

# THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XX.

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NO. 23.

"Washington's servants" are all dead now, but series B-4—"Annie who once cooked for Lafayette"—is just beginning.

It is peculiarly fortunate that the new President of Cuba has lived in the United States for a quarter of a century.

A German has just completed a handy little book of insults. The work contains 2500 invectives, which are classed under the headings of insults for men, insults for women, insults for either sex, insults for children, and collective insults for syndicates, groups and corporations.

The Sanitary Record thinks that the "rummage sale" is dangerous as a means of spreading contagious diseases, and that all articles of clothing collected for such a sale should be thoroughly disinfected. The warning is hardly needed now, however, for the popularity of the "rummage sale" is decidedly on the wane.

The automobile is driving the horse out of employment in the equipage of the peerage and dignitaries of the court in London. There have been in the habit of hiring their teams by the season, but the firm which formerly supplied them and kept a stable of 3000 horses for the purpose, has gone out of the business because the automobile has made it unprofitable.

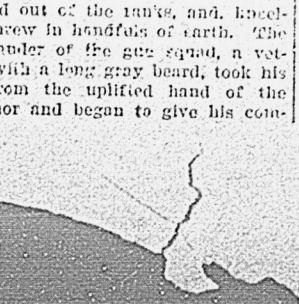
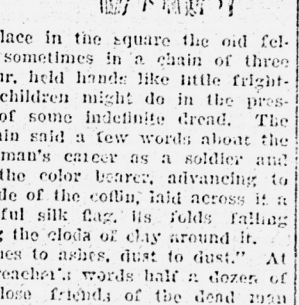
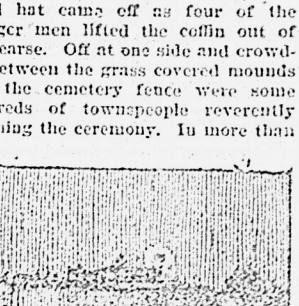
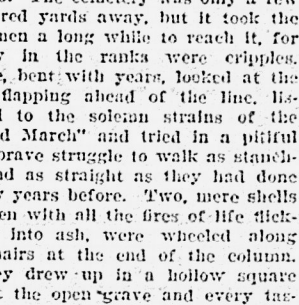
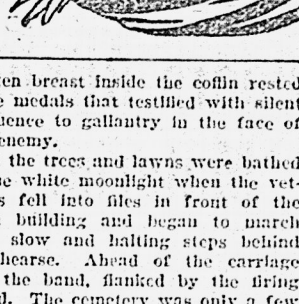
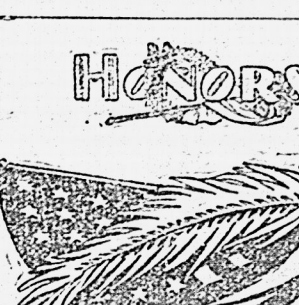
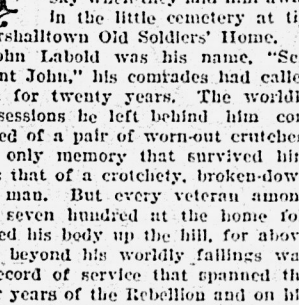
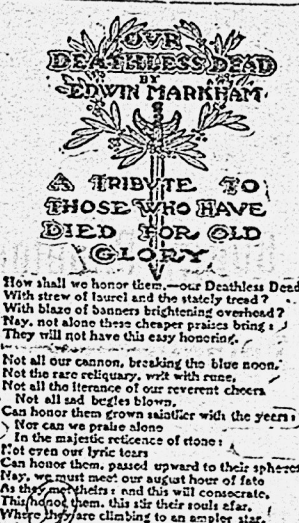
One of the results of a recent investigation of the steam siren used for fog signals by the British Lighthouse Board was the discovery that in calm weather a low-toned siren, with notes of ninety-eight vibrations, will carry more than twenty miles, while high pitched tones are lost at ten. In windy weather, however, the high-pitched notes carry farther than the low ones.

Much has been said about the great achievement of building a railway across Siberia, but we notice in a consular report from Vladivostok that the maintenance of that involves the use on Lake Baikal of an ice-breaking steamer able to make its way through ice thirty-six inches thick. This remarkable vessel is kept busy from December to April, carrying cars from one side of the lake to the other, and occasionally she has taken a week to make the journey of forty-six miles. That is railroading under difficulties—If it is railroading at all—and the completion of the Siberian line seems to have been celebrated with a certain amount of previousness.

