

The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL."

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NO. 44.

Maine has wild land worth \$20,000,000 at a low estimate.

The demand for California canned and dried fruit has increased till, the San Francisco Examiner declares, it is almost a boom.

It is proposed to change the uniform of the Berlin police. The present "outfit" is too heavy and cumbersome, especially the helmet and sword.

For the first half of the current year the returns of no less than seventeen English railroads show a falling off, and the loss in coal freights is responsible for more than half of that.

The German merchant marine stands next to that of England. In 1890, the latest year for which figures have been published, German vessels made 65,834 voyages, carrying 21,595,522 tons of cargo.

The New York Commercial Bulletin says that "it may be necessary to secure Congressional action to relieve importers of the hardship of paying duties of duty for a impaired in

AUTUMN'S MIRTH

'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
For, watch the rain amid the leaves;
Vain silver fingers dimly seen
It makes each leaf a tambourine,
And swings and leaps with eldritch mirth
Takes the brow of mother earth,
Or, laughing 'mid the trembling grass,
It nods a greeting; as you pass.
Oh! fear the rain amid the leaves—
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!
For, list the wild among the shaves;
Far sweeter than the breath of May,
Its scented scents of old Cathay,
It blends the perfume rare and good
Of spicy pine and hickory wood.
An 't with a voice as gay as rhyme,
It prates of rife mint and thyme.
Oh! scent the win among the sheaves—
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!
Behold the wondrous web she weaves;
By evening hands her thread is spun
Of weaving vapors shyly won.
Across the grass from side to side
A myriad unseen shuttles glide
Throughout the night, till on the height,
Aurora leads the laggard light,
Behold the wondrous web she weaves—
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!
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—Samuel Mintura Peck.

THE CHILD.

It was the 12th of August, the second year of the Republic. The indictment against Joseph Lefebvre was read, the interrogatory was over—the witnesses were to be heard. Every moment some one coming out of the court-room gave to the crowd outside a disjointed account of some incident connected with the trial. A young officer, it was asserted that it was proved beyond a doubt that the infamous Doctor Lefebvre had constantly administered poison, instead of medicine, to his poor patients. And when it was reported that a woman had testified in favor of the accused, the tumult reached its climax and these were shouts of: "She is his accomplice! Send her to the guillotine with him." Then there were infernal discharges, shameful exhibitions of brutal ignorance and fiendish cruelty.

The hours were away and the popular impatience grew more uncontrollable, kept at fever height by occasional rumors of a possible acquittal. The cries, "Death to all false witnesses!" grew louder and louder. The September butchers, massed on the stairs, were talking of breaking down the door, when it opened and Delphine appeared. At the sight of the furious, threatening mob, she paused for a moment, proudly erect, but very pale. Maurice, who had followed her closely, pressed to her side as she stood there encircled by the bare, brassy arms, the clenched fists, and uplifted sabres of these bloodthirsty men, but she restrained him by an almost imperceptible motion of her head. The threats redoubled. The women's shrill cries rose fiercely above the drunken yells of some of the men. The most frightful of all these women, the same creature, with a child in her arms, who had kept the crowd in a state of continual excitement for hours, now pressed forward, and shaking her fist in Delphine's face, shrieked: "Yes, my son's lady, you have got to bleed for it!"

Then a half-naked, hair-breasted giant pushed the woman aside and seemed about to strike. Madame d'Abis bit her lips to bring back the ebbing blood, and cautious that her left aspect of virgin purity and calmness was her only protection—that the terrified shrieking of a prolesioned victim would be instantly fatal—she cast her eyes about her and remarked the hideous mother who stood there still in a threatening attitude. Advancing toward her, she simply said:

"You have a beautiful child."

At these words, the kindest perhaps she had ever heard, the mother's heart was touched. Tears came to her eyes.

"Take him," she said, and she held the baby out to Delphine, who took him in her arms and walked down the stairs unharmed, smiling in the child's face, but her forehead, testifying, as it were, to her surprise, made way for her to pass the innocent protector and was cast on leaving, because she gave the baby to its mother. Neither uttered a word, but a tear fell on the child as she handed him back.

Maurice had gone before, and they both took shelter in the carriage waiting for them at the clock-tower. Turning away, the wheels of their hack came to a halt.

