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FROSTBURG MINING JOURNAL.

J. B. ODER, Editor and Proprietor. AN INDEPENDENT PAPER. $1.50 per annum—IN ADVANCE.

SEVENTEENTH YEAR.—No. 13. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1887. WHOLE No. 845.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A DAY IN A PRIMARY SCHOOL.

Imagination takes foundation stone
From out the quarries of the real and true,
Then builds her fabric bright and fresh and new,
Without which strength, e'en being, were unknown.

And Thought builds up her structure, howe'er rude,
Of fragments stronger than the common clay
Of idle words and fancies born to-day,
That slip away and all our grasps elude.

So he, who speaks of what he feels and knows,
E'en little actions in a simple way,
Of earnest hopes that struggle day by day,
Will find some list'ner as the story grows.

Whistles the first bird of spring, glad for all the winter over
Of the blue skies and the sun, and the sprouting leaves of clover,
Of the shadows on the wheat moving silently forever,
And the dancing of the feet of the sunbeams on the river,
Till into our very hearts creeps the beauty of the morning,
All the dusty nooks within touching, gilding and adorning,
Till all life a glory wears. Listen to the children coming!
Some faint air of Paradise we can almost fancy humming
Through the lessons softly conned by the rosy cherubs smiling,
Into dreams of flowery ways all the peaceful thoughts beguiling—
Thought of how before us lie plastic tablets dropped from heaven,
On which we may nobly write—such to us the honor given—
All our best and truest thoughts—write, and they shall stay forever,
Graven as on marble hard, fading from the surface never.

Dreams the teacher, fancy fair, weaving pleasant things together,
Links into a golden chain happy thoughts and sunny weather,
Till—ah, luckless teacher!—hear how the hum is swelling, swelling;
Ceased's the air of Paradise in the fainter numbers dwelling,
And the buzz now clearer grown, breathing of the earth is earthful—
All the keys together struck, sobs and sighs and voices mirthful,
Till bewildered head and heart, guilty for the slight forgetting
That a teacher cannot dream, back to vigorous work, and getting
All the jangled chords to rest with a "silence!" quick and awful,
And a brow like thunder's self (circumstances make it lawful)
Comes the teacher, wond'ring much how to grasp the work and do it,
So that mercy, side by side, walk with sterner justice through it.

Then commences for the day merry "a's" and lazy "b-ah's,"
Tales of Rob and Nat and Ann, and incipient ideas
Drawled with eyes half on the book, and with mischief in them hiding,
Waiting till the teacher's eye, 'round the room a moment gliding,
Gives it chance to hurry down, where it rarely ever lingers
For a moment's space of time, to the rosy little fingers,
Which, surcharged, are never long on some negative bestowing—
Such a charge as sends a wail over all the schoolroom going;
Science all is set at naught, marbles fall toward the ceiling,
Utter ignorance of all gravitation's law revealing,
Natural history receives some additions rather murky,
Since "a large domestic fool" is the meaning of a turkey,
There a tiny mother sits gazing on her book demurely,
With a brown cloth baby tucked 'twixt bench and desk securely.

So it goes. The day is full. Listen what they all are saying,
Lively as the drops of rain on the roof and window playing:
"Teacher, please pronounce this word." "Don't you see how Ben is eating?
Said if I should tell on him he would give me such a beating."
"Charlie's gone and got my top." "No, I did not set it spinning—
Dropt right from my little box, 'fore I knew it was beginning."
"Ella says her throat is sore; may she eat her piece of candy?"
"Jim's an awful boy to-day! better have some switches handy!
Talks so much I cannot learn; said I was an ugly monkey,
Just because I bit the ears off of his old cracker donkey."
"Oh, I'm awful sick to-day! guess I am the small fox getting—
Wont you please, ma'am, let me go down there where Maria's setting?"
"Can't I get some water now?" "Little Kate's nose is bleeding."
"Lucy has been mad with me ever since I said my reading."

