# GEELONG'S HEART.

## IT BEAT IN A BUSHRANGER'S BODY BUT IT WAS TOUCHED.

**How a Range Inspector in the Great Australian Bush Entertained a Bloodstained Highwayman Over Night, and by Treating Him Kindly Stayed His Appetite for Murder.**

The palmy days of Australian bush-ranging were the beginning of that great industry which has enriched the colony by hundreds of millions—wool-growing. A vast extent of country was covered by grazing sheep and the herders were obliged to live alone and far from civilization. The bushrangers had no fear of the solitary herder, and the latter was forced by circumstances to become an ally. It came to be an understood thing that the herder should permit the outlaw the shelter of his hut and provide him with a meal, and it was not exacted that he should give any information to the police. Had he played spy as well as host, the bushrangers would have put an end to sheep raising by murdering all the herders.

On the D. and D. run, which embraced many square miles north of the Murray rivel, we had over 20 herders, and the distance between some of them was twelve miles. No two were nearer than five. Each had a rude hut of poles and logs and turf, and was supplied with provisions once a month. There was a fireplace in each hut and a bunk and bedding for any traveler who might come along. We had a storehouse eight miles north of the Murray, and once a month two carts were sent out with provisions for the stations. As inspector for the company I had to visit each herder at least once a week and report on the condition of his herd. If he was ill, which was sometimes the case, I had to replace him with another man, and if he had become homesick and abandoned his station, which was not a rare thing, I had to keep the saddle till a substitute was found. There was no friendship between inspectors and bushrangers. We put the police on their track whenever we could, and many an inspector was tumbled from his saddle by a shot from rock or thicket. There were times, however, when hostilities were suspended. When the police were not on a redhot trail, or the bushrangers making a foray, there was not much danger on either side. On one occasion while riding through the scrub, I came full upon the camp of six bushrangers. There was a sudden alarm and a rush for their guns, but I called out that I was only a ranch inspector who had lost his way, and was not fired upon.

On the occasion of which I write I had made a ride of thirty miles to reach station 17, which was at the base of a chain of hills with a vast plain in front of it. A creek ran along the base of the hills, and on the bank of this stream was the hut. The provision cart had been there a week before and found everything all right. I reached the hut an hour before sundown one afternoon to find the herder on the point of leaving. The forenoon of the previous day he had been visited by two bushrangers one of whom had recognized him as a witness who had given testimony against him in a case at Sydney three years before. The fact that the herder had been anwilling witness now saved his life, though he was ordered off the run and warned that he would be killed if he returned. To remain in defiance of the order meant death. He must go, and while waiting for a herder to be sent out to take his plate, I must look out for his herd. I gave him my horse and his instructions where to report, and he was off before sundown. He said that I would probably have a visit from the bushrangers before I was out of it, but I must take the chances of that. Things were quiet just then, and if they paid me a visit they would not be in any angry mood.

That you may understand more clear let me explain that while most of the huts had only the earth for a floor, this one was elevated three feet from the ground and had a floor of split poles. The elevation was on account of the usual overflow of the creek, and the herder being something of a carpenter, had put in his spare time fixing it up. I had prepared and eaten supper and had a cheerful blaze on the hearth, when the two dogs began to growl and show other signs that strangers were near.

I thought it best to take the bull by the horns, and after a bit I threw the door wide open and stood there a fair mark, while I called out to know if anyone wanted food and shelter. Almost immediately a man stepped out of the darkness and saluted me with a "good evening," as he stepped past me into the hut; I closed the door and turned around to find him standing before the fire, and instantly recognized him as a notorious criminal known as "Geelong Bill," who had been bushranging for four years and had rewards amounting to £1000 on his head. In his hand he had a long and heavy rifle and in his belt two pistols and a knife. He was a man about 38 years old, and weighed about 180 pounds, and it needed but a glance to tell you that he was all muscle. He had a short neck, the jaw of a bulldog, and a more wicked face, taken from chin to forehead, you never looked into.

