

The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AEBERS, EDITOR.
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50 CENTS A YEAR.
NO. 3.

An Ohio man has been sentenced to the penitentiary for 198 years. He probably wonders why the judge didn't make it for life and be done with it.

John D. Rockefeller's income is estimated to be about \$50 million. How long that makes a month gets to the young Absalom who gets only \$15 per week.

It is said that whales cannot swim faster than ten or twelve miles an hour. Since the decadence in the whaling industry, that would seem to be fast enough.

Professor Starr, of the Chicago University, has reached the scientific conclusion that the Americans will eventually be done in by the conquering football games.

The Newport (Ky.) defaulter has made a new record for bank embezzlement. His shortage is \$200,000, or double the capital of the bank, and more than the reserve and all the assets including real estate. He was moderate enough to leave the vault furniture and fixtures.

It is an interesting fact that during the last ten years Georgia has increased in population more rapidly than Ohio. Ohio has gained 483,229, which is an increase of 13.2 per cent. Georgia has gained 378,978, which is 20.6 per cent. This is probably the most rapid gain of any State in the South except Texas.

With the return of normal conditions of traffic on the western section of the Siberian railway and a small celerity of rolling stock to meet the growing wants of the trade, Russia threatens to become a formidable competitor of America in the British and European markets in regard to a great variety of agricultural products.

The British campaign against American jockeys has reached the laborious point where Punch is supposed to print volumes which about galvanize and hysterical spurs—all of which pretty-playsings are dubbed "American." By one of our "British fairies." The old stand-by of "dear fairies," so rudely jostled by Durayven, seems to be disintegrating.

The meat made in the United States is evidently growing in favor in England. The public inspector of Great Britain in a large English manufacturing center is reported to have recently said: "The class of meat brought in is preferred to our own. It is a better quality than our butchers can get at the markets. This is the reason why some of our butchers have not slaughtered any cattle at the slaughter-house."

A New York minister's advice not to read vulgar books, silly books or immoral books is good advice, but somewhat difficult to follow. Normality is a matter of opinion, and the reading public is not likely to take the word of any self-constituted judge of morality. And what is a "silly" book? What may appear silly to one may have a meaning and a message for another. Minds run in different grooves, and it is very lucky for the makers of books that they do.

According to a report of the United States Commissioner of Education, the American people are better taught year by year. In the public schools of the United States a child received on the average three years of training in 1870, four years in 1880, and four and four-tenths years in 1890, approximately. The amount of training given in different sections of the country varies very greatly, however, and is least in the Southern States, where it is less than half as much as children of Northern States receive.

United States Consul Thomas Smith, at Moscow, sends to the State Department the following description of a new Siberian, very unlike the old, made familiar to Americans by George Kennan's recital of his experiences there: "Ten years ago the name 'Siberia' conjured up a picture of wastes of snow and ice, boundless steppes and coasts white with icebergs. To-day this same Siberia is a land filled with thriving villages of peasant farmers, producing grain and vegetables in plenty, and giving promise of a material wealth which will astonish the world."

The London Daily Telegraph's description of the Society of American Women of London gravely asserts that "when an American has made a fortune he finds it almost impossible to live quietly in his own country. The chief attraction is England, where Americans can escape the newspapers." This is the chief reason, according to the Telegraph, why the American colony in London increases, though it admits that many love to go to England for the sake of the country alone, and "because it makes them feel like being on a visit to their grand mother's home, where everything is dignified, proper and nice."

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.
I've a loyal little sweetheart, though the world should turn from me,
She would only cling the closer, and my happy comrade be.
When I face the world's rough weather, I've a loyal little sweetheart, and her arms that count but three
By my own bright chimney-corner with my darling at my feet.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.

VESTA.

By T. U.

VESTA VILLIAMS stood at the window and gazed down at moving mass of people below. Vainly did her eyes wander from face to face, from form to form, in a fruitless quest for the one she was seeking to find one friend amid the great throng of people.

Poor child, she must yet learn that one can walk through the busy streets of Boston for weeks, months—aye, even for years, without meeting one old friend, and yet it was strange that she had not met a great many old friends here, for Boston was the city of her nativity.

But the reason is easily told. Mr. Villars, who was once a wealthy merchant, had left Boston ten years before she was born. Little Vesta alone was with him, his fair young wife having died two years before his failure.

And now Vesta had returned to Boston, and a beautiful girl she is—rather small and slight, with rich golden-brown hair, which falls part over her forehead, and a pair of almond-shaped, thoughtful eyes—eyes that looked sad and tender, even while the well-formed lips were locked in stern determination.

Two weeks elapsed before the day on which Vesta arrived at her home. As she drew near the house she saw a little child carried out and placed in a coach; then followed her father and a tall, strapping youth, who, she recognized as her brother, and who, she met the old housekeeper and asked breathlessly: "The baby is dead, too, is it not, Juliet?"

"Yes," replied the old woman, "and I feel with my mother that 'ere God help motherless little girls, I say, and she hid her hand fondly on Vesta's head."

"It was a little girl, then, was it, Juliet?"
"Yes, dear."
"Who was that young lad with papa?"
"His wife's first child."
"What?" exclaimed Vesta.
"The child of the old woman comely, 'tis mistress sent for her son to come home from college a few weeks after you were sent off to please her ladyship."
"Did father know she had a son? I never knew it!"
"It seems to me master didn't know 'till he was a grown boy of nine. It wasn't till he was a grown boy of nine that he told me and called his wife 'Juliet.'"

"Perhaps he is a good boy, Juliet."
"O, suppose he is good enough, but there's a flash in his eye and a curl to his lip that don't like it don't seem good, anyhow."
Five years rolled on and Mr. Villars' stepson had grown to manhood. Apparently he was a frank, trustworthy person, but away beneath the smooth, bright surface there dwelt a heart which was full of vice and deceit. His lips could smile and his eyes beam kindly on you even while his brain was plotting some dark deed to ruin you.

TALES OF PLOUGH AND ADVENTURE.
The greatest danger was encountered some distance from Taku, when he passed a village in front of which there lay a broad creek. The dog-birds, the village boxes came out. The question was would the horses take the water. Over they swam, and Taku was eventually rescued.

WINGS OF THE EAST.
The great mannikinship of George Alcock, who represented California in Eastern tournaments or rifleman several years ago, stood him in good stead recently in the wilds of Mendocino County.

Over the half-wild pastures along the cattle trails and rough roads that lead to the search of food, a single ravenous hawk, with its sharp talons, was seen to swoop down and snatch a bird from the flock.

Fort St. Vrain, marked "Delray" made the circuit of Cadillac square and return west; those labeled "Through" pursue their eastward way to the fort.

On the 21st of the month, a party of men, with a pack train, were seen to enter the town. They were accompanied by a pack train, and a pack train, and a pack train.

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HALF-HOUR FOR CHILDREN.
I used to have a rubber doll, I used to have a cat—
That she had many lives, you know, I used to have a cat—
She'd tumble off the table—bang!
And not be cracked up, she'd bang!
If it'd been made of wax, she'd not have stood so hard a fall.

THE FATE OF A DOLL.
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"CASH" AND CUPID.
He met her at the counter, She presided over the ware—
And she sold the silks and satins, And such wondrous things,
She was wily and charming, With a subtle sort of dash,
And her voice was most alluring, When she sweetly cooed.

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