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THE CALF PATH.

One day through the primeval wood,
A calf walked home, as good calves should
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs a mortal tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way.
The dog was a black-and-white sheep,
Pursued the trail, or vined and creep,
And drew the flock behind him too,
As good shepherds always do.
From that day, over hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made,
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath;
Because 'twas such a crooked path,
But still they follow—do not laugh—
The first migration of that calf.
And through this winding woodway stalked

Because he rambled when he walked,
This forest path became a lane;
That bent and curved and turned again,
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,
Tolled or heaved the burning load,
And traveled some three miles in one,
And this a century and a half,
They trod the footsteps of that calf.
The years passed on in swiftest flight,
The road became a village street,
And this, before the men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this,
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half,
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about.
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.

WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT.

By LUKE SHARP.



The freight steamer Russian Bear was thrashing along down the Pacific Ocean with her blunt prow facing south, and the captain reckoned he was somewhere off the Queen Charlotte Islands. The Bear was an iron ship of old-fashioned build and as low as a cat on all fours, and the season's cargo was packed up tight on the main deck, and the captain was bringing down the last of the season's crop of Klondike miners. She was reputed to have over \$5,000,000 worth of gold dust and nuggets on board and her coming was watched for with some anxiety.

On the morning of the 7th the captain noticed on the western horizon what appeared to be a steamer coming towards him. As craft are scarce on these waters, except in the sealing season, the captain caught rather the stranger's approach with some interest. Unwittingly and unobtrusively the valuable cargo of the Russian Bear, and the steamer's cargo of gold dust and nuggets, were being transferred from the ship to the other.

The great steamer was a trim craft, looking like a private yacht, painted black with two slim, tapering masts set at a rakish slant in line with her own funnel. She came swiftly through the water and turned her broadside toward the Russian Bear, when the man at the wheel calculated that she was as near as safe, and her engines speeded down so that the stranger's speed more nearly accorded with the slow progress of the larger ship.

"Ship ahead. Is that the Russian Bear?"
"Who are you?" roared the captain, and "What do you want?"
"I want an answer to my question; then I'll tell you what more I want."
After speaking, however, the newcomer did not wait for an answer, but gave a command to the man at the wheel, who promptly signaled for the engines to stop, whereupon the yacht dropped to the rear, notwithstanding the slowness of the old Bear. The name was plainly painted on the stern, and the captain of the ship having after moved quickly alongside again, this time with only a couple of hundred feet of water between the two ships. During the slight interval the crew of the yacht had been busy, and now a forbidding looking cannon pointed its ominous muzzle toward the Bear.

"I'm after the gold, captain," said the first speaker, nonchalantly, "as no doubt you are aware. I'm going to have it quietly or I'm going to sink your ship. Which is it to be?"
"You're a little slow on the board, if you have any, but mine, I don't see what good the sinking of the ship will do you, and it would be very inconvenient to me. Better sheer off and we'll say no more about it. I can take a joke as well as the next man."
For a time it looked as if the stranger heeded the good advice given him, but the captain of the yacht rang full ahead and the sharp prow cut water like a knife. The yacht drew a large circle and seemed to be slipping off its pieces, but, as the man at the wheel of the Bear remarked, was only for a few moments, for the man on the Pacific could pass on. However, it was soon evident that this was not the intention of the stranger. Ranging alongside once more, he fired a few shots, which were answered by a cloud of smoke from the cannon, and a sharp report and the crash of rendering plates. A jagged hole had been made in the ship's side near the bulwark, which, while it did no harm, very improved the appearance of the Bear.

By and by the yacht swung around in a circle and again ranged alongside within a distance of a hundred yards.
"Haul down the flag," said the captain of the big steamer.
The captain of the yacht began to yell, "You're a fool when you speak at such a distance, a practical lesson is worth any amount of talk. I merely wished to convince you that we know how to handle our guns and that our guns can penetrate your rotten plating. Besides, you will have something to say for your money when you get to port. I take it we will have no further trouble, but I'll give you five minutes more if you wish to consult together."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Word Picture—The Martyr—A Double Quantity—Hubbed It In—A Beauty Slip—Too Quick For Him—Domestic Repartee—Fencing With Fate, Etc.
A sudden rain, a road of clay,
A leak that's sure though slow;
A bump just twenty miles away—
How's that for wheel and woe?
—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

"Your husband seems to be a victim of the tobacco habit."
"No; I'm the victim. He thoroughly enjoys it."
—His Vicar.
"Which would you rather be, Har greaves, rich or handsome?"
"I'd like to be rich, also."—Cincinnati Enquirer.
Burned Them.
Kitty—"What did she do with those adoring love epistles he wrote?"
Jack—"She simply made light of them."—Up-to-Date.

