

The Queenstown News.

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"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL."

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NO. 21.

The ratio of business failures throughout the country is steadily falling.

Mr. Weller, the United States Consul at Tamate, says that any American manufacturer who can supply a cheap hand-power machine able to haul a window from one peck to one bushel of rice per hour can make a fortune in Madagascar.

It is now intimated that while the Sultan gets his name in large type, the Czar is really the financial backer of the performance.

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San Francisco is greatly agitated over the discovery that a large proportion of the stuff sold in that city as current jelly is impure, and that the imitations and adulterations used include some very harmful substances.

The number of Government clerks and officials under Civil Service regulations is now 174,717, with annual salaries aggregating \$33,533,827.

American apples have invaded Germany, Austria and England in such great quantities as to alarm the "fruit growers of Europe."

Several days ago the following unique tribute to the climate and resources of the South made its appearance in the Wisconsin Press, one of the leading journals of the Northwest:

The South is richer far in natural resources than men have yet realized. She has wealth of sun and soil, of fruit and forest and mineral, and it is only necessary that her tremendous energies shall be concentrated and directed to the development of her natural wealth to astonish the civilized world.

THE BEST FOR THE COUNTRY.

Let's hope for the best for the country, whatever the powers may be; Let's hope for the best for the country, whatever the powers may be; Let's hope for the best for the country, whatever the powers may be;

Let's hope for the best for the country, here's hoping with her banners unfurled— The breath of the showering blossoms that are blown by the winds over the world; The seed that climbs high to the harvest, and mauls vocal notes that call; The world's in the light of the glory of the God that is over us all!

—Albion Constitution.

MRS. GRANTLEY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

MRS. GRANTLEY was holding a long, confidential conversation with her intimate friend, Mrs. Dismore, and the two faces looking into each other were full of character.

"What a beautiful child! My Amy was the prettiest of all we saw, and we were how long, making a selection?" "Dear me, I cannot recollect," said Mrs. Dismore. "We visited every orphan asylum and 'home' we heard of, I know. Yes, Amy was a perfect little beauty."

"I was so careful in my selection at every school where I have placed her that she should be watched and prevented from getting frisked or spoiled her complexion in any way."

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curious affection that, despite skill and care, became an incurable disease, lustre to the sufferer and to the nurse. No bird care could ever have been as tender as that given by Amy's love; no paid nurse could have so carefully nursed and soothed.

It was not until two years after the death of her benefactress that one Mrs. Leonard Gresham asked her to be his wife, and she gladly consented.

"I loved you," she told him, frankly. "I loved you from me, but I loved you from my mother, and my mother, and it was my one aim and duty to repay her for what she had given me, even although I know that my love of beauty was one of the bitterest disappointments of her heart."

Mr. Barber had refused all offers for the purchase of Tip.

The Lead Worker.

The Irony of Fate.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Toast—Assurance—in a Barber Shop—An Offensive Request—A Woman's Reason, Etc.

Let's lose the dogs of war, and when the battle's done shall come, Who shall the Turk to leave, Her's hoping Europe's map will show A larger spot of Greece.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

"Why does Mrs. Van Meter hate Mrs. McMeister so cordially?" "Somebody told her they looked enough alike to be sisters."—Chicago Journal.

AN OFFENSIVE REQUEST.

"What was the nature of the trouble you had with your last nurse girl?" "She didn't like it because I asked her to stay at home with the children."—Judge.

A BARBER SHOP.

Barber (putting on finishing touches)—"What'll you have on your head?" Customer—"A little more hair, please."—Judge.

ASSURANCE.

He—"Will you come to my wedding?" She—"Whom are you going to marry?" He—"You."—Tit-Bits.

CYNICAL.

The Happy Man—"I tell you, old fellow, a man doesn't know what real happiness is until he's married." Cynical Friend—"Then he finds that it consists in being single."—Brooklyn Life.

A CHEERFUL WEDDING.

Mr. Backfired (tenderly, to Miss Breaker, as they wheel down the Boulevard)—"Are you tired, Miss Breaker?" "No; but my wheel is."—Judge.

CONFESSION.

Mr. Talkative—"So you are going to marry Colonel Fandy, my dear. And I hear you love the ground he walks on?" Miss Sharpshooter—"Yes; it belongs to him."—Tit-Bits.

HOW HE FOUND OUT.

