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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. 52. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888. WHOLE No. 884.

New Business Locals.

Personal.—Mr. N. H. Folichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good results. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at I. C. Lambert's drug store.

Boils, pimples, and skin diseases of all kinds speedily disappear when the blood is purified by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has no equal as a tonic alterative, the results being immediate and satisfactory. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.—Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints. If you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by I. C. Lambert.

Electric Bitters.—This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and others affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50c and $1 per bottle at I. C. Lambert's Drug Store.

Rheumatism is caused by a poisonous acid in the blood and yields to Ayer's Pills. Many cases which seemed chronic and hopeless, have been completely cured by this medicine. It will cost but little to try what effect the pills may have in your case. We predict success.

Business Locals.

Two good Heating Stoves for sale. Apply to J. S. METZGER.

May Brothers, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y., are in want of good Salesmen to sell their Choice Varieties of Nursery Stock either on salary or commission. To the right men steady employment the year round. Write them for terms. [May 26—8t

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.—The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by I. C. Lambert.

New Advertisements.

LOST

ON Ormand street, Broadway, or Frosts' avenue Sunday afternoon a WATCH FOB with red set. Finder will please leave at the [Sept 22] JOURNAL OFFICE.

CARD OF THANKS.

I SINCERELY thank all who in any manner kindly contributed to the comfort of my little daughter while ill, and all who, after her death, exhibited their sympathy for us by tender aid, attention and recognition of our loss. [Sept. 22] B. STERN.

SELECT SCHOOL

THE undersigned, a TEACHER OF EXPERIENCE (in Rome, N. Y., High School; N. H. Female College, and others,) will open

MONDAY, OCTOBER 1,

IN MOAT'S OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,

A Select School for Girls.

This School will afford thorough instruction, by most approved methods, in the common English and higher branches, and also in Drawing, Singing, and Calisthenics.

TERMS—For tuition in English studies and Latin, $2 per month, or $5 in advance for term of 13 weeks. Lessons in French and Elocution at special rates.

As the number of pupils will be limited, applications should be made promptly.

Sept 22 MRS. J. E. J. BUCKEY.

Beauty

Is desired and admired by all. Among the things which may best be done to enhance personal beauty is the daily use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. No matter what the color of the hair, this preparation gives it a lustre and pliancy that adds greatly to its charm. Should the hair be thin, harsh, dry, or turning gray,

Ayer's Hair Vigor

will restore the color, bring out a new growth, and render the old soft and shiny. For keeping the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, there is no better preparation in the market.

"I am free to confess that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me that it is a genuine article. Its use has not only caused the hair of my wife and daughter to be

Abundant and Glossy,

but it has given my rather stunted mustache a respectable length and appearance."—R. Britton, Oakland, Ohio.

"My hair was coming out (without any assistance from my wife, either). I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, using only one bottle, and I now have as fine a head of hair as any one could wish for."—R. T. Schmittou, Dickson, Tenn.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."—Benjamin M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo.

"My hair was becoming harsh and dry, but after using half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it grew black and glossy. I cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel."—Mabel C. Hardy, Delavan, Ill. §

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

LONACONING, a lively little mining town, located on the Cumberland and Pennsylvania railroad, down the creek eight miles from Frostburg, is designated as the centre of the Georges Creek coal fields.—S. H. C., in Pittsburg (Pa.) *Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The JOURNAL would not detract a wrinkle from the countenance, or a gray hair from the locks, or anything from anything else that makes Lonaconing conspicuous, but "when the traveler from New Zealand," looking for the Big Vein, stands on the coalless heights around that place, he will see all there is left of it in the neighborhood of this metropolis.

And off eastward, below the horizon, the little speck of dirt that he may happen to see will be the remains of what we call Cumberland.

MINNESOTA has abolished contract prison labor. The agitation of the Knights of Labor of that State is what did it.—K. of L. "organ."

The penitentiary birds thereupon agreed no doubt that Noble Order "agitation" is a good thing, for if there is anything a convict hates with all his heart, mind and soul it is a big contract. No matter whether inside or outside the walls, his still, small voice and his broad, big hand are against it. Hence, when the Knights of Labor take his burden on their own shoulders, and out of the proceeds pay the taxes which keeps him in idleness, he laughs with a gusto which fills his sleeve.

