

THE QUEEN'S OWN NEWS.

VOL. XX.

QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1902.

NO. 16.

A railroad conductor in the West has received a \$1000 ticket-punchers paste in his hat.

The countries of the world will continue to use francs, shillings and other coins. But the American dollar bids fair to become the unit of value.

There have been gentleman burglars, and now come the musical burglars, who play Chopin serenades and Mozart nocturnes to cheer up the burgled and depressed.

A Philadelphia doctor says every mouthful of food should be chewed twenty-two times before it is swallowed. He doesn't go so far, however, as to insist that a cash register should be used in order to prevent mistakes.

It would be difficult to conceive of a more touching and beautiful ceremony than that of the children of Gloucester, Mass., throwing a bouquet into the sea for each sailor who left that port the past year and has not returned. Where are the poets' flights of fancy now?

Deprecate undertakings seem to suit General De Wet's genius for war. The career of this wonderful Boer leader is one of the most picturesque and thrilling in history. Let us hope he will survive the war and tell the story with a soldier's graphic pen, exclaims the New York Sun.

It is man's nature to fly like a bird if he can, and a dirigible is a propelling and steering mechanism powerful enough to defy the winds. The dream that man will one day soar through space from peak to peak is fascinating enough to engage the thought and skill of many minds until the problem of aerial navigation is finally solved.

A petition signed by nearly all the influential people in the city of Liverpool, England, has actually been filed with the municipal authorities asking for the abolition of the one electric street-car system operated there. It does not seem to be in operation for several years, but the Liverpool people do not seem to like it, preferring the old-time slow-going horse tram.

The Philadelphia Inquirer remarks that it is gratifying to learn from an official bulletin which has just been issued that the Government is fully alive to the imperative necessity for providing stations all over the country at which the war ships of the fleet can be at all times safely and conveniently supplied with coal. This is a measure upon which in time of war the efficiency of our naval forces absolutely depends.

Until the roads are greatly improved the balloon and the automobile will be on an equality as to safety, and the former is the more comfortable vehicle because it brings no jolts. The fashion has been set in Europe, and in all seriousness we believe it will be taken up in the United States ere long. A man who is able to own a first-rate automobile is rich enough to affect a balloon, and why shouldn't he? asks the Minneapolis Times.

Either the world lives faster, or else it is at once better pleased and sooner satisfied with a book than it was. A well-known publisher has been investigating the average life of a book compared to what it was twenty years ago. He finds that, roughly speaking, its length of days has been cut in twain. In the old days a novel, if it was read at all, would go on getting readers for a year; now a six months' career is exceptional, and a three months' run worth the while. In less degree, the same phenomenon is noticed in books of science.

In every fire covering a large extent of territory and for a time mocking the efforts of man to stop its rush there is a lesson to the building departments of all American cities. They must insist on the enforcement of regulations which make buildings as nearly incombustible as building conditions and materials will permit. The non-combustible character of the buildings is all that saves Europe from frequent conflagrations such as that at Paterson, which ever and anon baffles the well-organized superman energies of American firemen.

The new stamp which bears the effigy of King Edward has not been received with much favor by his loyal subjects, who regarded it as being highly inartistic. It is going to be changed, but not on this account, it seems that one of the queer customs that prevail in England is that on stamps must face in opposite ways, and the king's head on these new stamps faces the same way as did that of his mother. To such a stickler to precedence as King Edward this is enough to condemn the stamp, but there is another feature about it that displeases him. Through some seeming flaw in the plates of all the new stamps, his majesty's curly top has a slash which makes him look like a battle-scarred German soldier. The result is that an entirely new issue of stamps must be made, much to the joy of philatelists.

BABY.

BY GEORGE H. SULLIVAN.

Wondering, wondering baby lips,
Speaking in an unknown tongue,
Crying, dreaming baby eyes,
Seeing all but knowing not.

Clutching, clinging baby hands,
Seeking objects ever new,
Crawling, crawling baby hands,
Reaching out from me to you.

Baby hearts and baby souls,
Free from all this mortal strife,
Dreaming, dreaming baby souls,
Ere they bear the load of life.

