The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor. "INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL." Price Two Cents.

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Charles Ashton, a London policeman, has received a prize of $250 for an unpublished bibliography of Welsh literature from 1801 to 1890.

Mars, says R. J. Crowley, the English scientist, is probably in communication with other planets, and these Martians are probably tearing their hair because they can't "get" us on their telegraph circuit.

Some argue that the deepest place in the ocean will be found to correspond almost exactly with the height of the highest mountain. This theory has been disproved within the last year; ocean depths 10,000 feet deeper than the height of Mount Everest having been found.

The extent to which dementia has taken hold of the Royalty of Europe is almost pitiable, states the Arkansas Traveler. It is not an uncommon thing to hear of some royal personage who has had his cranium measured for a crown going about with a very ordinary wheel in his head.

The critics of fruit-growing in Califor-

UNCONSCIOUS SERVICE.

"The bee"—she sighed—"that haunts the clover
Has nature's errand to fulfil;
The bird that skims the azure over
Bears living seeds within his bill:

"Without a pause his flight pursuing,
He drops them on a barren strand,
And turns, unconscious of the doing,
The waste into a pasture land.

"I, craving service—willingly, choosing
To fling broadcast some golden grain—
Can only sit in silent musing
And weave my litanies of pain."

I, making answer, softly kissed her:
"All nature's realm of bees and birds,—
What is such ministry, my sister,
Compared with your enchanted words?

"The seed your weakened hand is sowing
May ripen to a harvest broad,
Which yet may help, without your knowing,
To fill the granaries of God!"

—Margaret J. Preston, in Lippincott.

THE TWO COUSINS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"WO is that talking in the hall?" tartly demanded Mrs. Jennifer, and little Lucilla, running to the door, to take a bird's-eye view of matters through its yawning crack, re- ...ed with the ...inform- ... show ... don't you re- ...for a walk!" ... nothing more; but ... the interpretation of ... world of meaning might ...eciphered in the swift way ... her needle flew in and out ...mbric ruffle she was hemming. ...Olive!" she called, sweetly, as the ...ng of the front door gave notice ...at the visitor had at last taken his departure; and by way of answer, a bright faced young girl presented herself in the door-way—a girl with shining brown tresses tied with blue ribbon, soft brown eyes, and a fresh, blooming complexion, like the pink blossoms that cluster on the kalmia bushes in May.

"Well, aunt!" she said.

"I've been wanting to speak to you for some time, Olive, dear—sit down," purred Mrs. Jennifer. "Your uncle's circumstances are not what they were, as I suppose you are aware!"

"I did not know it," said Olive, ...ing color. ... are quite dependent on ...ood graces of others, ... slightly sensitive. ...bliged to expend a ...y of late, and—I ...fectly willing to ... know his situa-

"Certainly, aunt!" said Olive, nervously twisting her fingers together.

"And of course, in a large family like ... every additional member is felt as ...dditional burden."

"But, aunt," burst out Olive, "I ... understand you. What do you ...? What is it that you want me to ...?"

"My dear, don't speak so loud, Olive!" ...onstrated Mrs. Jennifer, wildly el- ...ting her eyebrows. "You are so ...gue—so startling. I was only going ...ell you that Mrs. Parkman mentioned ...e yesterday that she wanted a new ..., and that—"

Olive Martin bit her lip—the hot color ...ed up to her cheek.

"A dressmaker, aunt?"

"And why not?" calmly retorted Mrs. ...er. "It is the duty of every young ... to do something to earn an hon- ...elihood."

...ve thought of her Cousin Elise, ...handed and elegant, who did not ... make her own bed or dust her own ...he remembered the two damsels ...ess it was to wait upon Mrs. ... younger daughters. ...ugh her own father ...lly destitute circum- ...had been when he ... such a m...

my dear, that she is fatherless and motherless!"

Mrs. Jennifer rolled up her eyes sanctimoniously.

"I've always endeavored to act a maternal part toward her, Moses," she sighed.

But not until Olive Martin was safely installed in Mrs. Parkman's work-rooms did Mrs. Jennifer breathe freely.

"She was actually luring Clarence Walbridge away from Elise under my very eyes and nose!" thought the virtuous matron. "Clarence Walbridge, who is the best parti in town. Well, there's no end to the pretensions of these country-bred girls. I wonder what he could possibly have seen in her big eyes, and melancholy, pursed-up mouth! But now Elise will have a fair chance, poor dear!"

