Queenstown News.

"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL." Price Two Cents.

QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY JANUARY 30, 1897. NO. 6.

proportion... any other European ... $10 out of a population of ...,000.

There are about 2000 ... in France who are set down as Anarchists, and are under the constant watch of the police of the various European countries.

Officers in the Bavarian army henceforth will not have to fight duels when challenged if they are opposed to the practice. A great relief, indeed; but how in the world are they to satisfy their "honor?" marvels the New Orleans Picayune.

A Spanish matador recently wrote to a London paper to protest against the English habit of denouncing bull fights as cruel. He said the bulls were always killed in a humane manner, and as for the horses, it was a work of compassion to put an end to their existence!

The State of Washington is engaged in the task of reclaiming 1,000,000 acres of desert land within the State limits. In order to render the soil fertile it will be subjected to a thorough process of irrigation. For this purpose a canal 150 miles in length will be ... within the

... JOYS.

... is erected
... snow,
And the wizard
Of the blizzard
Has shut off his biting blow.
When the morning's go... has bust'd
Like a billow on the swamp,
From my cosy,
Rosy, posy
Nest I fly with Persian pomp.
Oh, my spirit's bright and sunny,
And joy's echoes in me wake,
When I pour the shining honey
On the
Buckwheat cake.

Oh, the frosty air is bitter,
And the poodle's eyeballs shine,
And the chicken,
Zero-stricken,
Roosts upon the horse's spine.
Oh, the snowdrifts gleam and glitter
With a gleaming glaring glit,
And the sparrow,
To his marrow,
By old Boreas is hit,
Yet I listen to him chirrup
In the bramble and the brake
While I pour the maple syrup
On the
Buckwheat cake.

Oh, I watch the dumpy possum,
As he wags his tail in glee,
While he's rooting,
Or a-scooting,
To escape the fricassee.
With his nose a frozen blossom
Doth the small boy now appear
At the gateway,
And he straigh... way
Moulds of snow the deadly sphere.
And I see the man who passes
On his ear that snowball take,
While I pour the rich molasses
On the
Buckwheat cake.
Munkittrick, in New York Journal.

BANK MYSTERY.

... JUDGE, I've come
... ask if you'll let
... me tell you what
... no one on earth
... don't know but
... 'bout that
... mystery.
... Yes, thank
... you, I will sit
down. A fine fire feels good on a night like this. 'Tain't often such as I have a chance at this kind of comfort and luxury.

"What do I know about the bank mystery? Land sakes, Judge, time they opened the bank that day ten years ago and found the bank vault broke into and the safe blowed up and not a dollar gone, I could have told it all. The people of Tiverton ain't done talking and wondering 'bout it yet, and there ain't never been no one livin' as could tell what it all meant but me.

"I bought some papers—here they are, Judge—where it's all written down and I can swear to it if you like. I don't want them never used, though, unless I die and something comes up as would make it best for my family to know, though there's things in it I'd ruther die than have 'em know. If it's all the same to you, Judge, I'd like to tell it to you. Seems I'd get rid of a load and would be happier and die easier feelin' I'd spoken it all out to one livin' human.

"You'll be glad to listen? That's good of you. I knowed you was a kind man and a just one; that's why I come to you. No, thank you, I don't smoke; I put all that money away for me wife and children.

"Do you hear that storm? Outside seems like all the evil powers was let loose. You can't judge 'bout it here. It comes kind of muffled like through those thick curtains and it don't shake this great house as it does some.

"It's this kind of night as makes men huddle together, Judge, and plan how to get rich and have fine things such as the likes of you. I've been through it all; I know. I've felt as if I had as good a right to 'em as anyone and I was bound to have 'em, too. I warn't brought up to no trade nor nothin', and fair means seemin' to fail, I took to the other.

"Yes, Judge, I started out in life a thief and a robber. I prospered fairly in a small way, and no one didn't catch up with me for some time. Then I joined a gang in for anything. Lord, but it was fascinating! It was like drink; I couldn't give it up and I couldn't get enough of it. I was in prison and out then, the old story, till I married and began to have little ones.

"Then, Lord knows what helped me—something did—and for the sake of my wife and children, I broke loose from everything and came here, where no one didn't know me, to start over again. I had some money and opened the restaurant just opposite the bank.

"Long as I didn't read the papers I got on well; but let me see them and I'd hunt through 'em for the robberies and I'd be crazy for a while, aching to be in it all again. Seein' 'bout my old pals gettin' in trouble didn't make no difference.