Do you know it is a difficult matter to secure fire insurance in a reliable company now? Well, it is, and if your property is not insured, you had better see about it. Also inquire into the reliability of the company whose policy you hold. It will be too late after a fire.—Lonaconing *Star.*

The matter is not a difficult one in Frostburg, even to get a first-class agency to put a risk in a first-class company.

The strange part of the business is that where first-class insurance is easy of reach people should not be more careful to get it.

Hence, while insuring, insure in something that is time-tried and fire-tested.

THE St. Louis *Chronicle* is clamoring for a free public library and less favoritism toward teachers by the school board.

Hence, the St. Louis school board is tremblingly of the opinion that it does not care what the *Chronicle* clamors for.

THE JOURNAL last week rubbed fur the wrong way in several quarters, but, gracious alive, folks, don't you know there is a hell reserved for those who wilfully attempt to punish the innocent and deliberately screen the guilty?

THE McCoys, of Kentucky, have killed seven of the Hatfields, of West Virginia, within the last month.

At this rate the majority in West Virginia will not be as large as expected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED TO THE EXAMINER.

To the MINING JOURNAL.

Why was not the result of the public school Examiner's private examination published? TAXPAYER.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Political.—A democratic club has been organized at Barton with P. S. H. Lee president.

Married.—Tuesday evening, Sept. 18th, 1888, at the house of the bride's mother, Blen Avon, by Rev. A. C. Haverstick, Mr. ALFRED E. WOOD and Miss SARAH E., daughter of Mrs. Cooper, all of this county.

At the pastoral residence Thursday, Sept. 20, 1888, by Rev. D. C. DeWulf, Mr. PATRICK FRIEL and Miss ANN MCGREGOR, both of this vicinity.

A Little of a Dangerous Thing.—The scene in which the following answer was made was laid in an educational centre out West, but it might have garnished a school examination in these woods:

The human body is made up of the head, the thorax and the abdomen. The head contains the brains, when there is any. The thorax contains the heart, lungs and diafram. The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five, A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes W and Y.

Business Matters.—Levi B. Porter is at his old place in Dr. Mason's drug store.

August Kallmyer occupies the room, vacated by Mr. Porter, in the Betz building.

John Foster, saddler, abandoned his business in one of the Payne buildings and is working for Mr. Kallmyer.

Peter Daily, a rheumatic invalid, has opened a little store in the room vacated by Mr. Foster.

Theatrical.—Ravenscraft's Opera House will be opened for the season by the Irene Taylor Dramatic Company with "In the Streets of New York," Thursday, Sept. 27th. This company comes to us highly recommended by press and public, and the people can rest assured of seeing a first-class entertainment. Secure your seats early—now on sale at George J. Conner's book store. The following notice is quoted from the Mt. Pleasant (Pa.) *Journal*, of 18th inst.:

The Irene Taylor Dramatic Company opened the season in Rumbaugh's opera house, last evening, in the "Streets of New York." Miss Taylor made an excellent "Ahda Bloodnood" and Mr. Montaflue, as "Badger" and "Mrs. Puffy," scored quite a hit. Their support was of the good order.

About Frostburg.—Walt Whitman has written an ode treating of the metropolis, from which the stanzas below are stolen:

All hail to the city on the mountain—not the "Mountain city," so called. Hurrah for the coal of ebony hue, the water translucent, the air salubrious, and the potato bigger than a smoked ham! Hear—hear!

I climb to the roof of Moat's Opera House, but the mountains tower higher. I sail up in a balloon, but still the atmosphere is above me. Hail!

Every lady should be here all summer. Every gentleman ditto. Likewise every invalid should seek these gates. Selah!

Tickets may be purchased at the railway offices Hail! The weather is generally admired. Hurrah! The JOURNAL is its secretary. Whoop!

Again all hail to the corpulent metropolis, the city of marvelous hillness, and wonderful physique! Hello!

I vociferate in the exstasy of my emotion! I walk on stilts that I may look over in Paradise! There are no flies on this town, nor its coal, nor on the poet who pens these few lines! Inshallah!