There seems to be no end to the accidental discovery of cures for obstinate diseases. Recently a man who had been blind for a quarter of a century had his sight restored by the bursting of a boiler and the escape of steam into his face. Another man was cured of a disease of the lungs of long standing by the kick of a horse. Now comes the authentic story of a man who swallowed the rubber tubing of a stomach pump and recovered from a distressing dyspepsia which had clung to him for years. Unfortunately, one man's meat may be another man's poison, and he would be stupid who should explode a boiler for his blindness, tickle a mule's ribs for consumption or swallow a section of rubber hose for an indigestion.

In the progress of democracy a new ideal of the gentleman has been evolved, and now in the greatest democracy of the world the prevalent notion is that the man who behaves gently is a gentleman, and no other, however lord or born, observes Harper's Weekly. It does not matter whether that sort of man has had the advantages of a university or not, or whether he works with his hand or his head. Some sort of work he must do to live gently, for the idler is always a savage, and can not live gently; he can only live selfishly; and if a man need not work for himself, he needs must work for others. This ideal of the gentleman has been almost generally accepted by the graduates of our colleges as by the graduates of our mines and mills and foundries; and it is this ideal which our brethren of the press have so strenuously defended.

Office buildings in lower Manhattan multiply their wonders for the ordinary New Yorker who does not go about much, says the New York Post. One of the new ones embraces this variety of conveniences in every-day service: News-stand, tobacco counter, cafe, restaurant (with music to lunch), drug shop, press bureau, physicians, stenographers, barber (with his modern associates, the chiropodist and the manicurist), dentist, laundry agent, cable, telegraph, telephone, automobile information, theatre agent, obligatory agent, notary public, etc. You can take an elevator to a man who will draw a will, or one who will arrange a funeral, without going from under your own roof you may liquidate a corporation or buy a locomotive. There are ten elevators in a bewildering row, which announce their coming by electric signals, some going thirteen floors at a jump. Having all this so near as what spoils the New Yorker for any other city in the world—unless he is trying to get away from it.



pany of half a dozen the necessary orders, in a tone as penetrating and brusque as if he were directing an operation in the field of battle with every little headstone stretched out in front of him an ambushed enemy. They fired three sharp, uniform volleys over the grave, the hollow clang of time-battered soldiers coming to the salute and standing motionless. In the middle of the little cloud of rifle smoke that hung low on the grass stepped a bugler and as he put his instrument to his lips with a gallant sweep of the arm the moon peeped the pines at his back and swathed him like a vision, in a flood of light. Why is it that the most solemn service ever devised by man, the stately hush of a vast cathedral, the imposing robes, the stained glass windows, the pealing organ, all fade into insignificance beside that soul-striving, simple act—the trumpeting out of "Raps" over the body of a dead soldier? No man who has ever heard it.

Marion, Penn., the man who sent the signal from the top of Mount Keneshaw to Allatoona, Ga., which saved the ammunition and supplies of General Sherman. Dr. Murdock was one of the signal corps of nine men who received the message sent to General Corse, who was at Rome, twenty-one miles from Allatoona, and who moved his command of 1300 men to the place where the supplies were. Dr. Murdock said:

"It is a matter of record that the Seventh Illinois Regiment, with sixteen-hundred men, did the bulk of the fighting, and had it not been for these men the victory would have been reversed and Sherman would have been annihilated in the enemy's hands. The signal upon which the 'Raps' were sent, was 'Corse, Rome, Ga.—Move your command to Allatoona. Hold the fort. I will help you.'"

The flag which was used to send this famous message on the 4th day of October, 1864, is now in the possession of Major Frankberry, and is to be preserved by him to the principal museum in Philadelphia.

A Unique Observation of Memorial Day. Five little villages in Southern New Jersey unite annually in a unique observance of Memorial Day. They are all close enough to the sea to be dominated by the thought of it. So it is not strange that when they come to think of the men who have died for their country their minds turn to the vast grave at their very doors. There are only 500 inhabitants, all told, in these five villages, but the idea of celebrating the great sea-graves does not

either on the field of battle, at the quiet army post, or in the haven for these weak and shattered units of the Grand Army of the Republic ever gets it. For the burial notes seem to take into their own all-embracing cadence the tears, the memories, the shattered hopes and the long farewell.