"Glad to have your company," I said, as I threw a fresh stick on the fire "I'll have you a bite to eat in a minute or two. Looks like a storm before morning."

"Where's the herder?" he growled as I prepared his coffee.

"Gone off the run according to orders."

"And you are a company inspector?" he inquired.

"Yes, I just got here this evening and will have to stay till a man comes out."

"Yes; I remember your face. How did ye dare come out here?"

"A man who minds his own business dares to go anywhere in this country," I pleasantly answered, as I put some meat to cook.

"Mebbe so," he growled, as he leaned his rifle against the wall and sat down before the fire. "I suppose you ordered the herder to notify the traps that we had shown up here."

"Don't take me for a fool," I replied. It is the business of an inspector to look after the flocks. It is the business of the police to catch bushrangers. Every man to his trade. If I'd been in with the traps you ought to have found it out long ago."

"Mebbe so—mebbe so, he growled, but I noticed that his face cleared up and he seemed in pleasanter mood.

I prepared him as good a supper as I had eaten myself, and not a word was exchanged between us while he ate. He was not over-hungry, and when he had finished I handed him a pipe and and tobacco and my flask of whiskey. He took a moderate drink, lighted his pipe and smoked for awhile, and I was beginning to feel a bit nervous over his sullen demeanor, when he turned on me with,

"I'd have been a different man if they'd given me a fair show. When I think of how I've been hounded and hunted like a wolf I feel like killing everybody within reach."

"You were transported, of course," I replied.

"Aye, and what for?" he fiercely shouted. "Out of thousands of hares I snared one—a wretched little animal, hardly worth the salt to season it. It was the first poaching I had ever done, but the game-keeper perjured his soul and I was given penal servitude. I was a man before that. I have been a devil since. On board the ship I was treated like a wild beast and at the settlement they were determined to finish me off as soon as possible."

"I have heard how you escaped," I said, as he rose up and began pacing to and fro.

"Then you know that I left three dead guards behind me. They had starved and beaten and insulted me till I was desperate. They were torturing me up to the point when I should make a break and they would have due excuse for finishing me off, but they didn't know what a desperate man could do. Had they let me alone, had they given me a show, I would have done my work and obeyed all the rules. They drove me to murder and robbery and may they be accursed for it."

"You were badly used, as the story goes," I answered as he stood looking at me with a savage expression of countenance, "but were you driven to this sort of life?"

"What else could I do?" he shouted. "As an escaped convict I could not get out of Australia. How long could I have escaped detection if I had not taken to the bush, and how was I to live without becoming a ranger? "The government has outlawed me and set a price on my head, and if taken I'd get the rope in short order. There's no show for me but to keep right on till the end comes."

"You see the papers now and then?"

"Yes, and I see that every murder on the road is laid to me. I saw by a Sydney paper the other day that the reward is up to $1000.

"That's the figure, I believe."

"And wouldn't you like to earn it?"

"No. I want no blood money. From what I have heard your trial and transportation resulted from perjury. I have been told that they used you brutally at the settlement. I don't blame you for escaping, nor yet for feeling as you do, but you deserve hanging for some of the murders you have committed."

"Yes, I have shed a great deal of blood," he said, as he sat down again. "Sometimes I am glad of it and sometimes sorry. I have killed to get even with the world, and the world must balance accounts by taking my life. It won't happen soon, however. I'm good for five years more of bush life and at the end of that time may find a chance to get out of the country."

"You'll not last long in this part of the country. I have never given the police any information about bushrangers and it's hardly fair to post you as to their doings, but I may say that two stations are to be established and the governor says he will clear out the last one of you at any cost."

"That's the game, eh? Well, if it gets to hot we'll have to move on, I suppose, but we'll give them a try for it. Do you know why I came here tonight?"

"To see if the herder had gone, probably."

