The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

Price Two Cents.

VOL. VII.

We'll read that book, we'll sing that song, But when! Oh, when the days are long: When thoughts are free, and voices clear; Some happy time within the year-The days troop by with noiseless tread, The song unsung; the book unread.

MIRAGE.

We'll see that friend, and make him feel The weight of friendship, true as steel; Some flower of sympathy Bestow-Until with quick, reproachful tear, And still we walk the desert sands,

And still with trifles fill our hand, While ever, just beyond our reach, A fairer purpose shows to each. The deeds we have not done, but willed, in to haunt us—unfulfilled. -New York Commercial Advertises

LOST AND FOUND.

from amidst a mass of fluily golden curls. So patient, so loving, who could belo being drawn toward her t. I was with her day after day, reading some birtured that robbed me of my husband, oright tale, or talking to her of the birds, the flowers and the bright blue choest the could. "I will—need the could. "I will—need the could. "I will—need the saw of the sea whe e the waves, in their silvery tell—h m—how—you—loved—him." hoppers. Last year swarms of grass-hoppers ravaged the colony. This year the sea whe e the waves, in their silvery tell—h m—how—you—loved—him." She massed, and har eyes fastened the crickets have taken their place. They spring like grasshoppers, but have vermont. From men down to capiack the father she had never known. And she would press her lips to the ministruct that hung by a golden thread from her neck, and murnur words of love to the least least of the crickets have taken their place. They spring like grasshoppers, but have door which had opened sofily as she a more rand and sustained light. They neck, and murnur words of love to the least least of the crickets have taken their place. They spring like grasshoppers, but have door which had opened sofily as she a more rand and sustained light. They neck, and murnur words of love to the least least on the ground they desired the shift of the bandsome man whose image it bore. She heard nothing "Tell him, darling," she murnured through her terr, "that lat on. They sometimes fall cylory the word line and had the said that and had ground they desired to the shift of the least leaves him were a least leas

I could only press my lips toge her to We sat by that bed th reop back the tears, and presently turn the child's thoughts elsewhere.

Summer passed. Autumn in the South, you know it, fair reader, with its cool breezes fanning away the sultry this death?

by the rost they have taken; and dormut society wakes from its sleep.

That full New Orleans's pulse beat with feverish activity, for it witnessed the opening of the "World's Exposition." And right royally the dear old city welcomed a concourse such as had never before graced her doors. A concourse drawn thither by the grand pageant in which all nationalities forgot their differences, and united in bringing their treasures to enrich the scene. Mrs.

Listen—the sweet—music—nus treasures to enrich the scene. Mrs Eliott's was the vantage point toward which the a lluent visitor to the South-Mrs

"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL."

QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1888.

What I saw of the process of making coffee, writes W. A. Paton to the New York Times from Venezuela, requires no elaborate, carefully-considered descripwhich the a lluent visitor to the Southern metropolis invariably made his way. To a certain number only she gave admission. No thought of a golden harvest to be reaped could persuade her to incommode her boaders by an unseemly crowding in of other guests, so that while other houses were swarming with crowds of humanity that jostled one against the other in the small compass aliotted to them as value received for the liberal stipend paid, ours was free from these discomforts. Father was engaged at the "Exposition Building" all day and far into the night, superintending his interests there.

the public distance. The public distance of the public distance of hereal and little on the little on the public distance of hereal and little on the little on the public distance of hereal and little on the litt

bandsome man whose image it bore. She would sit for hours by the window where we placed her and watch the shifting panorama of busy people in the streets below. And when some sprightly little cll would dance by in childish glee Ada would draw her mother gently to her and kiss away the tears which cloud d those dark eyes for she knew how it grieved her that her only child should be so unlike other children. And n many a pretty touching way, the I tile one would seek to show how little she reckel her own sad lot. Poor child should she knew not that a child's heart is an open book to its mother. But when Ada and I were alone, she would often say.

"Oh. Eurice, why mu t I suifer so! It hurts so bad to cough, and yet I cannot keep it in. And when the doctor comes in the mornings and sounds my lungs, as he says, I could sceam out lond, but I do not cry because mamnas is always there. But it hurts so awful bad."

I could only press my lips toge her to.

I could only press my lips toge her to keep back the tears, and presently turn of the bad to cough and presently turn of the bad the tears, and presently turn of the bad the tears, and presently turn of the heart I gave him years alo is alow as a to a was an on the ground there do the alow is a low as a tried him and the watch had been the street. We list as the tear, that is an open book to its mother. But when Ada and I were alone, she would often say:

"Oh. Eurice, why mu t I suifer so! It hurts so bad to cough, and yet I cannot keep it in. And when the doctor comes in the mornings and sounds my lungs, as he says, I could sceam out lond; but I do not cry because mamnas is always there. But it hurts so awful bad."

I could only press my lips toge her to the bad the tears, and presently turn of the hard the course, I will gladly we lee on the core it with a larger of dead bod ex that it was a larger had drawn near to the beds de. I will have near to the beds de. I will have near to the beds de. I will have on the could have one the drawn near to the beds de. I will ha

Class wintlows commenced to make

Such Spot Exists-Natural-A Fashion-A Genteel Hint-What He Left, Etc.

