

# The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL."

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NO. 20.

## THEFTS OF THE MORNING.

"The early death of a youth was frequently said in poor language a return or theft by Aker."

Bind us the Morning, mother of the stars  
And of the winds that usher in the day?  
Ere her light fingers slide the eastern bars,  
A hazy smile before her footsteps lay.  
Ere the pale rays of the misty dawn  
Bind us the morning, and restore our own!  
With her we passed all things we held most dear,  
Most subtly parted from her amorous  
Nothings;  
We tottered, gathered, toiling year by year,  
But she hath claimed it for increase of  
wealth;  
Our gowns make bright her crown, incrust  
her throne;  
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!  
Where are they gone who round our myrtles  
played,  
Or bent the vine's rich fruitage to our  
hand?  
Or breathed deep song from out the laurels  
shade?  
Who drew them to her, who can slack the  
band?  
What lure she used, what toils, was never  
known to man.

Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!  
Enough that for her sake Orion died,  
That by the silver stars she shone;  
That Elio's prince and her splendor wide  
Lies chained by age, nor wins his prayer  
to die;  
Enough that hark! our captive loves make  
man  
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!  
We have beheld them whom we lost of old,  
Among her choir of hours, in a row  
below.  
A moment gleam their faces faint and cold  
Through some high oval window wreathed  
with cloud,  
Or on the wall before her are blown:  
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!  
They do her service at the noisless looms  
That weave the misty vesture of the hills;  
Their tears are drunk to taunting gales and  
booms.  
Their breath the darling wood-bird wakes  
and thrills;  
To to they seek, but far adrift are blown:  
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!  
Yea, cry her Thief from where she lingers  
death  
To where in shadows in the western deep,  
To night of ours she, started, sleep for  
sake,  
Such waits the waiting Night for us will  
keep.

But stay not, still pursue her, falsely flown:  
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!  
Edith M. Thomas, in the Century.

## IN A STREET CAR.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

Everybody that met Gussy Coleman that morning looked at her admiringly; and certainly a pretty girl, stylishly arrayed, red-checked and bright-eyed, and in the best of spirits, is an agreeable object.

There was a special reason for Gussy's good spirits, aside from the fact that she was out for a morning of shopping; but to a young lady who was fond of wandering, and who had just returned from a light-hearted excursion through the city, it was not surprising that she should be in such a mood.

Her shopping to-day was somewhat different from her usual shopping. She had put down on her tablets, after industrious effort to think of something she needed, was a stick of bread and a paper of hair-pins. But she knew she was sure to see something she would want—something she shouldn't get along without; and, as a result, there were certain to be bargains for "this day only" in gloves, and handkerchiefs, and dry-goods stores, as well as in the stalls and stalls, and stalls.

She found herself four miles from home with three bundles, and a pocket full of money, and she was ready to put down on her tablets, after industrious effort to think of something she needed, was a stick of bread and a paper of hair-pins. But she knew she was sure to see something she would want—something she shouldn't get along without; and, as a result, there were certain to be bargains for "this day only" in gloves, and handkerchiefs, and dry-goods stores, as well as in the stalls and stalls, and stalls.

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"Why, my child, I trotted you on my knee when you were, let me say, three feet high—certainly not more than three feet high—I trotted you on my knee!" said Mr. Proggott, excitedly.

Gussy grew pink. Mr. Proggott's remarks were piercingly audible. The young man opposite looked up in a startled way. The two old ladies turned astonished faces toward them.

"I knew you as an infant—I see you now in the full flower of womanhood!" Mr. Proggott went on.

He put hands on his knees and held back for a good view of the flower of womanhood. His sharp eyes twinkled admiringly.

Gussy clasped her hands together within her muff. The young man looked steadily at the floor. The old ladies stared.

Mr. Proggott gazed at her in silence for several moments.

"I have been for many years without the soft refinement of woman's compassion," he proceeded at last, pensively. "Her sweet sympathy, her gentle care, her tender love is a sealed book to me."

He sighed loudly and edged a little closer to her. She drew away as if frightened. Mr. Proggott moved after her.

"A sealed book, and yet I have thought, I have hoped that such happiness may yet be mine. I now believe it."

Mr. Proggott leaned closer, his lips parted in a tenderly-persuasive smile, his eyes aglow with eagerness.

