

# The Queenstown News.

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NEUTRAL."

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NO. 47.

The Sioux of South Dakota are dying rapidly of consumption and other throat and chest diseases.

Statistics show, alleges the Atlanta Constitution, that 5,000,000 young men in this country never enter a church.

General Greeley, the head of the United States Signal Service, says that over eighty per cent. of the predictions of the weather bureau are verified.

The Japanese delegations that have visited Europe have picked up so much valuable knowledge of manufactures that the Japanese are now competing with the Germans in China with remarkable success.

In answer to inquiries from Governor Ross, of Texas, over 100 county judges have given their observations in regard to crime in their counties. There is a unanimous concurrence, states the Atlanta Constitution, that felonies and misdemeanors are on the decrease, the general average showing a decrease of at least forty per cent.

A jury at Syracuse, N. Y., a few days ago found a verdict for the defendant, but the foreman blunderingly announced a verdict for the plaintiff, and the Court confirmed the same and gave judgment accordingly. When the mistake was discovered after the jury's discharge the judge said he could not change the record. The case furnishes a riddle for the lawyers.

The Chicago Herald recalls the fact that not many years ago the abandoned timber lands in Aroostook County, Maine, away up near the British province, were almost worthless for agricultural purposes. Later on Sweden and other industrious foreigners moved in, and now, they have made it the most fertile county in Maine.

## LOVE AT LAST IS THE LIGHT DIVINE.

Love at last is the light divine,  
All undimmed by the ages dire,  
Far and pure as the gray star-shine.  
As the dawn to the woodland vine,  
Waking song from a hidden choir,  
Love at last is the light divine.  
At the moon o'er the silvered brine,  
Gleaming down on the tide's desire,  
Far and pure as the gray star-shine.  
So in the world-heart's inmost shrine  
Upward still does its flame aspire—  
Love at last is the light divine.  
Strong with a vestal might benign,  
Quenchless is its eternal fire,  
Far and pure as the gray star-shine.  
Sweetheart, this is a creed of mine,  
Wrought in a couplet here entire—  
Love at last is the light divine,  
Far and pure as the gray star-shine.  
—Ernest McInnes.

## SURREY HALL.

We were perfectly desperate that summer. You see Leila was so miserable that the physician said that nothing but a long summer in the country would do her one particle of good. He said that she did not need medicine, she wanted change of scene, air and diet. Every place where we had been in the habit of going would have painful recollections of poor dear Henry, and, besides, we had always kept our house open in the summer time and the boys could be comfortable at any time they were obliged to run up to town on business and stay over night. Of course we always took the children's nurse and our maid with us, but the rest of the servants remained at home.

Not this summer it was decided to take a house in the country, so near that papa could go back and forth with ease, as he had some special law business on hand that would make his frequent presence necessary.

But where should we go? That was the question. You see we were a helpless kind of family. Years ago papa had started us in the way of going to certain places every summer, and so we had had no difficulty in continuing in the old way. Our rooms were engaged from year to year. We knew that each year we would find the same on the 6th of June, and that on the 15th of August we would find the same on the 15th of August.

Passing into Carrol's room, mamma soon saw that she had been mistaken, for no Carrol was there, and perfect quiet reigned. I tapped her playfully on the back and laughed at her imagination when suddenly, was it from the ceiling? It was from the floor! Where was it from? The room was filled with the most unearthly, drawn-out snore I have ever heard. I tapped her again and she started up, and we looked at each other and fled.

"I panted, as you know, mamma," I panted, as you know, mamma. "I panted, as you know, mamma. I panted, as you know, mamma." It can be seen from the fact that she was standing at the door, all right.

twelve o'clock a storm arose, and not until it had exhausted itself, did the members of the household settle themselves into entire quiet.

"I couldn't sleep last night at all, the seamstress snored so right over my head," complained mamma at breakfast, heavy eyed from want of sleep.

"It seems to have been an epidemic," replied I. "Leila and I couldn't sleep because Carrol snored so over our heads."

"It's no such thing! I never snored a bit, but cook was just awful," protested Carrol, indignantly.

"Nonsense!" replied I sharply, "the idea of hearing the cook through two doors."

Just here papa came upon the scene. Something had evidently irritated him. "I must say, Edward, if I snored as you do, I'd do something to prevent it. You must have something the matter with your throat. I'd advise you to consult a specialist, sir."

Edward made an attempt at contradiction. When papa was in that humor, it was far easier to let him think you had done something than to convince him that you hadn't.

The affair had grown funny by this time, and we all laughingly declared that as nobody seemed to snore and every one seemed to hear it, we would individually and separately awaken the next person who disturbed our rest in the same way.

However, the nights passed with no disturbance, and the circumstance was forgotten until three days later. Mamma came out on the piazza and remarked casually: "Don't you think, Edna, dear, it would be as well to wake Carrol; it is nearly 10 o'clock, and papa does not like him to lie in bed so late, you know."

"Carrol, mamma!" I exclaimed, "why, he's been up this four hours, and has ridden over to Brenton's on an errand for papa."

"Why—" began mamma, then turning pale (she's very nervous, mamma is), and grasping me by the arm she whispered hoarsely, "then what is it!"

"What is what?" I asked in alarm, struck by the expression of her face.

"Why, I passed Carrol's door a moment ago, and I distinctly heard him snoring. I could swear to it."

"It cannot be, mamma," I laughed unasily, "we'll go see, and you'll soon see what a trick your imagination has played on you."

Seven Sleepers" concealed somewhere about his or her bedroom.

