

Queenstown News.

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"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL."

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The Transvaal is the thirty-ninth Power to welcome the Red Cross Society.

In Bath, Mo., in order to secure a large attendance at one of the city's churches, it is announced in the daily papers that souvenirs will be distributed.

Sir Henry Irving, in laying the foundation stone in England of the new Passmore Edwards Dulwich Public Library, recently, spoke briefly of the incalculable value of free libraries as a medium of good.

The Dutch have a delightfully original way of collecting their taxes. If, after due notice has been given, the money be not sent, the authorities place one or two hungry militiamen in the house, to be lodged therein until the amount of the tax is paid.

"Trocha" and "Mahayo," with the latter accented on the second syllable, are vouches for the Trenton (N. J.) American as correct pronunciation of the two words trocha and Maeco, which are frequently found in the news from Cuba. Gomez is pronounced "Gometh," with the accent on the second syllable.

At some of the Pennsylvania mines coal is

THE CROWN MERRY.
And he whose blessed wondering eyes
Have gazed upon Love's Paradise,
Whose voice hath caught the strain divine,
Whose soul hath listened at the shrine,
What hath he found?

The sight but pierce the empty space,
The voice hath lost its joyous grace,
The soul no melody doth find,
Though neither dead nor dumb, nor blind—
A misery yet more profound,
It love he found.

—M. E. Ford, in the Penny.

THE TELLER'S STORY.

By E. J. VERT.

HAD been in the employ of the banking house of Day & Co. from a boy, and worked my way up from one position to another until I occupied the responsible post of teller. Old Mr. Day liked and trusted me, and, as an especial mark of his favor, was in the habit of inviting me to dinner on Sunday afternoons, a favor I shared with Jerome Naylor, the cashier and junior partner in the firm. Mr. Day was a widower, and his only daughter and heiress, Edith, did the honors of his table.

Beautiful Edith! I shall never forget her, nor do I wish to forget, while I live, the afternoon of our first meeting, one of those days when the growing season storm and yet withholds the heart with a vague something evil to come, and a melancholy which one can't shake off.

At dinner a swift and graceful girl, with her hair drawn in a simple and becoming style, like the perfume of early spring, she came over the table to convert the water into steam for power. The water could be raised to 150 degrees under the terrific solar heat and a huge heater or boiler of this kind covering two acres would furnish 2000 horse power.

By direction of the Omaha (Nebr.) Board of Education boys in the public schools are asked to sign of their own free will a pledge to abstain from the use of tobacco during their school days, with a proviso that they can be released from their pledge at any time on a personal request. The teachers report that the plan has worked well, that very many of the boys have signed the pledge, and that keeping it has come to be regarded as a matter of honor. Better scholarship, better morals and more cleanly habits are among the direct results of the movement.

Senator Davis, of Minnesota, says that the country has never experienced such hard times as in 1857. "Money was not only scarce, but there was no money in circulation—none to be had anywhere. Along the Chippewa, Black, Mississippi and other rivers sawlogs were legal tender. In fact, everything that possessed any sort of value passed as token money. Up in Northern Wisconsin copper was mined, and copper cents were minted and issued by private individuals. The general storekeepers issued their own scrip, and it passed for money. I have seen a ten-cent postage stamp increased in mica passing for money many a time. We had every kind of token money except wampum. We didn't quite get that far back to the primitive method and medium of exchange.

To improve further the public schools of Massachusetts, the State Board of Education, in addition to seeking legislation which would require each teacher to have pedagogic training, will seek to have the principle of skilled supervision of schools extended to each town in the State, observes the New York Post. Thus far there is supervision in 253 of the 333 towns in the State, covering ninety-one per cent. of the number of teachers and ninety-three per cent. of the number of pupils. It is apparent, therefore, that only the smallest towns lack skilled supervision. Among the improvements claimed in the towns under supervision are a better class of teachers, with a truer professional spirit; a more regular attendance of pupils in all grades and increased attendance in the grammar and high schools; a well-arranged and properly balanced course of study; greater care in the selection of books, apparatus, etc.; and greater interest in the schools on the part of parents and taxpayers. This plan of skilled supervision is also extended in Pennsylvania by

rest an invitation couched in such terms and emanating from such a source?"

