

# The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKERS, EDITOR.

"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL."

50 CENTS A YEAR

VOL. XX.

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NO. 9.

Lambs must have golden fleeces when New York Stock Exchange seats are sold for \$80,000 apiece.

The leading bookmen of England, France and Germany are once more agitating the question of international copyright. The trend of opinion seems to be in the line of an extended term for copyright protection of authors and publishers.

It is hoped that no controversy as to which had the honor of restraining European interference in the Spanish-American war will be permitted to add to the misunderstandings between England and Russia. There is no need for going beyond Asia in quest of material for discussion.

Wireless telegraphy is still at its beginnings, and while there seems reason to hope that its practical application will prove successful, until it is in everyday use across great distances, one does well to refrain from speculation upon the changes which such an invention may effect, thinks the New York Post.

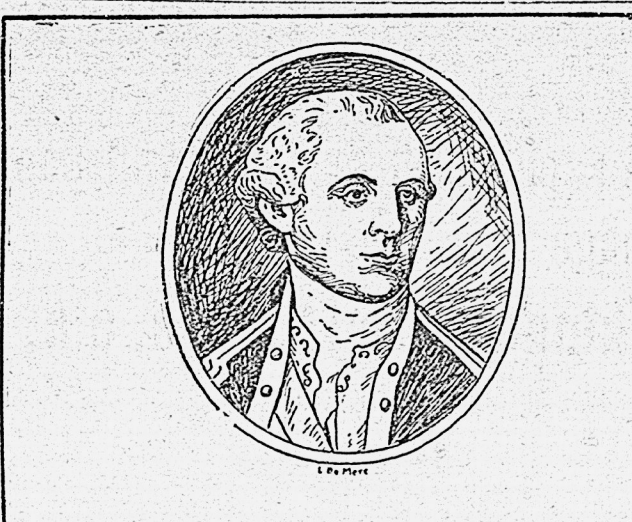
England established her supremacy as a manufacturing nation by the same kind of enterprise that now gives America the advantage. While other nations were using obsolete machinery and old methods England discarded them, but at present the dry rot of conservatism has seized upon the British manufacturer, and he blames his workmen, not himself, for the industrial invasion of England by America, explains the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

In Scribner's Magazine, Frank A. Vanderbilt, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, takes the reader on a tour of discovery into the lands that have been invaded by the products of American genius and enterprise. It shows us an American self-blister reaper at work on the steppes of Russia, an American-equipped electric railway passing the pyramids of Egypt, American coal-handling machinery and bridges in Germany, American electric cars in Cairo, American typewriters in Uganda, American cash registers in Durban, American bridges in Burma, American windmills in Bombay, and an American electric railway in Korea.

A curious accident has happened to the British warship Sanspareil. When using her submerged tubes one of them failed to close after the torpedo left the tube, and in consequence the submerged room was flooded. Several hundred tons of water entered the compartment and submerged the ship's stern about three feet. This is rather more sinkage than the theory of things allows for; on the other hand there is, or was, an impression that the sinking of this compartment would capsize the ship. This did not happen, and the water was pumped out by the ship's own appliances without difficulty. But the incident, says the London Engineer, suggests very well what might happen in action.

Chicago has a "Four Hours Sleep Club," composed of young and lusty business men, but mainly of elderly men of leisure. The theory of the members is that too much time is wasted in sleep. They think sleep is a matter of habit when it exceeds four hours a night. No doubt some persons can accustom themselves to doing with four hours sleep, or to the need of ten hours sleep. Still, in every case the amount of sleep which is actually required to preserve mental and physical health and energy is regulated by the waste of tissue in the day. One may not be able to determine exactly what this requirement is, but he can avoid the extremes. Unfortunately there is no warning when habit induces a person to take too little or too much sleep; but the general opinion is that seven or eight hours sleep is needed by the mature who have not reached old age, and whose occupations are not exceptionally exacting. Persons who take too little sleep will almost certainly break down earlier than they would if they should sleep enough. There is less danger in excessive sleep than in too little.