As no discoveries were to be made in this direction, I mounted to the attic. I paused a moment in the room of the seamstress and then sat down and laughed till I cried. Poor thing! how she must have suffered!

Among the patent arrangements which the very obliging agent had had put in for the former tenant was a something, I'm sure I don't know what to call it, which had been attached to the chimney which ran down the centre of the house, in order to increase the draught.

When the wind was from the west, there was no draught at all; consequently when the wind was from the west, this remarkable arrangement was put in motion, and created the desired draught. Hence the fact that we only heard it the night of the thunder storm and again this morning while one was brewing.

"Mamma!" I shrieked out of the window, "come up and see the ghost." My call not only brought mamma, but "the whole tribe of Gad," as we were accustomed to call ourselves, there were so many of us, and besides papa's parents had afflicted him with the name of Gadebury, and there we stood and listened and laughed till we were fairly weary.

The children clattered downstairs in high glee, and could be heard at intervals all the rest of the day, imitating the noise which had been such a disturbing element in our household.

Many were the laughs we had over the affair. It grew to be quite a by-word, and we used to say to one another, "There will be a storm to-night. Don't you hear the ghost of Surrey Hall."—*The Yankee Blade.*

**Sledging Up Mont Blanc.**  
A lame man, about sixty years of age, has just made the ascent of Mont Blanc, in the Swiss Alps. In his day Mr. Jansen has been a great mountain climber. He is the President of the French Alpine Club and an astronomer. He was taken up on a sledge which was drawn and pushed by twenty-two guides, and while they had a rather hard time of it in some parts of the ascent the old gentleman sat in comfort on his sledge and let them tug away and flounder in the snow.

When near the top of the mountain, at the Ridge of the Passes, the ascent was almost vertical, and on both sides the beds of snow, apparently ready to be avalanches at the slightest motion.

Twenty-two guides, who were on their waists in the snow, began to tlemau to try walking on their hands, and assured him that they would land him safely on the mountain.

The really courageous man, when he tumbled down, he was so weak that he could not walk, and the work was done by the strength and that the sledge somehow found its way up the hard work and the summit of the mountain, which he has ever taken for granted.

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## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

**Not a Conquest—The Worst of the Bargain—Night—How He Came by Them, Etc., Etc.**

With respectful admiration that suggested fascination. The man across the horse car sat and stared across at me. Till a feeling of elation and a sort of palpitation of the heart resulted from his flattering persistency.

He kept his eyes bent on me, and his adoration won me, till he leaned across and spoke, with an apologetic cough.

"Then I flash in every feature, for he said—the horrid creature!" "Beg your pardon, ma'am, for speaking, but your breastpin's dropping off."

**THE WORST OF THE BARGAIN.**  
Cholly—"That cesh girl gave me a penny for my thoughts, don'tcherknow." Merritt—"Then she must have been stuck."

**MEAN.**  
"Don't you think old Pinchem is a very mean man?" "Merritt! Why he won't clean his finger nails until he gets home so the dirt can fall on his own farm."

**THE PROFITABLE COURSE.**  
"I cleared a cool thou on the street on a tip from Banker."  
"What, that idiot gave the tip!"  
"Yes, and I speculated the other way."

**NEW FURIES.**  
Mrs. De Fashion—"I had some time we had some new furies."  
Miss De Fashion—"I had some time we had some new furies."  
Mrs. De Fashion—"I had some time we had some new furies."

incensed her all the more, and Barnmann at length took refuge in the lion's cage, bolting the door after him.

Wife (at the door of the cage, and armed with a broomstick).—"Come out of that, you coward!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

**ENCOURAGING BOOK.**  
First Lady Manager—"I understand that there are now a great many half-orphan in our orphan asylum."  
Second Lady Manager—"Yes, and at the next meeting of the managers I shall introduce a resolution that two half-orphan be put into the rooms which are usually occupied by a whole orphan. We must run the institution on strictly business principles."

**THE GROCER'S MISTAKE.**  
"Give me a large ham," said a customer, as he entered a grocery store.  
"Very sorry, sir, but I can't do it," replied the dealer.  
"Why not? You have plenty here, and I am ready to pay for one."  
"Oh, that's very different. You asked me to give you a ham, you know."  
"Oh, well, you needn't mind reaching it down. I'll buy it off a dealer who isn't quite so particular with his customers' language."

**POOR CAHOKIA'S BAD BREAK.**  
"Don't you think, Mr. Cahokia," asked the young lady from Boston, she laid down the photograph album and looked dreamily at the statue of one of the waltzers in the museum?  
"That Mr. Robust has a bad break, squire?"

"Yes," replied the young lady from Boston, "I have seen it on the newspaper."

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## TRAVEL IN THE TROPICS.

LIFE HAS MANY DISADVANTAGES THERE.

Some Inconveniences Which an American Will Encounter in Mexico and Central America.  
The visitor to the tropics who has been accustomed to the comfort and enjoyment of the luxuries of life in the United States must resolve to undergo many inconveniences, not to say privations, while the incongruities in the life of the people will awake his surprise.

In Mexico, for instance, the cooking will strike him as being insufferably bad. Garlic is invariably used in the cooking of meat, and to the uneducated taste of an American is most unpleasant. Chile, which is as pleasing to an American's palate as hot coals would be, enters largely into the preparation of food. The bread is usually coarse, dark in color and rather sour in taste. Mexican fruit, especially peaches and oranges, is generally tasteless and far inferior to that grown in the United States. To an American who has been accustomed to reading the papers of the world, each morning in the morning paper to the home paper, the foreign news will be a surprise.

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