A Double Quantity.
Boarding School Teacher—"And now, Edith, tell us the plural of 'baby.'"
Edith (promptly)—"Twins."
The Locality.
"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old man.
"No," answered the boy. "The pain's in me."—Indianapolis Journal.

Domestic Repartee.
Mrs. Henpeck—"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."
Mr. Henpeck—"The proof of those you make is in the post-mortem."—Life.
Fencing With Fate.
He (cautiously)—"If I should propose, would you say yes?"
She (more cautiously)—"If you knew I would say yes would you propose?"
Hubbed It In.
Judge—"Why did you knock this man down? Did he say you were a liar?"
Prisoner—"Worse'n that, sah; he raved it."

It All Depends.
She (sweetly)—"Do you believe that kissing is unwholesome?"
He (cautiously)—"Well, I—er—is your father at home this evening?"—Chicago News.
Lacked Interest.
"What let our typewriter girl go, do you know the trouble?"
"Why, she didn't take enough interest in the business to pry into our private letters."—Chicago Record.

A Sign of Life.
Mother—"Edith, go and see whether the clock is going."
Edith (coming back)—"No, mamma, it is standing quite still, only its tail is wagging a little."—Enquire Within.
Too Quick For Him.
Mrs. Bacon—"Did you offer Mr. Crimmon's your umbrella when he went out?"
Mr. Bacon—"No; I didn't have a chance; he took it."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Beauty Slip.
Mrs. Mashem—"My dog and I have been sitting for our photographs as Beauty and the Beast."
Lord Loreus (a bit of a fancier)—"Yes; he certainly is a beauty, isn't he?"—Punch.
A Fugitive.
The Editor's Assistant—"Here's some fugitive poetry, left to-day."
The Editor—"By whom?"
The Editor's Assistant—"A fugitive poet. I ran him out with a shotgun."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Non-Com.
First Lawyer—"You are a shyster!"
His Opponent—"And you are a blackguard!"
The Court—"Now, gentlemen, let us get at the disputed points in the case."—Philadelphia North American.
Woman's Portion.
"In marriage," said the old bachelor, as he mentally figured on the cost of a wedding present, "a woman gets everything."
"Yes," admitted the old maid, "she gets the worst of it."—Chicago Post.

Rare Feliety.
She—"Such lovely bargains as there are at that new place!"
He—"Ah?"
She—"Yes, silks at eighteen cents, and in a store so small that a hundred persons crowd it to suffocation!"—Detroit Journal.
Martyr, Indeed.
Young Housekeeper—"My good man, can't you find a more useful life than that of a tramp?"
Tramp—"We are useful, madam—just think of the number of divorces we prevent by eating young housekeepers' pies."—Judge.
Didn't Approve of the Feast.
The lesson was from the prodigal son, and the teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother.
"But amid all the rejoicing," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now can any of you tell me who this was?"
There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a sympathetic crowd of remarkable powers of resistance were bent into all sorts of positions, but they did not break.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A strong microscope shows the single striations of the head to be like coarse round rasps, but with teeth extremely irregular and jagged.
The oyster is one of the strongest creatures on earth. The force required to open an oyster is more than nine hundred times its weight.
The sole of the English coast when placed over a gravelly bottom, will at once assume that shape to a remarkable degree. Placed in a white bowl it becomes almost as white as the dish.
In France it is a punishable offense for anyone to give infants under one year any form of solid food unless such be ordered by written prescription signed by a legally qualified medical man.