And Miss Elise Jennifer was duly posted in what she ought to do and say upon the occasion of Mr. Walbridge's next visit—a washed-out pink and white beauty, with freckled cheeks, flaxen hair, frizzed into the similitude of a yellow cloud, and very red lips, which she was perpetually biting, to preserve their coral bloom!

"I'll do my best, ma," said Elise, "but I never know what to talk about when I am with Mr. Walbridge!"

"Pshaw!" quoth Mrs. Jennifer, "I'm sure Olive Martin could talk fast enough."

"But Cousin Olive knows more than I do," confessed innocent Elise.

Mr. Walbridge came as usual that evening, and was simperingly welcomed by Elise Jennifer, in a becoming blue silk dress, with a rose in her yellow flossy hair and blue knots of ribbon fluttering wherever a blue knot could possibly be placed.

"Is your cousin at home?" the young man asked, rather unceremoniously, and Miss Elise recollected her lesson.

"Oh, didn't you know," quoth she, artlessly, "Olive has left us!"

"Left you!" echoed Clarence Walbridge, more disappointed than he chose to own to himself. "What for?"

Elise lifted her brows, looked at the carpet, and tried to assume an arch expression of countenance.

"Of course I can't be expected to know certainly, "she said, "but mamma and I both had our suspicions. In short, I don't know really how to explain, but I've reason to suppose she has gone away to be married."

"To be married?"

"Some faithful cavalier, I believe, who knew her in the days before her poor dear father died—it's all very romantic, and we're so sorry to lose her!"

"What is his name?" bluntly asked Mr. Walbridge.

Elise hesitated—her lesson had not embraced this point, but she knew she must say something, and lispingly answered:

"Mr. John Smith."

At this moment Mrs. Jennifer came in all smiles.

"I am so busy since my niece left us," she said, blandly. "I miss her terribly; but of course it was my duty to oppose no obstacles since Mr. Darcy had been so faithful!"

"Mr. Darcy!"

"Yes, the young gentleman in question."

Elise turned the color of carmine, but she had not presence of mind to extricate herself from the gulf of misrepresentation into which she had fallen, and Mr. Walbridge quietly laid all these things up in his mind.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Elise, when her visitor was gone, "how could you say his name was Darcy, when I had told Mr. Walbridge it was John Smith!"

Mrs. Jennifer looked blank—but hope, that "springs eternal in the human breast," came to her relief, most fortunately.

"Oh, I don't believe he noticed it," said she. "Darcy is a better name than Smith—we'll stick to Darcy for the future, my love!"

And Clarence Walbridge, who had somehow allowed himself to become strangely interested in Miss Martin's blooming face and lovely, pleading eyes, went straight to Mr. Jennifer's law office.

"He, at least, can speak the truth," he thought, "which is more than one can venture to assert of Mrs. Jennifer and the fair Elise."

"Walbridge came to my office this afternoon," said Moses, bluntly, at din- ...carving fork into ... of beef.

had been related to him by Mrs. Jennifer and Miss Elise.

"It is false!" cried Olive, with sparkling eyes and reddened cheeks. "How dared they invent such tales about me! I left Uncle Jennifer's because my aunt hinted to me that my maintenance had become a burden, and that I ought to support myself. I could not eat the bitter bread of dependence, Mr. Walbridge. And I do not know what motive they could possibly have had for giving such a false reason for my departure."

"I can guess!" said Clarence Walbridge, shrewdly. "But we will leave that question for future discussion, Olive. There is another one which is of much more present importance to me!"

"What is it?" Olive innocently asked.

"Whether or not you will become my wife!"

"Mr. Walbridge!"

"My own darling little Olive! But you need not speak. I know from your eyes that it is 'yes!'"

And so ended probably the first courtship that was ever happily consummated in Mrs. Parkman's show-rooms.

Mr. Jennifer was the only member of the family who was really pleased at his niece's good luck, matrimonially speaking. Elise and her mamma had somehow fallen into their own trap—nor was it a pleasant sensation.

But Cupid protects his own.—New York Weekly.

Weather Lore of the Sun.

Among the people of all countries and ages, says the St. Louis Republic, the sun's redness on rising or setting has always been regarded as ominous. These notions have furnished material for many proverbs. An old English adage informs us that—

If red the sun begins his race,
Be sure that rain will fall apace.