"That's it, and I was hoping he hadn't, so I might shoot him. I saw you through the chinks and had my finger on the trigger twice. I should have shot you if you hadn't come to the door."

"A man must be a fiend to go about murdering people in that way," I said as I looked at him.

"You are right," he replied, though he first scowled fiercely at me. "There are times when even the worst of my men get afraid of me and skulk away. I was in such an ugly mood this morning that all of them left camp. Even up to the time you gave me a pipe I intended to do for you. Can you guess what my plan was?"

"I have no idea."

"I was going to tie you up in a parcel and roast you before the fire."

"Well, I am much obliged fo you for changing your mind, as I prefer to live on and earn £8 per month. It's only fair to state that I have had as many as ten good opportunities for shooting you since you entered the hut, but I don't want your blood on my hands."

He looked at me in a queer way for a minute and then rose up, hung the belt containing his pistols and knife on a hook, and started to lie down on the spare bunk. The floor was pretty well carpeted with sheep skins, but at one spot there was an opening caused by warpage and shrinkage and he had the luck to set his foot down and go through with a crash. His right leg not only went down to his hip, but the splintered poles caght it in such a way that he could not pull himself up again. Not a weapon of any sort was within his reach. He was more helpless than any of the victims of his thirst for blood. He made three or four tremendous efforts to free himself and then quietly said:

"Perhaps you'll change your mind about the £1,000 reward now. All you have to do is to slip out and fasten a rope around my ankle, or it will be an easy matter to knock me on the head with an ax."

I got a stick of wood from the heap and by using it as a lever he was soon enabled to draw his leg clear. He sat and rubbed it for a few minutes and then limped over to the bunk and stretched himself out. Not a word was said by either of us. I sat for half an hour to post up my report book and then turned into the other bunk, and I don't remember to have ever slept more soundly in my whole life. I was up and had breakfast ready when the bushranger turned out. Outside of a "good morning" and a word or two about the weather, we had no conversation until we had finished breakfast and went outdoors with our pipes. Then I said to him:

"Look here, Bill, I want that herder to return here and continue in charge."

"I'll see that no one bothers him," he replied.

"And you might hint to the boys that I don't care to be shot at as I ride over the run."

"They won't waste any lead on you."

"It's against the law for me to help you along in your career, but in case of accident or sickness you'll find the herder willing to do what he can for you. He's pretty handy at a broken bone, and I guess he knows how to break up bush fever."

"Would ye shake hands with me?" gruffly queried the man as he turned on me.

"Yes, I would, but with the hope that no more blood may stain it. Good-bye to you."

He started off along the base of the base of the hill and had gone perhaps twenty rods when he halted, turned about, and retraced his steps. He came right up to me, placed his hand on my shoulder, and in a voice which quivered a bit and was low and soft he said:

"I shall never be quite as bad again as I have been. If you hear of my capture try and get to see me."

He walked away; and I never saw him again. I am sure he did not cease to rob, but there were fewer murders in his district after that. He retained his liberty for nearly a year, and was then captured and his band dispersed. He was promptly tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. I made an effort to see him, but the authorities would not permit it. Through his lawyer, however, I got a letter which worked a sudden and wonderful change in my career. It told me the spot where Geelong Bill had buried the treasure he had secured as a freebooter, and a month after his death I was in possession of it. Some of the colonial papers estimated that he must have left £15,000. The police put it at £20,000. The sheep herders insisted that it was nearer £50,000. As a matter of fact after I had restored everything I could find an owner for, the "swag" amounted to only £2,800, and much of that was in gold nuggets, which he had picked up in the mountain streams and earned in an honest way."