There are some forms of English "sport" to which the average American can never reconcile his conscience. In this category must be placed the running of the stag-hounds, a relic of the ruler past. The following item taken from the London Daily Telegraph is a good illustration of how the "sport" is carried on: A curious scene was witnessed at the close of the hunt by the Berks and Bucks Stag-hounds, meeting at Londravet. The deer went across country to Marlow, where it ran through the main street, at the top of the town, eventually turning into High street. At this time, just before 2 o'clock, the thoroughfare was full of workmen and school children, and the unusual spectacle was viewed of the deer running down the main street with the hounds at its heels, and followed by a motley crowd on foot. On reaching the suspension bridge at the lower end of the street the deer took a flying leap from the roadway over the chains and railings into the River Thames, a drop of some twenty feet. It swam to a Marlow boat-house, and was captured there. Being in a very exhausted condition, the animal was killed.



WASHINGTON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE

There is a miniature in my possession by Washington to his wife Martha and her daughter Mary, and her daughter-in-law.

Jam: In Op: Most Obed: To His Serv: G: Washington

10<sup>th</sup> Sept: 1757

Portrait of Washington, supposed to have been painted by Peale in 1777. The original is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Philadelphia more than any other city in the country has endeavored to make of February 22 the occasion to honor the memory of George Washington, declares the Philadelphia Record. Here he lived and governed as the first President of the United States. It is not until now that we have found the greatest collection of relics of the great man and fighter for his country.

It is all of Philadelphia's Washington relics, old-fashioned watches, one of his drinking cups, and indeed, many other relics are there.

And upstairs, in the main building, there is a hair-cloth sofa, huge and graceful, which decorated the Philadelphia house of Washington, and later became the property of Robert Morris. There is the light, trim writing table, of mahogany, brass and gilt, on which Washington wrote the Bill of Rights for Virginia. Finally there is the shapely pew of pine, well darkened and polished by the years.

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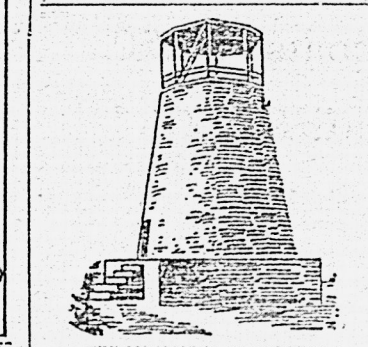
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From Washington's private account book, which sold at auction in this city eleven years ago for \$150, these items are taken:

July 27, 1755—Charge for a box of cards	10
Oct. 12—Gave to a girl, for pocket money	375
Nov. 3—Gave George W. Fayette, for the purpose of getting him some small articles of clothing as he might want and not chose to ask for	100
July 17—Paid for a roll of Pomatum	1
July 19, 1756—By cash sent Harriet Washington, to buy her evening clothes	150
Oct. 18, 1757—Gave my servant Christopher, to hear his expenses to a person at Lebanon, in Pennsylvania, celebrated for curing persons bit by mad animals	25
Oct. 22—Christopher returned of the above	12



THE MONUMENT AS ERRECTED.

On arriving at Congress Junction, a station on the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix Railroad, I found the agent to be a friend, and as at that time there was no place of accommodation near the railroad station, he kindly invited me to share his quarters until train for Prescott arrived, next morning.

While enjoying coffee after supper I was giving my friend a history of my trip, and incidentally mentioned having seen the bearing tree, when with an interest greater than he, when he learned of the bearing tree, he said: "Did you notice signs of an old camp ground anywhere about there?"

"Yes, not more than 100 yards from the bearing tree. Why?"

"Well, there were three men here who were looking for a yucca bearing tree near an old camp ground. They spent three weeks in the search, living here with enough water in their canteens and their dry camp and returning every second night for water. After three weeks search without finding the tree they gave it up and went away, only about a month ago."

"Why were they so anxious to find that tree?" I said.

"Well, it is like this, my friend replied. "One of the three men had been a cook and his dry camp and his employees of the Wells-Fargo Express Company in San Francisco, whom he had interested in his tale, and who were looking for a yucca bearing tree near an old camp ground. They spent three weeks in the search, living here with enough water in their canteens and their dry camp and returning every second night for water. After three weeks search without finding the tree they gave it up and went away, only about a month ago."

"How rich did he say the mine was?" I asked.

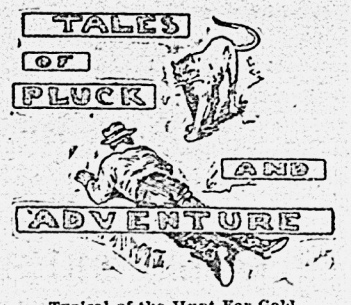
"I knew nothing about mining, but he said that, with only one half he had piled over \$10 worth of gold from the rock."

