

Home News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

NOT NEUTRAL.

Price Two Cents.

VOL. I.

QUEEN

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1890.

NO. 39.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

You should see her
In the kitchen,
Cap and apron,
White as snow.
In her eyes
The love-light shining—
On her cheeks
A rosy glow.
Oh, that pleasant
Farmhouse kitchen,
What a charm
It has for me.
When I view
Its broad dimensions
Where the firelight
Leaps in glees.
But the picture
Would be dimmer,
And the colors
Not so bright.
With sweet Nancy,
Pretty Nancy,
Young and cheery,
Not in sight.
Sleeves rolled up,
Above white elbows,
Sweeping here
And dusting there,
This fair daughter
Of the farmer,
For the household
Hath a care.
And her song
Is just as tuneful,
And her step
Is just as light.
As when she,
Sweet merry-maker,
Joined her mates
In play, last night.
By and by with
In a moment
Cap and apron
Disappear,
In snowy gown
And ribbons,
Nancy
Reappear.
The daughter,
Her

ply to the kind invitation and offer of the general and his lady.

It was a quiet neighborhood and very late, and Effie wrapped herself in a thick cloak and a little blue hood over her head, and ran lightly down stairs and down the street toward the stationer's shop. However, when she reached its door she found it closed. The old woman who kept it had expected no customers and had retired early. Effie knew of another shop of the same sort a few blocks further on which was always open late, and turned her steps that way—at least, she intended to do so. But there are still portions of New York city where it is very easy to lose one's self; and besides, Effie was not an old resident of that part of the town. Somehow she missed the right corner, crossed the street at a wrong angle, and shortly discovered that she was lost.

It was a gloomy and unpleasant street in which she found herself, and the girl was somewhat frightened. However, she decided that the best thing she could do was to keep on walking until she came to a decent shop or met a policeman of whom she could ask the way. She acted on this resolution with her usual promptitude, but for a long while she went on feeling nothing but liquor or cigar shops and meeting not a solitary guardian of the peace, and came at last to an old building with a blank wall, in the center of which an arched gate stood open.

Just as she stood opposite this gate two drunken men came howling down the street, and in terror of them she stepped beneath the arch. They passed without seeing her, and she started to go on. Her figure in black, with red shoes, a red cap, horns, hoofs, and a long tail which he carried over his arm, and in his hand a great paper parcel—a fact, Satan as we see him portrayed in ancient pictures, acting for the nonce as messenger-boy.

Startled beyond expression, Effie was about to fly, when the demon spoke. "Well, mamselle, I've been waiting for you a long while," was his characteristic remark. "I came so far to save time. Won't you get a roasting?"

Then he tossed the parcel into her arms, turned and fled. Effie fled also. What the demon had given her she did not know, but she quite mechanically clutched it as she flew along the lonely street, and by mere accident took the right direction and found herself at the corner of an avenue.

She arrived at her own door—at least, so her mother de- clared that lady going out of her house with terror. She had no paper, and the parcel which the demon had thrust into her arms was not merely

went into the damp alley of the tenement and waited there. I was a tremendous time, and when at last a young woman rushed in, I gave her the parcel—like an idiot—without asking who she was. I gave it to the wrong woman. Fifteen minutes after the real maid arrived. Oh, there was a row! All in all I was worth would not have paid for the dress. But I was dismissed at once. I deserved it. It was the act of an idiot.

How well do I remember what I said to her—"you'll get a roasting, mamselle." Well it was I who got the roasting. At first they accused me of stealing the dress, but—

"I am sure you tell the truth," said Effie, and engaged the man at once.

That day Senora V. was astonished by receiving a box which contained the long-lost dress uninjured.

A letter which was inclosed told the story in full, but without giving any names, and Camille—the new waiter—never guessed that the liberal gift he received at Christmas time was offered, not to the accomplished waiter, but to the demon who had brought about so much happiness by his gift of a ball-dress.—*Fire-side Companion.*

The Strangest Fish in the World.

The strangest fish in the world is said to be the humble herring. He is as common as mud, and as cheap as dirt, but he cannot be beaten for flavor; and it is claimed for him that he supports more persons than any other creature in the world—in the catching, the preserving, the selling, or the eating. Another curious thing is that he assumes so many shapes and names. Catch his in one place and he is a blaster; in another, a soldier; in a third, a sprat, and, when young, he is taken from the Thames and called whitebait, while across the Channel in Brittany, before he is more than a couple of inches long, he can be found tinned and labeled in pure olive oil as a sardine. He is a wonderful fish and from the out-and-out genuine ancient and fish-like smell during the herring harvest that obtains in the neighborhood about Amsterdam, it is not very hard to believe that that ancient and highly-respectable town is really built, as they say, on herring bones.