Even Christ alludes to the same popular idea of the sun's color and its relation to wet or dry weather, where he says (Matthew xvi., 2, 3): "When it is evening, ye say, It will be clear weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowering." It may be remembered, too, how graphically Shakespeare puts forth this same proverb in his "Venus and Adonis:"

Like a red morn, that ever yet betokened
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the fields,
Sorrow to the shepherd, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to the herdsmen and to herds.

If we turn to European observations we find that the Italians says: "If the morn be red, rain is at hand," and, again, "If the sky be red when the morning star is shining, there will be rain during the week." As is well known, however, a red sunset is just as propitious as a red rising is unlucky—"a red sky at night being a shepherd's delight," and according to a saying very popular when the writer was a child—

Evening red, morning gray,
Sends the traveler on his way.

In Germany it is commonly said that "a red sunset and a gray rising sets the pilgrim a-walking." At Malta the stable boy will tell you that "a red sunset says: 'Get your horse ready for to-morrow.'" In "Richard III." Shakespeare gives us the same proverb in different words:

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Indeed, there are numerous proverbs on this subject, all to the same purpose, as ancient Scotch rhyme being as follows:

The evening red and the morning gray
Is a sign of a bright and cheery day;
Evening gray and morning red—
Put on your hat or you'll wet your head.

Preserving Ropes.

In order to insure more safety in ropes used for scaffolding purposes, particularly in localities where the atmosphere is destructive of hemp fiber, such ropes should be dipped when dry into a bath containing twenty grains of sulphate of copper per liter of water, and kept in soak in this solution some four days, afterward being dried. The ropes will thus have absorbed a certain quantity of sulphate of copper, which will preserve them for some time both from the attacks of animal parasites and from rot.

The copper salt may be fixed in the fiber by a coating of tar or by soapy water, and in order to do this it may be passed through a bath of boiled tar, hot, drawing it through a thimble to press back the excess of tar and suspending it afterward on a staging to dry and harden. In a second method the rope is ...ked in a solution of 100 grains of ...per liter of water.—English Me-

...a Prepared.

... of a milk ... in

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

New Lights on Natural History—Sure Pop—Double Congratulations—Many Ways, Etc., Etc.

I said to Margery—she of sapphire eyes—
"Pray tell me, Mistress Midget, you're so very, very wise;
You who go to kindergarten and learn heaps of things each day,
What are the very fiercest of all the beasts of prey?"
"I thought you knew," she answered, with a very judicial air,
"The three most fiercest beasties is two lions and a bear."

PREPARED TO CONTEST.

Barclay Wyckoff—"So your uncle was eighty-eight when he died; did he retain full possession of his faculties?"

Pelham Parker—"I—er—really couldn't say. The will hasn't been read yet."—Puck.

SURE POP.

He (at 11:30 p. m.)—"Your father is an awfully jolly old chap, isn't he? Can't you arrange it so that I can meet him?"

She—"Yes; just stay half an hour longer."—New York Herald.

A MISLEADING IDIOM.

"We had a visitation the other night from a very polite sneak thief."

"What did he do?"

"As he was taking his leave he lifted all the hats on the hall rack."—New York Herald.

MANY WAYS.

Old Uncle—"So you are doomed to be an old maid?"

Elderly Spinster—(sighing)—"Alas! yes; and just to think that there are more than four thousand devices for coupling."—New York Journal.

HE HEARD HER HIMSELF.

Jamie—"Mamma, I thought you said our new girl couldn't talk English."

Mamma—"That is what I said, Jamie, Gretchen has only been in this country a few weeks and she knows nothing about our language."

Jamie—"Why, she coughs in English."

TOO HEAVY A DRAIN.

Mrs. Howson—"Dearie, when that new telephone is completed to New York I want to talk through it just for fun; mayn't I?"

Mr. Howson—"Goodness, no, Martha! I hear they may charge by the word. Do you want to bankrupt me?"—Chicago News Record.

SUIT THE ACTION TO THE WORD.

"Pshaw," exclaimed the professor to the student, who was rehearsing his Latin oration, "you are too solemn. There's no life in your speaking at all."

"Of course not," responded the student, lively enough, "you don't expect it in a dead language, do you?"—Detroit Free Press.

DOUBLE CONGRATULATIONS.

Cholly—"I proposed to Miss Peachblow yesterday and was accepted."