Can Vival—"Doctor, my wife suffers greatly from insomnia." Physician—"Insomnia? How do you know?" Can Vival—"Why, every time I come home at two or three o'clock in the morning I always find her wide awake."—Puck.

SAYING TRUTHFUL.

"I guess I'll propose to Herrietta," said the young man, thoughtfully. "I had supposed you admired Mattie." "Oh, I do admire her ever so much. But I've got some pretty things to propose to Mattie, and I'm afraid if I would be a good deal of work to go through it and make it rhyme with Mattie."—Washington Star.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electric light is being introduced in all the cars of the Swiss Jura-Simplon railway.

It has been computed that between 26,000,000 and 37,000,000 babies arrive each year.

Paris policemen are now supplied with electric dark lanterns with which they can see at a distance of 150 feet.

Rotary snow plows are being used with some success in throwing water off the railway tracks in South Dakota.

The Canadian Government has arranged a system of cold storage on railways, at ports and on steamers, for the preservation of perishable goods.

The railway metals between London and Edinburgh, a distance of 400 miles, are 210 yards longer in summer than they are in winter, owing to the expansion caused by the extra heat.

Scientists say that the atmosphere surrounding the earth is gradually diminishing and that in the course of a few thousand, or perhaps a few hundred, of thousands of years the supply will be exhausted.

A new steering device for ships controls the rudder by pneumatic pressure, the air being forced into a cylinder on either side of the rudder post by means of the steering wheel in the pilot house.

We need nearly 3000 cubic feet of fresh air per hour for breathing purposes, but we can do with as little as 2500. Children need to give the children 1800 cubic feet an hour.

A method of photographing the rounds of the heart has been communicated to the Academy of Science by M. de Holowinski. The sounds are transmitted by a sensitive telephone to an optical telephone, the diaphragm of which produces Newton's rings, which are then photographed.

The latest in the electrical world is the proposal to harness the Nile Cataracts. The Egyptian council of ministers has recently approved the appointment of Professor Forbes, the eminent electrician, to make a report with this end in view, and he will commence his studies in the autumn. It is expected that the results will be of high importance to Upper Egypt and the Soudan.

Nature Makes Soap Bubbles.

About half a mile above Franklin, Penn., on the Erie road, is to be seen one of the most curious sights in the country, which is thus described by a writer in the Pittsburgh Post:

"Approaching a small, sluggish stream, we were surprised to see rising from the surface of the water a number of bubbles, which glistened in the sun like glass. It was a beautiful sight. The iridescent spheres revolved swiftly after the manner of soap bubbles, but rapidly upward, some breaking at a height of ten or twenty feet, others rising above the trees and tops and out of sight, resembling more than anything else, gorgeous toy balloons. These bubbles were all of one size, and in diameter were more than a foot. They were apparently much stronger and a great deal more brilliant than ordinary soap bubbles."

"A gas line and an oil line had passed under the run at this point, within a few inches of each other, and in each pipe was a small leak. The digging and refilling of the trenches had made a dam which held a few barrels of stagnant water. There was some alkali in the mud at the bottom, which, in combination with the oil formed saponite, a kind of soap. This, while not being a perfect soap, was sufficiently saponaceous and cohesive to make beautiful bubbles when churned by the current. The fact that the bubbles were full of gas caused them to ascend more swiftly, and the presence of the oil made them more brilliant, many colored and unbroken, and floating upon the surface, rising constantly and taking a walk out to where they are. The strength of these bubbles may be imagined from the fact that small twigs, leaves, etc., and been floating upon the surface of the water and were carried up in the large bubbles."

A Sixtieth Year Coin.

There has just been issued a coin which for a few thousand years to come will be considered one of the most prized of Queen's Victoria's silver currency. It is a crown piece bearing the head of her majesty as used for a few years past, with the ordinary inscription, but carrying on the rim "Anno Regni LX. Decus et Tutamen," the first time that such an inscription has appeared upon any coin of Great Britain.

Grease may be taken out by laying the page between two sheets of blotting paper and passing a hot iron gently over it. To remove grease from the covers, scrape pipe-clay or French chalk over the spot and iron with a warm iron (not a hot one). Yellow covers may often be cleaned by means of soap and water, but if much soil should be washed with a weak solution of salts of lemon. To take out ink stains, place the leaves for two minutes in a solution of oxalic acid, then wash with clean cold water for a few hours. To restore the consistency of the paper afterwards, use a bath of "size" and water.—The Housewife.

UNFINISHED.

