

# The Queenstown News.

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prison population of India, it is, is only thirty-eight per cent. of the total population, or less than half that prevails in Great



Fiction.

"TIS LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND."

A thousand years ago, or more, a man and a woman discovered themselves anew. An old, yet living truth: For through their love these lovers found

In the meantime, Bale, the rejected, had walked down into the valley, had lingered for a while at the foot of the mountain to stare in at the white-hot, half-naked figures that dragged the bloom from the surface, and ran it on its iron trolley to the steam-hammer, and had

## THE END OF IT ALL

"HATS" the last word, is it? It was Bale who asked the question. He had screwed his courage to the sticking point at last.

"Hallo, Bale, old lad," said the lucky man, "how art? I've come to have a business talk with you."

"In this way, Mr. Tolley," she answered. "I never chose your company. I never liked it. I look on what you've said to me as a liberty. And I defy you to say I ever showed you a sign of encouragement to it."

"Here, you!" he shouted to the boy who had been the first to speak. "What do you mean by letting all this cotton-waste lie about here? Clear it up."

"The girl meanwhile had reached the cutting table. She took a candle-stick from the high chimney-piece, and set it on the table with an angry emphasis. She stirred the waning fire with the same petulance, and, having thrust a thin sliver of two of wood between the bars, she knelt down before the grate and fanned the embers with her apron. When they blazed she drew out one of the sticks and lit the candle. As the wick began to burn she looked up and gave a faint cry at the sight of an unexpected figure in the room."

"The young lady," said Bale. "The young lady," said his companion. "She's been rare and downhearted this six months past about the old woman's disposition. I don't see above a bit when I break the news to her. And look here, Bale, old lad, you and me have always had a liking one for another. There's a bit of difference in our stations in life, but I've never made a difference of that account. Have I, now? Come! Have I?"

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"Fire here!" he shouted. "Engine house fire!" "Ting!" said the little bell. There were a hundred and fifty men below, and he was their one helper. He obeyed the bell, and then rushed once more into the open, trumpeting with all his lungs.

"What do you think about me, George?" said Bale. "I know what you think about me, and I know what I think about you. You're never likely to trouble each other."

"A difficulty in Tunnel Construction. One of the greatest difficulties to contend with in the construction of the Simplon tunnel will be the temperature. In the Gotthard and Mont Cenis the maximum temperature was about eighty-seven degrees. This entailed much sickness among the workmen owing to the defective ventilation. In the case of the Simplon it is expected that ninety degrees will have to be met. It is proposed to make two passages, of which the smaller will only be used for ventilation. This is to be connected with the main boring by air-tight galleries at regular intervals, so that any section may be swept by a current of fresh air when desired. A fine water spray will also be extensively employed."

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"Poor Bale!" she would say to herself, for she hardly dared say it to another, Bale was so flagrantly a sinner. "He's got the very look of his father on him. It might be printed on his back and be no plainer reading. Rained, dare-devil. It's wrote large all over him. But he's a beautiful figure of a man to look at yet, an' if ever a child's heart was in the right place, that child's was when he was a child."

and he made shift to ask for Solina. She came, her mother with her. "I wanted you to know," said Bale. "I could ha' gone through with it if you couldn't ha' been down."

George Truman and Selina Rice were married, and that fact came to his hearing. Except Selina and her mother and Bale himself, no one had an idea that it concerned him in the least. The married pair took up residence in their own house after a three days' trip, and George Truman went back to the office of the mining engineer who employed him. Bale drove his engines at the mine, the Three Crowns Yard; and a year went by. Then the two men met again. Bale in his laboring grimed at the engine, and George in his more respectable working gear.

The new naval observatory at Washington is one of the finest scientific plants in the world. Aluminum, in plates a quarter of an inch thick, has proven a very durable roofing material in Berlin. A German statistician estimates that 7,000,000 human beings lost their lives from earthquakes between the years 1137 and 1886.

