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MINING JOURNAL.

J. B. ODER, Editor. AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. $1.50 per annum—IN ADVANCE

NINETEENTH YEAR.—NUMBER 16. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1890. WHOLE NUMBER, 952.

New Advertisements.

$5 REWARD!

LOST from my premises in Frostburg on Thursday night, Jan. 2, 1890, a

Shepherd Dog,

medium size, about 3 years old, white neck, otherwise mottled white and gray, and a speck in his right eye. I will cheerfully give the reward above named for information leading to his recovery.

JAMES MILLER,

Jan 11 Pastor Main St. Baptist Church.

REPORT

OF THE SECRETARY OF THE

SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

OF FROSTBURG, MD.,

For the Year ending Dec. 31, 1889.

Cash, January 1, 1889		$ 3,894 73
RECEIPTS.		
Dues	$20,781 73	
Fees	143 50	
Fines	174 08	
Interest	3,062 80	
		24,162 11
" reported by Treasurer	424 27	
Notes reported by Treasurer	3,138 85	
		3,563 12
Total		$31,619 96
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Withdrawals	$ 5,058 51	
Dividend	1,634 09	
Redemption	13,130 00	
Expenses	302 25	
		20,125 85
Notes reported by Treasurer		4,127 45
Cash, January 1, 1890		7,366 66
Total		$31,619 96
ASSETS.		
Loans secured by mortgage		$54,340 00
" " note		9,034 67
Cash, January 1, 1890		7,366 66
Total		$70,741 33
LIABILITIES.		
Stock paid in		$66,935 16
Equipment		18 80
Profits divided		3,633 97
" undivided		2 57
Profit and loss		150 83
Total		$70,741 33

The dividend basis for the year is $60,566 16. Of this sum the net profit, $3,633 97, is six *per centum*, and this rate of distribution has been declared by the Board of Directors.

J. B. ODER, Secretary.

Report of Committee.

FROSTBURG, MD., Dec. 31, 1889.

To the Stockholders of the Savings and Loan Association of Frostburg, Md.:

THE undersigned having been appointed by the Board of Directors to examine and audit the books and accounts of the Secretary and Treasurer of the above named Association for the past year, respectfully submit that they have performed that duty.

For information relative to the affairs of the Association we refer you to the comprehensive and intelligible report of the Secretary, whose diligence and careful attention to his duties are worthy of the highest commendation. We also take pleasure in referring to the systematic and business-like manner in which the Association's books are kept, and the faithful and honest application of all receipts to legitimate purposes.

Your committee also carefully examined the Treasurer's vouchers and found that they correspond with the Secretary's accounts.

ALEXANDER C. HAVERSTICK,
JOHN B. REESE,
E. N. MICHEL,
Committee.

Jan 11

ALLEGANY COUNTY Treasurer's Report

FOR THE QUARTER ENDING **January 4, 1890.**

RECEIPTS.		
Cash balance		$22,978 05
Taxes collected:		
Collector 1st district—		
J B Stottlemyer, 1887	$ 129 86	
Jesse Robinette, 1888	221 48	
" " 1889	805 34	
		1,156 68
Collector 2d district—		
C L Holzhu, 1886	11 21	
" " 1887	98 06	
T S Kean, 1888	694 47	
" " 1889	2,874 02	
		3,587 76
Collector 3d district—		
Abraham Casey, 1886	65 00	
John L Porter, 1888	436 25	
" " 1889	1,495 98	
		1,997 23
Collector 4th district—		
Daniel O'Hanley, 1888	201 78	
" " 1889	241 75	
		443 53
Collector 5th district—		
Stephen Fuller, 1888	811 68	
" " 1889	1,659 32	
		2,471 00
For account of Almshouse:		
From C Reichert, treasurer		36 45
Interest received		97 92
Insane Asylum expense account:		
Levi Wickard, superintendent		309 86
Total		$33,078 48
PAYMENTS.		
Roads:		
Road levy	$ 165 00	
" appropriations	160 00	
" balances	97 46	
" expenses	29 10	
		451 56
Circuit Court:		
Attorneys' fees	829 99	
Sheriff's fees	2,000 00	
Magistrates' fees	669 05	
Constables' fees	408 30	
Jury and witness fund	2,581 60	
Court expenses	263 93	
Jail expenses	992 70	
		7,745 57
Orphans' court		974 00
Inquests		46 21
Public Charities:		
Almshouse	1,386 01	
Outside pensioners	3,184 00	
		4,570 01
Elections:		
Registration officers	267 90	
Election expenses	62 80	
		330 70
Scalps		6 00
Insane asylum fund		480 00
County commissioners		603 00
Taxes paid in error		24 59
Special appropriations		1,000 00
Miscellaneous		633 48
Collectors' commissions		2,943 66
Contingent fund		3,035 40
Discounts allowed		94 08
Insane asylum furniture and expense account		2,232 54
New assessments		243 50
Hawks, owls and weasels		27 20
Insane asylum construction account		870 45
Cash		6,106 53
Total		$33,078 48