All day long with smile and frown urging up the path of duty
All the restless tiny ones who see little force or beauty
In the units and the naughts, in the spelling and the reading—
Full of life, and fun, and play, often idle and unheeding,
Often slyly having fun under study's meager cover,
Always giving love for love, "measure pressed down, running over,"—
Strives the teacher with a work greater than thought can measure—
Grand as angels' work might be—full of pain, and full of pleasure.
From the west the sunbeams write on the desks the evening's blessing,
Sunny heads and busy hands all so tenderly caressing;
Smiles take up the place of frowns, wiping out all trace of sorrow.
Taps the bell. The work is done. "Good-bye, teacher, till to-morrow."
Fades the day. Across the hills purple evening's hands are lying,
Peace comes in to bide awhile, smiling at the daylight dying.
So, God grant, when life shall end there shall be surcease of sorrow,
Glad good-byes till comes the dawn of the Resurrection morrow.

EDITORIAL.

If we have ten feet of snow on Christmas how many pays per month will it require to buy a ton of Cumberland coal? We refer the above queston, received from a correspondent, to brother Oder, of the Frostburg JOURNAL.—Lonaconing *Star*.

All depends upon what the *Star's* correspondent would take to dig a ton of coal out of a mine in Cumberland.

As the matter stands a semi-monthly pay, every week will not furnish revenue enough "to buy a ton of Cumberland coal."

The article is not to be had.

THE Cumberland *Independent's* Barton "Growler" admits "there is no law compelling the Consolidation company to pay their employees more than 88 cents per day." That is settled.

He is not happy, however, when he says "the law of necessity compels the men to work for such wages," for he ought to know that in a free government of free people there is not nor can be such a law. To clinch his proposition he adds:

—And brother, you know it, and our opinion is, before you'd work for 88 cents per day you would call on the county for aid.

We beg "Growler's" pardon. We don't "know it," because we have worked hundreds and hundreds of days for less than 88 cents, for people, too, who were profiting by that labor, and if he wants to learn who were our employers we can show him a list of brethren that would appall a heart less pure and certainly less sensitive to scenes of human woe than his.

But here he goes again:

Let me ask you a question. If you had 500 men to whom you were paying 88 cents per day, and from whose labor you were deriving a profit of $1.50 per day, knowing that your employees eked out a meagre existence, while you lived in luxury from the profit of their labor, would you, under those circumstances, ever expect to go to Heaven? Or would you, in your own secret heart, expect your fellow-men to point to you with pride as an honest and conscientious man?

Perhaps like many other capitalists who have risen from poverty to wealth we might forget that heaven had anything to do with it. The rich man, scripturally speaking, is to have a pretty hard time of it in the general divide at the last day, in which anticipation the people who "eke out a miserable existence," the 88-cent crowd, might well sing already—

O, what are all our sufferings here? etc.

Only about three weeks ago a Frostburg minister emphasized the proposition that "up there men are to be measured and rewarded, not by their success but by their *labor* here."

But, seriously, in reply to "Growler's" question, "under those circumstances" we do not know, nor can we guess what we would "expect" as to our allotment in the future state of being. We only know that many enemies of capital are trying to own the object of their antagonism. We see some who, leaving the narrow road to get on the broad highway, doing their utmost to get in a position to sing to their whilom oppressors—

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not.

The same speculation applies to the "secret heart." Some writer asserts that "every heart knoweth its own bitterness"—a knowledge evidently incommunicable for personal and prudential reasons. The fact is, "its own bitterness" is all it ought to know in the way of gall and wormwood. "Growler's" latter inquiry, also touching our expectations in a hypothetical case, is, therefore, too much for us. The oppressed has so often become an oppressor, the serf a sovereign, the slave a tyrant and the minion a boss, that we cannot imagine what would be the effect of a metamorphosis so complete upon the hitherto stainless nature and disposition of the JOURNAL.

VERY many of our people are disappointed in the failure of the commissioners to elect Bernard Stern, of this place, president of the board. Having largely distanced all competitors and all colleagues in the poll, and having all the qualifications for a presiding officer, it had been accepted as almost certain that the great popular preference which carried him into the board would naturally lift him into its presidency.

