they regarded Master Bill and his exploits from a very different point of view, and I used really to feel quite angry, especially with my female friends, who often asked me if I was not "very sorry" for the culprit. My sympathies, I confessed, were more with the families of his victims, especially the poor policeman with his mangled throat, whom I had often seen in my weekly visits to the hospital. When I expressed surprise at the interest all the girls in the place took in the young ruffian, the answer always was: "Oh, but he is so brave." It appeared to me the bravest lay with his captors!

He was duly tried, but the jury did not convict him of premeditated murder, and in face of the verdict he could only be sentenced to imprisonment for some years. Master Bill's captivity did not last very long on that occasion, for he watched his opportunity, sprang upon the warden one day, knocking him senseless, scrambled over the wall of the exercise ground, near which chanced to be a pile of stones for breaking, and so got away. Then the pendulum of public opinion—that strange and unreliable factor in human affairs—swung to the other end, and a violent outcry arose, and Bill's immediate death was the least of its demands. He was caught without much difficulty that time, however, and it was strange to find no one taking the least interest in his second trial, which resulted in a lengthy and vigorous imprisonment. Poor wretch! I believe even I ended by being "sorry" for him and his wasted life, with all its splendid possibilities.—Cornhill Magazine.

### Sweet Revenge!

She sat in a tram with a little smile of satisfaction on her face, for she was well and tastefully dressed, and that means a great deal to a woman. As she moved up to make room for a newcomer a man entered, and as he sat down he said to the comfortable one:

"Why, Jane, this isn't your afternoon off! How did they come to let you out to-day?"

The young woman grew very red in the face, for all the occupants of the tram were looking and listening, and that means a great deal to a woman. As she moved up to make room for a newcomer a man entered, and as he sat down he said to the comfortable one:

"How well you're dressed, too!" continued her tormentor. "They must give you \$90 a year. Eh? Is your mistress about your size?"

"Now, do be quiet," cried the uncomfortable one. "If you think—"

"Diamonds, too," went on the miserable man, as he caught a flash from her wavy fingers; "or are they artificial?"

The tormented one sprang up, stopped the tram and made a rapid exit, followed by the cause of the trouble, whose farewell remark to the inmates of the car was:

"Well, well, but some people are too sensitive!"

They were husband and wife, and this was his weird idea of taking his revenge for a certain lecture.—Philadelphia Times.

### A Tremendous Upheaval of Nature.

There is in Western Utah, sixty miles from Picoche, a sort of lava formation running through an immense canyon, which shows plainly that some tremendous upheaval of nature visited the country and probably destroyed everything it encountered for miles round about. In the driest part of this most desolate spot a large stream of water comes gushing out of a high cliff, as if it came from the gigantic nozzle of a great hose, and falls a cataract into the abyss below. Before reaching the bottom, however, the water is disseminated into fine spray and spreads out like a huge fan, the play and sport of the winds. It is a strange and beautiful sight. Probably in some period long past the bed of a river was where the water merges, but a volcanic upheaval has changed the face of nature, sinking the bed of the river many hundreds of feet and leaving the water to pour from its exalted perch into empty air.

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Bad Adder.  
There was a little adder who said he wouldn't add.  
As he sat in school one pleasant summer day:  
The teacher said such conduct was very, very bad,  
And the naughty little adder ran away.  
The garden gate was barred,  
But he sat down in the yard.  
A monstrous adder standing very nigh;  
And the adder  
Climbed the ladder,  
At each round a-growing madder  
Till he seemed to reach the sky.  
And I have never heard  
Another single word,  
And of our hero not a trace I've found,  
But, of course, you must admit  
Up there he still must sit.  
As he never has descended to the ground.  
And I'm sure there's nothing sadder  
Than to be a little adder  
A sitting on a ladder's topmost round.

### When Nut-Cracking Was a Church Custom.

The modern minister likes to have things quiet when he talks. It disconcerts him to hear a baby cry or a woman cough or an old man snore. If he is put out by such trifles as these it is interesting to conjecture what he would do if he were to take hold of a congregation where everybody brought nuts to crack during the sermon. Worshippers used to do this in England, and even in our own states in colonial days. This disturbance was not a weekly occurrence by any means, if it had been, the poor preacher would have undoubtedly left his congregation to administer spiritual consolation to suit themselves. But as it only happened once a year he was forced to endure it. This one day which was attended by such remarkable license came the Sunday before Michaelmas day, and was called crack-nut Sunday. Nobody, no matter how pious he might be, hesitated to avail himself of the peculiar privilege granted him, and men, women and children came to church with their pockets stuffed with nuts, which they complacently cracked and munched during the sermon. It can be easily imagined that when forty or fifty people get to cracking nuts with all their might the noise is apt to be something terrific, and many times the minister was hard put to it to "hear himself think." The custom, from being regarded with high favor for many years, finally came to be looked upon as a nuisance, and in the beginning of the present century the habit was suppressed, although the air of suppression was attended with considerable difficulty, so firmly had the nut-cracking fevers taken hold of the fancy of the people.