D. ANNAN,
Treasurer Allegany county, Md.

Treasurer's Report---continued.

Financial Condition —OF— Allegany County,

JANUARY 4, 1890.

RESOURCES.		
Taxes not collected:		
Collector 1st district—		
J B Stottlemeyer, 1887	$ 156 82	
Jesse Robinette, 1888	253 19	
" " 1889	2,783 75	
		$ 3,193 76
Collector 2d District—		
Frederick Kolb, 1884	16 30	
" " 1885	738 56	
C L Holzhu, 1886	491 08	
" " 1887	2,651 80	
Thos S Kean, 1888	6,111 40	
" " 1889	12,482 49	
		22,491 63
Collector 3d district—		
Abraham Casey, 1884	15 79	
" " 1885	144 72	
" " 1886	127 29	
" " 1887	429 92	
John L Porter, 1888	320 07	
" " 1889	3,065 67	
		4,103 46
Collector 4th district—		
Herman Schaidt, 1884	11 14	
" " 1885	16 81	
John Coles, 1886	428 34	
" " 1887	676 48	
Daniel O'Hanley, 1888	758 52	
" " 1889	7,091 37	
		8,982 87
Collector 5th district—		
Stephen Fuller, 1888	831 47	
" " 1889	6,426 94	
		7,258 41
Jail expenses		319 93
Outside pensioners		201 91
Contingent fund		2,145 93
Insane asylum expense account		1,262 16
Discounts allowed		613 55
Cash		6,106 53
Total		$56,686 14
LIABILITIES.		
Roads:		
Road levy	$8,550 00	
" appropriations	195 00	
" balances	263 25	
" expenses	34 53	
		$ 9,042 78
Circuit Court:		
Attorneys' fees	136 62	
Sheriff's fees	75	
Magistrates' fees	97 25	
Constables' fees	270 36	
Jury and witness fund	6,299 81	
Court expenses	350 64	
Removed cases	578 10	
		7,733 53
Orphans' court		338 42
Inquests		979 30
Public Charities:		
Almshouse	2,246 30	
Sundry charities	52 46	
		2,298 76
Public schools		29,250 00
Elections:		
Registration officers	10 00	
Election expenses	206 04	
		216 04
Scalps		191 80
Insane asylum fund		760 00
Taxes paid in error		62 47
Special appropriations		3,000 00
Miscellaneous		107 30
Collectors' commissions		2,256 87
Interest received		364 16
New assessments		14 50
Hawks, owls and weasels		64 20
Total		$56,686 14

BONDED INDEBTEDNESS.

Insane Asylum Bonds:	
Amount authorized	$30,000 00
" outstanding	30,000 00

COLLECTORS' ACCOUNTS.

		Paid.	Bal. due.
J B Stottlemyer,	1887	$ 129 86	$ 156 82
Jesse Robinette,	1888	221 48	253 19
" "	1889	805 34	2,783 75
Frederick Kolb,	1884		16 30
" "	1885		738 56
Chas L Holzhu,	1886	11 21	491 08
" "	1887	98 06	2,651 80
Thos S Kean,	1888	694 47	6,715 87
" "	1889	2,874 02	13,482 49
Abraham Casey,	1884		15 79
" "	1885	65 00	144 72
" "	1886		127 29
" "	1887		429 92
John L Porter,	1888	436 25	320 07
" "	1889	1,495 98	3,065 67
H Schaidt,	1884		11 14
"	1885		16 81
John Coles,	1886		428 34
" "	1887	202 50	676 48
Dan'l O'Hanley,	1888	201 78	758 72
"	1889	241 75	7,091 37
Stephen Fuller,	1888	811 78	831 47
" "	1889	1,659 32	6,426 94
Totals		$9,956 20	$46,030 13

D. ANNAN,
Jan 11 Treasurer Allegany County.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

PARRISH BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

"Highest test" Grape Cream of Tartar Baking Powder, guaranteed free from Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphate or adulteration of any kind whatsoever. Matchless in Purity and Strength. Grocers are requested to refund price paid if not perfectly satisfactory and as represented by us. We ask a trial.