DELPHINE MADE HER WAY THROUGH THE CROWD.

She was going upstairs when she was brought to a stand by a man dressed in a carmagnole, a self-appointed sentinel. "Where are you going, citizen?"

"I am going, citizen, to attend the trial of Joseph Lefebvre; I am a witness."

He made no objection, and she was moving on when a hideous woman, with a baby in her arms, protested, declaring that aristocrats ought to be kept away from the tribunals, where they only went to corrupt the judges. She, for instance, that woman, would go and show her face, and weep and faint away and turn the heads of all those men inside. Such creatures know perfectly well what they were about, and that was the way justice was cheated and traitors escaped who let people die of starvation. But Delphine hurried on to the room where she heard the clerk of court reading the summons of Joseph Lefebvre.

Protected by his dress, Despices followed her unmolested. But the woman's railing had enflamed vindictive hatred, and on all sides cries arose of, "Maurice has gone. We have lost our best friend. Since he was killed the aristocrats are raising their heads. Down with the aristocrats! Death to the conspirators! To the quillots with the enemies of the people! Death to false witnesses! Down with the scoundrels, the fine ladies!"

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BUCKING FOR HIS LIFE.

A TEXAN'S THRILLING ADVENTURE AT A NOTED SPRING.

About to Drink, He Sees the Reflection of a Coiled Rattlesnake in the Water—A Close Shave.

"SEEMS to me, if I was going to make a curious and varied collection of snakes, venomous and non-venomous, I wouldn't lose any time in getting down into Texas," said J. T. Barnett, of El Paso County, to a New York man.

"When I see the rattlesnake they brag about up North here I am amazed, for the biggest one I've seen yet seems dwarfish and lamblike compared with the interesting Texan rattler, especially the bloated rattler of the Staked Plains. I made my first acquaintance with the ordinary rattlesnake of Texas at the time the route of the Texas Pacific Railroad was being located through El Paso County. I was along with the engineer corps, and one Sunday I strolled out in the direction of the Sierra del Diablo, whose gleamy peaks and rocky front were apparently not more than a ride shot distant, so clear cut did they stand out against the sky, but they were ten miles from camp. But the hills were not the attraction of my tramp. Somewhere between the foothills of the Sierra del Diablo and camp was a famous spring, called Rattlesnake Spring, at which, according to the tradition of the Indians, two big rattlesnakes were constantly on guard. The water of the spring was alleged to have great medicinal properties, but it was death to any one who attempted to drink at the spring unless he first killed the two rattlesnakes, for the instant he stooped to quaff the water one or both of the deadly serpents would strike him, and sink their poison fangs into him, thus putting him out of the way of all future trials, tribulation and trouble. That a rancher had once been found lying dead with his face at the surface of the spring, whose head had lain down with the evident purpose of quenching his thirst, two purple incisions in his temple and his bloated body showing beyond a question that he had been struck by a rattlesnake while lying in that position, was a well authenticated story in that part of Texas, and the snake that had doubtless bitten him was killed in the rocks at the edge of the spring by the person who discovered the victim. Still I had my doubts that any of these venomous reptiles habitually lay in wait there for thirsty sojourners, and the purpose of my trip that Sunday was to investigate the matter. I went alone, because no one would go with me. I found the spring. It was four miles from the foothills in a rocky basin, and it came up from the white sand in cool and tempting volume. I saw no sign of the presence of rattlesnakes, although the surroundings looked anky enough, and I was not at all satisfied.

