

The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

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Every Northern State west of the Alleghenies has a State university.

London publishers are said not to relish the increasing sale in that city of the American magazines and periodicals.

According to the latest reports, "business is growing more active at nearly every important point, whether in the East, West or South."

A well-informed statistician has stated that more Hebrew synagogues have been set up in this country during the past ten years than in all previous years of American history.

The popular subscription of \$13,000 raised in New York City to provide for sick babies did a great work. Over 116,000 families were visited and over 10,000 sick were prescribed for.

The Boston Transcript laments that whales are getting almost as scarce as sea serpents, and that whalebone is getting to be so scarce that dressmakers

WHERE THE ROUGH ROAD TURNS.

Where the rough road turns and the valley sweet
Smiles soft with its bloom and bloom,
We'll forget the thorns that have pierced the feet
And the nights with their grief and gloom.
And the skies will smile and the stars will beam
And we'll lay us down in the light to dream.

We shall lay us down in the bloom and light
With a prayer and a tear for rest,
As tired children who creep at night
To the love of a mother's breast;
And for all the grief of the stormy past
Rest shall be sweeter at last—at last!

Sweeter because of the weary way
And the lonesome night and long,
While the darkness drifts to the perfect day
With its splendor of light and song.
The light that shall bless us and kiss us and love us
And sprinkle the roses of heaven above us.

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A SWISS LOVE STORY.

BY ANNA FERRISS SUTTER.

IN a pretty chalet nestled high in the shaggy mountain of Obwalden, Marie and her mother were sitting at the table. Marie had just returned from her excursion.

"Why, what's troubling you, my boy?" opened the way for Gustavus to pour out all his perplexity, ending his recital with the question:

"Canst thou not help me choose a good wife who will make my life happy?" For now I have given my mother my promise to find a wife at the fete next week.

"But is not Marie under a charm," cried others, "she has suddenly grown so lovely!"

"Love's witchery, if it is true and pure, will transform all of us and bring out all that is loveliest and best within us."

As for Gustavus, he thought rightly that he never seen so good and beautiful a creature, and he blessed the wizard for the charm which had let his heart to hers.

Long before the summer ended, Gustavus took home Marie to be his own and his mother's greatest joy and happiness.

When M. le Wizard returned to Paris that winter, he read a scientific paper before the savants of the Academie.

It is detailed many of his wonderful discoveries and his work during the summer. But he did not speak of the most interesting of all—how, by the aid of a little magnet, concealed in a steel belt, and a rule ring, he had brought together two loving human hearts, and by so doing had caught some of the happiness of Paradise and imprisoned it in a casket on old Oogadine Mountain.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Extinct Monster.

The steamer City of Topok, which arrived from Alaska ports early the other morning, brought a mammoth skeleton that was the center of attraction to a large number of sight-seers at Pacific wharf, states the Port Townsend (Washington) Leader.

The skeleton is that of a rhamphosaurus, or whale lizard, only the second one known to be in existence. The other, a much smaller specimen than this, was found some years ago near Oxford, England, and is one of the most valued specimens now on exhibition in the British Museum.

J. L. Buck, of Everett, claims the honor of having brought this valuable relic to light, although it was discovered four years ago by a prospector named Frank Willoughby.

The spot where the skeleton was found by Buck, who went north for that purpose, was nearly a mile from where the original location was reported. The skeleton was finally located by Buck and his Indian assistant on top of the celebrated Muir glacier, six miles inland and 500 feet above the sea level, securely imbedded in a large cake of ice, requiring the aid of the entire party for two days to get it. At some time during the winter the glacier had fallen or been dammed up.

The happy Marie thanked the wizard as Gustavus had done, and ran off to tell the wonderful news to her mother.

The next morning Gustavus went for the wizard, who was waiting at the door.

Obgadine maidens. He would far rather chase the chamois up the mountainside or guide travelers through its dangerous passes than spend his time with the finest of the maids of the hamlet.

His mother often said, "My son, when wilt thou bring me home a daughter and thyself a wife?"

And Gustavus, smiling and nodding, pressed a kiss on her forehead, would answer:

"When I find a maid as good as thee, mother; but I want no idle, shrill-voiced wife to disturb our quiet home."

