

on News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

NOT NEUTRAL."

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TO MY MOTHER.

How fair you are, my mother!
 Ah, though 'tis many a year
 Since you were here,
 Still do I see your beautiful face,
 And with the glow
 Of your dark eyes cometh a grace
 Of long ago.
 So gentle, too, my mother,
 Just as of old, upon my brow,
 Like benedictions now,
 Felleth your dear hand's touch,
 And still, as then,
 A voice that glads me overmuch
 Cometh again.
 How gentle mother!
 How you have loved me, mother,
 Thave not power to tell—
 Knowing full well
 That even in the rest above
 'Tis yours to dwell.
 To watch and guard me with your love,
 Loving me still,
 And, as of old, my mother,
 I am content to be a child,
 By mother's love beguiled,
 From all ills other than
 So, to the last,
 Within thy dear, protecting arms
 Hold thou me fast,
 My guardian angel, mother!
 —*Ed. Gene Field, in Chicago News.*

THE DOOR THAT STOOD AJAR

When young Mr. Powers came to New York, his father, the pastor of the flock in Connecticut in which Mr. Powers had been reared, gave him a letter to Mrs. Mills.

Mrs. Mills was the widow of the Rev. O. B. Mills, and kept a select boarding-house. It was an eminently respectable boarding-house, and it was clean and comfortable. It was a social privilege to be invited to the dinner table but though there was little case of the dinner table but the late Rev. O. B. Mills when he gave up his

boarding-house very well indeed, Mrs. Mills in the hall bedroom Mr. Powers, and had by his student lamp and with a conversation. He was so disoverlooked the and after that locked, and hastened to admitting thought-

and earnestly at the house with the closed shutters. They were green and laced, but no light came through them from within. The shutters were all closed. Not one by any chance stood ajar. It was as if death itself lay within, so silent and secret and mysterious were the windows. He thought about little else but his discovery that night, and next morning he passed the house on the way to his office with eyes averted and every other morning and evening after that he passed it with an upward glance and with inward surmise. It grew and fastened upon him, it became his one idea of all that was wicked in New York and all that was beyond him. Before two weeks had passed he had craved within its walls every vice and adventure known to man.

And at last he finally determined to enter the cigar store below and see if by some clever questioning he might not learn why the side door always stood ajar and why the blinds were never opened.

"What sort of a cigar will you have?" asked the man.

Now, Mr. Powers did not smoke, so he only said: "A good cigar," to which the man said: "Here are some imported ones—two for a quarter."

Mr. Powers hesitated. He could not decide upon which question to ask first. "Perhaps you like them milder?" suggested the dealer, putting back the cigars.

At this Mr. Powers lost his presence of mind and said: "No, those will do," and picking up the cigars, he left the shop.

It did not strike him until after he had crossed the street that he had gained but little information. But then the storekeeper might have suspected his errand and these idle questions about the color of the cigars were only intended to throw him off. He was certain of this at last, and the interest in his adventure increased.

And one night the opportunity presented itself and he seized it. He decided that this was his chance and approached the cabman frankly, but with much inward trepidation.

"That house," he said, smiling in what he believed to be a knowing and conciliatory manner, "it's a little bit mysterious, isn't it—something queer about it, eh?"

"It's Carr's gambling house," said the cab-driver indifferently, as he tossed the blanket over his horse. "Why?"

Mr. Powers's worst suspicions were realized and he blinked at this man's matter-of-fact acceptance of the truth.

"Nothing much," he said, and he attempted to do so by he after

the door, but at the same instant it opened from within, and two men laughing and talking boisterously strode out past him.

This sudden interruption unsettled Mr. Powers, and he walked hastily around the block to calm himself. He abused himself for his own lack of spirit, and determined to make the attempt again, and that this time nothing should balk him. He took the money, which he had changed into three \$5-bills, in one hand and walked boldly and rapidly to the door. Young Mr. Powers hesitated no longer. His career was to begin at once, and he was at last to start upon that last, fascinating life of which he had dreamed and which had been denied him.