Mount Zion Welsh Baptist Church.—The above church and surroundings have undergone some material improvements of late. There has been a new foundation wall laid under the east side of the church, and the damage done to the plastering on the inside has been repaired and kalsomined uniformly with the whole inside building. There has been a new fence constructed all round the church enclosing the whole plot of ground on which the church stands, and a path has been completed around the same according to the requirements of the corporation. The whole work on the outside has been done very creditably by Joseph Yates, who also superintended the work done inside the building. What the whole improvement will cost the church cannot at present be stated, but it is estimated to reach a few hundred dollars. To-day and to-morrow, Sept. 22d and 23d, the Allegany Baptist Union meetings will be held there, as per programme published in our issue last week.

A Series of Burglaries.—The carriage shop of George Kmeriem was entered by burglars on Saturday night last, and a number of chisels and braces, valued at $6, were taken.

The next place visited was the tinware store of F. E. Wolfe & Co., corner Broadway and Mechanic, where an entrance was effected through a window in the rear. A number of knives and razors were taken. Messrs. Wolfe say their loss will not amount to more than $6. There was no money in the store. The building was passed as late as one o'clock Sunday morning and everything was all right.

The hardware store of Frank C. Beall, on Main street, was also visited. The burglars gained admission there by forcing a rear outside door and then cutting a panel out of the inside door. The iron shutters bore evidence of having been tried. The contents of the money drawers, between $3 and $4 in change, and about six new revolvers and a lot of cartridges were taken. The loss is estimated at $60 or $70. The safe was not tampered with. The burglars left no clue at any place leading to their identity.

Journalistic.—Somebody sent the JOURNAL this week a copy of the special edition of the Baltimore *Herald*, dedicated to Cumberland. It has a good many portraits in it, so badly executed that we are real glad the artist put a descriptive remark under each similar to—"this is a hon."

St. John's P. E. Church, of this place, has begun the issue of a neat little 16-page monthly, well filled with interesting religious matter. The first page, however, is devoted exclusively to home church affairs, put up in terse, readable shape by the Rector. The second number (October) is ready for issue. In connection with its publication the *Record* has said:

This is a "patent inside" paper, but the *Record* is indebted to the office of the FROSTBURG MINING JOURNAL for the neatness of the local department. Of course the Rector is responsible for the local items.

J. T. Taylor, of the Cumberland *Times*, called on the JOURNAL Thursday.

G. Robert Cooper, a former *attache* of the JOURNAL, took an active part in the entertainment at Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the families of the firemen recently killed in that city. Mayor Latrobe made a speech extolling the nobility of the fire corps. The amount realized was $500.

The Merchants' *Exchange* is the name of a new candidate for public favor in Johnstown, Pa., with William S. Hocking, formerly of this place, and R. G. Wickersham, editors and proprietors. It is small, but neatly printed. The leading editorial for the issue of the 20th inst., entitled "Johnstown," is from the pen of Mr. Hocking.

Personal.—W. I. Hartzell, of Nashville, Tenn., spent this week with his mother, Mrs. Hartzell, of this place.

James H. Cook, the young man who lost a leg several weeks ago, has been going around on crutches for some time. His is a case of rapid recovery from a serious hurt.

Mrs. L. R. Markwood and two children returned Wednesday from a delightful visit to Mrs. M.'s brother at Washington, Ohio.

Smith M. Standish, formerly of this place, is at Inman, New York, in the service of the Chateaugay railroad.

Miss Nannie Markwood returned to her home near Keyser, W. Va., yesterday.

William Stevens left Monday for Ashland, Va., to attend Randolph-Macon college.

Mine Inspector Browning visited the mines round town this week. He is in excellent humor and says "none of these things move me."

The many friends of George A. Wingert, of Asheville, N. C., were glad to see him Thursday. He will be here a week or over.

S. M. Jones was in town one day this week. He is now wholesale agent of the Domestic Sewing Machine company for western Pennsylvania and western Maryland, with headquarters at Cumberland, and what he don't know about the business he is in is too small to mention.

Marx Wineland has gone east to lay in his fall stock. He expects a big run and will provide for it.

Miss Lottie Harris, of Allegheny city Pa., is visiting Miss Sarah Griffiths.

