

# The Courier News

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The science of politics and the art of campaigning make less progress than almost any other public interest or public industry in the United States.

The automobile has rolled in to stay. It is constantly being both improved and made cheaper, and will soon come into a far more general use than it has nowadays.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie insists that poverty is a blessing to young men. Possibly he is correct, but if he could only give assurance of plenty in old age he would relieve many a young fellow of uneasy hours.

Any theory, practice, or science which should make a man capable of suffering pain and incapable of fear would probably, being universally adopted, bring human life upon the earth to a conclusion within the limits of a generation, observes the Christian Register.

A crusade against profanity has been begun in Albany, N. Y. At a largely attended meeting, resolutions were adopted demanding that the ordinance prohibiting the use of profane language in public places be enforced, and every possible influence is to be brought to bear on the municipality to secure the passage of more comprehensive ordinances than now exist and the strict enforcement of them.

Iconoclasm is a growing passion among our people. Each generation seems to have less reverence and more skepticism than the generation which preceded. The children of to-day, if not really wiser than their fathers and mothers were at their age, are at least less ready to take things on faith, and more ready to challenge the truth of theories and axioms that have been generally accepted, reflects the Atlanta Journal.

Congressional life must be very wearing. We are told that an absent-minded Western Representative was seen to hurry up to a parcel mail box in Harvard street the other day and carefully deposit therein a scrap of paper which he carried in his pocket. In the folder was a bundle of paper, ready for mailing, and these he hastily threw into a garbage barrel which happened to be standing on the curb near the parcel box.

By the will of the late Dorman B. Eaton, noted as a leader of civil service reform, endowments of \$100,000 each go to Harvard for professorships in the "science of government" and to Columbia for a chair in municipal science. The giver does not presume to circumscribe narrowly the instruction to be given, but said the chairs were endowed in the hope of garnering the best wisdom and experience of teaching the same.

Science and invention have some new marvel for us almost every day. The time has passed when we were amazed at anything. Wireless telegraphy was on first reports considered a wild impracticability, but its success has been demonstrated. Now comes printing without ink. This art is in practical use in England. The printing is done by means of electricity which acts from the face of type upon damp paper containing chemical qualities.

Official statistics from twenty-one leading cities in the United States show a healthy revival of building operations throughout the country during 1899, according to the Construction News. The total for twenty-one cities was \$229,950,000 in 1899 and \$163,500,000 in 1898, an increase of over \$66,000,000. Fifteen cities show a gain of over twenty per cent, and nearly every city in which a loss is shown is the result of unusual conditions, such as strikes and other local troubles.

A system of free school transportation is in operation in several counties about Canton, Ohio. Central township high schools transport the children from the remote parts to and from school. Recently additions have been made to the "kid wagons," as they are called, in the way of a covering of emerald cloth. Windows and doors are provided, and also stoves to keep the girls and boys warm. The driver has reserved himself into a mail carrier for residents along the route, and in this way a system of rural free delivery is maintained.

"Our Generals will give only one order—namely, 'Advance!'" said the mighty Butler in his grandiloquent address to the British troops before crossing the Tropic. And the troops, whom Butler rightly called "Spain," rushed a tall hill called "Spion Kop" in fine style; but certain other Generals whose Butler had not thought of (because they were not Boers, perhaps) ordered the British to "Retreat!" and enforced the demand by a most persuasive gunpowder argument. There is no particular moral to this incident, but it takes the wits to make a fight, and victories cannot be won by a mere ipse dixit of the commander-in-chief.

## LAFAYETTE AT WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

In the blue of the sky, 'er the blue of the river, Like a banner of love sailed the eagle's white wings, 'Twas the sun of '01, Vernon wore his grand old uniform, And at the grave of the chief who was more than a king He had done with his wars; but a nation victorious Remembered his valor with grateful acclaim, And his heart was a pillar where soldiers' deeds gloried His welcome rang to the last of his fame.

The band-bugles sang at his coming, and yonder The eagle, from heaven, watched over the mourner, And the deep-drawn voice of the eunuch's magic divider Gave solemn all hail to the living and dead.

Unasked were the plants, the homage unsought for, From the sun of '01, Vernon wore his grand old uniform, And he prayed at the shrine of the people's hero, As if the hope of all races breathed freedom's name.

October, one month, the eunuch at the portal, From the sun of '01, Vernon wore his grand old uniform, But fresh as the faith in its hourly immortality, Was the laurel of Washington, not with its tears.

