

# The Queenstown News.

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The frog industry is growing. A statistician enumerates "fifty-seven frog farms now in successful operation" in various sections of the country.

The Queen's Jubilee produced at least one good poem, observes Harper's Weekly. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" is edifying both to the ear and to the spirit.

A correspondent of the Hartford Times says that a lather of tar soap applied to the face and hands, and then gently rubbed off, is a sure protection against mosquitoes.

One hundred Paris detectives went on strike recently; they objected to one of the inspectors, and to being obliged to take care of travelers when they were boarding houses, as they had all they could do to watch them when they arrive.

Large farms, unless all their acres made available in some way, are instead of blessings. The farmer takes in all the acres, and the farmer is quite as exacting. To make all the acres pay their share, is to be in the middle of that leads to goal of success.

It was decided to celebrate the birthday of Gutenberg on Midsummer Day, in order not to interfere with the celebration of the same day.

As the exact year of printing's birth is not known, the difference of a year or two is immaterial. The 500th anniversary of the printing press is celebrated on the 11th of September, 1897.

Into the fields both young and old  
With gay hearts went;  
The pleasant fields, all green and gold,  
All flowers and scent,  
And first among them old man Mack,  
With his two grandsons, Harry and Jack—  
Two eager boys whose feet kept time  
In restless fashion to this rhyme:  
Sharpen the scythe and bend the back,  
Swing the arm for an even track;  
Through daisy bloom and nodding grass  
Straight and clean must the mower pass.

There are tasks that boys must learn, not  
found  
In any book—  
Tasks on the harvest and haying ground,  
By wood and brook,  
When I was young but few could bring  
Into the field a cleaner swing;

## MOWING.

But you must take my place to-day,  
Cut the grass, and scatter the hay,  
So sharpen the scythe and bend the back,  
Swing the arm for an even track;  
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass  
Straight and clean must the mower pass.

NOT TO BE DONE.



HE "painful confession" is mine, John Spindler, detective, Scotland Yard, and how it came about was just this way:

For a long time I had been on the track of a gang of coiners which in my professional pride I had vowed to capture. More than once I had pounced down upon them in their haunts, and all vanished like magic and I being unable to produce proofs, the chief whom I desired most to convict fairly laughed at me and my efforts.

This naturally gave me considerable annoyance, and with some heat I ejaculated:

"You've escaped me this time, Jim Bradley, but I'm not John Spindler if you do the next!"

"When you catch me, you'll find me out even the last time."

"No, and I'll keep a watch in this house till I've found them."  
"In this room?" he asked.  
"No. I ain't quite made of stone," I rejoined, a bit hurt. "But I shall inspect all who go out or come in."  
"Quite right, and I wish you success, for there's no telling the sufferings these coiners occasion."  
We then descended and the doctor left, after telling the old Irishwoman he would call as he went home on the parish undertaker and give the necessary orders for the funeral.

Well, I needn't lengthen out my story. I rented the parlor (by compulsion) of the landlady and established a watch night and day upon who and what went out and entered the house. Jim Bradley came and went, of course, unmolested, and chaffed me considerably when we met, while without the slightest demer he let me visit his room whenever I pleased.

What did it mean? I also made a call now and then on the widow.

Poor thing, she was always crying and so meek and full of grief as she moved about the room where her confined husband was, for she wouldn't leave it, that the sight was pitiable.

The medical attendant dropped in once to inquire how I got on, and shook his head on hearing of my want of success.

"I fear if the dies are really here," he said, "the fellow you call Bradley is too deep for you."

"Not if I know it," I said. "I have applied at headquarters for permission to make a better search, and I'll take up the flooring."

"I fancy that's the most likely place. What is that?" he asked.

"Only the undertaker's men," I said, putting the door open. "It's the poor fellow's funeral to-day."

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

She Was a Bird—In Modern Parlance—Where It Belongs—A Seaside Infirmary—A Timely Diet—Two Voices—Dead Easy—Very Close—He Knew, Etc. The charming daisies had no appetite; Her health was delicate, her mother said; But at the table she put out of sight As much as would have two longshoremen fed.

"I eat no more than would a bird," laughed she, But when she rose and from the table went, The landlord frowned and bit his lips, said he. "I guess an ostrich was the bird she meant." —Boston Courier.

Dead Easy. "Bertie, you cruel boy, how can you hear your baby cry?" "Why, that's easy—everybody in the block can."—Truth.

In Modern Parlance. "So he has burned the bridges behind him, has he?" "Well, practically. He has sprinkled tacks along the road."—Truth.

Two Voices. She—"Oh, James, how grand the sea is. How wonderful. I do so like to hear the roar of the ocean." He—"So do I, Elizabeth. Please keep quiet."

Where It Belongs. Assistant Librarian—"Where shall I put this book. 'Impressions of America by an Englishman?'" Librarian—"In the fiction department."—Life.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Wells says that the annual dewfall of Great Britain is equal to 21,161,237,355 tons.

Dr. Max Schlier, of Berlin, has demonstrated that by the use of Rontgen rays one can see how sounds are produced by the voice in singing.

Professor William Crookes, of London, is authority for the assertion that to count the molecules in a pin-head space at the rate of 10,000,000 per second would require 150,000 years.

The longest continued cataleptic sleep known to science was reported from Germany in 1892, the patient having remained absolutely unconscious for four and a half months.

A ton of Atlantic water when evaporated yields eighty-one pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water, seventy-nine pounds; the water in the Dead Sea, more than twice as much—187 pounds to the ton.

An American scientist has recently discovered a new microbe which is particularly destructive to the tissues of the human body, and the most striking peculiarity of the creature is that it is nearly all mouth.

Petroleum ether has proven to be adapted for low temperature thermometers, as it is still in a semi-liquid condition and capable of further contraction at the temperature of the liquefaction of air—310 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

The process of crystallization is being studied by Professor Van Schroven, who has taken 2800 photographs to show the transfer of organic into inorganic matter. It seems that this fact led to a recent sensational and incorrect report that the first man seen in New York.

## LOVE AND JOY.

I sing of love that sorrow ne'er has known,  
Love that has dwelt with gladness from its birth,  
Love that has made more bright the gracious earth,  
And given every song a tender tone.  
With my heart have I appeared a throne  
And set this love thereon with buoyant mirth,  
And much that seemed before of little worth,  
Soft-sunned by it to beauty strange has grown.

That which was I erewhile is I no more;  
The alchemist Love a wondrous change has wrought,  
And in my soul now lurks no base alloy.  
I have cast off the bonds that thrall'd before;  
The gold of love hath purified my thought,  
And Joy my sovereign is, for Love is Joy.  
—Clinton Scollard.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"She used to be so delicate before she took to the wheel." "Well, she's indelicate enough now."—Detroit Journal.

First Tot—"My mamma says, 'If the shoe fits, put it on.'" Second Tot—"My mamma says 'If the shoe fits, take it off—it's too big.'"—Puck.

The Captain (boisterously)—"Come, old man, brace up! What's got into you?" Passenger—"If you don't put me ashore you'll very soon see."—Life.

Minnie—"In my opinion one wheel is as good as another." Mamie—"I suppose there is not much difference in rented wheels."—Indianapolis Journal.

"You must get rid of the O. C. cent, Mike, if you want to be shure, I was tin years before I could git out of New York."