### Father of Natural History.

Carl Linnaeus, the eminent Swedish naturalist, was born in Sweden in 1705. His father was a great lover of nature, and when Carl was but four years of age, he began giving him simple lessons in botany. He taught him the names of the Swedish plants and flowers that grew in their garden, and of many foreign ones also.

Often, after having shown the child a peculiar plant or flower, and pointed out its chief characteristics, he would send him to search for another like it. In order to vary the lessons and thus make them as interesting as possible to the boy, the father would sometimes teach him to transplant, and sometimes he would allow him to sow the seeds. Many times he took him to the woods for the purpose of pointing out the different kinds of trees, and teaching him their names.

When Carl was six years of age, he was taught the Latin names of the plants and flowers that grew about him. He found the Latin names difficult to remember, and wished to give up trying to learn them.

"Try to conquer difficulties, my son," said his father. "You know not how much of your success in life may depend upon that little word 'try.'"

Thus encouraged, the child persevered, and at last his botanical lessons grew easier to him, and he found real pleasure in them. While yet a youth he determined to devote himself to the study of natural history. He told his father what he wished to do, and asked that, if possible, he might be sent to the University of Upsal to prosecute his studies.

"My income is so small," his father replied, "that the most I could possibly allow you would be but \$40 a year. How could you live on that at Upsal?"

"Thanks to my early training," said the young man, "I will at least try to conquer difficulties."

He went to the university and took up his chosen study; but so great was his destination while trying to finish his education, that he often had not enough to eat. His clothes after a time became very shabby, and he mended his shoes time after time with folds of brown paper. Yet he diligently persevered, never once swerving from his purpose.

At last he was rewarded by a scholarship, which slightly increased his income, and soon afterward, having attracted the notice of some of the university professors by his untiring industry, they got private pupils for him. Then the professor of botany appointed him his deputy lecturer, took him into his home as tutor to his children, and gave him free access to a fine library and a collection of drawings.

Encouraged beyond all expectation Linnaeus worked faithfully on, completed his education and went to live in Stockholm. There he was employed by the government to deliver lectures on botany and mineralogy. He wrote books on the subject that were read and greatly admired. His fame as a botanist spread throughout Europe, and he was styled the "Father of Natural History."

His works on botany are particularly

famed for his system of names—a system by which every known plant can be spoken in two Latin words. He rose steadily in his profession, and was at length appointed professor of botany in the University of Upsal, where, in other days he had studied as a half-clad, half-starved youth. This position in the university he filled with honor and renown for a period of 37 years. He died at the age of 71, and was buried in the cathedral of Upsal. His death caused general mourning throughout his native land, and Gustavus III caused a medal to be struck expressive of the public loss, and in a speech from the throne he introduced the subject, regarding the death of Linnaeus as a national calamity.

### The Story of Wednesday.

The story of Wednesday is the story of a Scandinavian god. His name is Woden, or as he is more often called, Odin.

Wednesday used to be called Woden's day, and from that has gradually been changed into Wednesday. Odin was the greatest of all the Scandinavian gods and is often called the All-Father.

He lived in a beautiful gold and silver palace called Valhalla. In this palace he had a great throne, and when he was seated on that he could look over heaven and earth.

But even that did not seem to be enough for Odin, for on his shoulders he kept two ravens. They were named Hugin and Munin.

And what do you suppose was their duty. Every day they were obliged to fly over the world. And when they came back they had to tell all they had seen and heard.

So you see there is nothing that went on that Odin did not know. Like the Romans, Odin was very fond of giving feasts. That seemed odd, too, for he ate nothing himself. All he ever took by way of refreshment was a drink called mead.

There was another strange thing about Odin's feasts. No one could be invited unless he had been killed in battle.

He said they were only for heroes; but some of us think that it is possible to be a hero without going to war.

They always had the same thing for dinner at these feasts, the boar Solyminir.

This is hard for us to understand, for when we have meat cooked and eaten that is the end of it. But though this animal was roasted and served up every morning, it grew again every night.

To be polite they would offer some of the meat to Odin, but as he never ate it, it was given always to two wolves who lay at his feet.

Do you wonder how they got their guests? In the palace of Odin lived many maidens called Valkyrior.

They have beautiful horses to ride and are armed with shields and helmets and spears just as if they were soldiers. But they are not.

