

AMERICAN PATENT
 GUARANTEED. PAYMENT SYSTEM.
 PATENTERS, TORONTO.
 FOR A FREE BOTTLE OF...
 SICKNESS...
 CURED...
 AMERICA...
 LEON WATER...
 AMERICAN...
 PATENTERS, TORONTO.

A BUSH RANGER'S GRATITUDE

An Australian Story.
 The day I arrived in Adelaide, Australia, I was 20 years old, and my pocket contained a dollar for every year I had lived. I had exactly four pounds to begin life on in the colony, and that was more than some of the English boys who had come out with me could boast of. We were a queer lot who had sailed from Liverpool—gentlemen, loafers, clerks, lackeys, whole families, single men, servants and what not—all bent on a new life in the wonderful island of the Indian Ocean. We had come in a sailing ship and been knocked about for months, and a happy lot we were to be set on shore in the then small and straggling town I have named.
 Luck was with me. On the second day after landing I hired to a sheep raiser who had a ranch on the Murray River, near its junction with the Darling, and on the third we started off to the country. We had two ox teams—that is, we had two covered wagons, each loaded with supplies, and each drawn by three yoke of oxen. A part of the goods were to be left with settlers along the route, and a part belonged to Mr. Davidson, my employer. He did not hire me, not being present, but the teams were in charge of an overseer named McCall, whom I soon found to be a good-natured, good-hearted fellow. Each of us had a native to assist in managing the teams, and though neither of them could speak ten words of English, they were valuable men, and had no difficulty in being understood.
 It was about Christmas time, and the weather was very sultry, and we aimed to make only fifteen miles a day. We had a full week's journey before us, and nothing of much interest happened until the fourth day. We went into camp a little earlier than usual on that afternoon, as one of the wagons needed repairs. Our vehicles, after coming to a halt, stood about twenty-five feet apart. While I was building a fire to cook supper by one of the blacks went off after rabbits, and McCall took the other with him to help out and bring back a lever with which to raise the wagon off its wheels. I was thus left alone for a few minutes, and they had scarcely disappeared from sight in the thicket on the other side and came running up to me. His face and hands were scratched and bleeding, his clothing in tatters, his hat gone, and he had such a wild and terrible look that I should have run away from him had I been able to do anything but stand and stare with mouth wide open. McCall had told me of escaped convicts and hard cases who had taken to the bush to make a living by robbing, and the man had come upon me so suddenly that I was knocked out for the moment.
 "For God's sake, young feller, give me a bite to eat!" he said as he stood before me. "Don't be afraid of me—I'm a sheep herder who has been lost in the bush for three days."
 I stepped to the wagon and handed him a piece of bacon, some hard crackers, and a handful of tea, and then found voice to ask: "But why not stop with us for the night?"
 "Thanks, but I'm in a great hurry to get back to my herd. I know where I am now, and can get there in three hours. Any matches?"
 I gave him some, and he looked all around to make sure that we were alone, and then said:
 "Young feller, do me a greater favor still. Lend me your pistol and knife until tomorrow, when you will pass my station. And, furthermore, be kind enough not to mention to any one that I was here. Do this and you shall never regret it."
 I handed him knife and pistol, promised what he asked, and he shook me by the hand and disappeared in the scrub. Ten minutes after he had gone I figured it out that he was a bushman who had been hard run by the police, but it was all the same to me. He could have taken all I wanted for all of me, as I felt perfectly helpless, and I was thankful that he had come and gone without knocking me on the head. Just as McCall came up with the lever there was a clatter of hoofs, and I looked up to see five mounted men ride into camp. They were in the uniform of the patrol, and the appearance of the horses and men showed that they had had a long ride of it.
 "Well, Capt. White, what is it?" asked McCall, who seemed to know every one of the five.
 "Been after Ballarat Sam again?" replied the Captain as he dismounted.
 "And lost him?"
 "Yes; curse the luck! We struck him near Dorney's yesterday morning, and he led us a chase of fifty miles during the day. We killed his horse about dark last night and had him surrounded in the scrub. He got out, however, and we did not get his track until about noon to-day. We followed to the creek, two miles above, and there lost it. Haven't seen him here, of course."
 "I only wish we had. There's a reward of £500 on his head, I hear."
 "It has been increased to twice that. Show me his body and I'll make a rich man of you."
 The patrol turned their horses loose and had supper with us, furnishing a part from their own rations. Then there was a general talk and story telling until about 10 o'clock, and then all but one man turned in for sleep. I had been introduced all around but had taken very little interest in the conversation, being sure, from the first words spoken by the Captain, that I had met Ballarat Sam and aided him to make a fresh start. I thought at first of telling the whole story to the patrol, but they were serious, sober-looking chaps, and I had a fear that they would give me an awful raking down, even if they did not lug me off and seek to have me punished as aiding and abetting. I remembered, too, that I had solemnly promised Sam not to betray him, and so I decided to keep a still tongue and let the case work out as it would.
 The patrol left us at daylight, but their work for the next three days was thrown away. They could get no trace of Sam. We continued on up the country and finally arrived at the ranch, and for the next six months I was hard at work as a sheep herder, and neither saw nor heard much of the outside world. Then one day I was called in off my range, which was about five miles from Davidson's house. Each of his herders had from 800 to 1,500 sheep under his care on a range by himself, and each lived alone with his dog in a hut. Once a week the "relief," as we called him, made the rounds and left provisions and heard our reports. Several of the natives had visited me—harmless fellows, who wanted matches or

