

# The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL"

Price Two Cents.

VOL. X.

QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.

NO. 47.

Charles Ashton, a London policeman, has received a prize of \$250 for an unpublished bibliography of Welsh literature from 1801 to 1890.

Mars, says R. J. Crowley, the English scientist, is probably in communication with other planets, and these Martians are probably tearing their hair because they can't "get" us on their telegraph circuit.

Some argue that the deepest place in the ocean will be found to correspond almost exactly with the height of the highest mountain. This theory has been disproved within the last year; ocean depths 10,000 feet deeper than the height of Mount Everest having been found.

The extent to which dementia has taken hold of the Royalty of Europe is almost pitiable, states the Arkansas Traveler. It is not an uncommon thing to hear of some royal personage who has had his cranium measured for a crown going about with a very ordinary wheel in his head.

The cradle of fruit-growing in Calif.

## UNCONSCIOUS SERVICE.

"The best"—she sighs—"that haunts the clover  
Has nature's errand to fulfill;  
He drops them on a barren strand,  
Bears living seeds within his bill;

"Without a pause his flight pursuing,  
He drops them on a barren strand,  
And turns, unconscious of the doing,  
The waste into a pasture land.

"I, craving service—willingly, choosing  
To fling broadcast some golden grain—  
Can only sit in silent mourning,  
And weave my litanies of pain."

I, making answer, softly kiss'd her:  
"All nature's realm of bees and birds—  
What is such ministry, my sister,  
Compared with your enchanted words!

"The seed your weakened hand is sowing  
May ripen to a harvest bread,  
Which yet may help, without your knowing,  
To fill the granaries of God!"

—Margaret J. Weston, in Lippincott.

## THE TWO COUSINS.

BY HELEN FORBES GRAVES.

WHO is that talking in the hall?" tartly demanded Mrs. Jennifer, and little Lucille, running to the door, to take a bird's-eye view of matters through its warning crack, related with the information—

"Is your cousin at home?" the young man asked, rather unceremoniously, and Miss Elise recollected her lesson.

"Oh, didn't you know," quoth she, artlessly, "Oliver has left us?"

"Left you?" echoed Clarence Walbridge, more disappointed than he chose to own to himself. "What for?"

Elise lifted her brows, looked at the carpet, and tried to assume an arch expression of countenance.

"Of course I can't be expected to know certainly," she said, "but mamma and I both had our suspicions. In short, I don't know really how to explain, but I've reason to suppose she has gone away to be married."

"To be married!"

"Some faithful cavalier, I believe, who knew her in the days before her poor dear father died—it's all very romantic, and we're so sorry to lose her!"

"What is his name?" bluntly asked Mrs. Walbridge.

Elise hesitated—her lesson had not embraced this point, but she knew she must say something, and hesitatingly answered:

"Mr. John Smith."

At this moment Mrs. Jennifer came in all smiles.

"I am so busy since my niece left us," she said, blandly. "I miss her terribly, but of course it was my duty to oppose no obstacles since Mr. Darcy had been so faithful!"

"Mr. Darcy?"

"Yes, the young gentleman in question."

Elise turned the color of carmine, but she had not presence of mind to extricate herself from the gulf of misrepresentation into which she had fallen, and Mrs. Walbridge quietly laid all these things up in his mind.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Elise, when her visitor was gone, "how could you say his name was Darcy, when I had told Mr. Walbridge it was John Smith?"

Mrs. Jennifer looked blank—but hope, that "spyring eternal" in the human breast, came to her relief, most fortunately.

"Oh, I don't believe he noticed it," she said, blandly. "I miss her terribly, but we'll stick to Darcy for the future, my love!"

And Clarence Walbridge, who had somehow allowed himself to become strangely interested in Miss Martin's blooming face and lovely, pleading eyes, went straight to Mr. Jennifer's law office.

my fear, that she is fatherless and motherless!"

"I've always endeavored to act a maternal part toward her, Moses," she sighed.

But not until Olive Martin was safely installed in Mrs. Parkman's work-rooms did Mrs. Jennifer breathe freely.

"She was actually looking Clarence Walbridge away from Elise under my very eyes and nose!" thought the virtuous matron. "Clarence Walbridge, who is the best part in town. Well, there's no end to the pretensions of these country-bred girls. I wonder what he could possibly have seen in her big eyes, and melancholy, purred-up mouth! But now Elise will have a fair chance, poor wife!"

And Miss Elise Jennifer was duly posted in what she ought to do and say upon the occasion of Mr. Walbridge's next visit—a washed-out pink and white beauty, with freckled cheeks, flaxen hair, frizzed into the similitude of a yellow cloud, and very red lips, which she was perpetually biting, to preserve their coral bloom!