The bugler was a little veteran, a dented-up figure with the marks of age all about him, but with the first note of the bugle he seemed to become

supplent them. When Memorial Day comes around the children of the neighborhood, carrying flags and banners and crowned with flowers, go to a pier which runs out into the ocean, where they stand up and down and waving patriotic signs and their slayers and garlands into the waves, while a bugle sounds and a salute is fired. This ceremony of decorating the common grave of those who have been lost at sea not only can be made a beautiful and impressive one, but has also the significance which would appeal to people—Harper's Bazar.

Memorial Day. That man have set aside U in honor of the heroes who Perished for their country. The day for spreading wreaths and giving voice to prayers Of worth that sacrificed their O sacred day of days. Men put their tasks aside, And heroes bent and gray Trades folk to witness their comrades lie.

The Spirit of Memorial Day. Memorial Day thoughts are inevitably sad. They reflect the sorrows of war, the bitterness of defeat, and the pain of costly glory. Yet they betoken a new national life, brighter, better, sweeter than the old, a life filled with whatever possibilities replacing dismal forebodings. Thus the sadness of the occasion is tempered by the reflection that the great sacrifice was for the good of all, and the flowers strewn over the graves of those who fell in defense of their country are tokens of the higher spirit of citizenship and fellowship which has regenerated the people.

In 1821 thirty-two of every 100 Britons were Irish. Today the proportion is less than eleven per cent. Paris has about 30,000 dram-shops—two to every eighty-two inhabitants.

A FAMOUS FLAG. It Signaled General Sherman's Message, "Hold the Fort."



Dr. E. P. Murdock had with him as guest at the last G. A. R. Encampment Major A. D. Frankberry, of Point

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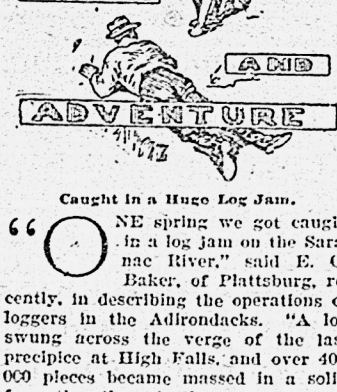
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TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE



He ran down stairs and out across the playground. Coolly pushing a stone under the wheel with his foot he commanded the teamster, a gaunt, shrewy man, to come off his horse.

The fellow grew hostile at once, and obeyed. Jumping down he approached the schoolmaster, ready and eager for a fight, and heated to dangerous anger by his struggle with the horse.

There was enough left of the teamster to drive his horse, while a dozen boys put their shoulders to the wheels and pulled the wagon to the top of the hill.

The pupil whose task it was to ring the bell for the end of recess was a teacher's son. He was a little time to put his clothes in order and wash his face and hands.

Before he laid time to be seated, and as if by a preconcerted signal, the pupils began to applaud. Discipline and modesty made the teacher try to stop them, but it was useless, so he smiled.

He saw the hand of soldiers coming toward the palace. When they arrived, prepared for resistance, and in found the middle-camp of the kneeling.

Half-sobered by the unexpected reception, the soldiers mounted the grand staircase and were ushered into the presence of the man they had been sent to murder.

He stood alone, calm and unshaken, in the center of the great reception hall. He at once addressed them, telling them that he knew the errand on which they had come, but that before they carried out their instructions, he, like every man condemned to die, had a right to speak.

To this they agreed, and he proceeded to explain the situation with a quiet good sense that won their attention. He told them that in the run the greater power must conquer, so that matters stood he had the pledge of the English to maintain him as a knight, but that if he no longer existed, they would be likely to take the country for themselves; and that therefore from a patriotic point of view they had better let him live.

After discussing the matter at some length in this strain, he proceeded to play his last card. He told the officer in charge that he would at once give him in rank, and confer on him the order of the Medjidie. With regard to the soldiers who accompanied him, he would grant that at that moment his body-guard at that moment, he might already have perceived that he was very much in want of soldiers.

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SCIENCE MECHANICS

The Manawatu Railway Company, of New Zealand, recently asked for bids for constructing a steel viaduct, and American and English contractors came in competition in the bidding. The American offer was accepted, however, for the price asked was only about one-half that asked by the English concern.

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THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH. The virile fingers once that thrilled The harp song to sweet delight, Their earthly mission have fulfilled, And now are wraps in night.

This gentle bard whose songs so pure Came trembling down the waves of Has left a fame that shall endure Throughout long years of time.

"Sweet Alice" was the name that died In fancy of a boy and girl, Upon his lips—and o'er the tide He sang again, a boy and girl.

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