But one day his mother, said more sadly and seriously than ever before:

"Gustavus, I am growing old and feeble. I can no longer make and mend thy clothes and keep our home. Thou must have a wife. Promise me at the fete next week that thou wilt choose one from among the maidens there."

Gustavus reluctantly gave her the desired promise, but he weighed heavily upon him. He could think of nothing else, and the more he pondered the heavier his heart grew.

At last he seized his gun and went out on the mountain, but the perplexing questions followed him, until at last he threw himself on the ground groaning,

"Oh, that some wise man would make this choice for me!"

A moment after he looked up and saw, as if in answer to his wish, the wizard approaching him.

"Why," he exclaimed to himself, "did I not think of him before! Surely he, if any one, can help me." Then, with a throbbing heart, Gustavus sprang up to meet him.

The wizard greeted Gustavus warmly, for he felt a strong friendship for the young guide who had taken him safely through many a dangerous mountain excursion.

And now his sympathetic question, "Why, what's troubling you, my boy?" opened the way for Gustavus to pour out all his perplexity, ending his recital with the question:

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side, and as the hours fled and no youth asked her to dance, her head drooped lower, and she wondered if the wise man had made a mistake.

In the mean time Gustavus danced with one after another of the maids, but though he watched with intense eagerness, not once did he feel the strange thrill for which he waited.

"I have danced with them all," he said at last to himself, "except that shy one over there: surely she is not the girl!"

He asked her name of one of the girls, and then going to her, said simply:

"Marie, wilt thou dance with me?" Astonishment and delight in Marie for a moment forgot her shyness. The wizard's words had come true!

Rising quickly, she said, smiling upon him, and showing her beautiful eyes already dancing with delight, and the dear little dimple in her cheeks: "Art thou come?"

"She is not so plain, after all," thought Gustavus, as he answered: "Wast thou looking for me, Marie?"

Marie hung her head without answering, and Gustavus, wondering a little at her words, led her to the dance.

As he placed his arm around her his hand touched her shining belt. Instantly a strange thrill ran through them both, and Gustavus's arm seemed to cling to Marie's waist.

"Marie, didst thou feel that?" he asked earnestly.

"Yes," she answered smilingly.

So they began dancing, and as they danced it seemed to those watching them that a wonderful transformation came over Marie.

Her hair, shaken loose from its long, stiff braids, hung like a glittering golden veil all around her, her beautiful eyes shone like stars, and the dimpled cheeks and pearly teeth formed a fit fitting place for the laughing voice that now and then rang sweet and clear from her rosy lips.

Not one of the village maidens could so fair as the Academie.

"Surely," said the amazed villagers, "there was never such a handsome couple."

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Hint—A Careful Company—A Wicked Precaution—Great Provocation—A Noted School, Etc., Etc.

She wore a locket around her neck, a locket of shining gold; The shape of a heart, and large enough, A picture picture to hold.

I opened the locket to ascertain Who was her particular pet; But instead of a miniature photograph Was a sign which read thus—"To let."

—New York Herald.

GREAT PROVOCATION. Mamma—"Johnny, did you strike Willie?" Johnny—"Yes, 'm; but he hit me back."

A CAREFUL COMPANY. "We never lost a life on our line." "Really?" "Nope. One of our passengers lost his though."—National Barbers' Gazette.

A WISE PRECAUTION. Turner Van Navel—"I'm going to turn over a new leaf." Jack Binyah—"Better turn down the corner, so you won't lose your place."—Puck.

THE OLD MAN'S PREFERENCE. "I'll be a sister to you," said Miss Giddley, by way of consolation. "I think papa would rather have a daughter-in-law," replied Mr. Skiddle. "He has four daughters already."—Detroit Free Press.

A NOTED SCHOOL. Returned Traveler—"What's become of that Miss Bluestock, who used to lecture every winter?" Host—"She's a doctor now." "That so? What kind of a doctor?" "A female doctor."—New York Weekly.

IT WAS ABSENT. "Yes," said young Gingly, "I loved her and she loved me, but our parents were opposed to the match."

"That was where the hitch came in, was it?" asked Barlow. "No; that was where the hitch went out."—Judge.

LOVE'S TEST. Jack—"I would do anything for you, darling." Jess—"Would you?" Jack—"Indeed I would." Jess—"All right. Go and make love to that Allbright girl and then let me cut her out."—New York Herald.