—Boston Transcript.

KING QUINCEY'S HOME GOING

"KING" QUINCEY they called him in the old days, he was an old man, the Governor's staff, the newspapers didn't print pictures in those days, and when the Governor and his official family went to different parts of the State on public occasions the people were always taking King Quincey for the Governor and cheering him accordingly, much to the chief executive's displeasure and disgust, for he was a little, sallow man and physically not at all the people's idea of what a Governor should be. The Colonel himself didn't like it, for he was gentle and kind-hearted and wouldn't have given pain to a mouse. He resigned his staff position, pleading business as an excuse. The Governor, who was as small in some other ways as he was in stature, accepted the resignation with alacrity.

King Quincey was a fine figure of a man a quarter of a century ago. Yes, and only a few days ago, at that. Men of the Colonel's physical stamp do not deteriorate with age—they simply ripen. At seventy Colonel Quincey's hair was pure white, crisp and short, and so was his mustache. His cheeks had the bloom of a snow apple. He was as straight as a lance, and touched the six foot two mark as squarely as he did when he was five-

ty and twenty. People always turned on the street to look at him as he passed. King Quincey always did things in a kindly way, or in a way that kings are supposed to do things, but probably a trifle Stateside. One day, when he owned a big manufacturing concern that was making loads of money and it was making loads of money to-day, King Quincey closed to business during business hours, but during the other hours he stuck pretty close to pleasure. His friends were legion, and they liked not only the king but his game, his champagne and his in-comparable post. Some people say that there can't be too much attention to business if outside business hours business men pay heed to the nurture of his brain by the proper feeding of his stomach. The King had ten young friends, two much pleased and two much displeased. One day, ten years ago, there came a shock. They found the King in his chair unconscious. Resuscitation was only a matter of an hour or two, but when he opened his eyes there was a lack of something in them that had always been there before. King Quincey was a child from that day in everything but physique. He was decrepit, strange by enough, all things that had happened prior to his stroke, but with rare exceptions succeeding events were lost to him with the striking moment.

When he left his bed he turned to his nephews, for the King had neither wife nor child, and said: "I am going to the city to stay a day. I'll go to the Laclede House." The doctors told the nephews to let their uncle go, for he had enough mind left to care for himself. King Quincey came to the city and went to the hotel where all through his previous life he had stopped on his morning, afternoon and evening trips, and he had his breakfast there. He had not heard of his mental stroke. His baggage was sent to his accustomed room. "The King went to the city and said, 'I shall stay here until to-morrow evening, when I shall take the 3 o'clock train for home.'"

The next afternoon at 2 o'clock the King's room for his baggage. The King went downstairs to the office and said: "I have changed my mind, and I'll go home until 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

The next morning King Quincey went to the clerk and said: "I shall not go to-morrow, but I'll go home and take the 3 o'clock train to-morrow evening. The clerk looked a bit surprised, but

said nothing. Every day for ten years King Quincey told the clerk, or the clerk's father, for they changed many times, that he had changed his mind and would not go "this afternoon, but will wait until to-morrow at 3 o'clock." The nephews came to the city and urged their uncle to return home with them. No, he would go the next day at 3 o'clock. They waited, hoping. The next day it was to be the next day, and they went home after arranging the King's affairs and fixing matters with the hotel people.

This old man, as handsome as a picture, made friends with everybody. He was a marked character in the place for years. He loved the children and the children loved him. He played billiards and whist with the men, and he was as small in some other ways as he was in stature, accepted the resignation with alacrity.

He was a marked character in the place for years. He loved the children and the children loved him. He played billiards and whist with the men, and he was as small in some other ways as he was in stature, accepted the resignation with alacrity.

ENGAGED HAND AND ARM WAS CARRYING A BABY.

King Quincey caught Mary up in his arms and with the mother made for the stairway. Some of the employees had stretched a line of house ropes across the floor at the head of the stairs. The King, holding the child in his arms stumbled upon it, staggered forward and pitched down the stairs. As he fell he turned and held the child up. He fell upon his back, but the little one was safe. Some God-given flash of intelligence or the momentary restoration of the mind of his early manhood in the face of peril had prompted him to the saving of the child at the almost certain sacrifice of himself.