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

**January 1st Fixed by the Council of Trent Under Gregory XIII.**

A year is the lapse of time which the sun, from having its place over either tropic, moves to the other and returns, or (what is the same thing) starting from the equator at the vernal equinox of our hemisphere it performs its complete circuit to the veral equinox again, is, from the circumstance by which it is defined, termed the tropical year; and because it is the period recognized in legislation and history as the year, it is called the civil year. Its mean length is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49.7 seconds. Most civilized nations have adopted, as their mode of reckoning, the tropical year which was directly derived from the calendar of the Romans. In attempting to devise a perfect calendar, the chief difficulty in the way of exactly conforming the circuit of the months to the tropical year, has consisted in the extremely incommensurable fraction of a day over the 365 which the natural year presents. For convenience, the civil year must begin with a day, and must contain some number of complete days. But if any number of complete days is maintained invariable, the effect must be in time that the days and months gain or lose on the seasons, and the latter are, during the lapse of long periods, thrown successively into all parts of the civil year. Such was the want of harmony between the early Roman civil year and the tropical, that in the time of Julius Cæsar, the months in which spring occurred were those originally belonging to the season of summer. Historians have variously stated the Roman year to have contained twelve and ten months. The latter was probably at first the real number and began with Martius, (March). An attempt was made to correct the variation growing up between the civil and tropical year, but appears not to have been accomplished. Meantime, however, the month of Januarius and Februariny had been introduced, making the year twelve months in length; but the beginning of the year which was intended to occur at the winter solstice, had receded until in Cæsar's time it actually took place some seventy days previously. In 46 B. C. Cæsar, aided by the astronomer Sosigenus, undertook to correct the error and to the current year the number of days requisite to extend it to the winter solstice, ordering that its length should be 445 days. The next year and all following were to have the length of 365¼ days, but for convenience the fraction was to be introduced in the form of an additional day every fourth year. The pontifices who subsequently enforced Cæsar's rule mistook his intention and in 8 B. C., three days too many had been inserted. At this time Augustus interferred and corrected the error. The error of the Julian calendar was in making each year eleven minutes and ten and one-third seconds too long. This excess in 400 years would amount to about three days. The desirableness of such a correction of the calendar as would keep the religious festivals in the same part of the tropical year, that is in the same season, as that in which they were fixed by the council of Nice A. D. 325, had been for some time discussed, before it was fairly decided upon by Gregory XIII, under the authority of the council of Trent. The Gregorian reformation was at once accepted by Italy and Spain and subsequently by all countries.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

New Year's Day! This, the first day of the year, has for many ages and in various parts of the world been celebrated as a religious festival. The Romans made an especial holiday of it, offering sacrifices to James, whose principal festival occurred on this day, taking care that all they thought, said and did should be pure and good, since everything was ominous for the occurrences of the whole year. They appeared in the streets in festive garments and exchanged kindly salutations, and gave to each other presents. This custom of making presents was made by some of the emperors an important source of their personal revenues, until modified by a decree of the emperor Glaudius. The early christian emperors, however, continued to receive them, notwithstanding they were condemned by the ecclesiastical councils on account of the pagan ceremonies at their presentation.

The bestowal of gifts on New Year's day was not peculiar to the Romans. The Druids distributed branches of the sacred mistletoe as new year's gifts among the people. Henry III of England, is said to have extorted new year's gifts, and Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe and jewelry were probably almost wholly supplied from these annual contributions. Under the Tudors and Stuarts new years gifts were given and received with mutual wishes of a happy new year among all conditions of people. Tenants sent their landlords capons, and ladies received presents of gloves or pins, or in lieu thereof a compensation in money, whence the terms "glove money" or "pin money." In England the ringing in of the new year from the belfries of the churches is now the only demonstration of joy on the recurrence of the anniversary. In Germany many ceremonies derived from old superstitions are in vogue. In the city of New York the day is made the occasion of social visits by gentlemen among the families of their acquaintance—a custom dating back almost to the settlement of the town by the Dutch, and which has been imitated with more or less success in cities and towns throughout the United States, but is gradually becoming less fashionable. The legislature of Oregon has recognized this holiday and enumerated it among the days when no judicial business may be legally transacted. New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Massachusetts are the only states whose legislatures have failed to recognize it as a non-judicial day.