PARRISH BAKING POWDER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Recommended and for sale by the following prominent grocers in cans only—

HITCHINS BROS. METZGER & CO.
BEALL, BAUSH & CO. H. B. SHAFFER.
C. WADE & CO. WM. PAYNE.

Dec 21—3m

DISSOLUTION.

FROSTBURG, MD., Dec. 19, 1889.

THE undersigned, trading under the firm name of HANSEL & WILLIAMS in hardware and saddlery, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All bills due the firm will be collected by ELI WILLIAMS, and early payment by those who know themselves indebted to the firm is requested, in order that the partnership business may be closed soon as possible.

ELI WILLIAMS assumes the liabilities of the firm.

WM. A. HANSEL.
ELI WILLIAMS.

☞ The business will be continued at the same stand by the undersigned, and the continued patronage of the public is solicited.

Jan 4—3t ELI WILLIAMS.

Notice to Stockholders.

FROSTBURG, MD., Dec. 12, 1889.

A MEETING of the STOCKHOLDERS of the **First National Bank** of Frostburg, Md., for the purpose of electing Directors for the ensuing year will be held at the Bank on **Tuesday, January 14, 1890,** between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock p. m.

A. E. KRISE,
Dec 14—4t Cashier.

THE new paper will be called the Frostburg *Ledger*.

Apparently it presumes to differ with the unapproachable JOURNAL in another respect—that it is or will be "a newspaper, not an organ." From which the inference is distilled that, having no opinions worth stating, it will chronicle, not create popular expressions. Indeed, it would seem that it proposes in the matter of "news" to become a sort of odd fellow in journalism, and, perhaps, by offering rewards for the detection and apprehension of correspondents, reach to the unique distinction of being nominated in the next journalistic confab. as the oddest kind of a odd fellow.

It is strange, though, that in the same odd connection it is not stated with a distinctness equally epigrammatic that it will be printed, not published, or compiled, not edited—always understood, not avowed, of papers self-dedicated to "news" exclusively, not generally. In similar cases, attempted, not perfected efforts of current, not prospective papers, the glut of "news" is a bulging apology for paucity of editorial comment upon "news." The so-called editor tells the continuous story of event, good and bad, without ever being able to "point a moral, or adorn a tale."

The rest is food for hope.

At these headquarters "the wish is father to the thought" that the *Ledger's* day of publication will be so fixed that it can "post" from the JOURNAL, and that it has not assessed its value to this community at less than the price of the JOURNAL. In bookkeeping the ledger, fully posted, is the more valuable; it ought to be the same in journalism, especially where double-entry is apparently proposed. Besides, if "news" is worth so much more than organic thought, as insinuated, the purveyor ought to be the last, not the first to depreciate its value.

In conclusion, it is hoped also that its salutatory will be newsy, but not too newsy. To state, for instance, that "the *Ledger* has come to stay" would be a nut with its chest hanging to it, looking at it from a standpoint strictly newsy. Besides, an assurance of this nature would in some sort impeach the intellectual future of the *newspaper's* accessory-before-the-fact admirers and incipient enthusiasts. These are numbered among the brilliant lights of the eclectic school of editorial skullduggery, or those who imagine that chit-chat is the very *bonne bouche* of journalism, belonging to that class of etherialists who are *spirituelle* in ways and means and, like the Irishman's flea, incorporeal and *non est* when expenses begin to press against what Henry George would call the anti-organ's "limit of subsistence."

On the whole, however, the JOURNAL welcomes the *Ledger* with the sincere hope that it will suceed better than any journalistic superfluity of novitiate claims has a right to expect.

THERE is Schonfarber arguing that coal lightly dutiable, or undutiable, will make more work for miners and work for more miners; moreover, that it will make Maryland "one great blooming garden of factories."

Our readers must not notice Schonfarber's floral hyperbole, especially his slip of rhetoric which makes factories articles of garden produce.

But they must remember that Schonfarber is in favor of unlimited work. His "blooming garden" proves that, for no such garden ever existed but in answer to hard, continuous toil.