But other considerations prevailed, perhaps for the best. At any rate, speaking for Mr. Stern without his knowledge, the JOURNAL avers that he will be found equally useful on the floor in the conscientious discharge of duties such as he believes he owes to the people.

THE Legislature of North Carolina has repealed the laws of that State providing for the office of State Geologist.

This is a step backward.

One of the best alleviations of the discontent which afflicts the army of the unemployed is the discovery and development of new mineral territory.

IN spite of opinions to the contrary, the year's production of coal will show that the demand has outstripped the excesses hitherto furnished by new sources of supply.

CORRESPONDENCE.

QUERY.

FROSTBURG, MD., Dec. 15, 1887.

To the MINING JOURNAL.

Why cannot the young men who occupy the gallery of the Opera House remove their hats and behave with ordinary decency?

The enjoyment of the Kellogg concert by a number of ladies and gentlemen was almost destroyed by a lot of roughs who deported themselves without respect to company or audience.

75 CENTS.

TALK AT POMPEY.

VALE SUMMIT, Dec. 15, 1887.

To the MINING JOURNAL.

Mrs. Eva Long has been sick during the past week, and Mrs. Peter Cain, sr., residing near this place, has been quite ill for some time also.

Timothy Higgins, one of our popular young men, fireman on the Connellsville road, visited his parents, at this place, several days of last week.

Two gentlemen canvassed our village Wednesday, and the same evening gave a lecture on the merits of their medicines.

Steele Hawthorne and wife, of Elk Garden, W. Va., visited relatives and friends here last week.

The turkey that escaped Thanksgiving will have no need to rejoice until Christmas is over—unless he reaches "a land that is fairer than this."

Thomas Hawthorne, who had his leg badly broken in the mine severa weeks ago, is rapidly improving.

Mrs. Thomas Cain, residing near this place, who fell on the ice a few weeks ago and broke her leg, is slowly improving.

Patrick McGann and wife, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Joseph Ganning, of Gallitzin, Pa., returned Friday of last week.

Protracted meeting at the Borden Shaft, conducted by Rev. J. R. Pardew, of Eckhart, has been in progress several weeks.

Tuesday and Wednesday last Mrs. Ann Harrison visited Rev. S. S. Wilson, of Mt. Savage, whose wife is lying very ill with inflammatory rheumatism.

Two gentlemen canvassed our place Friday of last week with canary birds, but from all appearances did not sell many. As the holidays have drawn so close the birds would have taken better had they been larger—say something of the turkey kind.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Christmas Exercises.—Extensive preparation is being made by the Sunday school of the M. E. Church, South, for a "Christmas Missionary Exercise," which will be held on the evening of Christmas day. A special programme has been prepared which will consist of singing, responsive readings, recitations, etc. The following evening, Dec. 26, an entertainment will be given in the church which promises to be interesting. Some new departure from the usual Christmas tree display, not yet devised, will be presented.

Holiday References.—The JOURNAL has not time or place to go into detailed descriptions of the holiday displays made by our merchants, most of which are more than usually elegant and elaborate, and after all must be seen to be appreciated.

The window and interior displays of Hitchins Bros., B. Stern & Co., F. C. Beall and I. C. Lambert evince great taste in the arrangement of a profusion of articles. Proprietors, managers, salesmen and saleladies all had a hand and all deserve praise.

C. F. Nickel hopes to be in his new house to-day with new goods, etc. If not, some time before the holidays, or very soon after. When the pressure is over the JOURNAL will give a description of the new edifice.

Theatrical.—The Kellogg concert drew a large audience, but the programme was too exotic for the intensely American character of our people. The pleasure of the audience was marred, too, by misbehavior in the gallery. A lot of young men sitting on the top of the balustrade, with their coat-tails dangling over the heads of ladies and gentlemen, is not a picturesque scene. Add to this the unnecessary noise and remarks of badly bred boys and the whole affair was one of lively discomfort to very many people.

The management of the house owes its audiences full protection against such abuses, and the town authorities, backed by the people, will in all such cases stand by the management.

"Miss Claire Scott," (elsewhere advertised,) says the Boston *Herald*, "has made a great popular success in the *role* of Mary Stuart."