"I've never made a difference of that account. Have I, now? Come! Have I?" "No," cried Bale, "you never have."

A late mysterious explosion in a colliery in South Wales appears quite certainly to have resulted from a spark caused by a heavy fall of the gritty sandstone roof. The world's production of coal has almost doubled within the last five years. In 1880 the aggregate output was 361,747,000 tons. In 1895 it had risen to 538,805,000 tons.

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Volable Barber—"I intend to put a photograph in my shop and to run it constantly for the benefit of my customers. What do you think of the idea?" "If Mrs. Swellrig at home?" "No, but Mr. Swellrig is."

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The geological fault of the Jordan-Arabah has a length of about a hundred and seventy miles or more from the Gulf of Akabah to the base of Hermon, and is undoubtedly much longer. Another great line of fracture is the Jordan-Syria, which extends from the base of Hermon to the Gulf of Akabah, and has a length of about a hundred and seventy miles in a north-northeast and south-southwest direction, finding it to be clearly a fault line.

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Mr. Newwood—"There is no use talking—I won't eat any more of your cooking!" "I'll eat it up," said Newwood. "You said you were willing to die for me!" "But, mamma, there are worse things than death," said Newwood.

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It was getting late, and still the venerable ex-United States Senator lingered in the parlor with the young people. Evidently something had to be done. "I hope, papa," said his daughter gently, but firmly, "that you will not feel offended if I now move a call of the house, during which all persons not entitled to the floor will please retire while Charlie and I discuss a question of personal privilege."

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The people of Germany and Belgium are the greatest potato eaters; the consumption in these countries exceeds one thousand pounds per head of population.

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

An Up-to-Date Voozer-Benny's Question—"Made No Sale—One Exception—A Certain Sign—An Assurance—Full Size—A Criticism—No Difference, Etc., Etc."

Salecman—"Now, here is a wheel that has all the latest improvements." "Troy—"They tell me all I want in confidence. If it has got that, I think I'll take it."

Tommie—"Auntie, mamma bought me a pair of gloves to-day."

Drummer—"That fellow, Lazzerberry, lounging over there, is of very little account, isn't he?"

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## THE LOAFING TIME FOR ME.

I like to start around an' talk when neighbors come along. Or set down on a stump an' hear the robins' chirping song. I like to lay down close beside the window in the loft. An' look off on the river, when the wind is blowing soft. Jes' now I set a vix'in, long o' Hannah, on the stump. Talkin' about the purty way them waspin' willers droop. Them little ones nest-in' there on either side the gate. Like little tender gal's, hat feel too shy to like look up straight.

It's in this summer mornin', when the work is piled in stacks. 'N' I know I'd oughter tackle it with sytho or hoe or axe. Then's when I feel like loatin' an' like loatin', will I set a vix'in, long o' Hannah, on the stump. When the poles are a-waitin', an' there's such a fresh-in' smell; before the day's over, the birds run out of place. When everything is lively—that's the loatin' time for me! —Emma C. Dowd, in Ladies' Home Journal.

"What constitutes a good joke?" "The right sort of a fellow to tell it to." —Judge.

First—An' swing the violin." Second—Ditto (sadly)—"So there." —London Fun.

"How is this, Count? They say the star in this ring you gave me is imitation." "Oh, like enough. I never was very strong in mineralogy." —Humoristische Blaetter.

"How do you make that out, Count?" "She is a sly little thing by nature and he is sly of cash." —Detroit Free Press.

"Are you sure these corsets are unbreakable?" asked the doubting customer. "I have been wearing one myself for a year," said the saleslady, "and it ain't broke yet. And she continued, blushing, 'I am engaged.'" —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Department Store Photographer (savvily to sinner)—"Now look please, please." Van Prairie (being photographed while waiting for his wife, noticeably)—"I can't. My wife is downstairs attending your bargain sales of dress goods and millinery." —Tuck.