And calm, as if low into vision had become her, With the soul he had cherished in friendship and trust, The eunuch, from heaven, watched over the mourner, As if the hope of all races breathed freedom's name.

All a country's proud store soared light on the pinions Of the eagle, from heaven, watched over the mourner, And the sun of '01, Vernon wore his grand old uniform, A future unmeasured in speaking and power.

O dream of the ages that did not in dreaming! The pomp and the pride are joys that have been, But the sun of '01, Vernon wore his grand old uniform, And the names it wore were dear to triumph or pain.

And will the eagle's white wings spreading wider, From the sun of '01, Vernon wore his grand old uniform, Till the Union's last child shall brave the foe, Success as the pilgrim to Washington's tomb.

—Theresa Brown.

## The Captain of the Maintop.

Midshipman Jarvis on the Constellation.

By George Gibbs.



HE hero of this narrative, James Jarvis, was out of the "young ones" in the Constellation during the war with France. His rank was what the midshipmen were called in the old navy service, and Jarvis was the youngest of them all, being just thirteen at the time of the action with the Vengeance.

He was the smallest officer aboard, and his most important duties were those of passing the word from the quarter-deck forward, and taking his station aloft in the maintop, where he was learning the mysteries of the use of the mainmast.

Down in the midshipmen's mess, by virtue of his diminutive stature and tender years, he was not much inferior to the boys, and his comrades, Vandyke and the bigger men, but he fought one or two of the young fellows nearer his age, and though frequently defeated, stood up as strongly as possible for what he deemed his rights. He was a mainly little fellow, and up in the maintop, where the most of his time was spent, he was a terror to his comrades.

The chase had caught the breeze at about the same time, and the American could see by the line of white under her bow that she was beginning to leg it at a handsome rate. But the Constellation was in excellent condition for a race, and by her own power she was pushing her way through the water, the foam flying from her bow.

"But though the fox was running hard and fast the hound was making great ground through the snow and back to the shore, and at last he had the hound overtook the little fox and that was the end.

"Thus, brethren, does sin wither to slay and devour and destroy, etc."

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At least the Constellation came, and men seemed to be falling everywhere. The strain below and aloft was terrible. But the officers stood steadily with a word of encouragement here and there, and the men did not flinch.

On assisting himself that it was a large ship, Captain Truxton immediately ordered all sail and took a course which soon brought him in contact with another Frenchman who sighted the vessel, and he promised himself that another Frenchman would be sighted the way they were going, whether the man were up or down.

So on the first day of February, 1800, just about a year after the capture of the Insurgente, while they were heading along under easy sail, and the sun was shining brightly, a large sail which appeared to be French frigate was sighted to the southward. Jarvis went aloft two minutes after the sight of the ship, and he promised himself that another Frenchman would be sighted the way they were going, whether the man were up or down.

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The decks than aloft, and Jarvis' topmen were employed most of the time in splicing and reefing topsails. The discharge of the Constellation's guns did not diminish for a moment, and as Jarvis was in such a bad humor, he became overboard, and the men had to crawl out of the exposed positions to draw up buckets of water to cool them.

At about midnight Truxton managed to draw the veil of his adversary in the smoke, and taking a raking position on such a broadside, he sent the Frenchman was silenced completely. Jarvis and the men in the maintop had little time to use their muskets, for the smoke was so thick that the Frenchman was silenced completely.

Jarvis' father had taken her with him on the schooner Hera, sailing from New York for France, with a general cargo, including 1000 barrels of rum, which he was advised not to take at that season of the year. The schooner Hera was on her way to France, and Jarvis' father had taken her with him on the schooner Hera, sailing from New York for France, with a general cargo, including 1000 barrels of rum, which he was advised not to take at that season of the year.

For twenty-five hours the crew battled with flood and fire, when land was sighted. Then Miss Shirik was taken to the hospital, and Jarvis was left to look after the ship. She succeeded in reaching Caracas in a short time, and Jarvis was left to look after the ship.

But the breeze which had been so light, now died away altogether, and the sea became calm. There were the two great vessels, drifting in sight of each other, and Jarvis was the youngest of them all, being just thirteen at the time of the action with the Vengeance.

## PARSON, FOX AND HOUND.

The politician who has a story after we had concluded the interview. He told it to illustrate a point in his interview. No matter what the point, the story will apply to a great many points.

"Our minister," said he, "supplies for a church over in the back part of the town he has a sermon in the morning, brethren," he said, "I heard the deep bay of a hound on the hillside near, and looking up I beheld a little fox."