"I'll do my best, ma," said Elise, "but I never know what to talk about when I am with Mr. Walbridge!"

"Pshaw!" quoth Mrs. Jennifer. "I'm sure Olive Martin could talk fast enough."

"But Cousin Olive knows more than I do," confessed innocent Elise.

Among the people of all countries and ages, says the St. Louis Republic, the sun's sedate on rising or setting has always been regarded as ominous. These notions have furnished material for many fables. An old English rhyme informs us that—

It is not the sun begins his race,  
But sure that rain will fall apace.

Even Christ alludes to the same popular idea of the sun's color and its relation to wet or dry weather, where he says (Matthew xvi, 2, 3): "When it is evening, ye say, It will be clear weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, it will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowering. It may be remembered, too, how graphically Shakespeare puts forth this same proverb in his "Venetian and Adonis."

Like red morn, that ever yet betwixt  
Wreath to the summit, temptest to the fields,  
Gains and the shepherd, was unto the birds,  
And all the fowls to the hedges and to herds.

If we turn to European observations we find that the Italians say: "If the morn be red, rain is at hand," and, again, "if the sky be red when the morning star is shining, there will be rain during the week." As is well known, however, a red sunset is just as propitious as a red rising is unlucky—a red sky at night being a shepherd's delight, and according to a saying very popular when the writer was a child—

Evening red, morning gray,  
Bode the traveler on his way.

In Germany it is commonly said that "a red sunset and a gray rising sets the pilgrim a-walking." At Malta the stable boy will tell you that "a red sunset says: 'Get your horse ready for to-morrow.'" In "Richard III." Shakespeare gives us the same proverb in different words:

The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,  
Gives tokens of a goodly day to-morrow.

Indeed, there are numerous proverbs on this subject, all to the same purpose, as ancient Scotch rhyme being as follows:

The evening red and the morning gray  
Is a sign of a bright and cheery day.  
Evening gray and morning red  
Fits on your hat or you'll wet your head.

Preserving Ropes.

In order to insure more safety in ropes used for scaffolding purposes, particularly in localities where the atmosphere is destructive of hemp—also, such ropes should be dipped when dry into a bath containing twenty grains of sulphate of copper per liter of water, and kept in soak in this solution some four days, afterward being dried. The ropes will thus have absorbed a certain quantity of sulphate of copper, which will preserve them, for some time both from the attacks of animal parasites and from rot.

The copper salt may be fixed in the fiber by a coating of tar or by rosy water, and in order to do this it may be passed through a bath of boiled tar, hot, drawing it through a thimble to press back the excess of tar and suspending it afterward on a staking to dry and harden.

In a second method the rope is soaked in a solution of 100 grains of lime per liter of water.—English Mechanic.

Prepared.

Have you any objections to me as a lawyer?"

"I replied her father, "no one could object to you."

"In view of the fact that you are in-law and are not a lawyer, how could I have any objections to you?"

had been related to him by Mrs. Jennifer and Miss Elise.

"It is false!" cried Olive, with sparkling eyes and reddened cheeks. "How dared they invent such tales about me! I left Uncle Jennifer's because my aunt hinted to me that my maintenance had become a burden, and that I ought to support myself. I could not eat the bitter bread of dependence, Mr. Walbridge. And I do not know what motive they could possibly have had for giving such a false reason for my departure."

"I can guess!" said Clarence Walbridge, shrewdly. "But we will leave that question for future discussion, Olive. There is another one which is of much more present importance to me!"

"What is it?" Olive innocently asked.

"Whether or not you will become my wife?"

"Mr. Walbridge!"

"My own darling little Olive! But you need not speak. I know from your eyes that it is 'yes'!"

And to ended probably the first courtship that was ever happily consummated in Mrs. Parkman's show-rooms.

Mr. Jennifer was the only member of the family who was really pleased at his niece's good luck, matrimonially speaking. Elise and her mamma had somehow fallen into their own trap—now was a pleasant sensation.

But Cupid protects his own.—New York Weekly.

Weather Lure of the Sun.

Among the people of all countries and ages, says the St. Louis Republic, the sun's sedate on rising or setting has always been regarded as ominous. These notions have furnished material for many fables. An old English rhyme informs us that—

It is not the sun begins his race,  
But sure that rain will fall apace.

Even Christ alludes to the same popular idea of the sun's color and its relation to wet or dry weather, where he says (Matthew xvi, 2, 3): "When it is evening, ye say, It will be clear weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, it will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowering. It may be remembered, too, how graphically Shakespeare puts forth this same proverb in his "Venetian and Adonis."

Like red morn, that ever yet betwixt  
Wreath to the summit, temptest to the fields,  
Gains and the shepherd, was unto the birds,  
And all the fowls to the hedges and to herds.