"I exclaimed, "if he found a bonanza as that, why did he not locate it, or stay with it, and then there were several reasons. To begin with the cook was a green Englishman, who had only been in the country a few days, and he was afraid to tell anything about what he had found, or to show his gold, fearing that the rest of the party would rob him of both gold and skin; so he kept his gold and skin in a box, and came back afterward, but it was several years before he got around to it. The way he happened to come back here was that he had drifted to San Francisco, and was there when he happened to mention what he had found in Arizona to an acquaintance, an express driver, who washed his face with him, with the bearing tree as a starter, he could go right to the ledge, and he had no doubt about being able to find the bearing tree, but as I have followed the whole tale out of his imagination, Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.

The Wolf of Park Point. Members of the Thirty-one Mile Lake Fishing Club will have heard of Park Point in Canada. And perhaps some of the older guides may remember the reason for the name.

Some thirty years ago two temny fish-providers for lumbermen were chased by wolves on the deer neck, forced ice. As the horses became tired, the drivers stayed in a pack barrel, and threw out the meat to their pursuers.

The delay this caused enabled the men to make the point, where for some reason or another the lake had not yet frozen over. One of the men insisted that the water was very shallow



TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE

Typical of the Hunt For Gold.

DURING the summer of '95 I had been on a prospecting trip through the deserts and mountains of central and western Arizona, which terminated in Yuma County, where I deposited my burro, and accompanying a freighter, started for Congress Jet via the Bonanza mine in the Harqua Hala Mountains, Harrisburg and Culpeper's Well.

We had the experiences common to that country of dry camps and desert whirlwinds, but nothing that was unusual or that particularly attracted my attention until the last day of my trip. I had been asleep in the bottom of the freight wagon, but the heat grew so intense that I was awakened, and sitting up I noticed the yucca tree with the letters "B. C." cut in the bark, and nearby there was an old camp ground strewn with rusty tin cans. The ordinary observer might not have noticed the tree, but as I have followed surveying I recognized the yucca as a "bearing tree" of some survey, and was surprised at seeing it, as I supposed the country never had been surveyed.

The yucca was only thirty or forty feet away when the charge struck him, and the whining of the brute as he cried away on three legs, was like the cries of a whipped cur.

Forty Days on a Rock. A terrible tale of the sea is told by the three survivors of the crew of the ship Glencairn, who have just arrived at Southampton, says the London Express.

The Glencairn sailed from South Shields for San Francisco on May 15 last, with a general cargo and a crew of thirty-four men, and a single dog.

After crossing the equator she encountered fearful weather, and was eventually driven ashore at the southern end of Staten Island. The huge sea swept everything from the deck, and man after man was washed into the surging sea, some being dashed to death on the rocks in sight of their fellows.

The only hope of escape to those left lay in getting along the boom, which overlapped a rock, and although several attempted this, all but three failed. The Glencairn soon broke up, and those who remained on board perished.

The three men who had reached the rock found themselves in a hopeless plight. They had no clothing, were weak and exhausted, and there was no sign of any human habitation.

For forty days they existed thus, living upon seaweed and mussels. They had given themselves up for lost when they were found by some men from a neighboring military prison.

Neither they were conveyed, and most hospitably nursed through a long and trying illness, and eventually they were sent home by the Argentine authorities.

Bizzard of 1859 Recalled. The bizzard which has swept over the country in the last few days recalls the awful bizzard which struck West Virginia suddenly in the winter of 1859. Thomas H. Murphy, of Parkersburg, who is now a deputy engineer, remembers it well. He was then a railroad man and was one of the crew on a freight train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The bizzard overtook the train on top of the Allegheny Mountains, and it turned so cold that the steam pipes of the locomotive froze up and the fire under the boiler had to be drawn. The train was stuck near Kanawha, Kanawha County. Engineer William White was pulling eight coaches, heavily laden with holiday passengers, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Coming down a grade near Adin Baber's stock farm, the engineer saw a herd of 200 cattle being driven over the track. It was too late to stop. With remarkable presence of mind, White put the throttle wide open, and going at terrific speed, the engine struck the herd in the middle, killing ten of the animals. The engine pilot and coach steps were torn off the train, but its great speed kept it on the track.