Chappie—"Congratulations, deah boy."

Cholly—"But the engagement was broken off to-day."

Chappie—"Congratulations, deah boy."—Brooklyn Life.

BRIEFLESS, BUT ENTERPRISING.

"Anybody been here?" asked the young lawyer.

"Yes, sir. Two book agents, a match peddler and the letter carrier."

"Well. Go out and get me a paper and hang 'This is my busy day' on the door knob so that people coming up the hall will see it."—Washington Star.

THOROUGHLY TESTED.

Hatters—"Matrimony is the happiest state a man can get into. Why, you bachelors don't know anything about it—the comfort, the companionship—the long-tried years of comradeship with—"

Flatters—"How long have you been married, Hatters?"

Hatters—"Er—three weeks."—Chicago News Record.

WHEN THE FIGHT BEGAN.

Two gentlemen get in a dispute. One of them says very sarcastically:

"My dear sir, I am so impressed with your childish simplicity that I would pay a considerable sum of money to be, for five minutes, only as stupid as you are."

"In that case you could brag of having had at least one lucid interval," was the tart reply.—Texas Siftings.

REPULSED.

"Have you any objections to me as a ...law?"

"..." replied her father, "none at ...egan it!"

"In view of the fact that ...-in-law and are not ... see how I could have

"Ugh," sniffed the father.

"Don't you think we can?" asked the girl with the beautiful confidence of youth.

"Yes—if you both stay single," and the father declined to discuss the matter further.

HOW IT STRUCK HIM.

"What ails you?" asked Mr. Gaswell of Algernon Fitzpercy.

"I called on Miss Dukane lawst evening, doncher know."

"Well?"

"Well, would you believe me, the faih creature's bwute of a father kicked me down the front steps."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir! Actually kicked me twice—first with his wight foot and then with his left. What do you think of that?"

"Well, it looks very much like two soles with but a single thought."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

TIRED OF FUGITIVE CONVERSATIONS.

A stout man got on a horse car the other day in Chicago.

"Wet day," he said to a stranger who was sitting near him.

"Hey," said the other.

"Wet day," said the first, a little louder.

"Excuse me, I'm a little deaf and hardly catch your meaning."

"I said it's a wet day," howled the fat man, getting red in the face, as the other passengers looked up from their papers.

"Ah, yes, yes; how much must you pay? Five cents, that's the fare."

Whereupon the fat man got off the car.

"Yes," said the deaf man gently, "that's the seventh man within an hour that told me it's a wet day. P'raps they imagine I don't know it."

MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

The captain of a large steamer was once filling up his crew for a long voyage, when a seaman came up and said: "I want to sail with you, sir."

"All right, my man," replied the captain, "where have you sailed before?"

"P. and O., sir, to Australia."

"What countryman?"

"An Oirishman," was the ready response.

"Well, you must get a character."

The discharge was obtained, and, as the Irishman was presenting it, another seaman came up and said he wanted to join.

"What line were you on before?" asked the captain.

"Cunard, sir."

"What countryman?"

"English, your honor."

"All right, go forward."

Shortly after, as the two were swilling the decks in a heavy sea the Englishman was swept overboard, bucket and all. Unmoved Paddy finished his job, and then went to the captain's cabin.

"Come in," responded the officer to his rap. "What's up now?"

"You remember Bill Smith, the Englishman and Cunarder?" queried Pat.

"Certainly, my man."

"You took him widout a character?"

"I believe so; what of that?"

"Well, he's gone overboard wid your bucket."—The Gripsack.

Buried in State.

Professor Wesselowski has discovered in the neighborhood of Simferopol a Scythian grave. The corpse, probably of a military leader, lay on its back, the head directed to the west. A cap on the head had a gold ornament, and plates of gold ornamented the dress. Near the head of the corpse stood two amphoras, and against the wall was a leathern quiver with copper-headed arrows. On one side lay a coat of arms and a rusty iron sword. At the feet were still more rusty lances, four amphoras, and the bones of an ox, close to which lay an iron knife. The quiver was ornamented with a large piece of gold-plate excellently worked. It represented a flying eagle holding an animal, perhaps a sable, in its talons. The skeleton of the corpse fell to pieces at the slightest touch. The grave is believed to belong to the second or third century B. C. At Novellara, near Pesaro, Professor Gamurini has discovered a burial-place of the eighth century before Christ. Eighty skeletons have so far been excavated. They are all of exceptional size, being between five feet eleven inches and six feet six inches. The skull is dolichocephalous, and the teeth extraordinarily strong, white, and well preserved. Bronze ornaments, lances, and also ornaments in amber are numerous. The skeletons all lie on their right sides, and are in a cramped position. Professor Gamurini thinks the skeletons are Etruscan, and that he will be able to prove that the Etruscans had commerce with the Phœnicians.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Male Bass and Young.