If we turn to European observations we find that the Italians say: "If the morn be red, rain is at hand," and, again, "if the sky be red when the morning star is shining, there will be rain during the week." As is well known, however, a red sunset is just as propitious as a red rising is unlucky—a red sky at night being a shepherd's delight, and according to a saying very popular when the writer was a child—

Evening red, morning gray,  
Bode the traveler on his way.

In Germany it is commonly said that "a red sunset and a gray rising sets the pilgrim a-walking." At Malta the stable boy will tell you that "a red sunset says: 'Get your horse ready for to-morrow.'" In "Richard III." Shakespeare gives us the same proverb in different words:

The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,  
Gives tokens of a goodly day to-morrow.

Indeed, there are numerous proverbs on this subject, all to the same purpose, as ancient Scotch rhyme being as follows:

The evening red and the morning gray  
Is a sign of a bright and cheery day.  
Evening gray and morning red  
Fits on your hat or you'll wet your head.

Preserving Ropes.

In order to insure more safety in ropes used for scaffolding purposes, particularly in localities where the atmosphere is destructive of hemp—also, such ropes should be dipped when dry into a bath containing twenty grains of sulphate of copper per liter of water, and kept in soak in this solution some four days, afterward being dried. The ropes will thus have absorbed a certain quantity of sulphate of copper, which will preserve them, for some time both from the attacks of animal parasites and from rot.

The copper salt may be fixed in the fiber by a coating of tar or by rosy water, and in order to do this it may be passed through a bath of boiled tar, hot, drawing it through a thimble to press back the excess of tar and suspending it afterward on a staking to dry and harden.

In a second method the rope is soaked in a solution of 100 grains of lime per liter of water.—English Mechanic.

Prepared.

Have you any objections to me as a lawyer?"

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

New Lights on Natural History—Sarcopop—Double Congratulations—Many Ways, Etc., Etc.

I said to Margery—she of supple eyes—"I say, tell me, Mistress Midget, you're so very, very wise; you who go to kindergarten and learn heaps of things each day. What are the very farrest of all the beasts of prey?"

"I thought you knew," she answered, with a very judicial air. "The three most ferrest beasts is two lions and a bear."

PREPARED TO CONTEST.

Barclay Wyckoff—"So your uncle was eighty-eight when he died; did he retain full possession of his faculties?"

Pelham Parker—"I—er—yes—couldn't say. The will hasn't been opened yet."—Puck.

SURE POP.

He (at 11:30 p. m.)—"Your father is an awfully jolly old chap, isn't he? Can't you arrange it so that I can meet him?"

She—"Yes; just stay half an hour longer."—New York Herald.

A MISLEADING IDIOM.

"We had a visitation the other night from a very polite sneak thief."

"What did he do?"

"As he was taking his leave he lifted all the hats on the hall rack."—New York Herald.

MANY WAYS.

Old Uncle—"So you are doctored to be an old maid?"

Ridley Spenser—(sighing)—"Alas! yes; and just to think that there are more than four thousand devices for coupling."—New York Journal.

HE HEARD HER HIMSELF.

Jamie—"Mamma, I thought you said our new girl couldn't talk English."

Mamma—"That is what I said, Jamie, Gretchen has only been in this country a few weeks and she knows nothing about our language."

Jamie—"Why, she caught in English."

TOO HEAVY A DRAIN.

Mrs. Henson—"Darling, when that new telephone is completed to New York I want to talk through it just for fun; mayn't I?"

Mr. Henson—"Goodness, no, Martha! I hear they may charge by the word. Do you want to bankrupt me?"—Chicago News Record.

SENT THE ACTION TO THE WORLD.

"Pshaw," exclaimed the professor to the student, who was rehearsing his Latin oration, "you are too solemn. There's no life in your speaking at all."

"Ugh," sniffed the father. "Don't you think we can?" asked the girl with the beautiful confidence of youth.

"Yes—if you both stay single," and the father declined to discuss the matter further.

HOW IT STRUCK HIM.

"What ails you?" asked Mr. Gaswell of Algernon Fitzpercy.

"I called on Miss Dukane last evening, doncher know?"

"Well, would you believe me, the faith creature's brows of a father kicked me down the front steps."

"Yes, sir! Actually kicked me twice—first with his right foot and then with his left. What do you think of that?"

"Well, it looks very much like two soles with but a single thought."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

TIRED OF FUGITIVE CONVERSATIONS.

A stout man got on a horse car the other day in Chicago.

"Wet day," he said to a stranger who was sitting near him.

"Hey," said the other.

"Wet day," said the first, a little louder.