Still whenever there was a battle on earth Odin sent these maidens down to choose which men should be killed and to bring them to him in the Valhalla.

Sometimes, perhaps, you have seen a bright light in the sky. You have wondered what it could be for it was quite too late for the sunset.

Then you have been told that it was the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, and your papa or teacher has tried to explain to you what causes them.

If you understand you are much wiser than the Norsemen, for when they used to see it, they thought it was made by the light shining on the armor of these maidens as they started on their journey.

Even to this day, if you should go to Denmark, or Sweden, or Norway, you would see stones covered with curious little letters that look like sticks.

### POPULAR SCIENCE.

The bubonic plague is primarily due to a specific organism or microbe of infinitesimal size—so small that probably 250,000,000 of them would be required to cover a square inch of surface.

A brood of five wrestling sparrow-hawks has furnished Dr. R. W. Shufeldt some curious results. The birds were so graduated in size that it appeared that the female must have laid the eggs at regular intervals, probably three or four days apart, and that incubation commenced immediately after the first egg was deposited. Still more remarkable was the fact that the sexes alternated, the oldest bird being a male, the next a female, and so on.

A German physician has devised an ingenious method of massaging the smaller joints. He takes the patient's hand and puts it in a deep glass tumbler full of quicksilver. The mercury exerts an equal pressure on every portion of the fingers, and the pressure increases rapidly as the fingers sink farther into it. The hand is alternately plunged and raised about twenty or thirty times at each treatment, and after a second treatment there is noticed marked diminution of the swelling of the joints.

The "Jigger Flea" is a South African pest whose recent spread from the vicinity of Delagoa Bay to points further south has been brought to Government notice. It differs greatly from the ordinary flea, lacks the latter's agility and attacks only the soles of the feet, into which it bores holes and lays eggs therein. The results are liable to be very painful. Sanitary precautions have been recommended, and medical men at the various points of the Cape have been requested to give the little invader their attention.

Everybody who loves to watch the heavenly bodies has frequently noticed, when the crescent of the new moon appears in the west, the phenomenon called "the old moon in the young one's arms." Partly embraced by the horns of the crescent is seen the whole round orb of the moon, glimmering with a pale, ashy light. The cause of the appearance is that the earth light upon that part of the moon not reached by the sunshine is sufficiently brilliant to render it faintly visible to our eyes. Lately successful attempts have been made, particularly in France, to photograph this phenomenon, and the pictures thus produced are very interesting.

Young long-leaf pines, according to Mr. Pinchot, of the Department of Agriculture, protect themselves against forest fires in a most interesting and remarkable manner. For four or five years the stems of the infant trees attain a height of only a few inches above the soil. During this time their bark is extraordinarily thick, and that alone gives some protection. But in addition, the long needles spring up above the stem, and then bend over on all sides "in a green cascade which falls to the ground in a circle about the seedling." This green barrier can with difficulty be made to burn, while the shade that it casts prevents inflammable grass from growing near the protected stem. Mr. Pinchot thinks that it is owing to this peculiar system of self protection which the pine seedlings have developed that the growth of evergreen oaks in Florida has been restricted in regions where fires have raged while pure pine forests have taken their place.

### Ship Protects Sea Gulls.

The slaughter of gulls which for some time has taken place in Southampton water is officially declared by the local municipal authorities to be a matter of general regret, though none of the public bodies concerned appears likely to put down such wanton destruction.

The commander of the ironclad Medea, on station at the big southern port, has, however, adopted a different policy to the corporation apathy, declaring as he does, an intention of commencing action in the event of the shooting going on in the vicinity of his vessel.

This practical threat has had a most salutary effect, the bird slayers sneaking off from where Jack is on the alert to stop such heartless landlubbers.

Our tars have a special love for the pinnated messengers of the deep that herald the coming storm. It is the gulls that, far from their nesting places in the white cliffs of Albion, are the last to bid Jack good-by, just as their welcoming note is the first sound the sailor hears as his ship nears home.—Pearson's Weekly.

### A Case of Petty Larceny.

There was an excited group of girls around the centre-table in the boarding-house hall. Little appreciative squeaks were heard between the exclamations of delight which some few were able to express. It was all a mystery to the little messenger boy who stood by the door, not daring to investigate and unable to penetrate the phalanx of backs. Little by little the group dispersed and the object of their attention was revealed. The boy stepped forward, hesitatingly, half stealthily, and then quickly tore a blank page from his book and rolled it into a cornucopia. Still there was no one about. Just two steps more, and a little courage, and he could make the little sister so happy. Should he do it?

When the maid returned with the answer for him he was standing impassively as before at the door, but in his pocket nestled three of the tiny wild flowers from the great bowlful on the table.—Detroit Free Press.