Once upon a time the herring used to be worshipped in Holland, a custom that obtains to-day in Scotland in a very practical manner. They have a cheerful method at some of the fishing ports in that country of insuring luck before they start out with their boats on a fishing trip. Each man thrashes his wife, and the one who first draws blood is sure to have the biggest head. For self-protection the women have a peculiar method of "locking" their heads, and thus became "locked" and not merely

smokes them, but he owns a cigarette factory."

"So! Then, my darling, he can marry you when he will. There's money in the business."—*Dazz.*

PUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

And Silence Fell Upon Them—An Excuse—An Accommodating Man—All Relatives, Etc., Etc.

"Write me an epic," the warrior said, "Victory, valor and glory wed."

"Fribben, a ballad," exclaimed the knight, "Provest adventures and faith unto."

"An ode to freedom," the patriot cried, "Liberty was and wrong defied."

"Write me a check," the poet cried, "And the eleven, all wool, was a full yard wide."

—*Philadelphia Times.*

AN EXCUSE.

"And you allowed your girl's father to kick you?"

"I did. But how can a fellow help what's done behind his back?"—*Philadelphia Times.*

HOW HE DOES IT.

C—"I don't see how that merchant across the street makes a living. He sells all his goods at cost price."

U—"That's very simple. He buys his goods below cost price."—*Texas Siftings.*

CUT SHORT HIS REJOICINGS.

"I've made my will, Joseph, and it's so well drawn it can't be broken."

"I rejoice to hear that, uncle."

"I don't know whether you do or not, Joseph. I haven't left you a cent."—*Dazz.*

THE DEAR GIRLS.

Floris—"I made a large collection of beautiful stones while I was at the seaside."

Maud—"So did I; but mine were all set in engagement rings when I got them."—*Murray's Weekly.*

ALL RELATIVES.

"Englishmen and Germans in this country are all related to each other."

"How's that?"

"The former came from the mother country and the latter from the fatherland."—*New York Herald.*

AN ACCOMMODATING MAN.

"How are you getting on with your new house?"

"I have had to tear it all down."

"What was the matter?"

"It wasn't built the way my wife wanted it."—*New York Weekly.*

Some Come in Skins, Some in Casks, Some in Bales—Perfumes Sealed in Cows' Horns—Musk Caddies.

"Barbadoes aloes is usually imported in gourds or calabashes, into which receptacles the juice is poured when in a semi-fluid condition. Each gourd when filled weighs from ten to thirty pounds, according to size. Socotrine aloes comes to us from Zanzibar, sometimes in skins and casks; but now more generally in kegs, containing from seventy-five to 100 pounds; or chests, holding from fifty to seventy-five pounds. When a vessel puts into the island of Socotra and aloes is asked for, as the drug is not kept ready for sale, the leaves of the plant are forth with cut and the juice allowed to drain into gostakin sacks. These are taken on board and fastened to the mast, or elsewhere, in such a position that they are constantly exposed to the sun. By this means the process of drying is facilitated.

The bulk of medicinal barks are imported in bales and serous. We need, however, only make mention of the cinchonas. The South American barks are first of all cut up into lengths and made into bundles of nearly equal weights. These are then sewn up in specially prepared canvas of a coarse texture, and conveyed to the depots on the backs of donkeys. These are further enveloped in coverings of fresh hides; and by the drying of these, hard compact packages called serous, are formed, varying in weight from 156 to 176 pounds. East Indian or "Druggist's" barks are now largely imported in chests, each containing about three hundred pounds. There are also the official barks, the officinal barks, for medicinal purposes.

THE EVIL RESULT OF TIPPING.

"I ain't had a meal in two days, and this is my last quarter," he said to the restaurant keeper. "Won't you lemme sweep off the sidewalk for somethin' to eat?"

Misa Maydeval (angrily)—"Yes; and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence."

Clara—"Gracious! What was it?"

Misa M.—"Why on the back of every picture were these words: 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'"

THE ORIGINAL PACKAGE OF SENSITIVENESS.

Clara—"Well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr. Suspenchotte's?"

Misa Maydeval (angrily)—"Yes; and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence."

Clara—"Gracious! What was it?"

Misa M.—"Why on the back of every picture were these words: 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'"

THE EVIL RESULT OF TIPPING.

"I ain't had a meal in two days, and this is my last quarter," he said to the restaurant keeper. "Won't you lemme sweep off the sidewalk for somethin' to eat?"