"My dear young lady," he went on, panting, "do not alarmed at my eagerness. Remember that I knew you in your infancy. Think only of my warm affection, of my pure devotion! Accept the heart of one who faithfully adores you."

Gussy sat stunned and motionless. The two old ladies showed her fright. They clutched their black handbags and held them up to their eyes.

The young man turned hurriedly and looked out of the window.

"Look not at my gray hairs. Remember that my heart is young and fresh!" Mr. Proggott whispered, wildly—"and that its throbs of pent-up affection, the growth of years, is yours—all yours!"

She stared at him in helpless, trembling amazement. She felt that the two old ladies were hurrying toward the door, in which the conductor stood idly grinning. She herself was weakly unable to move.

Mr. Proggott peered into her face in deprecation. Then, with a placid disregard of movement at strange variance with his heated face and glowing eyes, he placed himself on his knees at her feet.

The two old ladies, glancing backward, screamed faintly as they stepped out of the car; the conductor laughed unrestrainedly; the young man, with a face of grave alarm started forward.

"Do not do that!" Mr. Proggott was saying shrilly. "Do not hesitate to accept the offering of a man who loves you as he loves himself. I have long hoped and prayed—"

Gussy pulled herself together with a mighty effort. Her heart was thumping furiously and her head whirling round. She looked up at the man who was kneeling before her, and she saw that he was looking at her with a look of intense anxiety.

In another moment—she could not have told how it happened—she was outside the car, and under a friendly grocery awning; the strange young man, laden with her muff, her pocket-book, and the remains of her marsh-mallow, and her shopping, was at her side; the car was rolling on.

"Thank you—thank you so much!" she said, gaspingly. "I—I don't know what I should have done."

"I am only four blocks from home," she said, trying to smile, and she made a movement to relieve him of his burden.

But he was pale and his voice was wretched, and the young man bowed gratefully.

"I will see you to your door if you will permit me," he said.

They walked on, in a palpitating silence. Gussy was trembling still; her cheeks were red and pale by turns, with the embarrassment of her lingering horror. Her companion kept his eyes cast down, and she was feeling a very bright and comfortable as she had a homeward-bound car.

A large share of her complicity was due to the fact of her having bought two handkerchiefs at eight cents apiece, and a pair of gloves for forty-nine cents. She was aware that she should never think of using them; she should probably give them to her father as soon as she reached home; but that did not diminish her extreme satisfaction in their purchase.

There was nobody in the car but an old gentleman reading a newspaper in a corner, a young man leaning forward, with a rumpled expression, and his hands clasped over his umbrella. He and two old ladies in crape bonnets.

Gussy doctored her bundles on the seat at her side, and she rolled over to the floor. The young man, who was immediately opposite, rescued it hastily.

Gussy smiled sweetly; he was an uncommonly good-looking young man. He smiled in return, and raised his hat, the conductor took her fare and rang his bell, and the car jingled on.

The old gentleman in the corner had laid down his paper, and was flexibly regarding Gussy with a keen, steady eye. He was a small, plump old gentleman, with a bristly white mustache, and eyes of an unusual brightness. It seemed as though he had seen him somewhere before.

Her suspicion was verified by the old gentleman's getting up suddenly and coming over to her side. He took a small card from his pocket, and handed it to her. "I am glad to see you," he said, "and I am glad to see you."

"I am glad to see you," she said, "and I am glad to see you."

"I am glad to see you," he said, "and I am glad to see you."

fore, but I noticed he promised mighty soon to see the other day."

And Gussy blushed sweetly and becomingly. The Mrs. Tatum now—  
Saturday Night.

## WISE WORDS.

Happy is he who has no friend to feed.  
Borrowers and beggars are half brothers.

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Trust the cat when the buttermilk is over the top shelf.

Man's passions make him more terrible than any beast in the wilderness.

We should not imagine that all our friends that flatter, or enemies that censure.

The more we know the less positive we become—it is only the ignorant that never have any doubts.

It is better to have thorns in the flesh with care to endure them, than to have no thorns and no grace.

Poverty is not dishonorable any more than sickness; it is only the cause of it that may be dishonorable.

Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence than one of the smallest in ourselves.

He who works for the public has a thousand masters, each one of whom insists upon being served in a different way.

