

One Queenstown News

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INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL

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The Astors of New York City pay \$1,000 a year for a special guard of their houses, which, although containing tempting riches, have never been entered by persons with burglarious intent.

The Association of Grand Works of Panama has made a contract with a business house of Halphong for the supply of 1,200 coolies, who will be put to work on the Panama Canal. They are to receive \$30 a month and free board and lodging.

A Philadelphia club of lawyers has called itself the Burlaw, and since it became famous and moved into a new clubhouse in a fashionable part of the city, the members are kept busy explaining that Burlaw was a sort of Scottish common law, whereby disputes between neighbors were settled at an assemblage of the people without the delay and expense of litigation.

The doubles in the present House of Representatives, at Washington, or those having similar names, are numerous. There are three Allens, four Andersons, two Bakers, two Breckenridges, four Browns or Brownes, three Campbells, two Davids, three Hendersons, three Hopkins, two Johnsons, two O'Neills, two Russells, only one Smith, three Steuarts, two Stones, two Taylors, three Thomases, two Thompsons, two Tanners, two Whites, two Whittings and two W. L. Soons. There are twelve Mc's and only five with the prefix O.

It is announced at El Paso, Texas, that the Mexican Government has granted extraordinary concessions to a real estate company to induce emigration to eleven States of Mexico. The company has obtained title to 53,000,000 acres of land in Chihuahua, Sonora, Durango, Coahuila, Zacatecas, Guanajuato, Tamaulipas, Vera Cruz, Michoacan, Galisco and Guerrero, and proposes to establish agencies in all the large cities of Europe and America. The Government has granted exemption from taxation to all settlers on these tracts, and insures proper protection.

One of the curious features of the courts is the number of people who want to change their names. Some desire a new name in order to come into inheritance; others prefer better sounding titles. A Chicago man named "Finker" objected to his name because it "sank" in an unsmooth one, giving rise to much sport and ridicule, to the mortification and disgust of your petitioner. A New York musician with a Russian name claimed that he had lost several positions as a member of an orchestra because his name was hard to pronounce and difficult to remember.

Of the thirty-eight widows of Revolutionary soldiers drawing pensions from the Government, two are residents of Ohio, two of Indiana, two of Illinois, two of Kentucky and two of Michigan. Tennessee claims no less than eight, while North Carolina has five, Vermont three and Georgia three. The other old ladies are scattered about in Maine, Minnesota, Nebraska, New York, Pennsylvania, Texas and Virginia. The two oldest are ninety-five years of age and the youngest sixty-nine, the average being eighty-five. Of course the husbands of these women must have been middle-aged or quite old men with young wives. The youngest woman of the list is Nancy A. Green, of Versailles, Ind., and the two oldest are Susan Curtis of Topsham, Me., and Nancy Raines of Carter's Furnace, Tenn.

The last year has been unusually disastrous to navigation on the great lakes. The Chicago Tribune presents a startling array of figures of losses which have occurred in the last twelve months, and which is appalling. Two hundred and four human lives have been sacrificed and \$2,500,000 worth of property destroyed. Seventy-three vessels went to the bottom as compared to fifty-seven during 1886. Whether the increase was due to the greater severity of the storms or negligence is unknown. The effect of the property losses will be to replace the lost vessels—mostly sail—by steam propellers, lessening greatly the risk of loss and increasing vastly the efficiency of the lake transportation service. While the loss this year was about 21,000,000 tons, the increase for next year will be about 100,000 tons.

The cotton industry in the Southern States is gradually becoming one of the most important industries in the country," says Dr. Beecher. "All over the South great activity is displayed, and now mills are continually being erected. At Columbus, Georgia, one company has added 8,000 spindles to its mill. The cost of building some of the mills has been from \$100,000 to \$500,000, and after they have been erected it has been found necessary, owing to the large increase in the work, to extend them. At Galveston, \$1,000,000 has been expended in building a mill. All the vast expenditure of capital has been the means of giving employment to thousands of people, and the result has been that the working people of the South have bettered their condition. All the resources of the Southern States are being rapidly developed, and if this activity continues, the New South in a few years will be the great rival of the North in the commercial world."

PEACE. Winds and wild waves in headlong commotion. Scud, dark with tempest, o'er the Atlantic's breast; While underneath, few fathoms deep in ocean, Lie peace and rest. Storms in mid-air, the rack before them sweeping. Hurry and hiss, like furies hate-possessed; While over all white cloudlets pure are sleeping. In peace and rest.

Heart, O wild heart! in the storm-world raging; Flit'st thou thus mid-way, position's slave and guest; When all so near about, below unchanging, Are heaven and rest! —C. W. Willis.

THE DONATION PARTY. BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES. "Are you right, Matilda?" said Mr. Perkins, casting a significant glance around him, as he put one foot on the wagon-step and gathered up the reins into his left hand. "Yes, I believe so," answered his wife. "It's the big loaf of election cake in it?" "Yes."

"And the stone jug of maple molasses?" "It's right here."

"And the ten yards of rag carpet, and the pair of brackets, and the cherry vase, packed in tissue-paper shavings?" "Yes, I believe we haven't forgotten nothing," asserted Mrs. Perkins, craning her neck this way and that, to make assurance doubly sure.