Brevities.—A few of the boys expressed some indignation over the JOURNAL's hint to them last week to wear their silk (plug) hats to the Kellogg concert. They think it was a reflection upon their intelligence—just as though the JOURNAL thought they didn't know any better. That was not the intention at the time, boys, but since you name it—that's about the size of it with some of you. But we are glad to rise and sing—"hail to the dude who in triumph advances!"

Considerable matter left over for next week.

The damage case of Hitchins Bros. *vs.* the town of Frostburg, decided in the Circuit Court against the plaintiffs, was taken by the latter to the Court of Appeals. Thursday the higher body reversed the judgment of the lower, and the case will be re-tried. The suit was brought to recover damages for alleged defective construction of a culvert in Frostburg, the judgment below favoring the corporation.

The public schools of this county will be closed Tuesday, next, Dec. 20, and re-open Tuesday, January 3.

A circular extensively circulated invites everybody to attend the canal convention in Cumberland next Friday.

For next week bring in your matter early.

Religious.—The JOURNAL acknowledges receipt of an invitation to be present at the ordination of J. J. Dillon to the Holy Priesthood, by his Eminence the Cardinal at the Baltimore Cathedral. The ceremony will take place this morning at 7 o'clock. Mr. Dillon is the son of Mrs. C. Lynch, of this place, and a young man of exceptionally fine promise.

The following report was handed the JOURNAL for publication:

FROSTBURG, MD., Dec. 9, 1887.

Agreeable to previous notice the Presbyterian congregation convened immediately after service held in usual place of worship this date, and was called to order by Rev. C. J. Forsyth, of Barton, who had been previously invited to preside. Reuben Anthony was elected secretary.

The resignation of the pastor, Rev. J. A. Whitaker, was read, whereupon the elders, having stated that it was the pastor's special request that none would vote nay, the resignation was accepted, and the following paper was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our pastor, Rev. J. Addison Whitaker, has deemed it his duty to ask Presbytery to dissolve his relations to this church—

Resolved, That with deep regret we accept his resignation.

Resolved, That during the two years of his ministry among us his labors have been untiring, his exposition of the Scriptures in our hearing clear and forcible, his efforts and solicitations for our temporal and spiritual advancement have been most zealous, and his demeanor toward us has been kind, gentlemanly, and christian.

Resolved, That our prayers shall follow him for success in any field of labor to which he may be called, and his talents, zeal and energy deserve.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the Sessional Records, and published in the MINING JOURNAL and the Presbyterian *Observer*.

Attest: REUBEN ANTHONY, Secretary.

Personal.—Dr. R. H. Henry, of the Department Staff, inspected Thoburn Post, No. 21, G. A. R., Tuesday evening.

H. G. Meem, an accomplished civil engineer, has lately entered the service of the Consolidation coal company, with headquarters at this place. He is a son of Gen. Gilbert S. Meem, the owner of the famous "Steenbergen" farm in the Valley of Virginia.

Miss Claire Scott, the young English actress, due in Frostburg on the 19th and 20th, has made a great name already, and the New York *Mirror* prophesies that "she will erelong astonish this continent."

Dr. Hughes, of Grafton, and George E. Pearce, of Piedmont, W. Va., spent Tuesday evening with C. H. Walker's family.

The poem entitled "A Day in a Primary School," printed elsewhere, is the production of Miss C. B. Trout, of Front Royal, a teacher in the public school service of Virginia. It was written for and read at a meeting of the Warren county (Va.) institute last spring, but now for the first time published. In all conscientious teachers it will awaken new and generous effort, while its great intellectual value will command due appreciation in every competent literary tribunal. The poem and these comments derive special local interest from the fact that Miss Trout is a native of Frostburg, and by many will be remembered as the daughter of Rev. David Trout, once a pastor of the M. E. Church here.