"Excuse me, I'm a little deaf and hardly catch your meaning."

"I said it's a wet day," howled the fat man, getting red in the face, as the other passengers looked up from their papers.

"Ah, yes, yes; how much must you pay? Five cents, that's the fare."

Whereupon the fat man got off the car.

"Yes," said the deaf man gently, "that's the seventh man within an hour that told me it's a wet day. I'rape they imagine I don't know it."

MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

The captain of a large steamer was once filling up his crew for a long voyage, when a seaman came up and said:

"I want to sail with you, sir."

"All right, my man," replied the captain, "where have you sailed before?"

"P. and O., sir, to Australia."

"What countryman?"

"An Irishman," was the ready response.

"Well, you must get a character."

The discharge was obtained, and, as the Irishman was presenting it, another seaman came up and said he wanted to join.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

By a new device you can blow out the gas.

Rice is the least nitrogenous of all grains.

The average depth of sand in an African desert is thought to be from thirty to forty feet.

The only existing bird which has a five-toed foot, when in adult life, is said to be the Dorking fowl.

There is a large factory near Chicago, Ill., which does a profitable business in manufacturing useful articles from the waste blood of animals.

Revering an old project, a French company proposes that lightning rods connected by telegraph be stationed at intervals of 200 miles across the Atlantic.

An English experimenter, E. T. Chaplin, has given an account of hypnotizing a laying hen, and inducing her in that manner to sit on a sitting of eggs until seven of them had hatched out.

Pictures are taken now of patients at various stages of disease, and a comparison of those with photographs of others similarly afflicted discloses phenomena of great interest and value to medical science.

Portland cement will not do for caulking the joints of greenhouse pipes. Alternate layers of oakum and red lead, well rammed in, is the proper stopping, and does not crack or shrink like cement would; and again, Portland cement, even if it answers in other respects, would give too rigid a joint.

Some one has estimated that twenty-two acres of land is needed to sustain a man on flesh, while that amount of land sown with wheat will feed forty-two persons sowed to oats, eighty-eight to potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176 persons, and planted with the bread fruit tree, over 6000 people could be fed.

Salt affects the freezing of ice cream by causing the ice to melt, on account of its own slight affinity for water. The ice in melting rapidly absorbs heat or renders heat latent, and hence reduces the temperature below that of ice, which simply melts by heat acquired from surrounding objects by conduction or convection of air.

Light travels at the rate of 213,000 miles a second, a velocity which causes the rays from the moon to reach us in a little less than a second, and a quarter. The rays of Jupiter are fifty-two minutes in reaching us. It would take millions of years for the same beams to reach us if their starting point was from one of the fixed stars.

The red glow of the planet Mars has puzzled everybody but a French astronomer, who gives it as his opinion that the vegetation of the far-away world is crimson instead of green. He also says that he hasn't the least doubt but that there are single flowers on the war god's surface which are as large as the incorporated limits of Paris.

The introduction of electrically driven coal cutters and other mining machinery is making rapid progress in the bituminous mining regions of the Central West.

The importance of this line of work will be apparent from the figures of production, which show that last year 150,000,000 tons of this coal were mined in the United States, principally west of the Alleghenies.

Piscatory authorities of the highest standing tell us that were it not for nature's grand "evening-up" provisions, the fishes of the seas would multiply so rapidly that within a few years they would fill the waters to such an extent that there would be no room for them to swim. This will hardly be disputed when it is known that a single female cod will lay 45,000,000 eggs in a single season.

The Chinaman's "Yellow Oath."

One of the strangest judicial proceedings, perhaps, ever witnessed is that of the Chinaman taking what he is pleased to call the "yellow oath." The "oath," or declaration, is always written on a piece of "sacred" paper and is as follows:

This is to call the spirits, both good and evil, to descend and watch over the trial of —, who is charged with murdering —. If I swear falsely and tell one untruth, or do not make statements according to the facts in the case, I humbly beg the celestial terrestrial spirits to redress the wrong done to — and to punish me immediately for having been a false witness; to arrest my soul in its flight; to make me perish by the sword, or to cause me to die while on the sea far from home. This is my solemn oath, uttered by my own lips, and signed by me this — day of the — month in the — year of the reign of the Emperor —, and in proof of the earnestness of my declarations, may my soul be destroyed as I now destroy this paper, by fire." Immediately after the witness finishes reading his "yellow oath," a lighted candle is handed to him and the paper is given as food for the flames. To the writer's certain knowledge this form of oath has been administered but once in an American court.

The Male Bass and Young.

A small-mouth black bass, the variety sought by anglers and the only kind caught about the islands in Lake Erie, says the Cleveland (Ohio) Press, has a weight of about —

—

—

—

—

—