He noticed—without mental comment, for he was too greatly excited—that there seemed to be a number of men approaching the place from many directions, but he did not care now if the whole world saw him. He placed his hand on the door-knob and stood for an instant in the strong light of the hall. Then from behind him he heard a sudden rush of many feet, a man shoved him aside and pushed past him, another and another followed. He was hustled and shouldered out on to the sidewalk. He heard a terrified yell from some one inside the building, the answer of many excited voices, the crashing and breaking of tables and chairs and the rattle of hundreds of scattered ivory chips.

"What is it, oh, what is it!" he grasped, turning to a man at his elbow.

"It's a raid," answered the man, grimly. "The police have pulled it."

"The police!" Young Mr. Powers turned sick with fear, and there was left to him but one idea—to escape. He brushed past the man and through the people, who came running up on every side, and flew at a racing pace toward the boarding-house kept by Mrs. Mills.

He felt the hand of an officer on his shoulder at every step; he saw himself matched through the public streets; he pictured his name in all the papers, and his irreproachable family weeping on their knees at the cell door.

He was panting and breathless when he raced up the steps of his boarding-house and looked fearfully over his shoulder. The street was still and deserted and showed calmly and peacefully in the moonlight. He had escaped, but by so little—so very little. The hand that held his latchkey fumbled with the lock, and it was with a start of guilty fear that he confronted the elder Mrs. Mills, who came to open the door for him.

"Why, Mr. Powers," she said sympathetically in her gentle tones, "what can be the matter? you look so pale."

Young Mr. Powers became conscious that he still held the gambling fund, the awful evidence of his guilty purpose, in his hand. He never wasted to look at it

THE BERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Setting Him Off—A Good Position—Accidents in High Life—Vocal Sarcasm, Etc., Etc.

She said that she could read the mind of any man alive—she'd bet \$1! And when he asked the maid to mind To read his own, she said: "Oh, yes! She would bet if you bet and get it."
 —*New York Herald.*

ACCIDENTS IN HIGH LIFE.
 First Tramp—"So, papd, how'd ye smash yer finger?"
 Second Tramp—"Shuttin' the painer."
 —*Good News.*

A GOOD POSITION.
 "That man has a good position."
 "What is it?"
 "Heed up, climb well out and legs straight."
 —*West Shore.*

CLEARED HIMSELF.
 Professor (in class)—"Mr. Tuffen, is your book open?"
 Sophomore—"No, sir; it hasn't been open in three weeks."
 —*New York World.*

VOCAL SARCASTIC.
 Miss Hyson—"I was encored three times, wasn't it?"
 Mme. Logee—"Yes; the company seemed to recognize that you needed practice."
 —*The New Moon.*

NOT SUCCESSFUL.
 "Papa," asked Ethel, timidly, "did Chollie call on you to-day?"
 "He did," said the old man, stersly.
 "Did he express himself?"
 "No; he walked."
 —*New York Herald.*

THE KIND OF A BIRD HE WAS.
 "I don't want you to stick your nose inside this door again," said Chappie to his tailor.
 "I don't want to get my nose in. I want to get my bill in."
 —*Bazaar.*

SOMETHING OF A LIE.
 "Isn't Doctor Anderson very absent-minded?"
 He—"Yes. That's why he never married. He went to kiss his sweetheart's hand once and vaccinated her instead."
 —*Judge.*

PARADOXICAL.
 Eltern Parent—"I say, M. Softleigh—"Yes, sir."
 Stern Parent—"You around a great deal?"
 M. Softleigh—"I've been around a great deal."

