

# The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL."

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Vessel owners on the great lakes say that they represent \$30,000,000.

It is stated by statisticians that 17,000,000 of Queen Victoria's subjects in India never know what it is to go enough to eat.

Canning factories for springing up in various parts of the South. This is, in the estimation of the American Farmer a hopeful sign. The South, it declares, should supply the world with canned vegetables.

The total number of lunatics in England and Wales increases by 1700 a year. Fifteen hundred people go mad every year, or five out of every 10,000 people alive in that country enter an asylum at some time every year.

Invention is still busy with providing transportation over the hills. The whaleback vessels were now, but the late English invention. It is designed so that when in motion there is no weight of water on the blades on the rise and fall of the propeller, due to the pitching of the vessel.

## LOVE.

"Strange are his moods, and strange is he,  
A child of divers ways;  
He leads you on through flowery paths,  
Through bright and golden days;  
And guided by his gentle hand,  
And listening to his song,  
And gazing in his lovely eyes,  
You walk for ever on.  
And many pass you by, and they  
Stretch out their hands in vain;  
Some go with Death and Sorrow some  
Walk hand in hand with Pain;  
And some with Sorrow go laughing by,  
And some who weep and moan;  
But all of them young Love ignores,  
And on they pass alone.  
And through the pathways where they go  
No ray of light appears;  
No gleam of sunshine ever comes,  
The way is wet with tears.  
Sad for a moment, too, you grow,  
And beg Love take them, too;  
He smiles and shakes his golden curls—  
"They cannot come with you."  
—F. M. LIVEAUX, in Chambers' Journal.

## PAUL AND M'LISS.

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

"LISS, hain't I time  
to ergin ferbid  
yer havin' night  
ter do with Paul  
Jennings?"  
"Yes, pap, yer  
hev'."  
"Then I want  
to know how it  
don't ter do  
with Paul  
Jennings?"  
"Yes, pap, yer  
hev'."

"I know what you mean," Paul went  
on, "for I heard what your father said."  
M'Liss looked up quickly and a blush  
of shame spread over her face.  
"I heard what you said, M'Liss, and  
it's nothin' to be ashamed of, I'm sure.  
You don't know what joy it was to me  
to hear you say you loved me."  
"But we must never think of such er  
thing ergin, Paul. Pap forbids it."  
"I know he ferbids it, but he has no  
grounds fer it."  
"No, he has nothin' justly ergin you,  
it's true, but you know the ole trouble."  
The young man frowned and paced  
the floor for a minute. Stopping near  
M'Liss he said:

"I thought enough trouble and sor-  
row had come out of that ole misunder-  
standing without our lives being weighed  
down with it. I wish the whole farm  
would be sunk out of sight an' all recol-  
lections of it be blotted out forever."  
"So do I, Paul, but as it can't be so,  
there's no use er wishin'." All we kin do  
is ter submit an' hid good-bye to our  
happines, an' M'Liss's husband  
before death came to Joel.  
"The young couple went to live on the  
troubled old claim, and they made  
of it one of the happiest homes in the  
settlement. Daniel lived long enough  
to learn to love Paul as he did M'Liss,  
but he never knew that it was Paul who  
paid of the mortgage to Smith.—Detroit  
Free Press.