"Well, then, that settles matters," said the farmer, briskly adjusting himself in his seat. "Attention, company! Forward—march!"

But as the clumsy old farm-wagon lumbered over the rough, uneven fields and meadows crimsoned with fading grasses, he looked up in a quaint, one-sided manner at his wife's clouded face.

"What on earth's the matter, Matilda?" said he. "A 'ere you was dead set on goin' to the 'ere 'Donation Party' this afternoon."

"I did set cons'idable store by it," said Mrs. Perkins, pumping a heavy sigh out of some unexpressed grief in her internal economy. "But somehow I feel sort of uneasy about leavin' Chatty in charge of things at home."

"Well, no, not to-day," Mrs. Perkins answered. "We calculated, bein' there was so many tramps and roughs a-prowlin' around the country since court-week, as we'd better leave some one to hum to keep house; and she didn't seem 'dick'ly anxious to come."

"Shouldn't you 'er she'd wanted to get acquainted with the young folks," said Mrs. Tackelberry.

"No, not very young, I s'pose," said Miss Tackelberry.

"About sixteen," answered Mrs. Perkins, with suppressed triumph.

"Well, I never!" said Miss Tackelberry. "She must find it awful dull here."

"Not so very," returned Mrs. Perkins. "Been here long?"

"A week."

"Me and sister Typhosa 'll call to-morrow," said the young woman. "I was always one to believe in sociability."

But here Mrs. Perkins feebly announced that "supper was ready," and in the blind rush that ensued, Mrs. Perkins and Miss Tackelberry got separated.

"I don't mind the night, my dear, so long as everything has turned out right at last," said Uncle Asabel, his whole face beaming into a universal smile.

"Neighbors will you sit down and take a snack?" looking hospitably around on the assemblage.

"And that's burned," grievedly murmured Chatty.

"But such as it is, you're kindly welcome to it," he added the former.

"The neighbors decided to return to the Hoffman house, with the solitary exception of Joel Fullerton, who elected to remain and be lectured by Chatty on his foolishness."

"You know I had never seen you," pleaded Joel.

"And you went and spoiled Uncle Asabel's Donation Party, and sold all the articles in that wretched, and made a scene all on account of a bolster!"

"I'll never do so again," abjectly uttered Joel.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Perkins on the back porch, nodded their heads and said, "They guessed it was all right."

THE TEMPLES OF KIOTO. AN AMERICAN SIGHT SEEN IN A JAPANESE TOWN. The Imperial Palace, Temples, Monasteries and Idols Street Japanese Bell-Temple—The Largest Temple.

The visitor to Kioto, says W. J. Holland in a letter to the Cincinnati Commercial, finds much in the round of sight-seeing which recalls his experience in Italian cities, save that instead of churches he is called upon to go the rounds of innumerable temples.

The southern gate is the largest, and is used upon State occasions. The gate on the eastern side of the front of the enclosure, is used by the Emperor, who is not allowed to go in and out by the same way as her august husband.

The temples and monasteries in Kioto proved of far greater interest to me than the palace. The base of the bill upon the hillside in Kyoto whirring, and all the covered with Buddhist establishments.

Japanese bells are not rung, but struck by a wooden beam which is swung against the bell by a projecting bass upon their sides.

In New Guinea. The houses on this part of the coast, as also in the villages inland, are built upon piles varying from four to eight feet in height.

The residence of the Abbot of the Chion-in is filled with artistic and literary treasures. Some of the decorated screens are by celebrated masters, and are truly beautiful.

English sparrows were first imported into this country at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1850. They did not thrive, and two years later another colony was imported.

Not far from the "Big Buddha" is the San-Sai-Gee-Do, or Temple of the Thirty-three Spices, so-called from the number of the intervals between the wooden columns which support the roof.

with small figures of the Kwannon, either embossed or engraved, and it is by reeking these that the marvelous sum of \$3,333 is reached.

SELECT SIFTINGS. The invention of petards is ascribed to the Huguenots in 1579.

A Paris barber advertised a liquid warranted to color the hair or anything else a pure white.

The first dye-house for scarlet in England was established at Bow, in 1643, by Knepler, a Fleming.

A new sort of horse race recently took place. The distance was a mile and a half. The horses walked the first half mile, trotted the second and ran the last.

A resident of India has discovered a tree which is really a weeping corner. For ten days in spring drops of water fall from the tree, which do not appear to interfere with its natural vigor.

The first savings bank established in the United States was the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society, organized in 1816.

A little pamphlet advocating a new system of condensed printing states that it costs the London Times \$2,500 a year to use the superfluous "u" in the English spelling of such words as favour, colour, endeavour, etc.

An Albany (N. Y.) jeweler says morning is the best time to wind a watch. The spring is tightened and it is not so apt to suffer from changes of position.

At Toronto, Ohio, James Williamson captured a live crow in his corn field.

On the way home with it hundreds of other crows came to the rescue and attacked him. He first tried to run away, and then he defended himself with a club.