But when Schonfarber is not talking about the tariff he wants 20 *per cent.* less work. When he wants five men who have employment to divide with the sixth man, he wants an eight-hour day.

He asks for the same thing when he wishes to restrict production for any purpose whatever.

Says he:

What is the tariff? Simply a check to production. Something to add cost to the product. Give us a tariff, says the mine owner, so that we can charge more money for our product.

Now, what is the eight-hour day?

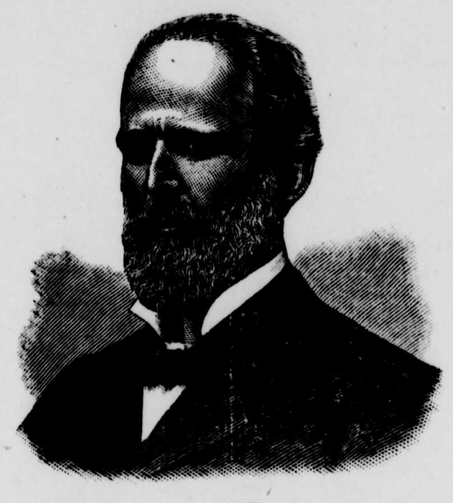
"Simply a check to production. Something to add cost to labor." Give us an eight hour day, says the labor-owner, so we can collect wages for a ten-hour day, not only for "us five," but the sixth man as well.

The labor economists who indulge discussion of tariff questions ought to put their words of last month and their words of this week very close together.

THE School Board holds over, and we are face to face with at least two years more of shilly-shally.

It could not be made worse by the Legislature taking the matter in hand and placing the appointment of the commissioners with the governor.

For it is too much to hope that the present body will ever abscond.



G. Ellis Porter M.D.

WHAT are our public schools for?—Washington *Star*.

To furnish official playthings for commissioners, profitable amusement for examiners, conveniences to teachers, and lost time to the children.

THE first edition of the Frostburg *Ledger*, the new paper to be issued there, will be sent out, it is alleged, about January 18th, H. I. Harman, editor.—Cumberland *News*.

"It is alleged," is good, not bad, and the JOURNAL is glad it is to be the "18th," not 19th.

THE JOURNAL'S combination, the *Times* and *Courier*, have both been down with the grippe.—Cumberland *Courier*.

Of course; that or some kindred malady. If one should become spavined, the other would sing:

If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming too.

Or get down with the ringbone.

How many votes would Brice receive in Ohio were he a candidate before the people for U. S. Senator?—Cumberland *News*.

About the same number that Gorman would get in Maryland.

Elections of U. S. Senators, like the delegated choice of President and Vice President, is one of the fictions of our system, used if not devised for the elevation of statesmen who are too astute ever to come "before the people" for honors.

THE Baltimore *Sun* strikes out boldly for all that is manly in politics and pure in legislation. It punctures Mr. Gorman's anti-ballot reform sophistry and reads salutary lessons to governor Jackson and comptroller Baughman. The JOURNAL has always been an admirer of the *Sun*, but never so much as now. The best of all is—the *Sun* is a power in Maryland, a fact best acknowledged by those who disagree with it.

Oh! no, Mr. Gorman, it is not the democratic party you are concerned about. Under the Australian system the democratic party will be benefitted, and its rule in Maryland made universal and perpetual, because it will compel the nomination of candidates who have the public confidence, and with such candidates the democracy can always win. But, it means good-bye to Gorman and Rasin. That is the farewell you dread.—Baltimore *Critic*.

If fortune favors, the JOURNAL will sometime this winter make an effort to shake the hand that wrote that paragraph.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHRISTMAS IN ALABAMA.

MONTEVALLO, ALA., Dec. 27, 1889.

To the MINING JOURNAL.

Christmas is over. And we had Christmas here, though the day was warm and bright, the skies blue, and the birds gay, but it was Christmas for all that, and we kept it royally, too.

For the last few days there has been mysterious goings-on at the "Chewing House;" mysterious mountaineers have come and gone, laden with "jegs." The colored boy, Bill Doddle, who "totes" water, has the dining-room decorated with mistletoe (though there was no one to kiss under it but the landlady,) and here and there branches of holly were stuck, and the big log house, inside, was like a bower. Here and there were placed mottoes, such as "God Bless Our Home," "Take Smith's Bile Beans," "Merry Christmas," "Chew Climax Plug," etc., until, as one of the "terriers," remarked, "Vanderbilt's couldn't tech it."