growing thinner and paler every day.  
He loved his child and would have done  
almost anything to make her happy, but  
he could not, even for her sake, consent  
to become reconciled to any member of  
the Jennings family. So he saw her  
droop and fade, and while his heart  
ached for her, his pride and hatred held  
him back from doing that which he  
knew would bring her happiness and  
health.  
It was late one evening when Joel  
Jennings came riding by, and when just  
opposite Daniel Hopkins's front gate his  
horse shied and threw him off. Daniel  
and M'Liss saw him fall, but supposing  
he was not hurt they waited for him to  
rise. They waited for some time, and  
he did not move. They went to him. He  
did not breathe, and M'Liss brought water  
and bathed his face. All of the hatred  
that had rankled in Daniel's heart for  
twenty years died out in a second when  
he saw the object of it lying helpless at  
his feet, and his only thought was of  
how he could revive him.  
Joel revived a little after a time, and  
Daniel and M'Liss carried him into the  
house.  
"Shall we send for a doctor?" Daniel  
asked.  
"No, it's no use. I'm hurt past any  
doctor's help."  
"But it had best be fetch 'im any-  
how," Daniel persisted, and M'Liss  
started off to bring him. They'll be  
er some time after she had gone the  
two men were silent. Then Joel reached  
out his hand, saying:  
"Daniel, the end's nigh, an' I can't  
think of goin' with that ole trouble  
about my claim weighin' me down. I  
may be wronged you, an' I'm willin' to  
acknowledge I did, ayhow. We've  
been miserible fer twenty years on ac-  
count of it, an' now we're makin' our  
children miserible, too. I'm willin' to  
make up and let the children marry an'  
have this lan' between 'em. They'll be  
er comfort to you an' you'll be happy in  
sein' them happy. Air you willin' ter  
fergit an' forgive?"  
"Yes," Daniel said, clasping the out-  
stretched hand, "I am willin' to let her  
put go an' begin over agin. Whoever's  
in the wrong, we no right to make the  
children's lives as miserible as our own  
has been."  
When M'Liss came back her quick eye  
fold her what had taken place, and her  
head bounded with joy.  
The doctor greatly shook his head  
after making an examination, and said  
Joel could not last long. Paul was sent  
for at once, and arrived in time to see  
his father and become M'Liss's husband  
before death came to Joel.  
"The young couple went to live on the  
troubled old claim, and they made  
of it one of the happiest homes in the  
settlement. Daniel lived long enough  
to learn to love Paul as he did M'Liss,  
but he never knew that it was Paul who  
paid of the mortgage to Smith.—Detroit  
Free Press.

Ten Dollars Buys a Man's Life.  
At Monte Carlo a few days ago, wrote  
Henry Hage, I was witness of the fol-  
lowing peculiar incident: I was seated  
at a table in the cafe of the Paris hotel,  
which adjoins the casino, with a group  
of tourists, when I heard and dis-  
tinguished Frenchman entered hurriedly,  
called for a glass of absinthe, and sit-  
ting himself proceeded to write vigorously  
on a sheet of note paper in front of him.  
My attention was attracted by his ap-  
pearance and evident nervousness, and  
my interest was deepened when I saw  
him take from his pocket a gold-plated  
revolver. He examined the weapon very  
carefully, as though he contemplated  
using it, and wanted to see that it was in  
proper order, then hastily put it back in  
his pocket and resumed his writing.  
By this time the attention of the whole  
group had been attracted to the man,  
especially as they saw him remove the re-  
volver from his pocket and toy with it  
nervously. A stout, florid Englishman  
sat near me. He leaned over and whis-  
pered to me: "My dear fellow, the chap  
means to do away with himself, I take  
it." Then, before I could reply, he  
quickly turned to the Frenchman and  
said: "You wish to sell that weapon, sir?"  
The Frenchman drew back in aston-  
ishment. He gazed in amazement at the  
Englishman and hesitated as if he had  
been insulted. Then there apparently  
ensued a revulsion of feeling, for a smile  
overspread his haggard face as he ex-  
claimed, with a shrug of the shoulders:  
"If you wish, sir."  
He placed the revolver mechanically  
upon the table and picked up the gold  
310 piece laid down by the Englishman.  
He drank his absinthe with seem-  
ingly perfect satisfaction. He brightened up. His  
face underwent a change. A  
smile walked leisurely out  
from behind him again, and myself  
and myself

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Fortunate Guess—A Paradox—  
Grammar Classes—A Coincidence—  
The Spinner of Te-Day, Etc., Etc.

A kindly fate his cause espouses  
To whom reverses bring no shocks.  
Who, building now a host of houses,  
In childhood built a house of blocks.  
—Puck.

PROBABLY CORRECT.  
American Girl—"Papa, what would  
I be called if I married an earl?"  
Rich Father—"Crazy."—Judge.

GRAMMAR CLASS.  
Teacher—"Now, Johnny, see if you  
can't give me an example of a sentence."  
Johnny—"Ten dollars or ten days."  
—Black and White.