Beamers says that each thread of what we call a "spider web" is composed of about five thousand separate fibres, and that it would take 27,618 full-grown spiders a year to spin a pound of such silk.
The summer coat of the polar fox is dark, in general harmony with the ground of the rocky Arctic regions, where the sun has melted off the snow. In winter it is so white that it can hardly be seen as it runs over the snow.
More than six thousand species of plants are cultivated, and most of these have been broken up into varied forms by the hand of man. Horticulturists create new species, and show numbers of cultivated plants of which no one knows the original form.

Spanning an inlet of the Yellow Sea near Sangay, China, is a bridge five and a quarter miles long, with 300 piers of masonry, and having its road way sixty-four feet above the water. This work is said to have been accomplished by Chinese engineers 800 years ago.
The drill of the woodpecker has another tool inside, a sort of insect catcher. On the end is a bony thorn with sharp teeth like barbs on a fish hook. As he works and finds an insect he opens the drill and sends on this barbed tongue and draws it into his mouth.
A testing-machine of wonderful power has recently been devised for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It is capable of exerting a pressure of 500,000 pounds. It can be applied to testing the strength of a complete pile of masonry, and it is said that similar tests on so large a scale have never before been applied.

An experiment station for what has been called the "vivisection of plants," has been established by the Department of Agriculture in Washington. Somewhat similar stations exist elsewhere, but it is said to be the intention to make this more extensive than any other. Valuable results are expected from the study of the diseases of plants, and it has long been suggested that this may lead to the employment of "plant doctors" just as now we have doctors for men and animals.
A Smokeless Fuel.
In the future we may be importing masts instead of exporting coal. Mast is a by-product in the distillation of a raw petroleum. It is also manufactured from a cheap, brown coal found in Saxony. There has been, until recently, great trouble, says the Chicago Journal, in finding a furnace suitable for burning it. It is now blown by steam into a special furnace, on the principle of a Linton high-pressure used without difficulty. It is said to be forty or fifty per cent. cheaper than coal, and is twenty per cent. better as a heat raiser. Steam can be got up quicker and kept at a higher pressure and more work be done by the machinery. From a narrow point of view these are vitally important facts. No sign of a ship under full steam will be shown in the sky, for mast is a smokeless fuel. Russia and Italy are using it in their navies, and Germany has lately made some valuable experiments. At Kiel, Wilhelmshaven and Danzig are tanks from which it can be pumped into ships. Its specific gravity being so much less than that of coal, a ship's buoyancy is greatly increased when the bunkers are filled with it. Heavier armor or cargoes can be carried. The masting capacity being greater, the ship can travel faster or farther. It is yet to be learned what improvements the Germans have introduced into their furnaces and what are the disadvantages of mast.

The Trustful Citizen.
The other morning a careless mason dropped a brick from the second story of a building on which he was at work. Leaning over the wall and glancing downward he discovered a respectable citizen with his silk hat jammed over his eyes and ears, rising from a respectful posture. The mason, in tones of apprehension, inquired: "Did that brick hit anyone down there?" The citizen, with great difficulty extricating himself from the extinguishing into which his hat had been converted, replied with considerable wrath: "Yes, it did. It hit me." "That's right," exclaimed the mason, in tones of undisguised admiration. "Noble man, I would rather have wasted a thousand bricks than have you tell me a lie about it."—Baptist Union.

Cyclone's Effect on Bicycles.
It has remained for the French to study the resisting power which the bicycle has in a cyclone, and to produce an instantaneous photograph of a bicycle and rider as they appeared when caught in a furious whirlwind. Daring recent tempests a number of bicycles were caught on the high ways, and, although a few machines were wrecked, they were of the cheapest grades. Bicycles of the best make and remarkable powers of resistance were bent into all sorts of positions, but they did not break.

OPPORTUNITY.

Monarch of every human being, I govern all below, and all above. My rule ambitions lofty as the sky; I leave the way for crime's debasing brands. I'm king of battles, and I'm god of love—I govern all below, and all above. And once I come to every one of yours. That hour your hope is lost or fortune's made. Act bravely, promptly, for the way is free; And woe to him who hesitates, afraid! I have in one hand honor, love and peace; And in the other want, hate and disgrace; So, when I come, then may your eyes see plain: For I will take, I never come again. —Gardner, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
There may be lots of nice men in the world, but the bill collectors don't meet them. —Athens Globe.
"Did Mrs. Jinks' traveling gown fit well?" "Yes, but it cost so much she had to give up her trip and stay at home."—Philadelphia Press.
Mrs. Files—"Did you take your pet dog to the country with you?" Mrs. Styles—"Merely, no! The table was miserably."—Yonkers Statesman.
"You know what a hatred Brown has for a crowd?" "Yes, indeed; what of it?" "His wife presented him with triplets yesterday."—Indianapolis Journal.
Mrs. Brown-Jones—"I married my husband for protection." Jones-Brown—"Did you get it?" Mrs. Brown-Jones—"No; I didn't even get reciprocity."—Truth.