"Time came, though, when I began to enjoy life differently, and to feel myself more respectable. The love for the old life begun to go till I could read about it without gittin' all fired up. I thought then I was all right.

"Then they came here, part of the gang I'd belonged to. First I knowed of it was seein' 'em in the restaurant. I 'spicioned they weren't here for no good and it most took my breath away. They knowed me quick enough, too, and nothin' wouldn't do but I must join 'em. I was the very man ... could help 'em and I ... the biggest ... The ...

"Presently Jim caught my arm.

"'Say, I thought I heard voices, did you?' he whispered.

"'The men upstairs,' I said.

"'Sounded down here. Have your pistol ready.'

"I took my lantern and went round the vault again carefully, and then held it up to examine the walls. Then I shook my head. There warn't no way we could hear no one.

"'It's the queerest place I ever was in,' said Jim, 'and, by Jove, I'll be glad when we are out of it. Why don't that signal come? Suppose there's any hitch? I swear I hear voices again.'

"Just then come the signal and Jim began to apply the dynamite; but his hands trembled so and his eyes looked so wild and excited his own wife wouldn't know him.

"'The money, the money,' he whispered, 'we must have it now.'

"We got out of the way just in time and then out came the door.

"'The inside door, quick,' said Jim, but the explosion had made that fall inside, and we could just lift it out.

"'Have the bag ready,' said Jim, as he leaned forward to haul out the great piles of bank notes and silver we could see by the light of the lanterns.

"'Hands off, or you are a dead man.'

"It was a voice that would most have waked the dead. I dropped my bag and Jim drew back his hand, caught hold of me with a grip like iron, and we began to go slowly back to the ladder.

"'The combination is all right; we have them now, they can't escape us.'

"We were half up the ladder when we heard the click, click of the lock, and as we drew the ladder after us we could hear the rasping of the hinges of the iron door.

"'Fly, fly, for your lives; we are discovered,' said Jim, as he went round to warn the men; and in the darkness and the wind and the rain they went away and I ain't never seen one of 'em since. I heard, though, as when they found there warn't no one there and the bank people didn't know nothin' 'bout it till the next morning, they just believed as the bank was haunted, sure.

"Do I know what it was, Judge? There ain't no one else as does know, that's sure. 'Taint much after all.

"Yer see, playin' round with my little ones, I found as I could make 'em hear all kinds of noises anywhere I wanted, and people cryin' and laughin'. It was fun for them and I often done it; ventriloquizin' I believe you call it; but that night's the last time. Yer see, none of the gang didn't know 'bout that, and I don't keer ever to have 'em know it now. It saved the bank without my informin' and that's all I care for.

"Oh, no, Judge, the bank don't owe me nothin'. You'll take care of the papers? Thank you. I'm obliged to you for listening, too. It kind of makes me feel easier.

"No, no, thank you, I won't stay and take no more of your time. Don't get up; I can find my way out.

"What's that you say, Judge? You honor and respect me—me?. And the bank—Land Judge, 'twarn't me; 'twas my wife and children saved the bank and I'm proud of 'em—proud of 'em, Judge. Good night."—Philadelphia Times.

Mineral Wealth in Siberia.

D. M. Ivan and Peter Kulahoff, members of the Russian Geological Survey, who have been for some time past investigating the mineral resources of Siberia along the route of the great Siberian railway, arrived at San Francisco, Cal., recently on their way to St. Petersburg. They traveled a vast distance of mountain region. Their duty was to explore the country for 100 miles on the strip along which the road runs or is surveyed so as to get a good idea of what the country afforded.

"We found it a wonderful country, both in point of scenery and resources of gold, silver, copper, lead, coal and other minerals," said one of the gentlemen. "It was all we could have desired. We collected many specimens of different descriptions of ore which we are taking back with us to St. Petersburg. Besides the minerals there are many acres of magnificent agricultural ground available chiefly for growing wheat, oats, barley and other cereals and vegetables. The great rivers of the country afford fine opportunities for commercial development. It has a thousand interests than can only be alluded to."—New York Mail and Express.

Black and White Pepper the Same.