Christmas eve unwonted noises were heard all night, and the fragrant odor of baking cakes pervaded the camp. We knew what these sounds foreboded, for eight or ten of us were sitting in the commissary door smoking and looking at the big Southern stars and, telling of Christmases past and gone. A soft, quiet harmony pervaded, and only when we heard the landlady testing which was the hardest—the rolling-pin or Doddle's head, did we feel troubled—for we knew another cake was burned. We made a strange crowd. Four or five foremen, tall and bronzed; the carpenter and his helper; the two blacksmiths and myself, young and "kiddish" looking among these old and experienced "chaws." With voice choked with emotion I told of Frostburg, and, when I could no longer remember facts, invented lies. "Ah, Cap!" said one of my hearers, "that's God's country. I was there in '81!"

I reached out my hand to him in silence, for I could see tears in his eyes as big as doorknobs, and I honored him for his emotion. For he had spent four days in the old "lock-up," yet loved the city.

Christmas morn dawned bright and clear. Breakfast was slim indeed, consisting mainly of biscuit, "Cincinnati chicken" and "apple twitchers," (otherwise known as apple sass,) but we knew what was to come and partook without comment. Shortly afterward the darkey, who had left before dawn for the depot, returned with my Xmas box from home, balanced on "old Judy" in front of him. We had lots of fun opening the box. The cakes and sweets were handed to the landlady to grace the coming feast. The books were eagerly scrambled for (for reading matter's scarce here, indeed.) The photos sent were enthusiastically admired and were placed among the mistletoe and holly. So the morning passed, and when, at last, Bill rang "Christmas chimes" on the triangle we filed in and took our seats. Oh, that table! a turkey at the head; a baby pig, with an apple in its mouth, roasted brown and tempting, at the foot; chickens here and there; oranges, bananas, candies, pies and cakes—the ones "from Maryland" in the centre—all in profusion, and it was a grand spread. "There's no discount on our 'Chewing House,'" was the general comment. We fell to with laugh and jest. Then the drinkables—blackberry wine, egg-nogg, cider, lemonade and even (for gentlemen of primitive tastes) "whisky straight," uncalumniated by the touch of guager; cigars, and more egg-nogg, and then in order.

"Here's to the health of the 'little Cap!' may he long continue to feel the pulse of the public with the fingers of kindness! may his wealth equal his intelligence, and may he live long and die happy is the wish of one and all!"

Was the toast proposed to me? What my reply was I cannot well remember, and will not bore you with it. But it was complimentary to all, with a neat ending in rhyme, to the kind friend who had proposed my health, and who forcibly reminded me of Mr. Stineman Cronly, of Eckhart, for he was of convivial turn and eloquent in his drink. O, for the pen of Dickens to record that "Feast of Reason and Flow of Soul!"

Then the landlady's health was proposed in reply to the toast—"God Bless our Chewing House!"—more toasts, more speeches. Then the cleaning of the table for a game of poker among those who cared to play, and a clog song and dance from Mr. Con. Powell, to the luscious pleasings of a jewsharp, the only musical instrument in camp, by Mr. Smith, of Georgia, who knew the whole of "Sugar in de Ground" and part of "merumsti pumma-diddle nipcat penniwinkle," etc. At this juncture a long, lean native lad appeared with an invitation for me to come over to Hunnicutts X-roads to a party. I was begged not to go, but could not resist the temptation. "Look here, you blankety-blanked goober-grubber," said one, "what are you taking our boy away from here for? Don't you know them calico-clad snuff-chewers 'll be the ruin of him?" And when we climbed the hill we could still see him begging the landlady for his "gun" that he might shoot the derned mountaineer "jist to see him fall." These proceedings alarmed my companion and he nearly walked me to death to get away saying—"them railroaders is tough as the dickens, an's no knowing what they might do."

When we arrived at the farm-house we found a goodly crowd assembled. The host was proudly exhibiting his set of false teeth that he had bought in Birmingham "when he sold his cotton." They hurt him to wear, so they were kept on the mantel-piece as an ornament. One gentleman favored the audience with "Alabama gals, wont you come out to-night?" on the accordeon, and then the grand old games, that will never die as long as there is a girl to be kissed, were inaugurated. I was quite lucky, and though some of the kisses had strong suspicions of snuff, they were kisses just the same. And what's the odds? If it's chewing gum at Frostburg, or snuff at Hunnicutt's X roads—it's just as a fellow is used to it, and a kiss is a kiss for all that.