A PARADOX.  
They were speaking of a lady friend.  
Hicks—"She is pretty tall, isn't she?"  
Wicks—"But she's not a tall pretty."  
—Boston Transcript.

A COINCIDENCE.  
She—"How do you like my hat?"  
He—"It makes your face very long."  
She—"It made papa's face very long  
when he paid for it."—Truth.

WHY NOT?  
Maud—"I am frequently at loss to  
know how take a certain gentleman of  
my acquaintance."  
Marie—"Why not take him for better  
or for worse?"—Detroit Free Press.

MUSIC WITH CHAIRS.  
Jones—"I heard a song last night  
that took me back to my mother's  
knee."  
Adams—"What was it." "The Patter  
of the Shingle!"—Puck.

ON THE WAY TO FAME.  
Broadard—"Scrimblom, the rising  
young novelist, tells me he has already  
appeared before the public in a book."  
Criffin—"The city directory, I sup-  
pose, he means."—Chicago News-  
-Courier.

THE SPINNER OF TE-DAY.  
Old Mr. Pogy—"Ah, you young  
women are not what you used to be  
where, now, can we see one of you with  
a spinning wheel?"  
Miss Modern—"What's the matter  
with the girl bicyclist?"—Black and  
White.

CAUSES OF GOOT.  
Rich Patient—"What is the cause of  
goot, doctor?"  
Doctor—"Excessive eating and drink-  
ing will produce goot. Mental worry  
will also cause it."  
Patient—"My, my! Well, I must  
stop worrying over my excessive eating  
and drinking."—New York Weekly.

A STAYER.  
Miss Gasket (at 11:30 p. m.)—"Do you  
know, Mr. Sippy, I am sure you would  
make an excellent editor of a newspa-  
per."  
Sippy (pleased)—"Well, now, Miss  
Gasket?"  
Miss Gasket—"Indeed, I do. Your  
motto seems to be, 'I have come to  
stay.'"—Tolledo Blade.

TEMPORIZING.  
Son—"Pa."  
Father—"Well!"  
Son—"Is a vessel a boat?"  
Father—"Yes."  
Son—"What kind of a boat is a  
blood-vessel?"  
Father—"It's a lifeboat. Now run  
away to bed."—Tid-Bits.

A WISE MOTHER.  
Mr. Billus (at bedtime)—"Maria, to-  
morrow will be Maud's birthday. I  
have got a present for her and I want  
her to see it the first thing in the morn-  
ing. Shall I put it on her breakfast  
plate?"  
Mrs. Billus—"What on earth is a man  
good for, anyhow! Give it to me, John.  
After she is asleep I'll hang it in front  
of her mirror."—Chicago Tribune.

TAKING SUSIE DOWN.  
Mamma—"Where are you going?"  
Mary E. Miller—"Out over to Susie  
Stuckupp's. I'll be right back."  
Mamma—"What are you going there  
for?"  
Wee Woman—"Prof. Professor  
Harshel told papa that Susie moss agate  
isn't moss at all, but only some sort of  
an ox hide of man an' geese. Susie's  
not one, an' I'm goin' to tell her."—  
New York Weekly.

MAS NON-COMMITTAL.  
That young man of yours  
isn't a penny.  
Let, papa. He goes at  
that he comes to see  
I mean has he any

## GORGEOUS DINING-ROOMS.

SOME OF THOSE IN NEW YORK  
SWELL HOTELS.

Small Fortunes Invested in Their Or-  
namentation Abundant—Fine Apart-  
ments for Eating Purposes.

THE money lavished on the dec-  
orations of the dining-rooms  
of New York's new swell hot-  
els is something remarkable.  
Fortunes are expended on some of these  
apartments.

The most conspicuous features of the  
American dining-room in the Plaza Ho-  
tel, on which the sum of \$30,000 was  
spent in decorations alone, are the elab-  
orate panel paintings of an allegorical  
character and representing the "Five  
Senses." These paintings, which are  
the work of George W. Maynard, of this  
city, are exceedingly graceful and beau-  
tiful in character. The electric lighting  
fixtures, with two immense chandeliers  
each containing 150 incandescent lights,  
purchased at a cost of \$10,000, the  
china \$15,000 and the silver ware in use  
is valued at \$35,000. On either side of  
the entrances to the dining-room are  
waving palms on bronze standards, lit  
at their bases by electric lights. Near  
one of the big columns, ornamented  
with figured leaves, is the painting of a  
lovely female figure, over whose low  
forehead her broze hair falls in a tou-  
sled bang and whose lap is filled with  
red roses.