Miraculous Escape in West. In the Ontario and Western's disastrous wreck near Starlight, N. Y., when four men were killed and an engine and forty-four loaded cars of coal were derailed and sliding down an embankment, William Sawyer, a thirteen-year-old tramp, had a narrow escape from death. He was riding on the rear end of the tender, and was almost asleep when he was nearly suddenly yanked by the swinging motion of the train as the engine dashed down the mountain. The tender was whirled far out and the boy's hold was broken. He was flung about fifty feet, but in some miraculous manner escaped injury. Piles of coal from the wrecked cars were piled up behind and almost over him.

Two thousand species of fish are known to exist in the Amazon.

New South Wales has an agricultural college.

there and the loads of barrels were being dumped into it for safe-keeping.

Thus lightened, the teams outstripped the wolves, who were greatly hindered by their feet slipping on the glare ice. They were freed of their destination. Unfortunately the water is unusually deep at Park Point, and although many an attempt was made, the barrels thus jettisoned, have never been recovered.

It was some years later that the writer was driven to take refuge in a tree, by three wolves, not very far from the little storage cabin on the shore of Big Lake. It was late in November, the ground was hard as iron, so that no scent would lie, and doubtless the wolves were hungry. He was armed at sunset with only a weapon a light muzzle-loading gun.

As he was returning from a long trip he had an ammunition only about two charges of powder, and a small quantity of fine, No. 8 shot. His gun was a good one for clubbing purposes, and his perch not very uncomfortable.

Soon after securing his position, two of the enemies trotted off, giving ground as they went on the track of a deer. The other, a very large, gaunt, evil disposed brute, sat down, and with tongue lolling out, waited for supper to come down.

Finding it intolerable after a time to be gaped in that manner, and fearing lest he should fall asleep and losing his balance full the desire of the greedy animal, the writer took out one of his greatly treasured and finely engraved gold sleeve links, and carefully loaded it on top of a good allowance of shot.

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CHATS WITH GIRLS AND BOYS

Sleepy Time. Hush, hush, hush, hush, dear. Mother will catch you, she's sitting quite near. Her foot on your cradle. Hush, do not weep. But close your dear eyelids and fall fast asleep.

The snowbirds have twittered their loving goodnight. Jack Frost has fresh painted the panes. The moonbeams are bathing the night world in light. Hush, hush, the Moon King now returns. —Detroit Free Press.

Dove and Diver. It seems a long cry from "dove" to "diver," and yet the two words are one and the same in etymology. Dove was originally a name given to sea gulls (the divers), and only later came to be restricted to the present sense. Even now one of the gull-birds (a kind of auk) is called the Greenland dove. Loon and booby aptly describe the awkwardness and clumsiness of the great northern diver and the gannet.

The Duke and the Flower. "This is old saying that there's no accounting for tastes. Surely everybody, you would think, loves flowers. But the third Duke of Bridgewater didn't. He would not allow a conservatory, or a flower garden, or even a shrubbery, at his place at Worsley, in Lancashire. During his absence in London some flowers were once planted in the garden by some one unwary of his grace's hatred. As soon as he saw, after his return from town, he cut off their heads with his cane and bade them be uprooted. Yet the duke was not an ignorant man, and one of the great engineers of his day. His name was given to a canal, which was built after his plans, for the purpose of bringing the coal from the mines near Worsley to Manchester, and which in many ways was a remarkable undertaking.

A Happy Meeting. R. B. Cunningham Graham, the author of those traveling experiences in the tropics which he calls "Thirteen Stories," says that in South America can journeying he one day rode to see a village where, report hinted, some valuable old books had been preserved. He added:

"I got lost and passed the night in a small clearing, where a fat and handsome roan horse was tied. On seeing me the animal broke his tether rope, ran furiously round me four or five times, and then, with a snort, advanced upon me, and put his nostrils close to the nostrils of my horse and seemed to talk to him. His owner, an old Paraguayan, told me that the creature had been with him for fifty years, and for a year had never seen another horse.

"But," said he, "God has given every animal speech after its kind, and he is glad to see your horse. No doubt he is asking him the news."

"During the night I cannot say exactly what the two horses talked about, but in the morning my last ride with me as long as upon the way, and when we parted his horse reared once or twice and plunged. It was a farewell!"

Jack Horner. Jack Horner was a little monkey who lived on a shipboard. He wore a sailor's jacket of scarlet flannel and a cap to match and was very proud of his costume. He looked like a dwarf, a man, for he was brown and wrinkled, and his black eyes peeped out beneath shaggy eyebrows and curiously gray hair.