The refreshments consisted of apple pie and corn whisky, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," till one young gentleman from "'Cross the Cahaba" suggested that he could "gallop the chitlings out of Bill Hicky." Bill returned that he "wasn't afeard of no mudcat from the Cahaoee river and to jist come out in the entree if he wanted anything." However, harmony was restored, and the two antagonists went down the road, arm in arm, singing—"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound!" Soon after the party broke up, for several of the gentlemen were getting red about the eyes and one of them confidentially informed me that our host "was the meanest man in Alabamer!" that "he was too stingy to eat a cold pertater in the sunlight, fer fear his shadder 'd ask him fer a bite," and that "he kept his teeth up on the chimbly so's he wouldn't wear 'em out!" With various other choice bits of information suggested by spite for his having been jilted by the eldest daughter and abetted by the colossal "jeg" of "wildwood redeye" he had placed within his vest.

So the party broke up—a party long to be remembered as a jumble of corn whisky and kindness, of snuff and kisses—an event never to be forgotten.

And so my Christmas passed.

A FROSTBURG BOY.

TOWN HAPPENINGS.

Frostburg's Growth.—The following buildings were erected in Frostburg during the year 1889:

George H. Wittig—3 dwelling houses, Frosts' avenue, corner of Wood street.

F. W. Larue—residence, Frosts' avenue.

Reformed church parsonage—Frosts' avenue.

George W. Hill—residence, Wood street.

Charles A. Spitznas—residence, west Mechanic street.

John A. Wagner—business house, Broadway.

Enoch Clise—residence, Broadway.

Mrs. H. L. S. Wineland—residence, Main street.

Henry Williams—residence, east Main Main street.

M. A. Maher—business house, east Main street.

Cornelius Behan—dwelling, east Main, corner Green street.

J. J. Thomson—residence, east Main street.

Mrs. —— Brown—double-block, east Main street.

J. W. Merrbach—dwelling, Prospect street.

H. G. Merrbach— " " "

J. Livengood— " " "

Electric light station, Main street.

Charles T. Barnard—mill, foundry road.

Madison Gunnett—dwelling, Bowery street.

Thomas Rowe—residence, Loo street.

George Stevens, sr.—residence, Loo street, corner Hill street.

C. Richardson—residence, Loo street, corner Spring street.

John Hansell—dwelling, Hill street

John Meyers—dwelling, Loo street, corner Centre street.

Michael Dolan—residence, Maple street, corner Loo street.

Mrs. Catherine Shea—residence, Maple street, corner Oak street.

Silas Duggan—residence, Frosts' avenue.

John Rupp—residence, Main street, corner Green street.

Samuel Bradley—2 dwellings, Grahamton.

John Deffenbaugh—residence, Welsh hill.

T. M. Thomas—residence, Welsh hill.

The list numbers 34 houses, an increase of 12 over 1888, or over 35 *per cent.*

Elections.—At the regular meeting Monday evening of Frostburg Lodge, No. 590, K. of H., the following officers were installed by Deputy Grand Dictator B. Stern, to serve for the ensuing year:

Past Dictator—John Pfeiffer.
Dictator—Henry J. Powell.
Vice Dictator—Michael Casserly.
Assistant Dictator—Conrad Miller.
Chaplain—Jabez Mealing.
Reporter—Thomas J. Thomas.
Financial Reporter—J. C. Yungerman.
Treasurer—C. H. Walker.
Guide—Henry Gerken.
Sentinel—John Keller.
Guardian—Conrad Ort, jr.
Representative to Grand Lodge—C. H. Walker.

The directory-elect of the Savings and Loan Association organized Monday evening as follows;

President—Bernard Stern.
Vice President—Davisson Armstrong.
Secretary—J. B. Oder.
Treasurer—James Kane.
Attorney—W. C. Devecmon.
Directors—Edward Price, E. N. Michael, A. C. Haverstick, Howard Hitchins.

A Decided Improvement.—The Council has had Broadway well macadamized for about 100 yards, ending southward at Steyer street. It is an improvement so visible to the naked eye that it is a pity it was not sooner begun, so that it might have been completed this corporation year. Instead, however, nearly all the work and expense of the year were bestowed on Thomas H. Paul's boulevard, liable at any time to be abandoned by the transfer of the depot up into town.