The dining room of the Hotel Savoy  
was designed by Duane, the architect  
of the Grant Monument; the artist was  
Tojetti, and the modelling was done by  
Carl Bitter, the prize-winner of the Col-  
umbian Exposition. The marble is  
jasper and sienna marble, inlaid with  
Irish and Galway marble. The wood-  
work is of paneled satin wood, inlaid  
with mother-of-pearl. There are at least  
150 electric lights, and between giv-  
ing the lights concealed in the ceil-  
ing, and their clear, mild radiance gives  
to the room a most charming effect.  
There are also opalescent globes of ex-  
quisite five candle power distributed in  
domes around the room, and which are  
mounted on bronze figures representing  
Atlas holding up the world. In the rear  
a fountain of jasper and Mexican onyx  
plays. The orchestra is situated on the  
mezzanine floor. There also four female  
figures are conspicuous, and between  
them are flower pots filled with natural  
flowers. Frescoes represent delightful  
landscapes, and on the north side is an  
exceedingly beautiful painting of the  
"Four Seasons." The total cost of the  
decorations in the dining room are  
placed at \$75,000. The chairs are of  
white mahogany, hand-carved, and  
French plush, and cost \$60 apiece. The  
tables are also of an elaborately hand-  
carved order, and the floor are fashioned  
of mosaic tiles in color. On all the cut-  
glass ware is etched the crest of the  
House of Savoy. The crest in bur-  
nished gold also appears on the Milton  
china ware. In the restaurant is a fine  
painting, representing the twelve months  
of the year. The paneled side walls are  
of pink satin, hand-painted. On each  
table is a candelabra of Parisian design,  
with silk shades. The cafe is of antique  
oak, hand-carved, with panels of leather  
on the walls. A high leather-cushioned  
sofa invites the lounge to his ease. Up-  
stairs is an old English breakfast room  
in green oak. The chairs in this room  
cost \$50 apiece. The buffet and the  
panelling of the ceiling are all of carved  
oak, and the windows are of stained  
glass.

In the new dining-room of the Hotel  
Imperial, which has just been finished,  
the side walls, nine feet high, are of  
Vienna marble, and the ceiling is finished  
in cream and gold. The style of design  
throughout the room is that of the  
Italian renaissance. The novel electric  
fixtures are each fashioned of three  
Cupid's holding a laurel wreath, from  
which the lights come out. The total  
cost of the decorations was \$35,000.

The main dining-room of the Hotel  
House is palatial enough to suit the  
taste of the most fastidious prince. It  
is composed of relief work in salmon, pink  
and gold, mostly in rocco, and the rest  
in the style of Louis XV. It is 118 feet  
long, forty-four feet wide, and will seat  
225 guests. The floor is mosaic and is  
covered in winter with Axminster  
carpet. The chairs are made of natural  
mahogany. The draperies are in rich  
damask and the curtains red Brussels.  
Proprietor Baumman estimates the cost  
of decorating the main dining-room at  
\$51,000; the cost of the silverware,  
\$45,000; the china \$25,000, and the  
linen, \$10,000.—New York News.

Queer Food.  
The hedgehog figures frequently in  
sylvan repasts, though he is hardly big  
enough to be sent to table as a piece of  
resistance. The primitive manner of  
cooking it supersedes the most costly re-  
finements of elaborate banquets. The exist-  
ence of the elephant's foot, or rather the  
dice below the pattern, which is a famous  
dainty in eastern haunts, camps, is treated  
on precisely similar principles, which  
is the simplest cookery of all.

WHILE examined it critically, and  
then put it down with the remark that  
she must be very rich. I don't know  
what happened after that, but White  
was taken home in a cab, and neither of  
them appeared in the street for three or  
four days.—Detroit Free Press.