Sometimes, when the cook was out of sight, he would jump on the four barrel and powder his head like a mallet. The cook scolded, and shook his rolling-pin at him. But in a twinkling they were often given him for breakfast. He would sit in safety, grin and chatter and shake his head and paws to mimic poor old Cato, while the sailors roared.

Jack went where he pleased about the ship, but his own corner was a large dry goods box, turned on one side, and well supplied with clean straw for his bed. This was left to his own care, and Jack was a tidy little creature. He had watched the steward about his work until he knew just what to do. Every morning he shook up the straw with his tiny forepaws, and he had his own corner all his own. He would stand off a little way, and look at it, shake it again, and pat it down. Then he would run for the brown and sweep out his cabin. He washed his face with him for breakfast as the sailors did, and dried them on a towel.

Jack Horner was very fond of smoked herring and hard-boiled eggs. These were often given him for breakfast. But he was not as honest as he was tidy, and would sometimes snatch a herring or an egg, if no one were near, and run off to his stateroom to eat it. One morning he barred his fingers with an egg, and for a long time afterward would not take one, even when offered him.

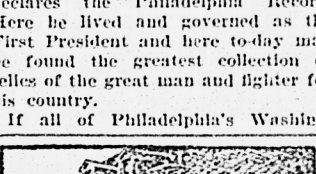
Twice a week there was soap pudding with cinnamon on it for dinner, and Jack was always on hand for his share. He would take his saucer in one paw, his spoon in the other, and eat as the sailors did. Sometimes there were raisins in his pudding, and then Jack was pleased. He would pull out with his finger and thumb, hold it up, and chatter about it in great glee. At Christmas the sailors filled a stocking for him with nuts and lumps of sugar, and he had mince pie and plum pudding. —Mary Johnson, in Home Journal.

The Wireless System Not New. James Watson, telegrapher, who has a monument has just been erected in Dundee, Scotland, went to London about fifty years ago, and illustrated by experiments a system of telegraphing in which the signals were not made by means of flags, but by means of experiments were successful, but as there was no call at that time for a system of that kind they attracted little more than casual attention, and were soon forgotten. The first practical system in 1824 that houses and city streets would soon be lighted by electricity that it would also furnish heat for houses, and power to drive machinery.

An Historic Town Obliterated. Remarkable evidence of the need for a "Jonestown" telegrapher, American, is furnished by the ignorance of most Americans with regard to the status of Jamestown, Va. This small town, in the Shenandoah Valley, is no longer inhabited by any persons except those who keep guard over the ruins there. Jamestown is nothing but a name and a remnant. If it were not for the care with which the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities preserves the old walls and other relics, not a trace of the famous town, we dare say, would be left. —Norfolk Landmark.



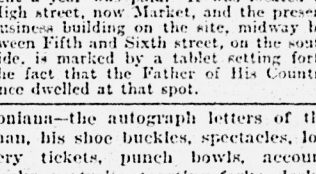
REMINISCERS OF WASHINGTON



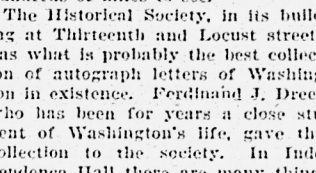
WASHINGTON'S DESK



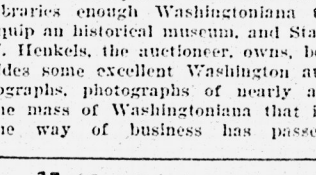
PATTERN OF WASHINGTON'S PEW FROM CHRIST CHURCH



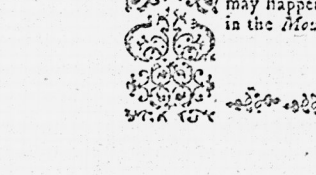
BOWL IN WHICH WAFERS WERE PREPARED



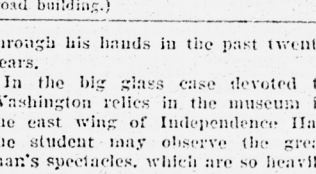
HAIR CLOTH SOFA OWNED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON



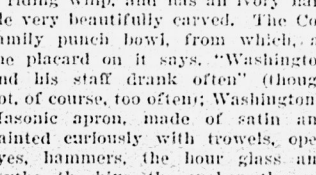
ONE OF THE 'HIT' MUGS



MASON'S APRON WORN BY WASHINGTON



TOASTING FORK



REMINISCERS OF WASHINGTON

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