A New Pipe Organ.—The first pipe organ, brought to Frostburg last week and erected in the Reformed church, of which Rev. G. A. Schwedes is pastor, indicates a new departure of the right kind in church music. The pastor is, therefore, to be congratulated upon the selection and acquisition of an instrument which is superior both in quality and style to perhaps the very best of reed organs and certainly best adapted to the purpose which it subserves. Coming from the M. P. Moeller Organ Company, of Hagerstown, Md., its selection is most heartily approved and indorsed by the members of the congregation. None but the most commendatory words of praise can be heard from all directions—from excellent musicians of our own town, who have tried and tested the nature and quality of the instrument. As a matter of course it is not one of the high-priced instruments manufactured by Mr. Moeller, whose manufacturing facilities are of very large proportions, including among their products almost every known grade of organs, but for the size of this organ, its volume as well as its sweetness are pronounced very remarkable. And it has been suggested by not a few who are interested in good music for congregational purposes, that before long our other enterprising churches will follow the good example, and procure instruments of this kind, perhaps even superior to this initiative venture.

A brief description may be of interest to those of our readers who have not yet seen the organ. It is known as a one-manual pedal pipe-organ, whose dimensions are 11½ feet in height, 6 feet in width and 4 feet in depth. The casing is of elegant black walnut, in the semi-Gothic style of architecture, and finished in hard oil. The front is set off with metal speaking-pipes, which are ornamented in gold and colors, producing a pleasing effect. The compass of the manual key-board, ranging from C to C, contains 61 notes; that of the pedals from C to D covers 25 notes. There are 8 stops and 248 pipes, which are grouped as follows: Open diapason, of metal, 49 pipes; dulciana of metal, 44 pipes; principal treble, of metal, 44 pipes; principal bass of metal and wood, 17 pipes; diapason bass of wood, 17 pipes; flute D'Amour, of wood, 44 pipes; Bourdon bass and pedal bass, of wood and very large, 25 pipes; octave coupler, swell and bellows lever

The pipe organ was brought here and erected by M. P. Moeller, the manufacturer and inventor himself, whose extensive and growing works at Hagerstown, Md., are attracting much attention from all parts of the country. Although the opportunity was not given him with this instrument to show his skill to best advantage, his work, even here, called for the highest praise. Those who have had dealings with Mr. Moeller confirm the statement that it is his custom to meet every item of his contracts with the greatest exactness and honest precision.

The organs of the Moeller company, although brought into the public market only within the past few years, have received general attention and great praise. The Reformed church of Frostburg, to say the least is much pleased with the instrument brought here by them. Judging from the high praise for the unexceptional merits of their instruments erected in many prominent cities elsewhere, and the satisfaction given by the one erected here, the JOURNAL predicts that other churches of our community will be prompted to improve their musical facilities likewise.

A Walk Around.—'Twas an eve before Christmas—no matter what day—(it has but little bearing on what we've to say)—tired of the office, we started down street, bidding "good evening" to all we should meet.

While yet at the base of the stairway a thought struck us then, and forthwith we drew our notebook and pen, determining minutely to put down, everything we should see while strolling round town.

The weather was chilly and thinking it best, we stepped into Wittig's to warm and to rest. Adjoining the office—right here on Main street, for Christmas he's prepared with everything sweet—candies, cakes, nuts—everything to eat. Then for play there are fiddles and horns, accordeons and flutes, and soldiers with muskets and feathers and red-topped boots; and horses and wagons, and buggies and gigs, and monkeys on wires to make them dance jigs.

But really we must go! ah! who have we here? 'Tis Joe Bear's; walk in, you've nothing to fear! He has overcoats, dress coats, pants and short hose, and underclothing to warm you when the wind blows.

Below is friend Thomas—he's a good soul, who deals with the miners though he's no dealer in coal; he has hats, caps, gaiters and shoes, made to suit all sizes of Gentiles and Jews.

And here's the Gem Grocery, with everything good—sugar, coffee, flour and other kinds of food. In all this there's nothing at all shocking, for polite Simon's sirname—it is Hocking.

Next door is the mammoth hardware store; we notice you smile, you've been there before—for axes and mattocks, shovels and hoes, and Oliver chilled plows to furrow straight rows. The place is popular and known everywhere well, for a team is manager and proprietor—R. G. Colborn and F. C. Beall.