They picked the King up. The fire was but a little thing. His chief feature being the overpowered smoke. They took the King, inert and insensible, back to his room and there placed him upon the bed. The doctors said that he could not live. He was beloved of the whole household, guests and servants. In the afternoon the doctor came to see him. He said that he had the headache were those who had known him during the ten years of his sweet, childlike existence.

A still-tongued man in the clock on the mantel, one, twice, thrice. The King opened his eyes and looked at those about him. Something had come into his eyes that was not there before. "It is 3 o'clock," he said. "It is time for the train. I am going home; not to-morrow, but to-day."—Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

FORTUNE TELLING WORRIED HIM

Herzog Promoted to Return to His Wife. He had given up the idea of going to the States, but he had changed his mind and would not go "this afternoon, but will wait until to-morrow at 3 o'clock." They waited, hoping. The next day it was to be the next day, and they went home after arranging the King's affairs and fixing matters with the hotel people.

This old man, as handsome as a picture, made friends with everybody. He was a marked character in the place for years. He loved the children and the children loved him. He played billiards and whist with the men, and he was as small in some other ways as he was in stature, accepted the resignation with alacrity.

He was a marked character in the place for years. He loved the children and the children loved him. He played billiards and whist with the men, and he was as small in some other ways as he was in stature, accepted the resignation with alacrity.

He was a marked character in the place for years. He loved the children and the children loved him. He played billiards and whist with the men, and he was as small in some other ways as he was in stature, accepted the resignation with alacrity.

He was a marked character in the place for years. He loved the children and the children loved him. He played billiards and whist with the men, and he was as small in some other ways as he was in stature, accepted the resignation with alacrity.

He was a marked character in the place for years. He loved the children and the children loved him. He played billiards and whist with the men, and he was as small in some other ways as he was in stature, accepted the resignation with alacrity.

He was a marked character in the place for years. He loved the children and the children loved him. He played billiards and whist with the men, and he was as small in some other ways as he was in stature, accepted the resignation with alacrity.

He was a marked character in the place for years. He loved the children and the children loved him. He played billiards and whist with the men, and he was as small in some other ways as he was in stature, accepted the resignation with alacrity.

He was a marked character in the place for years. He loved the children and the children loved him. He played billiards and whist with the men, and he was as small in some other ways as he was in stature, accepted the resignation with alacrity.

AMERICAN HEROES.

He day of heroes has not gone by. They are slaying up now and then. There is a sixteen-year-old boy, of humble life and calling, living in Chicago, who is the hero of which heroes are made. His name is Oscar Bela, and he is an elevator conductor in one of the hotels of Chicago.

He started the cage up the shaft at the Western papers give full accounts of the action of this brave boy in this emergency and we condense the story here. On the morning of the 2nd of October, 1901, Oscar Bela was on duty at the elevator when the fire was discovered; it was a hot and swift one, and almost at once filled the elevator shaft with dense smoke, while flames began to eat into the base of the shaft. This plucky, thoughtful boy had no idea of running away. On the contrary, he instantly resolved to save the people on the top floor. To resolve with him was to act.

He started the cage up the shaft at full speed, through hot, suffocating and blinding smoke, so stifling that he had to pause to wet his handkerchief and dip it in water. He went safely up, filled the cage with terrified people, assured those who could not get in that he would come back for them, performed woman and children for his bed, and down he went.

Back he came a second time, though the flames were now licking the sides of the shaft, and to save across his narrow way a man who had been trapped. He filled the cage again and down he went with his second load of human life.

A third time he made the ascent, though scorched and well nigh blinded, and this time he gathered all who were left. But before starting down he ran to the door and discovered the invalid wife of Carl Albert, editor of the Abundant. He carried the half dead woman over his shoulder to the door, and down the shaft he went, and half stifled life went out, through smoke and flame.

Arriving at the bottom in safety, Oscar proclaimed his previous career upon the hot floor and prepared to go up once more, if, maybe, some one had been overlooked, but the fire was too fierce and the crowd too dense. Back he came a second time, though the flames were now licking the sides of the shaft, and to save across his narrow way a man who had been trapped. He filled the cage again and down he went with his second load of human life.

