

JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

NEUTRAL.

Price Two Cents.

VOL. I.

QUEENSTOWN, MAR.

DAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

NO. 49.

RECLAIMED.

Where once there was a waste of desert sand, Now fertile gardens gladden all the land...

A BAD HALF-HOUR.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

"I haven't known you very long," Marion faltered, looking down on the sand. "Long! Oh, Marion, can you count it by days? It has been a lifetime to me, Marion. I have lived only since I have known you!"

down herself, and drew a sigh of relief folded her hands. "Ripley, Mrs. Dawson writer," she began, cheerfully, "is liveliness itself. The Cheevers are there, and the Longs, Henry Cheever, you know, has just returned from abroad—a very pleasant young man. And that young Long must be twenty-six or seven by this time. And there will be others, of course. I am sure you will be glad to thought of going. All young girls have their foolish moments, Marion, and you have had yours, and you will yet be grateful—"

for!" Mr. Lamb demanded. "What's the matter with the beach? It's a jollier place any time; and now, with typhoid fever up there—Why, this morning's paper said everybody's leaving the place!" "Mersey, Aunt Paulina!" Marion murmured; the corners of her mouth were twitching. "My train!" said Mr. Lamb, getting to his stout legs with no small effort. "Well, I haven't the heart to drag you along, Gordon. It's too warm; and there's another consideration—a more powerful one. I doubt whether you'd go if I wanted you to," said Mr. Lamb, with a rumbling laugh, and made the laborious bow of a fat man and boarded his train alone.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Varieties of Bolts—Of course—Appearances weren't deceitful—He Was Her Goose, Etc., Etc. The carriage-witch to make a team safe from a break when jolted, Takes care to see that every part is quite secured and bolted. The miller when he grinds his meal To show he's not a dolt, And make it good as it can be, Just runs it through a bolt.

LAND OF FRUIT GARDENS.

THE WONDERFUL PRODUCTIVENESS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Supposed to be Worthless Except for Grazing—Bare Wastes Made to Blossom Like the Rose. Southern California has been slowly understood even by its occupants, who have wearied the world by boasting of its productiveness. Originally it was a vast cattle and sheep ranch. It was supposed that the land was worthless except for grazing. Held in princely ranches of twenty, fifty, one hundred thousand acres, in some cases areas larger than German principalities, tens of thousands of cattle roamed along the watercourses and over the mesas, vast flocks of sheep cropped close the grass and trod the soil into hard-pan. The owners exchanged cattle and sheep for corn, grain and garden vegetables; they had no faith that they could grow cereals, and it was too much trouble to procure water for a garden or a fruit orchard. It was the firm belief that most of the rolling mesa land was unfit for cultivation, and that neither forest nor fruit trees would grow without irrigation. Between Los Angeles and Redondo Beach is a ranch of 35,000 acres. Seventeen years ago it was owned by a Scotchman, who used the whole of it as a sheep ranch. In selling it to the present owner he warned him to waste time by attempting to farm, raised no fruit nor vegetables, and bought no trees, and bought a few apples and barley. The Scotchman had more charity than the Englishman, and he was right. He said, "I'm afraid I can't do it right," said Mr. Gooden, "Why? Goods are dear, and the land is poor."

DREAMLAND.

THE WONDERFUL PRODUCTIVENESS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

On the other side of no place, And traversed by mirroring streams, Is the land that belongs to no race, The land that we see in our dreams. 'Tis a country of flowers and fountains, With landscapes fair to behold, Where green hills and gray mountains Stretch away toward a sunset of gold. There are fruits that mortals ne'er tasted, There are skies of beauty most rare, And, although it is time wasted, We long for this land of the air. 'Tis a place we never shall visit, Though often we gaze on its charms, For it comes as a pleasure exquisite, When we rest in old Morpheus' arms. —E. H. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Castles in the air do not bring in any rent. —Galveston News. You can easily fill the public eye if you only have the dust. —New York News. She—"He talks like a book." He—"What a pity he doesn't shut up as easily." —Life. Clever tact will win in business, and clever tacking will win a yacht race. —Pittsburg Dispatch. They fill our daily cup with gall As through the world we go, These two: The man who knows it all And he who "told you so." The surface is flat, yet there is a level-headed man between a level-headed man and a level-headed one. —Pittsburg Chronicle. He—"I'm afraid I can't do it right," said Mr. Gooden, "Why? Goods are dear, and the land is poor."