"I will come," I said briefly, for the cashier's manner affected me with an inexplicably unpleasant sensation, and I turned again to my work.

I returned the Day mansion at an early hour the next afternoon, and, as I had hoped, yet feared, found Edith alone in the drawing room. She did not turn to meet me as I entered, but remained standing near the window, partly enfolded by the curtain. I advanced toward her and timidly offered my hand, which she did not seem to notice. Resentful, and yet loving her—oh, more than ever—I drew back, and said:

"Your father invited me, Miss Edith; I thought you wished me to come, or I should not have troubled you. It is not too late now. You might convey my excuses to your father, and I will go."

I paused, hoping she would answer, but with her face averted, she remained silent. I waited a moment, looking at her graceful figure with a foolish mist rising in my eyes. Then I turned coldly about and was making my way out of the room, when there was a sudden swish of skirts, a quick tip of little feet upon the carpet, and my arm was caught and held.

I glanced at once at the girl who caught the gleam of two violet eyes tilted to mine—eyes that at once smiled and reproached, promised and reproved. I turned and caught both the warm little hands in mine, and I turned to her, and she looked at me with her eyes fixed upon me; and I felt them to my lips and kissed them in turn. Her same seemed to tear itself from the depths of my bosom with an accent of passion and pleading that must have told me the whole story, but she was ignorant of it before.

"Beautiful Edith!" I said, and she looked at me with a smile that was a wave of delicious color swept over her face and throat. For a second her hands trembled in my arms, and then she turned to me, and her eyes sought my eager gaze, and fell; then, with a quick gesture, she withdrew herself, and in cool, even tones welcomed Mr. Jerome Naylor, who pushed past me, and who walked quickly into the room.

Had he seen, had he overheard any portion of our interview? It was impossible to judge. He was gallantly respectful toward Edith, and frankly friendly toward me. Once, as I was about to be conversed flippantly, touching, as it appeared, casually, upon certain deflections of a trusted clerk in a bank with which she held intimate business relations. Once, as I was about to be conversed flippantly, touching, as it appeared, casually, upon certain deflections of a trusted clerk in a bank with which she held intimate business relations.

I felt the Day mansion with a heart that sang like a bird in a cage, and I peered with the whole world. Life was a glorious, gorgeous thing. The purple bud of hope seemed to be upon the point of unfolding into splendid flowers. My life was reckoning without Jerome Naylor.

As the days went by I became cognizant of a whisper, whose source no one could trace—a whisper of something wrong in the accounts of the bank; of money unaccounted for, of books falsified. Alas! in my dreams I gave no heed to the change in the demeanor of my fellow clerks, of the coldness of my employer, of the glances of the cashier, Jerome Naylor, until, without my being aware of it, the bank had been robbed of funds entrusted to my care.

For the moment I was utterly stunned, prostrate, helpless! When the charge was rung into my ears, I started, staggered, stood thunder-struck, unable to defend myself, or to comprehend the magnitude of the crime of which I was declared guilty.

I was commanded to appear before my employer, at his residence, to undergo an examination. When I entered the room, Mr. Day, looking sad and grave, was seated before a small table covered with books and papers. At his right, with his back to me, sat Jerome Naylor, who, in a loud, angry voice I denied the charge of a long and systematic course of peculation, and demanded the production of evidence. Mr. Day looked steadily at me, and Jerome Naylor, in a loud, angry voice I denied the charge of a long and systematic course of peculation, and demanded the production of evidence.

"I am sorry to see our young friend adopting this unwise course, knowing, as he must, that I have a knowledge of his wrong doing, under his own hand and signature."