"It has always amused me," remarked a botanical expert, "to hear people talking of their preference for black pepper over white, and the various explanations they give for the same. Little do they know that both black and white pepper grow upon the same shrub. Over the pepper seed grows a black covering. The seed itself is white, or nearly so. To make black pepper the seed and its external covering are ground up, while white pepper is the seed alone ground up. White pepper is milder than black, the greater part of the pungency being in the covering. A pepper made of the coverings alone would be such—to use a slang term—hot stuff that it would burn the mouth. The black covering of the pepper seed contains most of the oil."—Washington Star.

First Use of Niagara's Power.

The first use of Niagara's power was made in 1725, a primitive sawmill being operated. Nothing more was done in this line until 1842, when Augustus Porter conceived the plan of hydraulic canals, and in 1861 one was completed. The Cataract Construction Company, from whose plant power has just been delivered in Buffalo, was incorporated in 1889.—Scientific American.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Attest—Candor on Canvas—Sterling—An Inference—Possibly—His Experience, Etc., Etc.]

Small profit if we make our mark,
And demonstrate our fitness,
Unless, acknowledging the deed,
The world should be a witness.
—Wood Levett Wilson, in Life.

STERLING.

Cholly—"I lost five pounds coming ovah."
Dolly—"Seasickness."
Cholly—"Naw—pokah."—Puck.

CANDOR ON CANVAS.

Artist—"How do you like the portrait?"
"Well, I don't exactly like the nose."
Artist—"Neither do I—but it's yours."—Judge.

AN INFERENCE.

She—"No; I never met her."
He—"Then, why do you think she is passee?"
She—"I have frequently heard her described as 'kittenish.'"

HIS EXPERIENCE.

Visitor (in suburb)—"Do you find this a good location for a physician?"
Young Doctor—"Not particularly. They all know what to do for malaria, and they never seem to have anything else."

POSSIBLY.

Dramatist (wearily)—"I tell you if William Shakespeare were alive to-day he'd find it difficult to get his plays read."
Friend—"Shouldn't wonder, considering his penmanship."

A SELFISH POINT OF VIEW.

Lady—"But it seems to me you ask very high wages, when you acknowledge that you haven't had much experience."
Bridget—"Shure, mum, ain't it harder for me when I don't know how?"—Life.

A DEFECTIVE GRACE.

Jackey—"But mamma, it's not about what I'm going to receive that it's so hard to be contented."
Mrs. Earle—"What is it then, Jackey?"
"It's about what I'm not going to receive."—Life.

AT THE RESERVATION.

The Missionary's Wife—"And will not Laughing Water try to be like her white sisters?"
Laughing Water—"Laughing Water is trying. Laughing Water now has her feet cramped into moccasins that are three sizes too small."—Puck.

AN IMPROVEMENT.

Mr. Younghusband (reading)—"Ha! —they have finally invented a machine that will photograph sound."
Mrs. Younghusband—"Well—what of it?"
Mr. Younghusband—"Why, I think the baby would take better that way than any other."

TOILET NOTE.

"Miss Powderpuff must have a very highly colored imagination," said the young man with the chrysanthemum in his coat.
"Why?" asked the other with the geranium.
"Because she spends so much time in making up her mind."—Detroit Free Press.

A RETROSPECT.

Pilgrim—"Is this the one o'clock train?"
Ticket Agent—"No; this is last Tuesday's ten o'clock express. We're three days late now."
Pilgrim—"Well, if I take this, when will I get to Denver?"
Ticket Agent (consulting table)—"You will get there day before yesterday evening, according to this table."

KNEW THE LINGO.

An evangelist who lives in the mission is so devout that he never permits himself to think a secular thought, and his tongue cannot frame a worldly word. The salvation of souls in peril is his single thought, his sole occupation.

The evangelist has a very bright little daughter, five years of age. The other day she answered the door bell and found the coal man there with a bill.

"Papa is not home," she informed him, "but if you will come in, you poor, perishing soul, mamma will pray for you."—San Francisco Post.

CHANGED HER OPINION.

Mrs. Hinkley—"I never could bear that Mrs. Darley. She seems to be always saying such foolish things."
Mr. Hinkley—"My dear, I agree with you. I met her downtown this morning, and she cushingly informed me that she saw you and your sister yesterday. When I told her that it must have been you and your daughter she exclaimed so that everybody within a radius of half a mile could hear that she didn't think you could be old enough to have a child so large. Of course, it was all mere gush!"
Nevertheless, the friendship that has recently sprung up between Mrs. Hinkley and Mrs. Darley has caused people who know them to marvel much.—Cleveland Leader.

The importation of spirits into Mexico has diminished on account of the increased domestic production.