HE TRIES CARPENTERING.

Mr. Bowser Makes and Hangs a Pair of Screen Doors.
 An expressman brought up a small jag of lumber the other afternoon and left it at the barn and when Mr. Bowser came home I mentioned the fact and asked what he intended to do with it.
 "It's for screen doors for the front doors," he replied.
 "Carpenter coming up to make them?"
 "Haven't engaged any."
 "Mr. Bowser, you are not going to try and make them yourself?"
 "There won't be any trying about it. I shall proceed to make and hang them."
 "I'm afraid you can't do it. It's a nice piece of joiner work to make a screen door, especially one for the front of the house."
 "I am well aware of that," he said as he stroked his chin in a complacent way. "Haven't I got \$50 worth of tools? Don't I know how to handle them?"
 "I—I wish you had given your order at the shop as other folks do."
 "I'll be hanged if I pay any \$3 for a pair of doors when I can make 'em for \$3. You are always dead set on anything I undertake."
 "Mr. Bowser, you can't make a screen-door. You can't hang one. Don't blame me when the failure comes."
 "Blame you! Are you getting crazy? If those doors are not a success you won't hear a word of fault from me—not a peep. I was thinking of ordering them, but being you have stuck your nose up-so high, I'll make 'em now just to show you that I can do it!"
 And next morning he put on an old suit and went out to the barn and before nine o'clock he had measured four different times for those doors. At last he got the dimensions to suit and I heard him sawing off the strips. About eleven o'clock I went out and found the stuff all cut to lengths and Mr. Bowser was making half-mortices at the ends.
 "Aren't our front doors higher than this?" I asked as I picked up one of the side pieces.
 "Haven't you any work to see to?" he brusquely replied.
 "You've got 'em a foot too short."
 "Oh, I have, eh? Some folks' eyes are better than a carpenter's rule!"
 I went back into the house, but it wasn't long before I saw him sneaking around to the front with one of the pieces. I watched him as he tried it, and it was all of twenty inches short. Mr. Bowser scratched his ear, growled like a bear, and looked as foolish as a boy caught in a harvest apple tree. Ten minutes later he was at the telephone ordering more stuff.
 "Were they too short?" I asked as he hung up the trumpet.
 "N-no, but I thought I'd get heavier stuff," he mumbled as he shot outdoors.
 The stuff came up after dinner, and it was about five o'clock in the afternoon when he put one of the frames together and stood it up in the door. I went out, and as he began to smile with satisfaction I said:
 "Mr. Bowser, that door is squee-gawed."
 "Squee-gawed? Squee-gawed? What does that stand for in the back counties?"
 "Your door is wider at the bottom than at the top."
 "It can't be."
 "But your own eyes will convince you. There's an inch difference."
 "Never! I'll bet you a hundred dollars there isn't a hair's breadth!"
 I ran for my tape-line and soon proved that the difference was over an inch.
 "Oh, well, I can fix that in a moment," he said, but it was nine o'clock that evening before he came in. Then he had pounded one of his fingers with the hammer, run a tack into his thumb, got a bad hurt from a bradawl and half a dozen times during the night he groaned out in his sleep about mortices, tenons, hinges, springs, etc., and once I heard him exclaim:
 "Fit! Why, if they don't fit I'll knock the infernal old house down!"
 It was ten o'clock next forenoon when I went out to the barn. He had the door covered with the wire-cloth and proudly called my attention to it.