I stared at him open-mouthed. The infernal impudence of the man absolutely bewildered me.

"You have conspired, in a town of profound melancholy, more than five years ago I detected this unfortunate young man stealing money from the bank. I charged him with his crime, and in the agony of his remorse he wrote a full confession, begging me to spare him and to give him another chance. Considering his years, and the fearful consequences of such an exposure, I consented to condone his offense, making good his peculations from my own slender means."

As it lies upon the table before him, it will suffice."

Then I bent over and read; and as I read the letters swam before my eyes, and a thrill of utter terror seized my limbs, for there, in my own handwriting, was a shameful confession of sin and degradation. My own handwriting! No! a thousand times, no! I knew that it was not, that my fingers had never penned those damning words. But who could detect the difference? Who would admit the foul forgery? No one, no one! For the moment I felt crushed and wholly lost.

As I stood hiding my face in my hands, feeling that in another moment I must sink to the floor, there was a light, quick step behind me, the rustle of skirts, a soft touch on my arm.

"I do not—I cannot think wrong of you, Reginald," murmured a voice that I knew to be my father's. "Father, let me look at that paper."

Mr. Day would have objected; Jerome Naylor, with a white face, attempted to snatch the paper from my grasp, but she was too quick for him, and he was too quick for her. She turned to her father, and the old man, with his sorrowful, benignant aspect, watched her go.

Presently she came toward us again, and the look she cast upon me was one of mingled love, pride and triumph. She went to her father's side, opposite the cashier, and, leaning a cold, contemptuous glance upon his white face, said in a low, even tone:

"Well, then, Jerome Naylor, you lie. Her voice rang out with the clearness of a bell. For an instant there was dead silence in the room; then Mr. Day made a gesture of protest.

"My daughter!" he began, but she checked him.

"Let me speak, father," she said. "I know you wish to do justice between these two. This man," she pointed at Naylor, "is false-hearted, unworthy of your confidence, a liar and a cheat. Once, as I was about to be conversed flippantly, touching, as it appeared, casually, upon certain deflections of a trusted clerk in a bank with which she held intimate business relations."

Mr. Day gave back a glance, then turned a deadly frowning face upon Naylor.

"Can you explain this?" he asked. Once, twice, Jerome Naylor essayed to speak, but could not. Then, at length, a hoarse murmur escaped his lips.

"I loved her, and I know she loved him!"

That was all. Staggering like a man stricken blind, pitifully groping toward the door, he left the room and the house.

He never returned to his desk at the bank, and in due course I became cashier in his place. I held the water-mark beyond price, both because I was a man of honor, and because it aided me to win the sweetest and noblest wife that ever fell to the lot of an unscrupling man.

The largest oval ever seen in Indiana was exhibited in Greensburg by George H. Catron, of the Cincinnati division of the Great Road. The circumstances of its capture were very peculiar.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Not Particular—A Cutting Remark—Making Preparations—No Place for Her—A Tabooed Topic, Etc.

A CUTTING REMARK.
"I hear they've laid off a number of hands down at the sawmill?"
"Yes; so the surgeon was telling me."—Detroit News.

NO PLACE FOR HER.
"I'll wager that woman submarine diver doesn't stay under the water more than ten minutes at a time."
"Why?"
"Nobody down there to talk to."—Chicago Record.

HOW IT HAPPENS.
Poets (ambitiously)—"After all, there are no good fish in the sea as were ever caught."
Grimshaw—"Yes, and very much better. The biggest ones always get away, you know."—Judge.

MAKING PREPARATIONS.
Emma—"And, Charlie, dear, would you have really shot yourself if I had refused you?"
"Indeed, I would! I had already sent to four houses for price lists of revolvers."—Hiegeles Blaetter.

A TABOOED TOPIC.
She—"Would you love me just the same, dearest, if I were poor instead of rich with a piece of soap?"
He—"I have registered a solemn vow never to discuss the financial question again."—Detroit Free Press.