Tell me, ye winged winds that round my pathway soar.
Do you know some quiet spot where wives ""Hohn or Bill?"
""Hohn or Bill?"
"I don't exactly know," was the reply.
"But he's a regular old skindint and a "But he's a regular old skindint and a

ut off in a railroad accident some years zing past the stranger's head. He e caped with his life, after lid and the dogs had chased him six m les.—Til-litts.

ng so much fun that Mrs. Jones's patience repairer

entirely ethansted. "What must I tie him to, mother?"

he went down street was Leautiful to goes away to try the same game on the grounds of the war.—Philadelphia gued at it curiously.—Pittsburj District.

breath of heated days; when birds of fashion filt lack from roral scenes to brighten the dull city with the spread of their gar plumage; when men go back to the dull routine of business, revivified by the rost they have taken; and dormant by the rost they have taken; and dormant to the dull routine of business, revivified by the rost they have taken; and dormant to the dull routine of business, revivified by the rost they have taken; and dormant to the sweet sensite of the property of the rost they have taken; and dormant to the sweet sensite of the property of the rost they have taken; and dormant to the sweet sensite of the property of the rost they have taken; and dormant to the sweet sensite of the property of the rost they have taken; and dormant to the sweet sensite of the property of the rost of the rost

rail-fence, and asked: know a man round here, named

clam hous no more,
lone, sequestered, leafy dale, some
is an locan girl,
e and such a fearfull at I doubt if he
e and such a fearfull at I doubt if he
can tell the truth about h so an name. I
can tell the truth about h so an name. I sand, ocean gar,
in the first should be can tell the truth about his own manner who and with diet;
we only nature's carpet spreads beneath in this county, and anybody dipoint me in this county, and anybody dipoint me Where only flature's carpet spreads beneath the fired feet.

And wreteleid men are near compelled its enterald folds to leaf?

The lake breeze fannel my heated face and said: "Beat on! There's no sum place."

— Chicago Tribane.

Natural.

A newspaper vendor was asked how business was. Bo h of his legs had been any of in a railroad accident some years.

The lake breeze fannel my heated face and de—John's his brother, I guess."

"An' I'm Bill!" said the old man, a had, cold glitter in his eye, as he whistled to a couple of buildogs by any of the properties of the meanest man in this county, and anybody do point me right to this old Twadd e's house, let's see, I've got his full name written op an old envelope—it's Bill—yes, Bill Twadd de—John's his brother, I guess."

"An' I'm Bill!" said the old man, a had, cold glitter in his eye, as he whistled to a couple of buildogs by a guest the stranger's head. He e caused

rolessor advertises himself as ready to report in any one or more of the following expansions:

Texas Yan—"W tha hose of course.

How or *pose?"—*!Larrper's Bazar, and expansions:

Jones's flow dog was out in the yard glazier, white sm.th, locksmith, gasfitter and bell-hanger, carver, glider and penalty of the line and having so much function that Mrs. Jones's patience repairer and wheelwright.—*Pilts'urg Dis. at e. | Dis. at e. |

Dis. at the content of the following expansion of the line and having the clocks off the line and having the clocks off the line and having the clocks off the line and having the clocks of the line and having the clocks off the line and having the clocks of the line and having the cl

A New Trick of the Tramps.

"What must I tie him to, mother!"
asked Johnnie "Oh, te him to anything. I can't have him tearing everything to p eccs!"
Johnnie went out and in about ten minutes he resurned.
"Well," inquired his mother, "did you get him fiel. You were long enough aboutit."
"Yies'm," said Johunie, exulting a servant identifies the mat, and usually the thinks it belongs to this house. The commenced to make the commenced the commenced to make the commenced the commenced to make the commenced the commenced to make the commenced the commenced to make the commenced to

DELAWARES PILLORY AND WHIP!

Offences for Which Prisoners Are at Newcastle-A Whipping Scene.

The Chicago Times' correspondent ends that paper a graphic description if the scenes enacted four times a year at Newcastle, where prisoners are sen-enced to the whipping post and pillory for various offences. Our informant

The offences for which prisoners are entenced to the whipping post are the various grades of stealing, from petty arceny to highway robbery and burglary, and the punishment is graded according to the ofience. The pillory sentence accompanies the higher grade offences, and the number of lastes is larger to those who aspire to lead in the profession of stealing. The most celebrated within of stealing The most celebrated whip-pings in Newcastle took place about 1871, when several celebrated bank burg-

The name of the Latendar Policy of the Company of the secondary of th

for the compliment lat signd, Ethel.

The compliment late signd and so for me, I shad so mearcely dig arys here without touching on the same same lates and you can be specially supon white men, and the sheriff dath s The Shifting Sands.

A late Charleston letter speaks of the neglected condition of the graves of the Confederate dead who are buried on Morris Island, near that city. For the post twenty-three years the wind has been steadily sweeping away the small in which the soldiers were huried so that the soldiers were huried so that There was a peculiar suicide in Lance. been steadily sweeping away the sand in which the soldiers were buried, so that now in many cases their bones are exposed and blacking in the sun. Sometime, only two or three of these graves are uncovered at a time, and again as many astwenty-five or thrity will be exposed. The spot where these remains are unfurned is near vinegar Hill in full view of one of the bloodest battle-grounds of the war.—Philadelphia grounds of the war.—Philadelphia good at it curiously.—Pittsbury Disposed.

NO. 26.

THE OLD AND NEW

Old radiant faces are the best, However good the new,
The first have smiled and stood the test

Old voices yield the richest rong, Though dark the clouds above

Their echoings are sweet and long With changeless notes of love.

Old lips thrill with a monotone, Their fashioning was in the zone

Of truth, and not deceits. Old eyes glow with a steady light

Old hands renew their youthful might So I will cling to friendships old,

Inconstant hearts can never hold A solace for life's night,

-Henry E. Orr, in Virginian.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Ye, sirree! I'm a self made man and I don't wish you to found it. Mr. Filkin—a self-made man, sir!! "Ah, in deed!" replied Filkin. "I'm really very glad to hear it. Mr. Bjones. Do you know, I always thought there was some

There was a peculiar suicide in Laney