One man can see into futurity just as far as another can, and none of them can tell whether or not will the world be in existence to-morrow.

Art is not a sermon and the artist is not a preacher. Art accomplishes by inspiration. The beautiful reflects, the perfect in art suggests the perfect in conduct.

Truth be it, you find on a rock, you may possibly find, see its foundation but if you proceed to examine its foundation you cause its fall.

Exert your talents, and distinguish yourself, do not think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire. Hate a fellow who prides or cowardice or laziness drives into a corner; and who does nothing while he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out and bark.

## Interesting Emigration Figures.

The New York Star says that this interesting table has just been compiled by the Emigration Commissioners showing the number of alien passengers arriving at this port each year since the establishment of the Commission:

1847.....	129,062	1868.....	312,635
1848.....	159,120	1869.....	288,899
1849.....	229,021	1870.....	272,772
1850.....	217,796	1871.....	227,649
1851.....	279,079	1872.....	268,084
1852.....	329,225	1873.....	282,982
1853.....	324,945	1874.....	240,111
1854.....	329,225	1875.....	341,611
1855.....	329,225	1876.....	329,225
1856.....	329,225	1877.....	329,225
1857.....	329,225	1878.....	329,225
1858.....	329,225	1879.....	329,225
1859.....	329,225	1880.....	329,225
1860.....	329,225	1881.....	329,225
1861.....	329,225	1882.....	329,225
1862.....	329,225	1883.....	329,225
1863.....	329,225	1884.....	329,225
1864.....	329,225	1885.....	329,225
1865.....	329,225	1886.....	329,225
1866.....	329,225	1887.....	329,225
1867.....	329,225	1888.....	329,225

## The Cause of Cracking Shoes.

Many people object to machine sewed shoes on account of the cracking they make when walked in. The cracking is never heard in a hand sewed shoe. The hand sewed shoes are from \$1.50 to \$2.00 in price, but the machine sewed shoes are from \$1.00 to \$1.50. The reason that machine sewed shoes crack when walked in is that the soles are sewed to the uppers through and through with one thread, while in hand sewed shoes what is called the "welt" is sewed by hand to the uppers and the outer sole is sewed to the welt. The hand sewed shoes do not wear better than the machine sewed, but they are more comfortable and adjust themselves to the foot more readily.

Several inventions have been made to obviate the cracking difficulty, and one of these is claimed to be a machine made article. It has the same flexibility and softness, does not crack, and is a hand cheaper. The shoes are made in men's, women's and children's sizes, and some retailers are advertising them as being made by hand. The inventor claims a royalty from the manufacturers for every pair of this make that is sold.—New York Telegram.

When a great artist, George H. Brent, Jean Francois Millet, the greatest of all modern artists, lived a life of poverty. A sad story of the lack of appreciation of that which is truly great, was told to the lecturer by Mr. Arthur Shaw, of Boston. That gentleman possesses about thirty of Millet's finest works, and among them a little picture of a peasant girl, with a basket of fruit by a brook. This picture Millet had taken for every picture which he sold for thirty francs—only \$6—by food for his starving family, and now the picture worth three hundred francs, was one reason why the lecturer advised any one of his hearers who wished to paint to paint for joy of the art only.—San Francisco Atlas.

## CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM.

A PEN PICTURE OF THE FUTURE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

He is Thoroughly Prussian, a living Embodiment of Sullen Determination. A Soldier, with a manly, frank, and soldierly bearing.

Harold Frederick, writing from Berlin to the New York Times concerning the Crown Prince of Germany, says: "Picture to yourself a young man in his 30th year, six feet in height, straight as an ash sapling, with finely formed, slender limbs, narrow hips, swelling chest, and square, broad shoulders, with a small head on a long, flat-throated neck, held upright, and oval face, with an aquiline effect of profile, clear-cut, strong, elastic, banded nose, prominent though not high cheek bones, and good open forehead—all as regular in ensemble as a Greek temple front, and a broad, sharp, cold, gray-blue eyes, light-brown hair, close-cut behind, but longer on the crown, and rising from the temples to the top of the head from the parting across the forehead, and a broad, straight, but loosely curled up at the ends—and you set a fine portrait as words can paint of William, Crown Prince of Prussia, and future Emperor of Germany."