 "Which is the outside of the door?" I asked.
 "Why, the side this way, of course."
 "Then you've tacked the cloth on the inside!"
 "That's where it belongs."
 "You never saw it there, Mr. Bowser—never! And look at the way you have tacked the stuff on. It's humped up in a dozen different places, because you pulled it askew."
 "There isn't one hump—not the sign of a hump. I'll give any man a million dollars to make a better job of it! All that door needs now is painting."
 "But don't they paint the frames before they tack the cloth on? How are you going to paint the inside of the frame?"
 "Don't you worry yourself about this job, Mrs. Bowser. I wasn't born alongside of a huckleberry marsh!"
 But after I had gone away he tore off the wire and painted the frame, and next morning he covered the other. That night Mr. Bowser kicked around in his sleep in the most awful manner and at about two o'clock in the morning he suddenly sat up in bed and exclaimed:
 "Squee-gawed! I'll bet you four hundred thousand dollars against a cent that they are as plumb as a rule."
 Mr. Bowser had been at work an hour next morning before I went out. He had the doors at the front and seemed to have some trouble about hanging them.
 "You see what you've done, don't you?" I asked, after a survey of the scene.
 "I don't believe I'm either near-sighted or color-blind," he replied.
 "Well, you've got one door wrong-side up, to begin with."
 "H-how?"
 "Look at the panels and see. Then you have been trying to hang one to swing in and the other to swing out."
 "I have, eh? That shows all you know about it. I'm simply fitting the screens so they will shut tight."
 Just before noon he got a hang on both doors, and as I looked at them from the hall I had to sit down on the floor and laugh. They didn't meet in the centre within two inches and each was half an inch short at top and bottom. He had also hung them with the cloth on the inside. Just then a neighbor came along and turned in for half a minute in great astonishment, he queried:
 "Something just from Paris, Bowser?"
 "What do you mean?"
 "Why, you've got a new idea in screen doors. I suppose the space at the bottom is for bugs, that at the top for mosquitoes and the centre for flies. I see you have left the

A DESPERATE LOVER.

Shoots His Paramour and Cuts His own Throat.
 A terrible tragedy occurred at Lee, Kent, (Eng.) on Friday night, which, owing to the persons being well known in the neighbourhood, has caused a great sensation there. It appears that a young man named Frederick Hannan, whose parents reside at Chislehurst, has been for some time past on very friendly relations with a married lady, Mrs. Haley, of Burnt Ash Hill, a pleasant suburb just outside Lee, and whose husband is engaged in a mercantile house. On Friday night they had supper at New Cross together, according to the lady's story, after which they took train to Grove Park station, and about a quarter to eleven o'clock were on their way to Mrs. Haley's house, via the Bromley Road. Just before parting Hannan asked her to elope with him, and his request being refused he pulled out a silver-plated revolver and fired twice at her. Hannan afterwards took out a pocket-knife and cut his throat. According to Mrs. Haley's story, he asked for a handkerchief to staunch the wound, which she gave him, and which was afterwards found in his possession. Hannan was afterwards found dead in a swamp some distance off with his wind-pipe completely severed and

HE TOOK HER AT HER WORD.