WELL, I'D RATHER FRIENDLY.
 "Well, I'd rather friendly with you, I'd rather friendly with you, I'd rather friendly with you."
 —*Judge.*

ence has seen so much advance during the past century as chemistry. Everything is now being made from chemicals—mucilage, ink, whisky, beer and innumerable other substances. I saw an evidence of this to-day in our mailing room. A man took a bottle of mucilage and—"Snake Editor—"Well!"
 O. E.—"He actually turned it into a paste pot."
 —*American Stationer.*

LOCAL PRIDE.
 "Where are all the prominent citizens this morning?" asked a tourist of the landlady of the Oklahoma House.
 "I dunno, precisely," was the reply.
 "You see, last night, the boys took a horse thief out to the tree where they alias hang 'em, an' lo an' behold! they found a new-comer had cut it down. The horse thief happen'd to know who done it. They're after him now, the boys. If they catch the feller, they'll beapt to string him up an' turn the boys thief loose. We air a people who like to encourag' public spirit."
 —*Pack.*

HE HAD HIM THERE.
 Agitator (on 'woman's rights')—"I claim that the rights of both sexes should be equal. In whatever field woman has entered she has equaled and often surpassed the men who had theretofore exclusively occupied it. In what—I repeat, in what branch of industry, what profession, what art has she not displayed her tranquility?"
 Chastman—"There is a young man in yonder corner who evidently desires to say something."
 Agitator—"Well, young man, do you wish to refute what I say? Speak!"
 Young Man—"I only wanted to ask if a woman can sharpen a lead pencil as well as a man."
 —*American Stationer.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.
 Georgia has a dog that can bark.
 A game cock at Ybor has killed 200 chickens in a day.
 Collections of eggs are always proving to be a large business.
 A Pittsburg lawyer has a large collection of eggs.

HUGE BEASTS AT WORK.

HOW BIG ELEPHANTS ARE UTILIZED IN BURMAH.

Lifting and Carrying Huge Logs in Lumber Yards—Wonderful Intelligence Displayed by Them.

Both Siam and Burmah have seen their best days as the so-called lands of the White Elephant, says Frank G. Carpenter in the *American Agriculturist*. I visited the noted beasts in the palace of the King at Bangkok and looked in vain for gold-tipped harness, gorgeous trappings and shower baths of attar of roses which they are fabled to receive. I found four great beasts whose skins were more the color of a Maltese cat than white, and who were mottled with spots like a leopard. Each of these beasts was bound to a post by a huge rope instead of golden-chains, and brown-skinned, half-naked men, each wearing a dirty rag about his waist, acted as their keepers in the place of the liveried servants which they are said to have had in the past. All the elephants of Siam belong to the King, and this was the same in Burmah before the English occupation. By conquest Queen Victoria has now the right to the elephants of Burmah, and the beasts are bought and sold and used in the clearing of lands, and in some cases in plowing. The elephant plow is a two-wheeled affair with a heavy shaft and the elephant is harnessed to the ropes. The King of Siam has a large elephant troop, and the same is true through the interior of the country. India must be doing something about five million a whole day, and his way to

CONTENT.

Be not content. Contentment means inaction;
 The growing soul aches on its upward quest.
 Safety is the twin to satisfaction;
 All great achievements spring from life's unrest.
 The tiny roots, deep in the dark mould biding,
 Would never bless the earth with leaf and flower.
 Were not an unborn restlessness abiding
 In seed and germ, to bring them with its power.
 Were man contented with his lot forever,
 He had not sought strange seas with sails unfurled;
 And the vast wonder of our shores had never
 Dawned on the gaze of an admiring world.
 Praise what is yours, but be not quite contented,
 There is a healthful restlessness of soul
 By which a mighty purpose is accomplished
 In urging men to reach a higher goal.
 So when the restless impulse rises, driving
 Your calm content before it, do not grieve;
 It is the upward reaching and the striving
 Of the God in you, to achieve, achieve!
 —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Hard and fast—The tough.
 Great advertisements—All the pa
 who hesitates usually says
 less.—*Life.*
 man that can tell the age
 at its teeth.
 and his way to
 —*Life.*