THE MODERN HERO.
Maud—"Who is that deformed young fellow talking to May Stoney?"
Ethel—"Why, that Mr. Dawkins, the famous fall-back. He had his shoulder twisted in the last big match."
Maud—"What a lovely deformity! Introduce me, dear."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A NEW BREED.
"That's a nice looking dog," remarked the kindly old gentleman, who takes an interest in everything.
"Yes, sir. He looks all right," replied the colored man, who was leaning on his crutch, but who had a hot nose of more than usual size. As he passed through the school lane the boys used to call him "Nosey," and this made him so angry that he complained to Dr. Butler, who sympathized, and sent for the head boy, to whom he gave strict injunctions that the boys should not say "Nosey" any more.

First Train Robber (out West)—"Hill! Hill! hill! yer got along wid that jobber-day!"
Second Train Robber (sadly)—"Didn't get along noway. Got the wrong train."
"Didn't yer get the express?"
"Naw, we made a mistake and struck an excursion of real estate agents, an' they took every cent we had."—New York Weekly.

SEVERE.
"The female sex," said Monsieur Calain, lately, "is the most illogical in the world."
"What new proof have you of the want of devotion of women to the cause of logic?" he was asked.
"Why, I have my wife," answered Calain. "I had all the trouble in the world to get her to enter her thirtieth, now, a dozen years later, I can't get her out of them."—The Wave.

FORGOT HE WAS IN IT.
The palm for absent-mindedness is probably taken by a lecturer Gernova, whom a Berlin comic paper calls Professor Dandel of Bonn. One day the Professor noticed his wife placing a large bouquet on his desk. "What does that mean?" he asked.
"Why," she exclaimed, "don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?"

AN EXPLANATION.
Benevolent Gentlemen (indignantly)—"You're a fraud. You told me the other day you were beggins but for your wife and two children, and I learn from the police that your wife has been dead a long time, and that your two children are grown up and in good circumstances."
Beggar—"Indeed, I told you nothing but the truth, sir. I wouldn't be begging, as I said, but for my wife and two children. My wife supported me till she died, and my two children might support me, but they won't. I wouldn't want to be begging with a lie on my tongue."—Traik.

A KALEIDOSCOPE EXHIBITION.
The new woman orator waxed eloquent.
"And what," she demanded, as she came to the climax, "is to be the result of our emancipation?"
She looked around with the calm assurance of one who had asked a poser, and this was too much for the little man who was waiting for his wife in a far corner of the hall.
"I know," he shouted.
"Ah," returned the new woman on the platform, scornfully, "the little man with the bald head thinks he has solved the problem that we came here to discuss this afternoon. We will gladly give our attention while he tells us what is to be the result."
"Cold dinners and ragged children," roared the little man.—Chicago Post.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Occasional instances have been found of perfectly pure native iron in meteorites.

Two Paris aeronauts are going to go to beat the balloon record by remaining twenty-four hours in the clouds.

A kerosene lamp with an electrical attachment is something new. You press a button, and an electric flame lights the lamp.

A pinmaking machine turns out 500 a hour, and some factories have as many as thirty or forty machines at work at one time.

A German inventor at Saargemund has patented an arrangement by means of which a runaway horse can be stopped by simply touching a button.

Since for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. That is about fifty per cent. stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

Lucium, which enjoys the distinction of being the first proposed element to be patented, has been examined by Crookes, the great English chemist, who pronounced it an impure yttrium, and not a new element at all.

It is now said that X rays exist in nature and are produced by the common glow worms. The light from these tiny creatures has the same capacity as the Roentgen rays for passing through ordinary solids. It will even penetrate thin sheets of aluminum.

The latest catalogue gives 11,022 specimens as the number of snakes in the British Museum, London. That is the most complete collection ever made, representing, according to Dr. G. A. Boulenger, 1327 of the 1633 species that are known to have existed.