A FIERY NARRATION. "Well, how did you speed with your proposal last night?" "Her father is a fiend. She is an angel. The wooing sped all right. She fired me with eloquence."

"And her father?" "He fired me with alacrity."—New York Press.

TOLD THE TRUTH ANTHONY. The Professor of Geography—"Miss Bergamot, what would you regard as an important difference between the characteristic features of London and those of Paris?"

Miss Bergamot—"London sets the fashions for men and Paris sets the fashions for women."—Chicago News Record.

A ROUGH RETAINER. "I'm a trifle late this evening, Dorothy," said the lawyer, when he reached his suburban home, but I fell in with a highwayman, and that detained me."

"Oh, John, dear!" exclaimed the wife in alarm, "did he treat you roughly?" "Yes, I rather think he did. He only had \$8.55 on him; but I'll get more out of him yet."—Baltimore News.

AND THERE YOU ARE. Blossom—"I tell you it is the blonde women that have the disagreeable dispositions." Bloomer—"And I say it's the brunettes."

Blossom—"Well, I ought to know what I'm talking about; my wife's a blonde." Bloomer—"And I ought to know what I'm talking about; my wife's a brunette."—Barbers' Gazette.

MADE A NAME FOR HIMSELF. Wicks—"By the way, what has become of Bjackson? I haven't seen him for many years." "Bjackson? Why, don't you know? He went West fifteen years ago for himself, and never came back."—Chicago News Record.

Mrs. McSwat. "I am glad they please you, dear."

"Now, then," muttered Mr. McSwat, savagely, as he walked down town with his hand in his right overcoat pocket, "I'd just like to see that everlasting crooked-legged, snubnosed dog in the next block run out and snap at me, again."—Chicago Tribune.

WHAT HE PROMISED TO WIN HER. She—"You will love me always?" He—"Passionately, my darling."

She—"And you will never cease to love me?" He—"Never, my darling."

She—"And you will save your money?" He—"Every cent."

She—"And you will never speak harshly to me?" He—"Never."

She—"And you will give up all your bad habits?" He—"Every one of them."

She—"And you will get along with mamma?" He—"Yes."

She—"And papa?" He—"Yes."

She—"And you will always do just what mamma wants you to do?" He—"Yes."

She—"And just what papa wants you to do?" He—"Yes."

She—"And just what I want you to do?" He—"Of course."

She—"Well, I will be yours; but I fear I am making an awful mistake."—Puck.

HER CRUEL ADVICE. "It is very kind of you, Mr. Jelly, to ask me to be your wife, but it can never be."

It was a fair young woman who spoke. The man whose doom she had thus sealed had the appearance of a wreck.

She was the two-dozenth woman who had crushed his hopes and it began to have its effect on him.

He rose from his knees trembling. She was sorry for him—as women are under such circumstances—but she had done the best she could.

In a few brief moments he recovered his speech.

His lips quivered, but he was bound to say something.

"What shall I do?" he moaned. The girl shook her head.

"I've asked two dozen women to marry me," he went on, "in the last ten years and every one has sat down on me. Even you have," he sighed, "and now what shall I do? I am completely worn out."

Her face was abashed and her eyes snapped.

Then she became cold and cruel. "You would better have yourself upholstered," she replied in a steeley voice, and swept out of the room.—Detroit Free Press.

Water as a Preventive of Frost. It is a well-known fact that water in the act of freezing gives out a large amount of heat, hence it often happens that a tub of water placed in a cellar will be found covered by a thick coat of ice, but that apples, potatoes or other fruits and vegetables exposed to the same conditions are not at all injured, because the heat given out by the freezing water saved the fruit. A moist atmosphere is well known to afford some protection against frost; hence, if forewarned, the fruit grower may often avert its effects by turning on his irrigating water in time to thoroughly wet the ground before the cold culminates, usually in the early morning.

So well is all this known among the orange growers at Riverside that many of them arrange to have a large amount of water turned into their irrigating furrows on the approach of a "suspectively" cold night. It was found in some instances that during the severe frosts of Christmas night last year some orchardists in the southern part of the State escaped great loss by this use of water, although the cold was so severe as not to be wholly controllable in this manner.—California Fruit Grower.