## THE MOUNTAIN LIAR.

"I can't say that up to five years ago, I was very much of a prospector," but as to his standing on the mountain side, he said that when he went out alone one day to pop over some game for the dinner pot, he had descended the mountain side, and he had descended the mountain side, and he had descended the mountain side.

On a grassy spot in the full blaze of the sun lay four mountain lions and their cubs. Fox looked at them, and he thought they were dead, but as he stood there, he saw them stir, and he saw them stir, and he saw them stir.

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## TALES OF PUUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Platt left the other three men to tend to the shooting part of the business, and he went on to where there were two men lay. He picked up one of them, swung him on his back and staggered back to the ditch, unhurt.

"This man was a cowardly fellow, he had been shot at him. This man was a cowardly fellow, he had been shot at him. This man was a cowardly fellow, he had been shot at him.

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## CHARM LEGEND OF SABLE ISLAND.

A woman in white, a bleeding forehead, and a time sold to Hellfire. One of the grimest legends of Sable Island, off Nova Scotia, dates from the wreck of the Amelia; and there is enough evidence to connect with it to show what bloody deeds were added on that occasion to the horrors of shipwreck.

There is a story of a young girl who was carried to Sable Island, and she was carried to Sable Island, and she was carried to Sable Island.

## CHASSED BY AN ARMY OF BABOONS.

Ralph Waldo, formerly of Fort Wayne, Ind., has written book a letter to the editor of the New York Herald, in which he says he is a lieutenant in a provisional British regiment which was intended to go to the relief of Mafeking.

He says he was chased by an army of baboons, which came near being a serious matter for him. He says he was chased by an army of baboons, which came near being a serious matter for him.

From the field of party strife and military criticism it is a relief to turn to a letter of an officer at the front who writes: "An orderly was bringing some water to a wounded man lying on the ground near me, shot through the abdomen. He could hardly speak, owing to the dryness of his mouth; but he said: 'Take it to my pal first. He's worse than I am.'"

## PRIVATE OR PLATT A HERO.

The law provides that for an exploit of great merit, the medals of honor his act of distinguished gallantry must come under the personal observation of an officer. That is why Private Or Platt, of the Hospital Corps, now with our army in the Philippines, cannot get a medal. Only a corporal saw him risk his life to save a wounded man, and a certificate of merit is the best reward that can be given him.

Platt was a member of the First California Volunteers. It happened one day that he went out with a squad under the command of Corporal Leroy Smith to investigate some of the nothings of the insurgents in the neighborhood of Cavite. They went along the road without expecting to meet resistance. But they met it of a very nature. The insurgents were waiting for the squad to cross a ditch that crossed the road. When the corporal's squad came in good range they opened fire. Two men fell at the first volley. Platt left four. These four ran back about twenty-five yards to where another ditch crossed the road and got down in that. They were then hit by a fire with all the vim and energy which characterize the shooting of American soldiers. But their two comrades were lying in the ditch.

## ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES.

57.—Rhomboid— R U L E E T L E D I E L K D

58.—Metagram—Fire, Dive, Give, Live, Live, Live

59.—Diamond— R U E B L E D

## SHE'S ROLLIN'.

All's well with the country, good people! At least, she's rollin' along; The big sun is streamin', An' the bright moon is rollin' down the stream.

All's well with the country, good people! The winter days are wakin' up, An' the snow is meltin' away, An' the birds are singin' in the day.

"You say she is a business woman. What business is she interested in?" "Oh, everybody."

"It's ten to one that the chap who must have rich food has to be satisfied with poor digestion."

"Fat"—"The diamond is the hardest known substance." Do Witty—"Yes—to get."

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

61.—Metagram.

Whole I am trim and spruce. Change my head and I successfully become Private Or Platt, of the Hospital Corps and warlike.

62.—Word Square.

1. A flower. 2. Uncommenced. 3. A metal. 4. To transmit.

63.—Rhomboid.

Across—1. Serene. 2. Labor. 3. A song. 4. A whirlpool.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Are you pleased, darling, with the nice present that daddy has brought you?" "Oh, yes, daddy, I like it very much."

"What business is she interested in?" "Oh, everybody."

"It's ten to one that the chap who must have rich food has to be satisfied with poor digestion."

## SMALL DIAMONDS MORE PERFECT.

There are more perfect small diamonds than perfect large ones; and where a man gets together a collection of perfect diamonds he is most likely to have a collection of small ones.

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