She was so sweet I thought my heart Would break, should I from her depart. I told her so: she simply smiled And, with a glance that set me wild, She tinklingly did thus respond:
 "Now, George!"
 It was a habit of her own To thus reply in killing tone. Down on my knees I sank: cried I, "If you reject me I shall die!" She only laughed out in my face:
 "Now, George!"
 To lose herself would make me sad, To lose her self would drive me mad. "Oh, when, I asked, 'star of my life, Will you consent to be my wife?' She innocently twittered out:
 "Now, George!"
Economizing in Postage Stamps.
 One day last week a gentleman sent his coachman to the neighboring village for fifty cents' worth of two-cent stamps. After the usual time had elapsed John returned from his tramp of two miles. His face wore a self-satisfied look when he came into his employer's presence.
 "Got the stamps, John?"
 "Yes, sir," the man replied, handing over a bunch of one-cent stamps.
 "I said two-cent stamps, John, and you've got ones."
 "Yes, sir," and the smile widened, "I asked for fifty cents' worth of stamps, and the post-master, says he, 'one cent or two cents?' 'Do you sell one-cent stamps?' says I. 'Yes,' said he, 'Well, says I, 'if you can buy stamps for a cent, what's the use of payin' two cents?' an' I bought the one-cent stamps, sir."
 Of course John's master was charmed with his thrift.
He Wasn't That Kind of a Lover.
 "Mabel, I love you."
 Mabel listened as if the remark were brand new.
 "Do you not feel, Mabel, that in your life you need some one—some one like me?" Mabel answered softly—very softly; probably she will never realize how soft her answer was.
 "Harold, dear, I have often felt that I need the love of a manly heart like yours; I need to be cherished; I need protection."
 "Alas," he moaned, "then we can never be happy."
 "Why?"
 "Because—"
 "Speak on."
 "Because I am a free trader."
The Inquisitive Tramp.
 "Madam," said the tramp, politely, "you will pardon my ragged condition, but I was thrown from my carriage a few miles back. Is there a man about the place?"
 "There is," returned the matron at the door. "My husband is in the barn, my son is behind that tree over yonder, and the hired man is just around the corner. Shall I call them for you?"
 "I will not trouble you," answered the tramp, bowing low. "My curiosity is gratified. Can you tell me whether your neighbor has any dogs?"
The Husband Had His Inning.
 Wife—"Is my hat on straight?"
 Husband—"Yes."
 Wife (a moment later)—"How do my rims look?"
 Husband—"They're all right."
 Wife (a moment later still)—"Do these gloves look soiled?"
 Husband—"No." (Then, after a pause)— "Is my mustache on straight?"
He Was in No Doubt.
 Poots, looking out of the window of his sitting-room, saw a man ascend the steps of his residence whom he didn't wish to receive. To be candid, he was a bill collector. Calling the servant, he bade him tell the man that he (Poots), was not at home.
 "Did you tell him I was out?" said Poots, when the servant returned from answering the bell.
 "I did, sir."
 "Did he appear to be in doubt about it?"
 "Not at all, sir; he said it was a lie."
His Turn Will Come.
 All wept at the wedding, both she and her folks, As tho' 'twere the crack of doom. They wept as if their sad hearts would break— That is, all—except the groom. There he stood like a pirate, whose bold hand held The bride in his fearful clutch— But won't he weep also? Is he going free— Well, the wise in such things say, not much!
The Number of Her Berth.
 Nervous Old Lady (in sleeping-car)—"Oh, porter, porter, where do I sleep?"
 "Porter—'What is de numbah ob youah berth, ma'am?"
 Nervous Old Lady—"I don't see what that has to do with it, but if you must know, my berth—there were a brother and sister born ahead of me."