Lucky Numbers.—In George H. Wittig's award to his holiday customers the holder of ticket No. 1,051 is entitled to the grand music box.

In Marx Wineland's gifts to his patrons the holder of ticket No. 961, Christian Lehr, is entitled to the gent's gold watch; No. 985, Peter Conroy, to the lady's gold watch, and No. 1,061, Charles Rupp, to the cook stove.

Married.—In St. Michael's church, Tuesday morning, Jan. 7, 1890, by Rev. D. C. DeWulf, Mr. JOSEPH J. MAUREY, and Miss MARY W. WINNER, both of this place. A reception at the bride's home was held during the evening of the same day, at which many friends bade the happy pair *bon voyage*.

Tuesday evening, Jan. 7, 1890, at the home of the bride, by Rev. B. Harris, Mr. JOHN FESTERMAN and Miss ANNIE LLOYD, eldest daughter of Henry Lloyd, both of this place.

Home Again.—A letter to the JOURNAL from Dr. C. C. Jacobs conveys the gratifying intelligence that he will be home Saturday at the latest. Among other things he writes:

The impression seems to be abroad that I will discontinue my practice. Please set me right with my misinformed friends by saying for me in the JOURNAL that I confidently expect to be able in the very near future to resume my practice.

This statement will be welcomed heartily by all the doctor's many friends.

—The doctor reached home Thursday afternoon. He stood the homeward well, and is very cheerful over the favorable outlook.

Brevities.—The JOURNAL remembers the birth of a girl in Frostburg in 1871 who has been married long enough to be crying for a divorce. "Py gracious," says dot German scholar mit Latin, "how *tempus* does *fugit!*"

De June bug's wings is golden,
De lightnin' bug's is flame,
De bed bug has no wings at all,
But he gets dar jes' de same.

Mrs. Laura Parker opened on Tuesday an oyster saloon in the room in the Percy building, lately occupied by R. M. Wilderman's butcher shop. In the summer icecream will be served. She has a nicely arranged establishment and her customers will enjoy careful attention.

The water bill will be submitted to the Town Council Monday evening.

C. T. Barnard has his new mill up, and is waiting for the machinery.

Dangerous Sport.—Several boys were playing near John Vogtman's house, west Main street, Tuesday afternoon. Their manner excited the wonderment of a young lady member of Mr. V's family, who said she believed they were playing with powder. Going to the window to observe more particularly—whish! came a missile through the pane within three inches of her head. The young lady fell back so badly frightened that Mr. Vogtman, who was eating his supper, thought she had been killed. As will be supposed, the household was much shocked. Investigation proved the young lady's surmise correct. A cartridge shell, several inches long, was found on the other side of the room, and the boys subsequently admitted playing with powder, and told where they had bought it. The incident furnishes the parents of this town serious protest against their loose oversight of their children's habits and conduct. A young lady might have been injured for life by this accident. It would seem, too, that the sale of explosives ought to be restricted somehow to buyers of maturer discretion.

Personal.—Among those who made the holidays an occasion to commune with old friends at Frostburg homes were Mrs. C. F. Hartzell, of Hyndman, Pa., accompanied by her daughter, Miss Bessie.

J. Edward Anderson has returned to Braddock, Pa., after a few days visit to his mother, Mrs. Martha Anderson, of this place.

Joe H. Hitchins goes into his work at the depot like a duck takes to water. He informs the JOURNAL, by the way, that the railroad company contemplates some improvement of the station-house, but not a great deal. The fact is the JOURNAL believes that the company really expects erelong to erect a depot up in town which will be at once a thing of usefulness, as well as of beauty and a joy forever. At its present location it will be, as heretofore perpetual inconvenience, and can never be either an attraction or an object of town pride.

The JOURNAL saw a nice looking man Thursday, and at once thought the presiding elder had come to town. Great error. It was James Little, Big Vein man.

Frank W. Maurey, of Sandusky, Ohio, came last Tuesday to see his brother Joe introduced into the Order of Benedicts, the most ancient of all institutions. Frank was a great big good-natured, good-looking fellow when he lived here, and he has not changed a bit.

That veteran explorer, Thomas H. Paul, is at home from an extensive tour of the wild and woolly West. He approves the boulevard expenditure, and hopes to be spared the necessity of ever again having to take his lantern to hunt the gaslight near his gate.