I was hot and thirsty, and after a close and careful scrutiny of all the rocks and scrubby bushes about the spring I was satisfied that if that water was under the guardianship of rattlesnakes they must have gone off duty for that day at least. Still, if I hadn't been so terribly thirsty, I believe I would have come away without risking a drink, all the same; but as it was a tramp of six miles back over the barren plains that lay between me and camp without quenching my burning thirst was not to be thought of, and I prepared to lie down on the rock at one side of the spring, just where they had found the dead and swollen ranchman. I supposed, and quench my thirst. I had bent my face so close to the water that I could see myself and everything about me reflected in the crystal depths as distinctly as in a French plate mirror. It is, beyond question, well for me that these reflections were so intense and vivid, for I paused a moment to gaze into the water at the remarkable mirroring. Suddenly something that I at first thought was the reflection of a nodding twig or vine tendril, quickly moved by the brisk breeze that was blowing, shot back and forth midway between the glassy surface and white bottom of the spring; but as I gazed my heat turned to cold and my thirst was forgotten. The swift-moving, quivering reflection I had thought was that of a twig or tendril was the mirrored image of the long and forked tongue of a snake, as it shot back and forth from beneath a shelving rock, which, seen from above, had hidden the lurking danger from view. Coiled in a crevice beneath that sheltering rock, but protruding from one side of my head, the forked tongue, was an enormous, but I believe unknown, species of tarred rope. The tongue was about three-quarters of an inch thick, and stands as firmly as steel, and the application of tar makes the bit of jawer tough and pliable, yet soft enough to afford the relief unknown with the ordinary rattlesnake. The shoe is fastened to the tongue by a small iron nail, which is driven through the middle of the tongue. The tarred rope, which gives the horse the grip on the ground, and as it is lighter and more pliable than the solid iron shoe, it is a much better and more reliable apparatus.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Kicker Confounded—A Light Course—Not a Question of Age—A "Ringing" Speech, Etc., Etc.

He sat at the dinner table
With a discontented frown;
The potatoes and steak were unpersons
And the bread was baked too brown;
The pie was too sour, the pudding too sweet,
And the roast was much too fat;
The soup so greasy, too, and salt,
'Twas hardly fit for the cat.

"I wish you could eat the bread and pie
I've seen my mother make;
They are something like, and 'twould do you
good."
Just to look at a loaf of her cake,
Said the smiling wife: "I'll improve with
age—
Just now I'm but a beginner;
But your mother has come to visit us,
And to-day she cooks the dinner."
—Philadelphia News.

A LIGHT COURSE.

Coro—"What is the 'course of true love' that we so often hear spoken of?"
Dora—"Water and a crust, usually."
—Puck.

NOT A QUESTION OF AGE.

"All the girl wear them."
"Do you still call yourself a girl?"
"Why not? My husband is still one of the boys, though my senior by twenty years."
—Life.

THE UNDERTAKER.

Stranger—"Who is that man yonder? He seems to be on friendly terms with every old man in town."
Native—"Oh, that's Smith, the undertaker."
—Yankee Blade.

A "RINGING" SPEECH.

Lucie—"Ned made a ringing speech last night, mommer."
Mommer—"Um—um!"
Lucie—"Yes. He asked me to be his wife."
—Jeweler's Circular.

TWO SAGE REMARKS.

"One half of the world, I tell you, Mawson, doesn't know how the other half lives."
"That may be so, but as for that, neither does the other half."
—Judge.

STAY AT HOME TO RULE.

"Mrs. Perkins, the woman's rights orator, is awfully fond of her husband. She calls him the ruler of her world."
"Because his is the hand that rocks the cradle, I suppose."
—Chicago News Record.

IN ABSENCE GREAT PINDER.

"Did Miss Rosalie give you the grand dismissal?"
"No, but she told me the more she saw of me the less she cared for me, so I thought I would give her a chance to love me by staying away from her."
—New York Herald.

LOOKING AHEAD.

Beggar—"Can you give me ten cents, sir? Haven't a cent anything for a week."
Gentleman—"Why, if I saw you eating in a restaurant not an hour ago."
Beggar—"When I said I hadn't a cent anything for a week I meant next week."
—Boston Transcript.

LIKE THREE TELL THEIR AGES.

Charlie Youngblood—"You wear quite a number of rings, Miss Knott-Young."
Miss Knott-Young—"Popper has given me a ring on every birthday."
Charlie Youngblood—"You must have quite a small jewelry store."
—Jeweler's Circular.

THE MEANS OF CONTAGION.

Lord Mulby—"No, I can't say I approve of you; America society. Without the distinction that comes from age, it has already caught all the worst features of ours—I am quite puzzled to know how."
Miss Manhattan—"Perhaps from the Englishmen who visit us."
—New York Herald.

PREPARED TO RESCUE.