SEVEN GASHES ON EACH SIDE

of the neck extending back to the spine, and it is thought he must have inflicted these wounds on himself after leaving the lady. Mrs. Haley was conveyed to her home, and her husband arriving shortly afterwards. Drs. Gould, of Middlesex Hospital, and Hutchens Williams examined and treated her wounds pronouncing her escape from death as marvelous. On alighting at Grove Park they went towards her home, walking arm-in-arm. Hannan suddenly asked her to look at the lights, and when she turned her head aside to look at the London lights he shot her in the temple. She screamed, but he held her round the neck, and pushing the revolver into her mouth fired again, exclaiming that he knew it was impossible he could ever win her, and, therefore, it was better they should die together. Then he knelt down by her side and deliberately cut her throat. She told him he should have thought of her poor children before doing such a thing and he asked whether SHE WAS DYING.
 She answered she believed she was. At his request, she took a handkerchief and staunched the blood at his throat. Then fear overcame her, and she ran away. Hannan had taken her to dances and parties, with her husband's knowledge and consent, but on this occasion he was not aware they were together, as she was supposed to be dining with some friends. At the inquest Mr. Wm. Herbert Williams, clerk, Lewisham, said deceased was secretary of the Thomas Lighting Company, and he last saw him alive at Cannon Street Station last Friday. Witness spent Thursday night with deceased, and he appeared strange in his manner. Deceased told him he was very much in love. He could not sleep on Thursday night, and had a very strange expression next day. Witness
 THOUGHT HE WAS MAD.
 He used to sit up studying till three or four in the morning. Witness received a will from deceased on Saturday, with a request to settle a few debts. The will had apparently been made on Friday, but witness did not get it till after the tragedy. Several letters were found on Hannan. One dated December 8th stated that deceased had passed a restless day and night, and was contemplating suicide. He could not then decide on the time and place. On the 11th he wrote, "Death is preferable, because it is an unconscious state, and perhaps the absolute condition." The last entry was on the 12th, on which day he burnt his love letters and bought a revolver and cartridges. He was troubled with the idea that he might die naturally or prematurely before he could carry his resolve. A verdict of the majority was taken to the effect that the deceased committed suicide by drowning whilst labouring under mental derangement.
HALF CHILD, HALF PANTHER.
Strange Freak of Nature That Puzzles Texas Scientists.
 A singular freak of nature is attracting much attention in El Paso. It is the one-year-old child of a Mexican woman living a short distance from town, which child seems to partake more of the nature of a wild beast than of a human being. It has the curved claws of an animal of the feline race, sharp pointed teeth and short, coarse hair bristling all over its body, which is of a peculiar brown and tawny hue. When hungry or made angry the creature emits cries that are exactly like those of a panther, and is fierce and unmanageable, scratching and clawing savagely if any attempt is made to meddle with it. It subsists almost entirely on raw meat, which it tears to pieces, growling and snarling like a wild animal at any one approaching while it is eating.
 DURING THE DAY THE CREATURE seems to be half asleep, coiled up in a bed of straw, but at night prowls about the house and, if allowed, will make for the woods. It possesses incredible strength, leaping easily distances that a strong man would find impossible. The features of the strange being are good and its expression at times very intelligent and human and even melancholy, its eyes being large and speaking, but if noticed or approached at such moments will assume a mischievous, impish look and begin leaping and grunting. While perfectly able to walk erect, it seldom does so, but prefers to run about on all-fours, which it does with the greatest ease and activity. It has never spoken an articulate word nor attempted to, but its voice, when it screams, is extraordinarily
 POWERFUL AND EAR-PIERCING.
 The mother is extremely sensitive on the subject and generally refuses to allow the child to be seen if she can help it, but Dr. Abramsohn, who attended her at its birth, says that it nursed naturally at first until when, at three weeks old, its teeth appearing, it bit her savagely, inflicting a wound that seemed to poison the flesh so as really to endanger her life. The doctor gives as his opinion that the thing is really more human than it appears and that with time it will lose a good deal of its brutishness. He says its affliction is the result of prenatal influences. It is a female and is now about the size of a well-developed child of three years of age.