The chief of the Berlin police has invited his colleagues in the various cities and towns of the German Empire to take part in a meeting for the purpose of discussing the advisability of adopting the Berlin system of identifying criminals by anthropometry.

It is known that the manganese deposits of Arkansas are more extensive than has heretofore been believed. Instead of pockets, it is alleged, beds have been found, and veins varying in width from four inches to six feet. The places almost pure mineral is found, suitable for making both steel and glass.

Irrepressible Boys.
There was a certain Excelsior man in Shrewsbury who was very rich and neat in his attire, but who had a hot nose of more than usual size. As he passed through the school lane the boys used to call him "Nosey," and this made him so angry that he complained to Dr. Butler, who sympathized, and sent for the head boy, to whom he gave strict injunctions that the boys should not say "Nosey" any more.

Repeated, even more angry than before, he said that he would not be satisfied until he had seen the boys ranged themselves in twos, through which he passed, and all fixed their eyes steadily upon his nose. Again Dr. Butler summoned the head boy and spoke more sharply. "You have no business," said he, "to annoy a man who is passing through the school on his lawful occasions; don't look at him. But you, the Excelsior man, turned to Dr. Butler, furious with indignation, for this time, as soon as he was seen, every boy had covered his face with his hand until he had gone home."—Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler.

An Epitaph Artist.
Last year two performing horses named Alpha and Beta amazed all England with their marvelous tricks. Alpha, dressed like Saucy Gamp, wheeled Beta in a baby carriage, Beta being a very small pony. Besides this, Alpha played on the harmonium, and his friends were convinced that he played "God Save the Queen," although there were no notes who said it took a finer ear than that to make out the air. But he did write his name, holding a pen in his lips, and he pulled out the letters of the alphabet as they were called out to him.

This year Alpha and Beta are before the public again with an enlarged repertoire. In addition to writing his name, Alpha now draws the portrait of Mr. Gladstone and aims and fires off a gun strapped to Beta's back. In the mounted line he has added "Home, Sweet Home" to his list, with Beta as setting. Both horses have belittled to the fetlocks and manage to tingle out the air so that it is clearly recognizable.—London Sketch.

PARTNERS.

Love took chambers on our street
Opposite to mine,
On our door he tacked a seat,
Clearly lettered sign.

Straightway grew his custom great
For his sign read:
"Hearts undid while you wait,
Steep in Love and Co."

Much I wondered who was "Co."
In Love's partnership,
Thought across the street I'd go—
Learn from Love's own lip.

So I went and alas that day
Life is hard for me,
I gasp and sigh (By the way,
"Co." is Jealousy).

—E. H. Parker Butler, in Century.

HUNGRY OF THE DAY.
"Why do you always carry your umbrella with you?" "Because it can't walk."—Frith.

When you turn over a new leaf it is just as well not to mention the number of the page.—Life.

"A man is foolish to bet on elections, isn't he?" "How much have you lost?"—Buxbury Gazette.

"Ho—! I dreamed last night that you proposed to marry me." "She—! Did you? Dream again."—Somerville Journal.

Some people are so engrossed in thoughts of a possible rainy day that they cannot appreciate the sunshine of the present.—Frith.

Deserted Wife (in conversation with sympathetic grocer)—"And I trusted him so?" "Grocer—"Confound it; so did I."—Boston Transcript.

She—"Is it not true that two people can live as cheaply as one?" "He—! Yes, if they are married. Not if they are engaged."—Frith.

She rose, agitated, "Janitor," she cried through the speaking tube, "we must have some fresh air. Suppose I should wish to inflate my bicycle."—Frith.

"I want to order this suit," said Clumpsey, and he paid for it all the while he was waiting. All right, sir; it will be ready for you by that time."—Detroit Free Press.

Minister—"Why is it, Bobby, that your father never comes to church any more?" "Bobby—"Oh, it turned out that he had the consumption, at all."—Cleveland Leader.