All Europe, with its thousand sons of royal house, does not present another such regal figure. The Kaiser who is dead and the Kaiser who is dying have a certain grandeur, but all the rest of the civilized world with its striking and splendid physical ideas of a soldier who looked every inch a king. But each gained much by the effects of the beard, which, in the case of the Kaiser, was a close-cut beard, but longer on the crown, and rising from the temples to the top of the head from the parting across the forehead, and a broad, straight, but loosely curled up at the ends—and you set a fine portrait as words can paint of William, Crown Prince of Prussia, and future Emperor of Germany."

## Why Rain Does Not Fall Equally in All Places.

We have learned that rain is caused by the cooling and condensation of the moisture in the air. Bearing this in mind, let us study the surface of our country and see why the rain does not fall equally on all parts of it. Instead of falling abundantly in some places, as in New England and some of the Gulf States, and very sparingly in many parts of the West, as in New Mexico and Arizona.

The winds which blow to this country from the south and east, being warm tropical winds, can hold much moisture, and are full of this invisible vapor of water which they have taken from the Gulf of Mexico and the ocean. Coming to the cooler land, they gradually cooled. Their moisture, therefore, falls as rain while they pass over the land, till, by the great extent of the Kansas and Colorado, the moisture being gone, no more rain can fall. But the winds which come to this country from the north and west are colder than the land, and, as they pass over the water, they pick up moisture, and when they reach the coast, they become warmer; so that instead of giving up their moisture in the form of rain, they are constantly taking up moisture from the earth. It is for this reason that the rain is so much more abundant in the West than in the East. The winds which blow to this country from the south and east, being warm tropical winds, can hold much moisture, and are full of this invisible vapor of water which they have taken from the Gulf of Mexico and the ocean. Coming to the cooler land, they gradually cooled. Their moisture, therefore, falls as rain while they pass over the land, till, by the great extent of the Kansas and Colorado, the moisture being gone, no more rain can fall. But the winds which come to this country from the north and west are colder than the land, and, as they pass over the water, they pick up moisture, and when they reach the coast, they become warmer; so that instead of giving up their moisture in the form of rain, they are constantly taking up moisture from the earth. It is for this reason that the rain is so much more abundant in the West than in the East.

## HOW LARD IS RENDERED.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE MANUFACTURE OF THIS ARTICLE.

Why Modern Steam-Rendered Lard is Better Than the Old "Kettle-Rendered" Product.

Lard is defined in Webster's Dictionary as "the fat of swine after being melted and separated from the flesh." This is generic, and is in contradistinction to tallow, which is "the suet or fat of animals of the sheep or ox kind separated from membranes and fibrous matter by melting it down." Previous to the Civil War, when Cincinnati was the great packing centre of the United States and when the State of Ohio packed more hogs than all the other states combined, the rendering of lard was conducted at the packing cases in the same manner, but on a much larger scale, as was practiced by the country and village housewives of the period. The lard and trimmings from the hams and sides were cut up into pieces about the size of a walnut and thrown into a big iron kettle set in brick-work. Fire was applied, and as soon as the fat began to melt a continuous stirring was necessary to prevent the boiling grease from burning. Those who have lived in the country and seen the farmer's wife trying out the lard will remember the odor that attended the operation. It remained in the house for several days. As soon as the pieces of meat adhering to the lard were cooked crisp the lard was pronounced "done." The fire was backed, and as soon as the rendering was completed the lard was poured into a large wooden tub, and as the tub was filled the lard was stirred with a long-handled spoon, and as soon as the lard was rendered the steam was turned off, and the lard was allowed to settle. The lard was then poured into a large wooden tub, and as the tub was filled the lard was stirred with a long-handled spoon, and as soon as the lard was rendered the steam was turned off, and the lard was allowed to settle. The lard was then poured into a large wooden tub, and as the tub was filled the lard was stirred with a long-handled spoon, and as soon as the lard was rendered the steam was turned off, and the lard was allowed to settle.

## OUR GRAVES.

A mound, a stone and violet,  
A bird song in the air,  
A child that gathers flowers and lets  
The wind play with its hair;  
A flock of white-gowned birds  
Ruffled by fairy hands,  
A silver stream that downward runs  
To cheer the lowly dead.