A few steps further and we make a round turn, for a promenade down the bazar of B. Stern. "Good evening, Mr. JOURNAL; take a seat and be cheery, while we serve these buyers so good and so merry." Every piece Christmas-like went easy and gay—just the way with stocks put in not to stay. For here are calicoes, muslins and other nice goods, and mantles and furs and nubias and hoods; and ginghams, silks and alpacas to suit all tastes, and corsets so sweet to fit pretty waists.

Again in the cold we are out—we're hastening to reach the end of our route—but stop, here's Zeller, the barber, very next pop, who keeps what we call a nice little shop. Though not a kid he's a fine shaver; nor is he a drummer, yet his palaver is pleasing to the ear as his scissors to your hair, and his razor to the rugged, the beard-and fair.

Not far below—a little down street, we stepped in to comfort our hands and our feet. After warming we started to go, when Chambers very modestly said no, no. The oysters are frying, you surely must stay, for they're finer than common to-day. We tarried then—just for awhile, to test the bivalves cooked *a la* best style. After we left we thought what a pity, it is that John does not live in a big city. His oysters are so good, his bread and his meat, and everything else so trim and so neat.

Mrs. Jaadorf is near by with goods to suit all—with clothing (at cost) for short and for tall; finery for the rich and kerseys for the poor, and other things suitable—what need anyone more?

Then Spill with confectionery and toys, and a hundred nice things for the girls and the boys. His store is packed above and below, and his notions for Christmas make quite a big show.

Our course still downward, we step in the shoe store, of Mrs. Hartman who has all styles in the line by the score such as boots, shoes, hats and caps—of all sizes, too, to fit all the chaps.

And here is Marx Wineland, land sakes alive! his store looks for all the world like a beehive. Here are notions and clothing, blankets and hose, and umbrellas to protect you from the rain and from snows; canes, valises, satchels and trunks, and satisfaction generally in good solid chunks.

A little below Fred. Johnson beats tin into pans—into roofing and spouting, buckets and cans; into utensils to save cooks and housekeepers pain, and sheets to keep out the snow and the rain.

On the opposite side is the St. Cloud hotel, kept by Lynch so nicely, so neatly and well. Besides oysters his tables are ladened with chicken and meat, and turkeys and sausage and pigs' feet.

Though he begged and beseeched us to tarry, we hied further up to look in at Harry—who, as everybody knows, takes great pride in cutting neat-fitting clothes. He's always ready, too, to baste, sew or make stitches—anything to order from a necktie to breeches.

Onward and upward—here's Nickel's new store, filling with new goods and plenty things more, in the parlor and chamber furnishing line—furniture common and furniture fine. He wants all to call at the earliest day—he's prepared to please you in every way. He wants you in life to come early and often, and when at last you must die he will bring you a nice coffin.

"Say, step in—I want to see you 'pon honor," we looked in and saw it was George Conner, who has books of all kinds for large and for small, and some that I'm sure would likely please all; and paper and pens, and notions so rare, and things for the children—you can see them all there.

Just above we determined to stop by the way, and ask D. J. Betz the time of the day, when we saw in his cases the watches and rings, and bracelets, pins and other nice things.

Then here's the office "Domestic"—the light running machine, that does all the sewing so nicely, I ween. We listened a moment to the agent's dulcet tones, and bade good evening to Messrs. Munn & Jones.

We hurried on and stopped at Joe Timmens, who was busily waiting on some "beautiful wimmens." He was light-hearted, frolicsome and gay, for Joe had done a good business that day

But failing fast were the shades of night, as we glided on and looked in at Colonel Wright, who never in his life had happier looked, as he pored over the goods that had been judiciously "booked."

Down here we come to Percy's drug store, the depot for Hay Fever remedy and a hundred drugs more. Here are lamps of all sizes, and chimneys and wicks, and a score and more of nice little tricks.

Into the well stocked store of Hurley, Sloan & Co., with pleasure and profit we smilingly go. They have boots and shoes that never bring bunions, nor corns that make a demand for raw onions. They're soft to sore feet, including the gout, they're cheap and they're good—they'll never wear out.