The United States exported to Mexico in May, 1896, over $500,000 more merchandise than in May, 1895.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Glycerine is derived from the lye left after making soap, which for ages was considered of no use.

Dropping or striking a steel magnet, or causing it to vibrate by any other means, diminishes its magnetism.

A scientist claims that there are only seventy-two different kinds of venomous snakes in this country.

A new hypnotic has probably been found in the Jamaica dogwood. The fluid extract has been found efficacious in dentistry.

It is said that dew will not fall on some colors. While a yellow board will be covered with dew, a red or black one beside it will be perfectly dry.

A chemical dyeing school for instruction and research has been built at Crefeld under the auspices of the German Government, at a cost of about $100,000.

Aluminum is now used instead of magnesium for "flashlight" photography. The light is said to be equally actinic, while the metal keeps better and burns away more completely.

The preparations for the exploration of the South Polar regions by M. de Gerlache, a Belgian naval officer, are almost complete. The crew of the Belgica will be chiefly composed of Norwegian sailors and harpooners, but of the three officers holding responsible positions, two are Belgians. Three Belgian scientific men have offered their co-operation, and will accompany the expedition.

Rockall, a desolate granite rock rising only seventy feet above the sea, between Iceland and the Hebrides, is to be made an English meteorological station. It lies 250 miles from land, the nearest point to it being the little island of St. Kilda, 156 miles away, and itself nearly a hundred miles from the main group of the Hebrides. Rockall is in the path of the cyclonic disturbances on the Atlantic, and the station there would give timely warning of storms approaching the British coast.

At Klausthal, Germany, a bolt of lightning instantly melted two wire nails 5.32 inch in diameter. To melt iron in this short time would be impossible in the largest furnace now in existence, and it could only be accomplished with the aid of electricity, but a current 200 amperes and a potential of 20,000 volts would be necessary. This electric force for one second represents 5000 horse power, but as the lightning accomplished the melting in considerably less time, say 1-10 of a second, it follows that the bolt was 50,000 horse power.

America Rich in Wild Plants.

Nearly all our grasses and forage plants are introductions from other countries, and every once in a while some botanical novelty is introduced with a flourish, and predatory runs made on the slim bank accounts of the agriculturist, who comes eventually to find the dearly-paid-for article no better than it should be. The botanists of the United States Department of Agriculture have recently shown that our own country is rich in wild plants of this character, and might add largely to profitable cultivation if only our progressive men could be induced to give them patient tests, so as to improve a little on their wild characteristics. The idea is that some far-fetched article must be acclimated before it can be valuable. The department has recently issued a valuable publication, profusely illustrated, showing that there are over two hundred wildlings or natives of the United States which are worth trial as forage plants, many of which would possibly prove mines of wealth to those who would intelligently undertake their culture and improvement. The different species of Hosackia it especially notes as worthy of trial.—New York Independent.

Where Horses Are Scarce.

"In a good many parts of the South horses are scarce," said L. A. Warner, of Knoxville, at the Howard, "and the work usually performed by those beasts is done by oxen. In fact, the latter are preferred, notwithstanding the slow progress they make. I was in Western North Carolina a short time ago, when I met a man whom I knew to be amply able to afford horses if he wanted them, driving a yoke of oxen and carrying a rifle on his shoulder as he walked by the side of his wagon. I stopped and talked to him, and in the course of conversation asked him why he used oxen instead of horses. 'Why,' said he, 'it takes just a day to make the trip to town with the oxen, and on the way I always kill enough game to cook for supper when I get back home. If I drove horses I could never kill any game. It would take all my time to drive, and I would never see anything to shoot.'"—Washington Star.

Wears a Doll's Clothes.

Samuel Donaldson, of Camden, boasts of the smallest baby in Jersey. She is only five days old and weighs 9¼ ounces. Her head will go into a teacup without touching the sides. Her hand will about cover a cent. Her bed is on a down cushion placed in a chair. When she first opened her black eyes they appeared like sparkling pinheads.

Dr. Frederick Pfeiffer says the mite has every prospect of living. She is as pretty as a French doll, with a wealth of very dark hair. Donaldson is a barber, and his wife is the daughter of Thomas J. Francis. They live at 39 Broadway, and have one other child, a girl of three years.

The mother and grandmother had prepared for a larger addition to the family, and the pretty white things they had spent so many hours over were entirely too large. Clothes had to be taken from Sister Ethel's bisque doll to fit her.—New York News.