Not mound, no stone, no violet,  
A blue sea overhead,  
A robbing wind that never forgets  
Its chanting for the dead;  
Beneath the stars on summer nights  
That deep, blue grave, how fair,  
The white upon the shore the waves  
Beat low, as if in prayer.

No mound, no stone, no violet,  
No birds, no wave, no star,  
A spot where memory lingers  
What spring and summer brings  
Deeper it lies than deep on graves,  
From land and sea apart,  
A grave, so sad and desolate,  
A grave within the heart!

—Clarence T. Urag.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Best corn remover—The crow.  
A model man—A collector of patents.  
The sweetest things in bonnets—Lenses.  
Constantly in a scrape—The tonorial artist.  
An awful bore—The Hudson river tunnel.  
Suspended matter—The Brooklyn bridge.  
Elevating the sex—These rousing elevators.  
A fruitful theme—The subject of horticulture.  
There's a good many ins and outs in the life of a ball tosser.—Philadelphia Call.  
Corn doings—People who have been kicked for stepping on them.—Burlington Free Press.  
With regard to sparking over the front gate, a good deal can be said on both sides.—Sifting.  
There is a twelve-year-old barber back of the Stock Yards; he is only a little better than a boy.—Philadelphia Call.  
There's no flies on that nose, said the crank, as he sized up the weak batters.—Philadelphia Call.  
In his relation to foreign commerce and to domestic larders the hog bristles with impudent bristles.—The Evening Star.  
"Ma, how do people know that it's a man in the moon?" Mother (silly).—"Because it's always out nights."  
Jack Goodfellow's small-notice—Jack is there any part of you?—Jack (glumly).—"Yes, Jan.—Harvard Lampoon.  
This legend was inscribed on the great door of the Sing Sing Prison one night recently:—"Hair cut while you wait."  
A lady advertised that she has a "fine, airy, well-lighted bedroom for a gentleman twelve feet square."—Cincinnati Advertiser.  
"What made the Tower of Pisa lean?" "Because of the famine in the land." said a boy who got the tower confused with Joseph's brethren.—The Evening Star.  
He didn't see her; they told their love in a coat suit and low.  
But her little brother behind the door blushed.—Globe.  
Lindianapolis, Indiana, has a woman whose voice can be heard for a mile. We do not know a woman here calling it, but she must be successful in it.—Burlington Free Press.  
A little girl showed her brother a star and said: "That star is bigger than this world." "No it isn't," said he. "Yes it is." "The why doesn't it keep the rain off?"—Tid-Bit.  
A circus proprietor having had an outfit carried away from him in a frolic, remarked that he wouldn't mind the lugging so much if he could only get the circus back.—Burlington Free Press.  
I believe, "so you are really engaged, dear. How on earth did you manage it?" "And she—" "The collector helped me. It's easy." "I cannot let a lie. I did it with my little self."—Tid-Bit.  
A candidate for justice of the Peace who was asked what he would do if a man was brought to him in a loaded condition, replied that he would at once discharge him. He got the office.—New York Star.  
Physician's Wife—"Are your affairs in very bad shape, John?" Physician—"Very; but I hope to pull through. My creditors have extended my paper to the middle of the watermelon season."—Kansas City News.  
A terrible test of woman's fortitude was made at the Washington convention, when the chairman asked those who were present at the Seneca Falls meeting forty years ago to stand up.—Kansas City News.  
"What a delicious drink!" said a young woman, who was sipping a soda water milk punch. "Is it flavored by the product of the vine, George?" "No," replied George, "it is a flavored product of the loquacious New York News."  
Mr. Upton Downes (peated by a stranger in a car)—"What time is it by your watch, if you please?" Stranger—"I don't know." Mr. Upton Downes (you just looked at it?) Stranger (he had only wanted to see if it was still in the store).—Tid-Bit.  
Lovers are prone to self-abandonment, as he, tenderly, as they sit looking at each other, and he says, "I love you, what you see in me that you love me." "That what every body says," quipped the ingenuous maiden. Then the scene became comic, as he said, "I love you, what you see in me that you love me." "That what every body says," quipped the ingenuous maiden. Then the scene became comic, as he said, "I love you, what you see in me that you love me." "That what every body says," quipped the ingenuous maiden.

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