Our typewriter girl is awfully clever; she can sharpen lead pencils. "Poo! Ours can beat that. She has five clerks, each doing to sharpen them for her."—Detroit Free Press.
Silas Oatcake (who has just paid the bill)—"You York people know nothing or two. I reckon you hev this windmill here to keep people from gittin' hot when they pay your confounded high charges!"—Punch.
Solicitor—"Yes, madam, we will have to put down your correct age in 'the deed.' Client—"Put forty-five, then, if you must have it, but for goodness' sake write it as illegibly as possible."—Tit-bits.

Weary Watkins—"A man that will torture a poro dumb beast or to the look and boiled in oil." Hungry Higgins—"Bollin' in oil's too good for 'im. He'd ort to be boiled in scorpions."—Indianapolis Journal.
Saddler—"That was a wonderful performance of Star Pointer's, wasn't it? I tell you, a mile in less than two minutes is going pretty fast." Wheeler—"You bet it is. What gear did she have, I wonder?"—Cleveland Leader.
Disappointed Snitor (savagely)—"What's that, you little imp? You say you just overheard your sister tell me she would be a sister to me, and that you are glad of it?" Small Brother (nearly)—"Yeth this—military loves company, this."—Judge.
"Dear," said Mrs. Grounch as she showed her hotel and master a picture of a hat with a pretty woman's face under it. "I wish you would get me a hat like that." "I'll be glad to," grunted old Grounch, "if you will only get a face like that."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What do it mean," said Miss Miami Jones. "She a day talk in his dera novel book 'bout er young man payin' his addresses to a young lady?" "Doesn't you know?" exclaimed Erastus Pinkley. "I sholy do!" "It means that he done put de postage stamp on de love letter."—Washington Star.
"Oh, not at all," protested the Turk. "Ask any question you like. Yes, my trousers? Oh, they are rather large, to be sure, but you should see the harem that goes through them every night after I'm asleep." As for the travelers, they were much bewildered by the strange things they were encountering. —Detroit Journal.

"Tompon—"Was Locke much of a fighter when he was in the army?" Hammer—"No, hardly that. In fact, he managed to keep out of battle altogether. But then, you know, he was full of fight before he got to the front, and he has been full of it ever since the war was over. In the nature of things, a fellow must have a rest-home time or other."—Boston Transcript.

Growth of Cities.
According to recent statistics concerning the populations of towns from 1800 to 1890, it appears that during that period the population has been doubled at Amsterdam, Birmingham, Brussels, Manchester and Rome. It has increased threefold at Copenhagen and Marseilles; fourfold at Prague, Lyons, St. Petersburg, Paris and London; fivefold at Dresden, Cologne, Dresden, Hamburg and Vienna; sixfold at Leeds, Liverpool and Warsaw; sevenfold at Sheffield and Glasgow; eightfold at Budapest and Berlin; and tenfold at Baltimore. But all this is nothing compared to the growth of New York and Philadelphia, which to-day have twenty-five times the inhabitants they had at the beginning of the century, or like Chicago, which has grown 245-fold, and Brooklyn, where for every inhabitant in 1800 there are now 339.

Eleven Inches of Hand.
Jim Stevenson, a colored man aged about twenty years, residing in Lexington, but who was born at North Middletown, Bourbon Co., has the most enormous hand in a world, probably, and he says he was born that way. His right hand is eleven inches long from the joint of the wrist to the end of the middle finger, and the thumb and fingers about four inches in circumference. His thumb nail is as big as a half dollar. The two last fingers are of normal size. The thumb and index finger of the left hand are about double normal size. —Louisville Dispatch.