Death of a Veteran Engineer.—James L. Randolph, the veteran consulting engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company, died suddenly Monday evening at his home, near Jessups, on the Washington branch railroad. He entered the engineering service of the company when he was a youth, and his long and useful life was spent there. For many years he was chief engineer of construction, and had for a comparatively brief period been the chief consulting engineer, with his office at Camden station. Many of the important railroad enterprises of the B. & O. were engineered by him. Half a century ago, when Philip F. Thomas was the president of the company, Mr. Randolph was employed in the engineering department. The road then extended to Harper's Ferry, and Mr. Randolph's first work for the company was in the original location and construction of the road this side of that point. Railroad building was in its infancy, and Mr. Randolph being one of the earliest of railroad engineers, had to do a great amount of original research. It was under his supervision that the Chicago division of the B. and O. railroad was located and opened in 1874. During a part of his life he was engaged in important engineering work in Alabama, and he was prominently concerned in the location of the Somerset and Cambria railroad. Mr. Randolph was highly respected by all of his associates as an able, conscientious man. Personally he was tall, over six feet high, well-built and muscular. He married a daughter of Col. John Strother, who was for many years the proprietor of the Berkeley Springs hotel of West Virginia. Mrs. Randolph, who survives her husband, is a sister of Col. D. H. Strother ("Porte Crayon") who died a few months ago at Charlestown, W. Va. Two sons survive—one of whom is Beverly S. Randolph, of this place, mining superintendent of the Consolidation coal company; the other, L. Strother Randolph, at Mt. Savage, master of machinery of the Cumberland and Pennsylvania railroad company.

Brevities.—W. Scott Burton provided the JOURNAL one day this week with a treat of fine carrots from the garden of P. A. Michael on Water street. One of the tubers weighed 1½ lbs.—an extraordinary size in this latitude.

The interment of Lavinia Stern took place last Sunday afternoon in the Hebrew cemetery, Cumberland. The pallbearers were Henry Jandorf, H. B. Colburn, Joseph Bear, Gus. Wm. Zeller, John B. Williams, W. G. Boughton; the floral bearers, Julius Jandorf, George T. Smith and Clarence Towles. The family were the recipients of many kind attentions, for which Mr. Stern elsewhere makes acknowledgment. Misses Sallie Brown and Phoebe Johnson testified their respect by sending a pillow of roses; Mountain Lodge, No. 99, A., F. and A. M., of which Mr. Stern is Worshipful Master, sent a floral "Gates Ajar," and the Messrs. Eisenberg, of Lonaconing, relatives of the family, sent a floral monument.

A train will be run from Cumberland to this place tomorrow to accommodate visitors to the Baptist meeting.

Judging from the number of cracked establishments in Frostburg last Saturday night there was a thirst for hardware that pay week could not "squench."

C. Reichenbach has his oyster dispensary in rapid running order, and all gallant lovers of the succulent can be supplied in great shape. For the present, however, there is no hatrack in the hall, and gentlemen will as usual hold on to their helmets and halidoms. They are strictly forbidden, however, from cleaving the heads of the waiters with their swords while the lunch is in progress, or splintering a lance upon the bosom of the urbane clerk. In other directions they will have every privilege, and the generous host will furnish flagons of sack as a reward of merit when good behavior is accompanied by the cash. Seriously speaking, his oysters are fine, and the colored clerk prepares them in a style at once peculiar and grand.

A mosquito story that has its plot laid in Frostburg is an insectivorous lie.

"Frostburg is the healthiest place I visit," stated Titus A. Buck to a group of his admirers the other day. "Why, people never die here unless they eat canned doughnuts or are run over by the cars."

The JOURNAL is glad to hear that the picnic to-day will be a stunning success, as usual. People elsewhere who are pining for local enjoyment should abandon the country for awhile and come to the metropolis and ask for what they want.

Through D. J. Betz, of this place, Orlando Jarrett, of Nickerson, Kansas, sends the JOURNAL a sample of salt taken from a deposit recently discovered at that place. Mr. Jarrett writes that the bed was successively found at Hutchinson, 9 miles east of Nickerson, then at the latter place, and, lastly, at Sterling, 8 miles west of Nickerson. The most remarkable portion of his statement, in connection with the seeming boundlessness of the area of the deposit, is that it is quite 400 feet thick. The sample sent is good as any salt in use in this country.

Several shots inside the corporation Saturday night disturbed several peaceful slumbers. The Baltimore *Sun* says "the best officer is he who makes fewest arrests," but it wont do, when so much devilry is abroad, to permit evil-doers to enjoy police neglect.