"Why don't you buy a meal with your quarter. This is a twenty-five cent house."

"My sakes! man, you don't s'pose I'd dare eat a meal here without tippin' the waiter a quarter!"—*Courier-Journal.*

THE EVIL RESULT OF TIPPING.

"No," said she, "I—I can be only a sister to you."

"Very well," said he, "I must be going! I had expected a different answer, but—well, good-night!"

"George," she faltered, as he started out into the night, "George!"

"What is it?" he asked, crossly.

"Aren't you going to say good-night?"

He did not go.—*Lawrence.*

HIS QUEST.

Young Mr. Harkness, a very practical barraged sinner, was sitting at the table when a lady came in and said as follows:

HOW DRUGS GO TO MARKET.

PREPARING MEDICINAL BARKS AND HERBS FOR EXPORTATION.

Some Come in Skins, Some in Casks, Some in Bales—Perfumes Sealed in Cows' Horns—Musk Caddies.

"Barbadoes aloes is usually imported in gourds or calabashes, into which receptacles the juice is poured when in a semi-fluid condition. Each gourd when filled weighs from ten to thirty pounds, according to size. Socotrine aloes comes to us from Zanzibar, sometimes in skins and casks; but now more generally in kegs, containing from seventy-five to 100 pounds; or chests, holding from fifty to seventy-five pounds. When a vessel puts into the island of Socotra and aloes is asked for, as the drug is not kept ready for sale, the leaves of the plant are forth with cut and the juice allowed to drain into gostakin sacks. These are taken on board and fastened to the mast, or elsewhere, in such a position that they are constantly exposed to the sun. By this means the process of drying is facilitated.

The bulk of medicinal barks are imported in bales and serous. We need, however, only make mention of the cinchonas. The South American barks are first of all cut up into lengths and made into bundles of nearly equal weights. These are then sewn up in specially prepared canvas of a coarse texture, and conveyed to the depots on the backs of donkeys. These are further enveloped in coverings of fresh hides; and by the drying of these, hard compact packages called serous, are formed, varying in weight from 156 to 176 pounds. East Indian or "Druggist's" barks are now largely imported in chests, each containing about three hundred pounds. There are also the official barks, the officinal barks, for medicinal purposes.

THE EVIL RESULT OF TIPPING.

"I ain't had a meal in two days, and this is my last quarter," he said to the restaurant keeper. "Won't you lemme sweep off the sidewalk for somethin' to eat?"

Misa Maydeval (angrily)—"Yes; and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence."

Clara—"Gracious! What was it?"

Misa M.—"Why on the back of every picture were these words: 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'"

THE ORIGINAL PACKAGE OF SENSITIVENESS.

Clara—"Well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr. Suspenchotte's?"

Misa Maydeval (angrily)—"Yes; and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence."

Clara—"Gracious! What was it?"

Misa M.—"Why on the back of every picture were these words: 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'"

THE EVIL RESULT OF TIPPING.

"I ain't had a meal in two days, and this is my last quarter," he said to the restaurant keeper. "Won't you lemme sweep off the sidewalk for somethin' to eat?"

"Why don't you buy a meal with your quarter. This is a twenty-five cent house."

"My sakes! man, you don't s'pose I'd dare eat a meal here without tippin' the waiter a quarter!"—*Courier-Journal.*

THE EVIL RESULT OF TIPPING.

"No," said she, "I—I can be only a sister to you."

"Very well," said he, "I must be going! I had expected a different answer, but—well, good-night!"

"George," she faltered, as he started out into the night, "George!"

"What is it?" he asked, crossly.

"Aren't you going to say good-night?"

He did not go.—*Lawrence.*

HIS QUEST.

Young Mr. Harkness, a very practical barraged sinner, was sitting at the table when a lady came in and said as follows:

THE WORLD A GRAB BAG.

The world is a grab bag, long and wide, And the trust here, he Who deepest trusts his ban is inside, What'er his minners be.

No matter who he tramples out, The people all confer, The stain of his offense is gone If he but win success.

About the bag, men strive and about, Some one breaks through the ranks; A prize he seizes and throws out To those behind, the blanks.

More curious still, the men behind, Forgetting selfishness, Heroic traits in that one find Who wins from them success.

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Parts unknown—On a bald head.—*Texas Siftings.*

If the boys do not kiss the misses, then the girls will miss the kisses.—*Biographical Leader.*

American want no King, but on a day they like to have the clouds rain on them.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

A Texas debating society recently for a subject, "Is it proper to say 'r in dorg'?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Tramp—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."

Grump—"Say, muggins, wash me." Lady—"Wash his mouth."