THANKFULNESS.

Let us be thankful. Life is not so long;
Fast fades the day to night;
Half is but heartache; but some flower of song
Still lifts its leaves in light.

Let us be thankful. We shall one day gain
The summit crowned and high;
Beneath us leave the lightning and the rain
And face the clear, starred sky!
—Chicago Times-Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

On the Sick-List: Notice in a Swiss pass: "No echo to-day."—Fliegende Blatter.

She—"Everybody in the choir detests the organist." He—"Yes; I understand that he is despised as a non-combatant."—Puck.

She—"She is doing her best to fascinate that widower. Of course he has considerable means." He—"Perhaps she thinks the means justify the end."—Puck.

His View: Brown—"Do you believe in civil-service reform?" Jones (who has failed to pass an examination)—"I do. The questions should be made easier."—Puck.

"We must get little Bobby a foot-ball mask." "What for?" "He is going down town with nurse, and I don't want him to ruin the shape of his nose on the shop windows."—Chicago Record.

"Young man," said a wealthy city man to his spendthrift nephew, "I laid the first foundation of my fortune by saving cab-fares." "I didn't know you ever drove one, uncle," remarked the youth.—Tit-Bits.

"Here, what does this mean?" shouted Whooply, as he found his youngest riding a broomstick over the top of the piano. "This is all right. Mamma said if I'd stay in I could play on the piano."—Detroit Free Press.

The Thing for Him: "Don't you think I ought to take iron?" laughed the big fat man, who thought he would be funny with the doctor. "Certainly; and I would recommend hoop iron."—Detroit Free Press.

On the Veranda: "There goes Mrs. Chatwicks. What does she come to Florida for?" "She wants to get rid of her rheumatism." "But why does she bring her three daughters along?" "Oh, she wants to get rid of them, too."—Truth.

She—"It's no use, Mr. Slimly; in my present state of mind I would not accept the most attractive man in the world." He—"No, I see you won't; but, at any rate, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has offered himself."—Tit-Bits.

He—"You have no idea of the extent and force of my love. I could die for you." She—"Yes, I suppose so; but dear me, what a graveyard I should have if all the men who were willing to die for me had been taken at their word."—Boston Transcript.

In the Museum: Aunt Hetty (looking at the Wild Men of Borneo)—"What a pity we can't send out more missionaries to civilize them critturs." Uncle Josh—"I dunno! If them fellers was civilized, they mightn't be able to git sech a good job."—Puck.

A Yacht as a Monument.

It is reported that the cabin of the old yacht Dauntless, the "floating monument," was entered by thieves, and that many articles of value were taken. Soon after the death, a few years ago, of the owner of the Dauntless, Commodore Caldwell H. Colt, his mother, Mrs. Samuel Colt, of Hartford, had the yacht taken to Essex, Conn., and moored in a cove.

The rigging was stripped from the vessel, but no changes were made in her interior, and the big saloon and staterooms present the same appearance that they did the last time Commodore Colt trod her decks. This was in accordance with the expressed intention of Mrs. Colt to retain the Dauntless as a floating monument to the memory of her only child.

Many offers have been made for the yacht, but she has refused them all, and has announced that never again shall the anchors be raised, or a sail bent to the spars. Every summer since her son's death Mrs. Colt has journeyed down from her Hartford home and spent two weeks aboard, accompanied only by her servants and refusing to entertain any callers.—New York Press.

How Seeds Are Distributed.

The whole subject of the methods by which seeds are distributed is attracting considerable attention just now. It seems almost impossible to construct any general law by which to explain the reason for things in nature. It does seem, for instance, safe to say that wings are given to seeds to enable them to fly far away from the parent tree, and thus extend the area of territory occupied by the species. But in many of the large seed pines—the linden, and others, the hollow seeds only are the ones blown away. The solid, perfect seeds remain around the parent tree. The objectors to everything argue that wings are given to fan out the light, useless material. But this surely cannot always be.—New York Independent.

He Fishes With an Axe.

The Cheyenne (Wyoming) correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes: Colonel W. D. Pickett, a rancher on Gray Bull Creek, has a natural refrigerator on his ranch. During the recent chinook in the Big Horn Basin the ice broke up and gorged a little valley on his place, then froze over solid, imprisoning and freezing thousands of salmon trout.

Now the Colonel, when he wants a mess of fish, just walks out with an axe and hacks them out of the ice. The gorge gives promise of remaining in its present state for a month or more.