It is a good thing for Christians to keep their lamps "trimmed and burning." It is very good also to have all our gas posts luminous every dark night. In each of our street light houses, when it is dark and damp, "there is always room at the top"—for a light.

Statesmen of both parties are sending the JOURNAL whole rafts of politicdoes, for which thanks awfully!

The Catholic church has been filled to overflowing by attendants upon the Mission.

The town Council awarded the contract for building the Bowery culvert to Henry Williams, and that gentleman is at work upon it.

Report goes that Charles Vogtman and Miss Annie Merrbach will be married to-morrow (Sunday) morning in the German Lutheran church.

Mrs. J. E. J. Buckey advertises elsewhere the opening of a private school. She has had much experience as a tutor, and is a lady of undoubted intellectual force and scholarship.

The Womens' Christian Temperance Union, recently organized in this place, will meet in the Presbyterian church to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at 3½ o'clock.

Shortly before press hour intelligence reached us of the death last Monday, in Fort Benton, Montana, of Mrs. Nannie A. Baker, wife of Joseph A. Baker, of that city. She was a sister of W. G. Conrad, of whom extended notice is made elsewhere.

Mrs. Titus A. Brick was informed late this week that she could be accommodated with space for her proposed letter. She sent it in but it is longer than expected. Will appear next week

Band picnic to-day. There is music in the air. So thick we breathe it everywhere.

A Rural Palace.—While in Virginia in August the JOURNAL heard a glowing account of "Montana Hall," an old-time homestead reconstructed and completed "after the similitude of a palace." Expressing some desire to see for itself the beauties whereof it had heard, the JOURNAL was invited to become one of a small party to make the tour. Accordingly, Monday morning, 10th inst., despite a sky overcast by threatening cloud, our quadrille set out from Front Royal toward Winchester. The south and north branches of the Shenandoah river, both muddy and slightly swollen, were forded, the water *almost* coming in the carriage. But the ladies preferred crossing this way, for it was said of some luckless ones shipped by ferry on one occasion that the cable broke and away boat, horses, carriage and travelers drifted helplessly down the swift current. We crossed safely, and ambled along the pike, now an avenue of cedar, sycamore, walnut, etc., which have grown up since *ante bellum* days. Fertile, well-appointed farms succeeded each other on both right and left, and evidences of popular thrift and comfort suggested the observation from one of our number—

"How small the tax on each of all these teeming acres would be laid by the cost of rebuilding the bridges."

B sides, there is the rich town of Front Royal, deeply interested in the business which lies on the north side of the Shenandoahs, but from which it is cut off by barriers frequently more inflexible than a prohibitory tariff. This gave rise to another comment:

"How easy the burden of rebuilding these bridges would fall upon the peoples on *both* sides and *between* the rivers."

And once rebuilt, how they would wonder, that they had so long permitted any local jealousy, or consideration whatever, to intervene between a great public need and its gratification.

It is not the office of the JOURNAL, however, to discuss "the bridge question." Hence, we go on to the "double toll-gate," and, turning eastward, we are soon at White Post. It is quite mid-day, else we would stop and inquire concerning the origin and purpose of the large white post which stands in the centre of the square, and from which the place derives its name. Leaving the pike here, we go on county roads which, softened by recent rains, are not so rapidly traversed. Finally, however, the carriage draws up at the entry to the farm, and between a row of aspens on each side we follow the lengthy avenue to the hall. Reaching the park the approaches circle round and up to the front of the stately edifice, and as we pass the portico it is easy to read the inscription upon the door-plate:

W. G. Conrad.
MONTANA HALL.
1887.

A few paces further we alight within a spacious *porte cochere*. Meanwhile, Mr. Conrad, having caught a glimpse of the vehicle, comes down the stone stairway, bids hearty welcome, and leads the way along the porch, over the tessalated floor of the portico into the hall. Erelong Mrs. Conrad entered and supplemented in most charming manner the hospitable reception accorded us by her husband. The JOURNAL'S mission is explained, and the proposed exploration of the hall began with the large double parlor. The floors, covered with the finest Moquet carpet, are studded with splendid specimens of furniture, constructed of the costliest woods and finished in the finest plushes. Everything in the realm of art applicable to parlor decoration is represented. Here and there a scarf cover, or other table ornament, the result of Mrs. Conrad's genius and the work of her hands, furnishes the visitor a unique object for study and admiration. In this range of articles no two are alike, and those of no other parlor are like them. Rich curtains hang from the high, broad windows, and bright, beautiful family pictures adorn the walls. Very large pastel portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad are notable for their fidelity to life and richness of finish. These are by Brand, an acknowledged master. The hand of the same artist is detected in five crayon pictures of the children—Josephine, Minnie, Harfield and Arthur Francis. At this point our attention is called to the piano—Decker's finest. At the JOURNAL'S request little Miss Josephine plays a waltz—"My Queen" with great accuracy and spirit. Taking things somewhat as they come, and omitting far more than we can name, we pass round the room and stop before an easel holding another of Brand's triumphs—a full length portrait of the beautiful hostess. Nothing in the way of pictorial reproduction could be more life-like and splendid. The artist evidently did his best in all his portraitures of Mrs. Conrad, and he never had a queenlier subject. Outside of domestic paintings the parlor is garnished with several very fine productions of Mrs. C.'s own talent as an artist, all of which she exhibits with becoming pride.

The march through the hall is interrupted by the sound of the dinner-bell, and now host and hostess lend themselves fully to the pleasure of making their bountiful board a scene of solid enjoyment for their guests. It would not be in accord with good taste, perhaps, to state in detail how royally we were served, or richly we fared, but we enjoyed it all the same.

While in the dining room, it was our privilege to observe that in style of table appointments, furniture and decorations, everything was in keeping with the splendor of the house. As we proceed we see that in the study of the architect to secure the most striking effects, the important matter of *convenience* was not omitted. He placed the culinary department just where it would in no respect trench upon other portions of the establishment, yet communication therewith is easy and free.

Out in the hall again, we pass over the tiled floor into the library, a magnificent apartment. Here an Axminster carpet greets the eye and another grand piano invites Miss Josephine's tender touch. This room is a gem, but, positively, we cannot stop long enough to describe it. Home is 14 miles away, with two rising rivers to cross, and we must hurry.

We are ushered thence into Mrs. Conrad's chamber, carpeted in velvet, and otherwise a bower of beauty, furnished with all that a wife's taste can devise. The nursery adjoining is akin to it, and filled with objects suggested by a mother's affection.

Beyond is the spacious pantry and other vestibule apartments leading to the cooking section.

We respond now to the suggestion—"let us go upstairs." In the hall, however, a pause is made to examine one of the massive mantels of marbleized slate, and Mr. Conrad explains that besides the two observed in the parlor, there is one in every chamber of the house, each weighing over 2,000 pounds. Passing under the archway of the hall we step between two tall newels of shining cherry to the lower landing of the stairway. Up on the next floor we find arched hallways again, curtained with raw silk hanging in broad pleatures from ceiling to base of walls. On the right and left doors open into chambers furnished with every luxury and embellished with a taste which only opulence can gratify. Each apartment has some distinguishing feature. Several have silk window curtains with bedspreads to match. In one is a mirrored wardrobe from which Mrs. Conrad took a dress which she wore at a reception tendered at her Fort Benton residence to Sir John McDonald, governor-general of Canada, and another worn on a similar occasion in honor of governor Houser. In another chamber is a bureau tabled with onyx, the stones alone being worth fifty ordinary bureaus.

The house is amply equipped throughout with baths of hot and cold water, electric bells and gas. All the chandeliers are marvels of beauty.

Another flight of stairs leads to the Mansard roof story, now used as an indoor playground for the children. Still another flight and we stand upon the summit and look out on a vast plateau of undulating farm-land. The North and Massanuttin mountains are in full view, and, still nearer, the clearcut outlines of the Blue Ridge limn a rugged prospect growing into a deep depression at its western base, where rolls the Shenandoah. From this outlook Mr. Conrad can see nearly the whole of the 400 acres of his home farm, and a portion of the 545 acres of another which lies on both sides of the river. These two bodies, too, are largely representative of the best soil in the Valley of Virginia.

We have now descended and find ourselves in Mr. Conrad's private office. Here we learn that there are 22 apartments in the house with space for six more, that the main building is 50x40 feet, the "L" 50x46, and that it is so situated that it is over 100 feet from one extremity to the other. It is four stories high, covered with iron, topped with a lofty tower which has for its climacteric a wind-vane. It is surrounded by all that convenience, comfort and luxury suggest, and the farm is equipped with modern machinery for cultivation, harvest and haulage. A laundry, creamery, icehouse, a fine barn and stables, the former filled with this year's crops, fine horses, carriages, wagons, etc., make up the paraphernalia of an essential portion of an establishment dedicated to pleasurable money-making.