A third time he made the ascent, though scorched and well nigh blinded, and this time he gathered all who were left. But before starting down he ran to the door and discovered the invalid wife of Carl Albert, editor of the Abundant. He carried the half dead woman over his shoulder to the door, and down the shaft he went, and half stifled life went out, through smoke and flame.

Arriving at the bottom in safety, Oscar proclaimed his previous career upon the hot floor and prepared to go up once more, if, maybe, some one had been overlooked, but the fire was too fierce and the crowd too dense. Back he came a second time, though the flames were now licking the sides of the shaft, and to save across his narrow way a man who had been trapped. He filled the cage again and down he went with his second load of human life.

A third time he made the ascent, though scorched and well nigh blinded, and this time he gathered all who were left. But before starting down he ran to the door and discovered the invalid wife of Carl Albert, editor of the Abundant. He carried the half dead woman over his shoulder to the door, and down the shaft he went, and half stifled life went out, through smoke and flame.

Arriving at the bottom in safety, Oscar proclaimed his previous career upon the hot floor and prepared to go up once more, if, maybe, some one had been overlooked, but the fire was too fierce and the crowd too dense. Back he came a second time, though the flames were now licking the sides of the shaft, and to save across his narrow way a man who had been trapped. He filled the cage again and down he went with his second load of human life.

A third time he made the ascent, though scorched and well nigh blinded, and this time he gathered all who were left. But before starting down he ran to the door and discovered the invalid wife of Carl Albert, editor of the Abundant. He carried the half dead woman over his shoulder to the door, and down the shaft he went, and half stifled life went out, through smoke and flame.

CHILDREN'S LEISURE HOUR

An Old-Fashioned Girl. In a model of how to behave, observe my Auntie little way. From my manner and dress perhaps you can see I'm an old-fashioned girl of today.

You never hear me make a noise, indulging in laughter that's rude, in or out of company, I'm as quiet as a mouse. And properly prim and subdued.

I cannot play tennis or golf, I cannot play bridge or billiards. While football is rough, and, though many enough, Too unattractive really for me.

I am one of the old-fashioned kind; Oh, I know what you're going to say— That it's dull as ditch-water to you, But perhaps I shall alter one day!

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

THE SHAME OF THE OTHER MAN.

I laughed at one who yesterday Had done a foolish thing; my heart Was glad because he hung his head Because his cheeks with shame were red, Because he played a clownish part.

In mocking tones I offered him My pity and my sympathy, And, turning then, I laughed again; My shame brought gladness to my heart, Because I played a clownish part.

His foolish error made me smile, My looks were light through all the day; His shame brought gladness to my heart, Because I played a clownish part.

In just the same poor thoughtless way, I played a clownish part.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

CHILDREN'S LEISURE HOUR

An Old-Fashioned Girl. In a model of how to behave, observe my Auntie little way. From my manner and dress perhaps you can see I'm an old-fashioned girl of today.

You never hear me make a noise, indulging in laughter that's rude, in or out of company, I'm as quiet as a mouse. And properly prim and subdued.

I cannot play tennis or golf, I cannot play bridge or billiards. While football is rough, and, though many enough, Too unattractive really for me.

I am one of the old-fashioned kind; Oh, I know what you're going to say— That it's dull as ditch-water to you, But perhaps I shall alter one day!

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

CHILDREN'S LEISURE HOUR

An Old-Fashioned Girl. In a model of how to behave, observe my Auntie little way. From my manner and dress perhaps you can see I'm an old-fashioned girl of today.

You never hear me make a noise, indulging in laughter that's rude, in or out of company, I'm as quiet as a mouse. And properly prim and subdued.

I cannot play tennis or golf, I cannot play bridge or billiards. While football is rough, and, though many enough, Too unattractive really for me.

I am one of the old-fashioned kind; Oh, I know what you're going to say— That it's dull as ditch-water to you, But perhaps I shall alter one day!

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.

When I was a child I was very fond of dolls, and I had a great many of them. I used to play with them for hours, and I was very fond of them.