Willie's Mother—"Your hair is wet, William. Where have you been?"
Willie—"In the pond, mamma. I jumped in to keep little Tommy Spueers from drownin'."
Willie's Mother—"My noble boy! Was Tommy in swimmin'?"
Willie—"No'm. But he was goin' to go in."
—Chicago News Record.

THE SOUL OF TRUTH.

Employer—"You took a day off to go fishing yesterday."
Employee—"Yes, sir."
"Catch anything?"
"Nothing, sir."
Employer (making a powerful effort to appear calm)—"Come up to my house this evening. I want to have a talk with you about taking you into partnership."
—New York Press.

WHERE THE OTHER HALF WAS.

A young minister, in the course of an eloquent sermon on the pomps and vanities of the world, staggered his congregation by exclaiming:

"Here am I standing here preaching to you with only half a shirt on my back, while you sit there covered with gewgaws and other boshes."

The next day a parcel containing several brand new shirts was left at his house by one of his hearers, a kind-hearted old lady. Meeting the donor a few days afterward, he thanked her exceedingly, but expressed much surprise at receiving such an unexpected gift.

"Oh," said the lady, you mentioned in your sermon on Sunday that you had only half a shirt on your back."

"Quite true," assented the minister, "but you seem to forget that the other half was in front."
—Drake's Magazine.

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

"No, Mr. Dearborn," said Miss Evidlake, and there was a world of sympathy for the young man she was rejecting in the tones of her voice and in the expression of her face as she spoke—"no, Mr. Dearborn, it cannot be. As a man I respect you, but I feel that we are utterly unsuited to each other. I do not wish to pain you, and I trust I have helped to make your disappointment easy to bear. We can always be friends, I trust—so bear up and be content."

"I can't say that it is much of a disappointment, Miss Evidlake," the young man replied, frankly. "The fact is that Miss Ethel Chapman, exercising her leap year privilege, has asked me to marry her. I didn't like to refuse her. So I begged for a week in which to consider it, hoping that in that time I might—"

"Say no more, Mr. Dearborn," interrupted the maiden, as a deep expression of scorn overpowered her lovely features.

"If Ethel Chapman thinks she can snap you up right under my very nose, she's decidedly off, let me tell you. Willie, love, I am yours."
—Harper's Bazar.

CONVINCING TESTIMONY.

"I was spending the night in a country town not long ago," said the drummer at the dinner table, "and in the evening, before bed time, several of the natives collected at the tavern and were at around on the porch talking. One of the residents was telling me what a fine country they had about them."

"Why," he said, in all earnestness, "Jack Binsy, who has a dairy farm ten miles from town, gets a million pounds of butter a week from his cows."

"Aw, come off," I said with a laugh, "you can't make me believe any such stumpy speech as that."

"But it's true as preachin'," he insisted.

"I demurred again."

"Ain't it so, Heary?" he asked appealingly to an elderly man sitting next to me.

"Well, I can't say as to a million pounds, but the cautious reply, 'nor just bow much exactly, but I know Jack has got three saw-mills on his place that he runs entirely with butter milk.'"

"There wasn't any use bucking against evidence of that sort and I never said a word."
—Detroit Free Press.

The Original Stars and Stripes.

With the Massachusetts posts, during the G. A. R. encampment in Washington, came a most interesting relic, being the original stars and stripes, which was brought on by its owner, Mrs. Stafford of Martha's Vineyard.

The flag is the first and original United States flag, but instead of thirteen stars, as might be expected from the number of original States, it only contains twelve stars, which is explained by the fact that at the time the flag was made Georgia, was not yet entitled to a vote.

The flag was made by the ladies of Philadelphia from the design of the architect of the Washington family, and it is said Washington himself cut out the five pointed stars.

The flag was presented to John Paul Jones, who sailed with it up and down the Schuylkill to show the appearance of the flag of their country. Afterward it was adopted by Congress, and Jones carried it with him on his ship Bon Homme Richard.

In his great fight against overwhelming odds the flag was shot away from its staff and fell in the sea, and it is said Washington himself overboarded the ship.

It was recovered by a fisherman and presented to the Government.

It is now in the possession of the Government and is on display in the National Archives.

It is a most interesting relic, and a fitting memorial to the brave men who fought for our freedom.

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