JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

VOL. I.

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case

QUEENSTOWN, MAR

T NEUTRAL."

Price Two Cents.

DAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

NO. 49.

RECLAIMED

Now fertile gardens gladden all the land

Within a soul held long in error's snara

A BAD HALF-HOUR.

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 fed itme. And there will be others, she the corners of her mouth were twincing.

"Merey, Aust Paulica!" Marion murging must be twenty-six or seven by this fed course. I am sure you will be glad be thought of going. All young girls have the first foolish moments, Marion, and you will yet be grateful—"

"Merey a just reven by this fed course. I am sure you will be glad be thought of going. All young girls have the first foolish moments, Marion, and you will yet be grateful—"

The station was close at hand, and the series of the mouth were the matter with the Beacht It's a joilier Thingly—"She wants to let the world fever and now, with typhoid fever appearances Weren't Deceitful—He was there foo the mouth were twicking.

"What's THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE
Thingly—"Mrs. T. won't tex me, Pin-ker."

Pinker—"That's tough. Why not?"
Thingly—"She wants to let the world wow that there is one woman who lets her husband's hair stay on his head long.

"Where, Aust Paulica!" Marion murging the place "In the matter with the Beacht It's Boiler The Went PRESS.

"Were, Aust Paulica!" Marion murgins the corners of her mouth were twicking.

"Where, Aust Paulica!" The wonders to use one woman who lets her husband's hair stay on his head long.

"The wonders to use the world by not discovered and one of the world by boasting of list secured and boiled.

The station was close at hand, and you will yet be grateful—"

The station was close at hand, and you to," said Mr. Lamb, getting the corners of her mouth were twicking the corners of her mouth were the matter with typhoid fever a point has been elonly unders

"Long. 1 have lived only since I have known you!"

The sentiment was not new. And John Gordon was only a fine looking man, in a becoming sumaners suit, and a black silk shirt and sash—for this was Rocky Beach. But to Marion Taylor—

"I do like—I-l'love you, Mr. Gordon!" she said, bravely. "It hasn't been iong, but I have come to care for you. You are the first man I have ever been willing to marry."

"And I'll be the last!" John Gordon cried, and pressed her hand hard.

They were close to Marion's hotel now. If the imposing, not to say formidable figure of Marion's Aunt Paulins had not been apparent on the pizzza, they might have lingered still.

Jeku Gordon turned his eyes to her.

"She add to knut Paulins had not been apparent on the pizzza, they might have lingered still.

Jeku Gordon turned his eyes to her.

"She doesn't like me, Marion," he aid, softly. "What will she say?"

Marion almost thought the did. At any rate she looked cain and benignant. "It hink I shall give it up, Mrs. Field—you certainly stell with a tende to be the dat the foot. Did she smile?

Aunt Paulina, stenly. But nobody had.

Marion almost thought che did. At any rate she looked cain and benignant. "It hink I shall give it up, Mrs. Field—you certainly stell will will a head to foot. Did she smile?

Aunt Paulina looked him over from head to foot. Did she smile?

Aunt Paulina stenly. "Aunt Paulina looked him over from head to foot. Did she smile?

"I'll run and call each." John Gordon will at ease, quiet Marion reflected, for fear poor John Gordon would got the use of pauling in a papearance.

John Gordon did not, but what was almost as head hundred and eighty pounds, came puffing still with the combined pressure of the heat and a lundred and eighty pounds, came puffing it like that and newspaper.

"And on was a soft faced and gentle." "Ah, Mrs. Field and Miss Taylor!" he aid, soft, pauling for the city for half an hour. Hot date, the met history of that Ripley plan she rever would any one of the city for half an hour. Hot date, had yne

grateful—"

The station was close at hand, and Aunt Paulina's reassuring remarks were interrupted.

The station was close at hand, and go if I wanted you to," said Mr. Lamb, with a rumbling laugh, and made the jaborious bow of a fat man and boarded

Aunt Paulina's reassuring remarks were interrupted.

"I haven't known you "ery long,"
Marion faltered, looking down on the sand.

"Long! On Marion, can you count it by days? It has been a lifetime to me, Marion. I have lived only since I have known you!"

"Aunt Paulina's reassuring remarks were interrupted.

"The three-ten," she said to the stability from the waiting room—"is it on time!"

"The three-eight, do you mean, ma'am?" he responded. "It's just gone, ma'am?" he responded. "It's just gone, You wouldn't think of such a thing! You'll give it up, Mrs. Field—you certainly will!"