A small-mouth black bass, the variety sought by anglers and the only kind caught about the islands in Lake Erie, says the Cleveland (Ohio) Press, ... weight of about ...

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

By a new device you can blow out the gas.

Rice is the least nitrogenous of all grains.

The average depth of sand in an African desert is thought to be from thirty to forty feet.

The only existing bird which has a five-toed foot, when in adult life, is said to be the Dorking fowl.

There is a large factory near Chicago, Ill., which does a profitable business in manufacturing useful articles from the waste blood of animals.

Reviving an old project, a French company proposes that lightships connected by telegraph be stationed at intervals of 200 miles across the Atlantic.

An English experimenter, E. T. Chaplin, has given an account of hypnotizing a laying hen, and inducing her in that manner to sit on a sitting of eggs until seven of them had hatched out.

Pictures are taken now of patients at various stages of disease, and a comparison of those with photographs of others similarly afflicted discloses phenomena of great interest and value to medical science.

Portland cement will not do for caulking the joints of greenhouse pipes. Alternate layers of oakum and red lead, well rammed in, is the proper stopping, and does not crack or shrink like cement would; and again, Portland cement, even if it answered in other respects, would give too rigid a joint.

Some one has estimated that twenty-two acres of land is needed to sustain a man on flesh, while that amount of land sown with wheat will feed forty-two persons sowed to oats, eighty-eight to potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176 persons, and planted with the bread fruit tree, over 6000 people could be fed.

Salt affects the freezing of ice cream by causing the ice to melt, on account of its own slight affinity for water. The ice in melting rapidly absorbs heat or renders heat latent, and hence reduces the temperature below that of ice, which simply melts by heat acquired from surrounding objects by conduction or convection of air.

Light travels at the rate of 213,000 miles a second, a velocity which causes the rays from the moon to reach us in a little less than a second and a quarter. The rays of Jupiter are fifty-two minutes in reaching us. It would take millions of years for the same beams to reach us if their starting point was from one of the fixed stars.

The red glow of the planet Mars has puzzled everybody but a French astronomer, who gives it as his opinion that the vegetation of that far-away world is crimson instead of green. He also says that he hasn't the least doubt but that there are single flowers on the war god's surface which are as large as the incorporated limits of Paris.

The introduction of electrically driven coal cutters and other mining machinery is making rapid progress in the bituminous mining regions of the Central West. The importance of this line of work will be apparent from the figures of production, which show that last year 150,000,000 tons of this coal were mined in the United States, principally west of the Alleghenies.

Piscatory authorities of the highest standing tell us that were it not for nature's grand "evening-up" provisions, the fishes of the seas would multiply so rapidly that within three short years they would fill the waters to such an extent that there would be no room for them to swim. This will hardly be disputed when it is known that a single female cod will lay 45,000,000 eggs in a single season.

The Chinaman's "Yellow Oath."

One of the strangest judicial proceedings, perhaps, ever witnessed is that of the Chinaman taking what he is pleased to call the "yellow oath." The "oath," or declaration, is always written on a piece of "sacred" paper and is as follows:

This is to call the spirits, both good and evil, to descend and watch over the trial of — —, who is charged with murdering — —. If I swear falsely and tell one untruth, or do not make statements according to the facts in the case, I humbly beg the celestial terrestial spirits to redress the wrong done to — — and to punish me immediately for having been a false witness; to arrest my soul in its flight; to make me perish by the sword, or to cause me to die while on the sea far from home. This is my true and solemn oath, uttered by my own lips, and signed by me this, the — day of the — month in the — year of the reign of the Emperor — —; and in proof of the earnestness of my declarations, may my soul be destroyed as I now destroy this paper, by fire." Immediately after the witness finishes reading his "yellow oath," a lighted candle is handed to him and the paper is given as food for the flames. To the writer's certain knowledge this form of oath has been administered but once in an American court during the trial of ...