So small a life—so short a life, And yet so much to do! Brief days with glistening sorrows rife, Brief years to struggle through!

Strong men cry out for time, for time, by the time to build, To see their structures grow sublime, To see their dreams fulfilled:

With passionate hearts, with willing hands, They strive in sun and rain, Till threads are twisted into strands, Till wall and arched strais;

But death is faster far than they, Far faster than desire; The towers that should greet the day Shall never brave its fire.

George E. Montgomery, in Independent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Does your poetry pay?" "Well, it just keeps the wolf from the door." "I suppose you read it to him?"—Tit-Bits.

"What was the name of Hawkins' yacht?" "The Mal de-mer." "Oh! I thought it was the Mal de-mer."—Harper's Bazar.

Gobang—"Contentment is better than wealth, my boy." My Boy—"It ought to be. It is a mighty sight harder to get."—Truth.

One Little Girl—"My father belongs to one of the first families." The Other Little Girl—"My father always sees the first bluebird every spring."—Indianapolis Journal.

Lady Shopper—"I want to get something suitable for a boy of ten years." Salesman—"Blipper counter down the second aisle, turn to your right?"—Boston Transcript.

As Reported by the Papers—"A that a good hen, Uncle Josh?" "A good hen?" said Uncle Josh. "Why, that 'at hen lays eggs as big as hail-stones."—Detroit Free Press.

"Sir, allow me to shake hands with you, just by the way of saying that I know somebody."—Chicago Record.

The Professor—"As a matter of fact, there are different dialects in different parts of Scotland." Friend—"Great Scott! Are there more countries to hear from?"—Truth.

"I noticed you at the opera last night, Mr. Budd. Wasn't that a delightful aria by Du Mond?" "So sorry to hear that, but I was just giving Mr. Budd my famous receipt for hard sauce."—Harper's Bazar.

"What's a fishing reel?" "It's a handsome jointed arrangement your father holds out over the water." "What's a fishing pole?" "It's a long wooden stick your Uncle Bill catches fish with."—Chicago Record.

Ho—"Do you believe in palmistry—that you can tell anything by the hand?" Sho—"Certainly; now, for example, if I had a certain kind of ring on a certain finger of my left hand, my mother would know that I was engaged."—Truth.

Author—"I know, I've made a mistake in my calling—I'm not an author, but a born chemist." Author's Wife—"What makes you think that, Honore?" Author—"Well every book I write becomes a drug on the market."—Tit-Bits.

"I must have money, Plungor," said Danley. "Can't you let me have that fifty dollars you owe me?" "No, I can't," replied Plungor; "but I'll tell you what to do. My credit is not exhausted. You go to Cashly and borrow a hundred dollars for me and I'll pay you the amount."—Philadelphia North American.

Giants Not So Big After All.

It may be a surprise to some to be told that even Bufon's minimum figure of nine feet is not now regarded by the best authorities as a possibility. Quetelet, a learned writer on the subject, believes that the largest man who ever lived was Frederick the Great's Scottish giant, who was a little short of 8 feet 3 inches. "Probably this opinion cuts down the possibilities a little too far. Pliny says that an Arabian named Gabbaras was 9 feet 5 inches tall, while Ptolemy and Sceneddilius were each six inches taller. It is no longer believed when he speaks of such things. As another example of old-time exaggeration, it may be remarked in passing that certain voyagers of the sixteenth century were anxious to make impressions on their friends at home—declared that the height of the Patagonians is really 5 feet 11 inches."—New York Tribune.

The Art of Yawning.

Children used to be taught that yawning was a breach of good behavior, but now if certain medical testimony may be credited, it is incumbent upon parents to see that the youthful members of their flock not only yawn, but when nature so disposes them, even practice what may be called the art of yawning. According to the results of late investigations, yawning exercise, bringing into action all the respiratory muscles of the chest and neck. There is no objection, however to placing the hand over the mouth "to keep the devil out" during the operation.

To Be Dedicated to Labor.

A party in New York, led by John Meehan, is planning to erect a building in New York to be used exclusively by labor organizations and to be known as the headquarters for trades unions. The building is to cost \$125,000, or more if necessary. Mr. Meehan says that all of the more concerned are friendly to organized labor, and they will consent the various bodies to learn what would be necessary in a building devoted to such a purpose. There will be a ballroom, a large meeting hall, with a stage, and a number of smaller meeting-rooms; to be used by various lodges.