"What she says can make excel Good-by, John!"

"Good-by, John!"

"Good-by, John!"

"Good-by, John!"

"And a moment later Marion was dropping into a bamboo porch chair—a small one; Aunt Paulina occupied a large one.

A glance at her strong-featured, imperturable countenance was caugh for Marion. She said to herself, slangily, that something was up.

"You ought to know, young lady," he insisted, johily. "Keeps you informed how? Nice fellow, ch?"

Mr. Lamb rattled his paper, and looked at his audience beamingly.

"Mr. Lamb rattled his paper, and looked at his audience beamingly."

Mr. Lamb rattled his paper, and looked at his audience beamingly.

"The Pinest of Shawis.

The finest shawls that are used in this or any other market, said a well-informed representative of the shawl trade to the sunterer, are those made in India and loosen't helf how? Nice fellow, ch?"

Mr. Lamb rattled his paper, and looked at his audience beamingly.

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"Mr. Lamb rattled his paper, and looked at his audience beamingly.

"Mr. Lamb rattled his paper, and looked at his made from the wool of the Cashwalls made in green with the genuine article. The real India has havell in manufacture. In the imit

OF COURSE. She-"-Why do poor men always keep

LITTLETON'S HARD LOT.

"When Littleton courted Mrs. L. he used to speak of her as a ray of sunshine coming into his life." "I know it. And now, it is said, she frequently tans him."—Boston Transcript.

A BACHELOR'S REPLY.

(In newspaper office) Fasset-"Pass me over the mucilage, please, Miss

Passy.

Miss Passy—"With all my heart."

Fasset—"Only the mucilage, please."

—American Stationer.

HE WAS HER GOOSE.

"Well, your goose is cooled!" ex-claimed Snodgrass, as she entered his

parlor.
"Who has been rossting you this love?" asked Mr. Snodgrass, anxiously .- Munsey's Westly.

NOT FEBRUARY. Teacher-"Which is the shortest month of the year?"

Small Boy-"Orgust."
Teacher—"August;"
Small Boy-"Yes'm. That's t
mouth of vacation."—Good, News.

tently for, dearest? heart throb?" She—"I do

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.

The politician, when he fears
H: somebor lost his "holt,"
Just turns about and engineers
A healthy sort of bolt.
— The Lynn Press.

He-"To keep the wolf from the

Leaves have advanced fifty per cent. this fall!"—Detroit Free Press.

A THOUGHTPUL PAREST. Petted Daughter—"Papa, what has come over you? I never had a wish you were not anxious to gratify, and you even saticipated my wants, and handed me money for all sorus of things I hadn't even thought of. But now I have to ask you for every cent I need, and you growl and gromble and sak if I think you are made of money, and you rait at women's extravagance ard invariably ask me wint on earth I did with the last check or dollar or dime you gave me. Don't you lar or dime you gave me. Don't you love me any more?"

Papa—"My darling, I love you as much as ever, but you are soon to be married, and I am trying to gradual! prepare you fer the change."-New !

HONESTY IS THE BES "I'm afraid I can't Mr. Chintz, it does right," said M

News.

A citizen of Cass avenue stood at his gate the other day and offered a boy ten cents to rake the leaves off his lawn. The lad said he hadn't time, and the citizen was about to go for a rake and take hold of the work himself when a man came along with a big sack and asked:

"Would you object to my carrying off these leaves?"

"What for?"

"To bed my horse."

"H'm. Make good bedding!"

"First-rate."

"Theu you can have 'em for a quarter. Leaves have advanced fifty per cent. this much trouble to procure water for a grate of the world by boasting of its productiveness. Originally it was a vast cattle and sheep ranch. It was upposed that the land was worthless except for grazing. Held in princly ranches of twenty, fifty, one hundred thousands of cattle roamed along the watercourses and over the messa, 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 they could grow cercals, 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 Anglies and Redondo Beach is a ranch of 35,000 acres. Seventeen years ago it was owned by a Scotchman, who used the whole it as a sheep ranch. In selling it to it as a sheep ranch. In selling it to present owner he warned him waste time by attempting to fo

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 grey 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 nevel shall visit, For it comes as a pleasure exquisite, When we rest in old Morpheus's arms.

-E. R. Pritchard, in Arkansaw Travele

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Castles in the air do not bring in an

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 ill our daily c:p with gall
As through the world we go,
These two: The man who knows it all
And he who "told you so."

surface is flat, yet there is a between a level-headed man ed one .- Pittsburg Chron-