The houses on this part of the coast, as also in the villages inland, are built upon piles varying from four to eight feet in height. A few steps up a rude ladder lead to a platform, on which some of the family generally recline.

Among the latter I may mention the gray blotch upon the shoji, which is pointed out as the sparrow painter by Nanahama in such life-like manner that it flew off from the bird's place in their presence.

The path from the Kiyomida-dera which we took to reach the Dai-Buten, or Big Buddha, led through a beautiful clump of bamboo.

The remains of the image were melted down and cast into copper coins, a few fragments only being preserved. A wooden image of the same size, hallowed as to resemble bronze, was set up in 1677.

English sparrows were first imported into this country at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1850. They did not thrive, and two years later another colony was imported.

The living stream must flow and flow. And never rest, and never wait. But from its bosom, soon or late, Cast the dead corpse. Time even so Runs on and on, and may not rest. But from its bosom casts away I

That which was but the dream of youth. Begot of wildest fantasy. To our old age, perhaps, may be A good and great and gracious truth.

That which was true in times gone by. As seen by narrow, ignorant sight. May in the longer, clearer light Of wiser times, become a life.

I hold this truth—whoever wins Man's highest stature here below. Most true, and never cease to grow— For when growth ceases, death begins. —Alice Cary.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. The habitually silent man becomes garrulous after he buys a dog.—Boston Courier.

The boy who has a female school teacher knows all about mis-placed switches.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Chinaman in New York is named Taik Talk. It is not stated, but we suppose he is a barber.—Norridown Herald.

In the Volapuk language the word for dollar is "dlob." But it will be just as hard as ever to borrow one.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

When a man gets to be a "society leader" you may generally look for him at the tail end of every other procession.—Burlington Free Press.

"Were there any poets among the ante-diluvians?" a writer asks. There must have been or there wouldn't have been any food.—Boston Courier.

It would seem to the average philosopher that the man who wants to play the most is the chap sailing about in a runaway balloon.—Detroit Free Press.

Some things are quite beyond our ken: Explain why if you can: We say "a man's in liquor" when The liquor's in the man. —Boston Courier.

The old, old story book is down: She reads in the evening—"Good evening, Mr. Sampson." Same She, late in the evening "Good night, George."—Burlington Hawk Eye.

Every once in a long, long while some conscience-stricken wretch returns to the government \$25 which he stole three years ago. The \$5,000 which he stole last year he keeps as a reward for his honesty.—Burlington.

"Doctor, I am troubled with an affliction of the stomach." "Well, sir, if you will describe your symptoms, I think I—" "Stop, doctor. Medicine won't touch it. My trouble is an affection for pie."—Burlington Free Press.

The quickest way of doing a thing isn't always the best or most satisfactory way. A gas leak, for instance, is easiest discovered by feeling for it with a lighted lamp, but very few people care to try that method more than once.—Boston Transcript.

Patient—I've taken all the medicine you sent except this one bottle, and I don't seem to feel any better. Doctor—"Yours must be an aggravated case. Farmer Acorn's cow was took down at the same time you wuz, as I giv' her just the same med'cine exactly, an' it cured her."—Life.

Sawbirds on Toast. Hunting snowbirds on South State street and the avenues is a more profitable employment than hunting ducks in the Indiana marshes. But few persons are fond of this fact, but it is true nevertheless. The palate of the epicure must be tickled in some way; ducks and wild birds are too common, but the snowbird, it would appear, fills the long-felt want. There are millions of them on the south side, and they are being shot and trapped at every opportunity.

The small boys do considerable towards supplying the wants of proprietors of restaurants, but the business has so suddenly developed that grown men have turned to bird hunting, and with reasonable good luck can make from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day. The birds are wholesale at 50 cents per dozen, and four of them go to make a meal, which costs the purchaser 50 cents. The restaurant man, it will be seen, has a profit of \$1 on an investment of 50 cents. So it is apparent that there is money in the business for every one directly interested.

In a restaurant window on State street the sign "Snowbirds on Toast" was seen yesterday. The proprietor was asked if there was much of a demand for such game. He said there was at present, as there always is at this season of the year. The birds are plump as can be, juicy and wholesome; at a working man would eat a hundred of them at a meal without having his appetite appeased.

The birds feed on the grain that falls from cars and vehicles. The hunters are in the immediate vicinity, and either kill the birds with guns or trap them. They go in flocks of hundreds, and a shot fired into their ranks brings down at least a dozen. The hunter has a bag at his side and into it are tumbled the victims. The supply is enormous, and as long as the demand is kept up, so long will the south side hunter continue to make a good living.

There are no snow birds in the field at present, but when the snow comes down for keeps the ranks will be considerably augmented. That a man can make a good day's wages at the business is evident.—Chicago Tribune.

Seal Hunting. In the spring, when the seal comes out upon the ice to bask and bask, and in the warm sunlight, the hunter approaches him by lying down and advancing cautiously, at the same time imitating the motions of a seal, keeping his feet and legs, which he crosses at the ankles, close together, so that they much resemble the hind quarters of a seal. Indeed, when at a distance, I have frequently found it difficult to tell which was the seal and which was the hunter.—Gleaner.

During the last few years the number of the towns on the New England coast has been remarkably...