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN FUTILITY.  
They were talking about futility, and  
for some reason known only to each other  
failed to agree. Finally she asked:  
"Well, now, suppose you give me an  
example of what you call futility?"  
"All right," said he. "Multiply  
3246 by 721."  
She took her little gold pencil in hand,  
selected a piece of paper, and after a few  
minutes of diligent figuring announced  
the result.  
"Two million eight hundred and forty-  
three thousand and sixty-six," said she.  
"Divide that by two," he continued.  
"One million four hundred and twenty-  
two thousand five hundred and thirty-  
three," she said.  
"Very well," said he. "Now add  
570 to that, and then subtract 1,422,  
50, and tell me what you get."  
"The result is zero," said she, after  
figuring a little more.

"Well, that's what I call futility,"  
said he, with a laugh. "You've covered  
a sheet of paper with figures to arrive at  
nothing."  
Whereupon she became so angry that  
she refused to argue further on the sub-  
ject.—Harper's Magazine.

GIVING HIM A LEG.  
Young Toddlieby was a true-hearted  
and promising youth. He was studying  
law with Mr. Lester. It so happened  
that Toddlieby became acquainted with  
a beautiful young lady, daughter of old  
Digby. He loved the fair maiden, and  
when he had reason to believe that his  
love was returned, he asked Mr.  
Lester to recommend him to the father,  
Lester being on terms of close intimacy  
with the family. The lawyer agreed and  
performed his mission; but old Digby,  
who loved money, asked what property  
the young man had. Lester said he  
did not know, but he would inquire.  
The next time he saw the young student  
he asked him if he had any property.  
"Only health, strength and a deter-  
mination to work," replied the youth.  
"Well," said the lawyer, who sin-  
cerely believed the student was in every  
way worthy, "let us see. What will  
you take for your right leg? I will give  
you \$25,000 for it, Toddlieby."  
Of course Toddlieby refused. The  
next time the lawyer saw the young  
lady's father he said: "I have inquired  
about this young man's circumstances.  
He has no money in the bank, but he  
owns a piece of property for which, to  
my certain knowledge, he has been  
offered and has refused \$25,000."  
Lester was amazed.

I saw an amusing thing at a local  
depot not long ago. The gateman at  
this depot hisped pitifully, and always  
seemed pained when anyone asked him  
a question. On this special day a  
woman with a small boy approached  
him and asked: "What time does the  
next train leave for B?"  
"Threen thirty seven," he replied;  
and the woman and her young hopeful  
retreated to the waiting-room. She  
soon emerged again, however, and ap-  
proached the gateman.  
"Excuse me," she said, "but what  
time did you say the next train left for  
B?" "The gateman heaved a deep  
sigh and answered laboriously:  
"At threen thirty seven." "Over more  
the child and his mother withdrew and  
left the poor man in peace. But he was  
not long to enjoy this state of quiet felicity,  
for, in a few moments, out she came  
again, and put the very same question.  
A look of exasperation came over the  
gateman's face as he said, "you little  
man's face as he said, "you little  
that train now, mister, I am the  
thorry. It leht at threen thirty  
threen, and it ith the latht that thoptht  
at B."  
"Oh, don't let that trouble you," she  
replied with a sweetly patronizing smile.  
"We really didn't want that train, but  
my little boy does like to hear you say  
seven-thirty seven."  
"Thanks, ever so much!" the small  
boy added. "Good-bye, mister."—  
Boston Budget.

The Woman Got The La d.  
An exciting race took place Monday  
afternoon in this city, between Mrs.  
Mary E. Miller, of Kennebec, Yakima  
County, and Frank Foster of the same  
place. They both came in on the even-  
ing train, and neither waited for the car  
to stop, but jumped off and made frantic  
runs for horses. The woman offered to  
buy the hackman's team if he would get  
her to her destination in time; and the  
man slipped a five dollar piece into his  
driver's hand in order to facilitate mat-  
ters, and in less time than it takes to tell  
it, both hacks were speeding up the  
street at a breakneck gait. What was  
the cause of all this? Why, it was a race  
between them to see who could get to  
the United States Land Office first to  
claim a piece of land near the  
man arrived.