Out Broadway—gracious alive!—how the old town does rustle and thrive. For all that is nice, clean and neat, friend Jeffries can scarcely be beat. He has hardware, notions and shoes, and nearly everything a family can use.

Of Miss Griffiths the same is quite true, whose new store's at the head of Frosts' avenue.

Now, backward, O backward, turn, JOURNAL, to-night, for the walk is not over by a big sight, for here's Holle's grocery, with everything good—coffees, flour, sugar, and all kinds of food.

But we're too fast—it can't be denied, that to a hungry man there's nothing so good as oysters well fried. We'll retreat a short space, for Blasse knows by the cut of one's face, whether he will take them that way or stewed, and he cares not whether you're a gentleman or dude.

Back on Main street—ah me! how frightful the labor of eating, when one's already full and friends keep repleting—but here's N. M. Dean's place, who has always on hand, all kinds of hardware that one may demand. He has nails, tacks and hinges and guns, pistols and hatchets, and iron by the tons.

But we pass on. Here's Beall, Baush & Co., with a store full of goods, that look down on you temptingly as pretty girls from their hoods. They've everything to eat and to wear, and whatever you want you'll always find there.

Right here is Lambert, with McKeehan and Shearer, to aid him—could anything be clearer? His store is neither lengthy nor wide, but it's crammed full of goods on each side. His medicines cure every sickness or ache, and are fixed up so nice they're tolerably easy to take. Here are pills for the sick, the deaf and the blind, and mixtures for ailings of every kind.

George Ort comes next—a pleasant-toned grocer, who, when he's "out" says so with a musical "no, sir." Everything is neat, pretty and clean all kept in this trim by Miss Josephine.

Then, there's Mr. Keller, who deals in the same, has all that is palatable that you canname. Like neighbor Ort he has flours and the weed, sugars, coffees and shipstuff and feed.

Nearly home! (blessed name) and it's late in the night—we feel like rest—but whose store is this on the right? "Hitchins Bros." saith the sign, and they're merchants indeed, who keep in all lines whatever we need. They have handkerchiefs gorgeously hemmed, and trimmings *galore* and sparklingly gemmed. They've goods for the ladies, who cannot refuse them, for brother Adam has taste and knows how to choose them! O, the satins and silks, and trimmings and laces; ornaments for the hair and veils for the faces; and clothes for the gents—for young and for old, so warm and so thick they keep out the cold. Then they have sugar and molasses, and coffee and tea, and buckets and baskets and matches—dear me! With brother Owen away in the woods 'mong the pines, moving here and there superintending the mines, you can wager all you've got that biz is bound to hum—that the goods have got to go, and the coal 's got to come.

It was now many minutes past ten, and the JOURNAL, a-weary, hied to its den; and there, all alone, struggled and fought, with a legion of rhymes that all the names might be caught.

But, O, hapless fate! how many defied, the rhymester's rude effort till nearly he cried. There were Hartzell and Rodda, and Williams and Croft; the Gunters and Lewis—whom all have seen oft; McMillan and Moody, and Hocking & Son, who furnish neat goods in wagons that run. And Koch and Shaffer, and Hill—could we be fairer, than to name them along with Gehauf & Mayer? There's Evans, Wagner, and Wilson, Lemmert and Wade—all sell goods of the best that are made. On Broadway is Wolfe and near him is Payne—and Wilderman with meat—but we must get back to Main. 'Cross the street is Mason with his medicines and drugs—to cure the halt and sick, and lays out the bugs. Near him is Michael & Burton, who sell nearly everything except ices, and 'way off—we nearly forgot them—the Prices. There are others, perhaps, who should claim our attention, but their names are a host and their goods too numerous to mention.

By staying up longer we might have said more, but midnight had now come—we thought it but prudent that we should now snore—at home to rest on pillow and bed, and think of the good and evil things said, by our patrons so numerous on reading this stuff—written all on account of a general puff.

A prosperous season to all who see it in good light! a "Merry Christmas" to the others! to both "good night!"