An "Electric" Spring. It was but a plain mineral spring, but the cups that the patients drank from were fastened by a brass chain to an iron bar which enclosed the mouth of the bubbling spring. You were prevented from coming too close by another circular iron railing about eight feet across. The ground around the spring was naturally moist, and it was either this ground or the iron which was one of the ends of an open electric circuit.

The cup held by the chain was at the other end. The person drinking simply completed the circuit through the body and when he had finished the glass he kindly and humbly returned it to the attendant.

THE SAVAGES OF BRAZIL.

STRANGE TRIBES OF INDIANS WHICH INHABIT THE COUNTRY.

Habits of the Botocudos—Pleasant People Who Make Parlor Ornaments of Their Enemies' Heads.

OF the 12,000,000 people now occupying Brazil not quite one-third, says Fannie B. Ward in the Washington Star, are "Caucasian," and in the majority of individual cases they are so largely "mixed" as hardly to deserve the name. Another third are negroes; less than one-tenth are Indians, and the rest come under the general head of Metis, or mixed beyond classification. The first, the educated, generally wealthy and comparatively white Portuguese, Brazilians, Spanish-Brazilians and Saxon-Brazilians, whether planters, politicians, merchants or gentlemen of leisure, are naturally the ruling class; as in all Nations of mixed races the whitest, though in ever so small a minority, are the controlling element. To these should be added the soldiers, for though the rank and file shade from black and tan to ebony they are officered by white men of commanding talent and influence. It was they who wrought the recent revolution which overthrew an Empire (really against the wishes of the majority of Brazilians outside the capital), who ousted the first President in the beginning of his term, and are capable at any time of any sort of political overturning.

Brazilian Indians are said to be about the ugliest human beings on the face of the earth, not excepting the "Diggers" of lower California and the tribes of Tierra del Fuego. The Botocudos, who are most noted, have advanced far enough to till small patches of land, live in huts, raise cattle and weave mats for sale. The Portuguese gave them their singular name from the word potogue, meaning a barrel bung—from their habit of wearing large, round disks of wood in their ears and under lips. This fashion used to go so far that in middle life many of them had stiff under lips projecting five or six inches, holding a plug as big as the top of a coffee cup. Of late years the custom is mostly discontinued. The men varnish themselves all over with bright yellow paint made from the bark and gum of a species of palm; and the women "dress up" as some civilized ladies do, by applying a few streaks of white and red to their faces and arms. Though many of the Botocudos are now partially civilized, we are assured that those of the far interior are yet cannibals to the extent of eating their captives taken in war. Like the Greeks of the Homeric age, they consider it the greatest of evils to lie unburied after death; so they delight in making flutes and trumpets of their enemies' bones. I have the questionable pleasure of owning one of these ghastly trophies, which has five holes, and is ornamented with tufts of red and yellow feathers attached to the bone by strings; but requires somebody more courageous than you correspondent to test its value as a musical instrument by personal experiment.

There is another Brazilian tribe, whose name I do not remember, who are an almost exact counterpart of the Pueblos of Mexico and Arizona—simple, peaceful and industrious. They live near the coast and are doubtless descendants of those Pinzon and other early voyagers first encountered. But unfortunately they are few in number and rapidly dying out, for among their fierce neighbors the "turn unto him the other cheek also" principle is disastrous to life and property. There are many scattered tribes of unclaimed savages, most of whom are wandering cannibals and all implacably hostile. Perhaps the most interesting among these (at a safe distance) are the Manducos or "Be-headers," who, with their allies, are said to number between twenty and thirty thousand. They live up the Magdalena Tapaio, the Negro and other tributaries of the Amazon, in palm-leaf huts set around a central maloca; the latter not the dwelling of a chief, as might be supposed, but rather a grand council chamber, fortress, arsenal and general pow-wow room. In it are deposited these horrible trophies, the severed heads of their enemies, which are given to the Manducos their three neighbors. Unlike the Jivaro of the high eastern Ecuador, they do not extract the skull, but by some savage process of embalming keep the cranial cavity nearly entire as possible, inserting false eyes (made of bits of shell or polished quartz), the long hair combed carefully out and decorated with strings of fockcock and macaw feathers, feather earrings in the ears and dried strings passed through the tongue by which to suspend the trophy. The peaceful tide of civilization is not yet

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