A short distance from the residence a copious, never failing spring of limpid water furnishes the house and barn. "Had I this spring behind my house in Fort Benton," said Mr. Conrad, "it would be worth more than this farm." A few yards below the spring the water is caught by a hydraulic machine which, operating automatically, propels the stream to the house; thence the overflow gravitates to the barn and stockyard.

The gas supply, developed from gasoline, is another cheap but effective result of an ingenious contrivance beginning out in the park and terminating in the cellar.

Should anyone ask—why all this about an establishment which has its parallel in thousands of instances?—we reply—true, perhaps, but in no case, we warrant, anywhere nearly 100 miles from a great city. Away out in the country it is rare, very rare, to find original ideals, but here is an aggregation in the realms of art and utility—creations, not imitations. And all through the house the additional art of detachment is exhibited. Objects of conspicuous interest, or value, or both, arise at intervals sufficient to make the tour a series of pleasant surprises. At one place, for instance, is a gold chair presented Mrs. Conrad on the occasion of her wedding by Gen. W. T. Sherman and staff; at another is a splendid gift (the name of which we have lost) to Mrs. C. from Sir John McDonald, and at another a wrought gold smoking case represents a tender of regard from the Queen of England to Mr. Conrad.

At the age of 18 years (1868) William G. Conrad, restive under the galling yoke of farm life, left the homestead in Warren county, Va., and set out for the far north-west. Making Fort Benton, Montana, his base, he worked himself into business which dared severe climatic conditions and aboriginal surroundings. After a time the brave, hardy, youthful pioneer prospered. Erelong he sent for the next brother; these two for the third, and so on until the entire family reunited in the new home. Other evidences of growing fortune reached the native community—all highly creditable to the industry and business talent of the young men.

As William grew in wealth he also advanced in popular favor. A plain, unassuming man, with no taste for politics—yet his good judgment, business sagacity, conservative disposition, and thorough knowledge of territorial needs became so widely known that he was induced to sit one term in the upper house of the Montana legislature. He is the leading member of the old and popular north-west firm of I. G. Baker & Co., and president of the First National Bank, of the same place. In ascertaining these facts we also learned that he is largely interested in several railroads, "one of which," he remarked, "has already reached Fort Benton, and we expect two more next year." He predicts that "Fort Benton is destined to become one of the foremost of north-west towns—that it will be to the Missouri river what St. Paul is to the Mississippi."

Mr. Conrad's dealings have been with a wide range of people, from individual Indians and trappers up to the governments of Great Britian and the United States, and they have covered all grades of transactions from a single hide to contracts, which, in the aggregate, have involved millions of dollars.

When he left Virginia he entertained, among other laudable aspirations, the hope of returning some day to claim the hand of "the girl I left behind me." This was known to but few, if any, and the young lady was vainly sought by a host of ardent suitors, comprising the *elite* of a wide territory, many of whom could not understand why she uniformly responded "nay." One of these, a poet, coined his devotions into pretty verse and embalmed his idolatry in the local prints of the day. But nothing shook her fidelity to her earliest choice, and "in the fullness of time" the long separation was sweetly broken by the return of the equally loyal lover to claim his own.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad are still young. He is a handsome man, of medium height, and a robust specimen of old Virginian brawn and brain. Mrs. Conrad is a lady whose figure, carriage and mould of feature would command notice anywhere and in any assemblage. Time has dealt tenderly with her, and if the benedictions of fortune have changed aught of her face and manner it has been to enhance their loveliness.

"Are your expectations realized?" was aked the JOURNAL near the time of leaving.

In the languarge of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon we replied:

"The half was not told."

To many this may appear a long recital concerning an establishment in which we have no local interest, owned by strangers, but the JOURNAL stops here with the assurance that it also has told the smaller half, and that very imperfectly.

It ought to be stated, in conclusion, that the few inaccuracies that may be found in this report are due to the fragmentary nature of information picked up at odd times during the last twenty years—fragments which memory, charged with the custody of other treasuries, may not have preserved with that sedulous care which is inspired by the prospect of future use.