## VARIATIONS IN LITERATURE.

**Present Day Literary Imitations of Musical Compositions Common Years Ago.**

Some twenty-five years ago there was a style of musical composition much in vogue known as "variations," says a writer in the Atlantic Monthly. It appeared in dozen page sheets entitled "Home, Sweet Home—with variations;" "Coming Through the Rye—with variations;" "Let Me Kiss Him for His Mother" (also with variations). The distinctive plan of these compositions—and, whatever their individual characteristic, they were, as a whole, without variation—consisted, first, in a brace or two of banging prelude, closely followed by a simple little air that somebody else had written. This definitely announced the theme to be "variated," which was next heard behind a thin screen of artfully arranged arpeggios. Then it donned a deep disguise in the bass, to become barely recognizable in the treble with trills, ditto in bass, in the treble with runs, ditto in bass, and finally lost itself in a company of crashing chords so overpowering that one could not be certain whether the original air had been "Coming Through the Rye" or "Let Me Kiss Him for His Mother."

A similar sort of treatment has now invaded the art of letters; that is to say, it has affected the entire twenty-six, as well as the select seven to be found upon the piano keyboard. It doesn't nowadays satisfy a writer to say, merely: "One summer morning, fine and early, I was walking through the woods." He immediately goes on (taking the word "early" as his keynote): "The sun had not been long above the horizon and the air was yet fragrant with last night's dew." Then, with "fine" and "summer" as texts, he tells us: "Everywhere were the green and luxuriant footprints of light-stepping summer." Starting next from (1) "I," (2) "walking" and (3) "woods," he informs us: "As my feet pressed the soft moss faint forest odors filled the air, the crackle of a dry stick was heard and a startled gray squirrel scampered up the giant oak on my left." Da capo: "On such a glorious morning I was glad simply to be alive, as were we all—young-risen sun, trees, flowers, moss and little gray squirrel."

And so, diluting and further diluting an idea, it is hard to tell just what degree of strength it may originally have possessed. The strength of the writer, it is, however, more easy to determine.

## FACTS ABOUT JUPITER.

**Wonderful Figures Fail to Express Enough Concerning the Great Planet.**

Our most eminent astronomers do not pretend to give us exact reckonings on the great floating worlds outside of our own solar system, but within that monstrous aggregation everything has been reduced to certainty. The kingpin of the solar system is Jupiter, "mighty Jupiter, the colossal giant of all the sun-kissed worlds." His diameter is about 88,000 of our miles, being about eleven times that of our own globe; the circumference 275,000 miles at the equator, which would give the giant a volume exceeding that of the earth by 1,284 times. Were it possible to bring the earth and Jupiter so close together that the distance separating them would be no greater than that which now separates the earth from the moon—about 240,000 miles—what wondrous sight would be in store for the residents of our little globe. The world of Jupiter would appear to us to have a diameter forty times larger than that of our usual mighty attendant, and the surface of his disk would occupy a space greater than that of 1,600 full moons. And this giant of the planets is removed from the sun by a distance of 496,000,000 miles; has an orbit of more than 1,000,000,000 miles in extent, and makes a circuit of its celestial track once every 4,332 days. Thus it will be seen that a year on Jupiter is equal to eleven years, ten months and seventeen days on our globe. The immensity of the world of Jupiter and its orbit may be approximately measured by this comparison: In order to complete its orbit in the time given above, it must speed around the sun with a velocity of 700,000 miles a day, or a little more than eight miles per second.

It is now established that flowers and the perfumes distilled from them have a salutary influence and constitute a therapeutic agency of high value, and that residence in a perfumed atmosphere forms a protection from pulmonary affections and arrests phthisis. In the town of La Grasse, France, where the making of perfumes is largely carried on, phthisis is unknown.