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# MINING JOURNAL.

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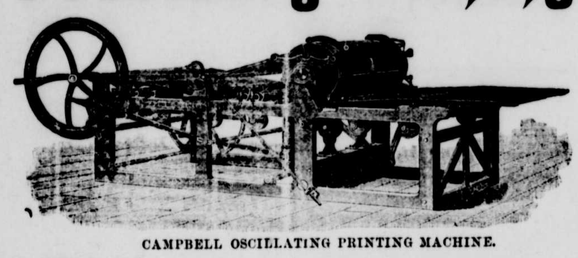
THE

## Frostburg Mining Journal

HAS NEVER MADE USE OF ITS SPACE TO ADVERTISE ITS FACILITIES FOR EXECUTING ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF

## JOB PRINTING



CAMPBELL OSCILLATING PRINTING MACHINE.

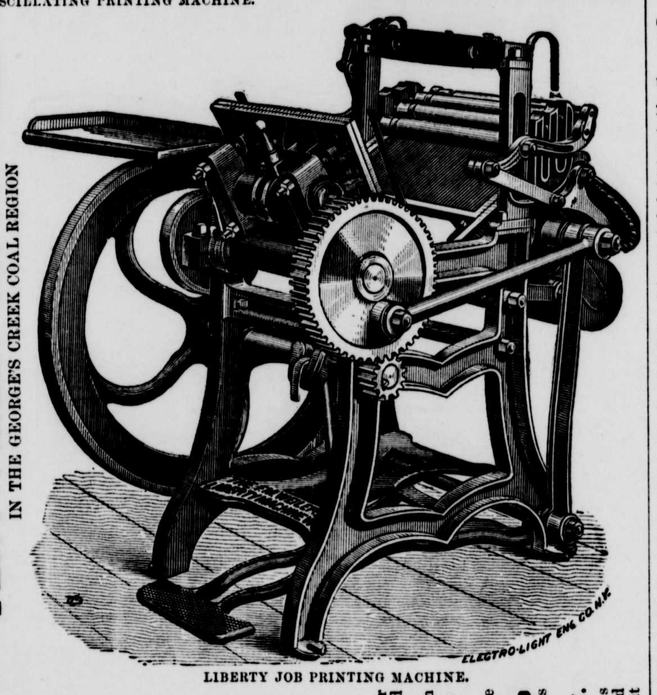
It has sacrificed its opportunities in this field of usefulness to itself mainly out of consideration for those competitors who have not enjoyed similar means of communication with the public.

It turns out, however, that competing offices are not so thoughtful. No sooner does an opportunity offer than they rush into blurred print to ventilate their pretensions and attempt to gull the public into the misapprehension that they are job printers entirely. "Thus," as Paley remarks, "by parity of reason" it is set forth that there is nobody actually owning and running a job printing outfit but We, Us & Co.

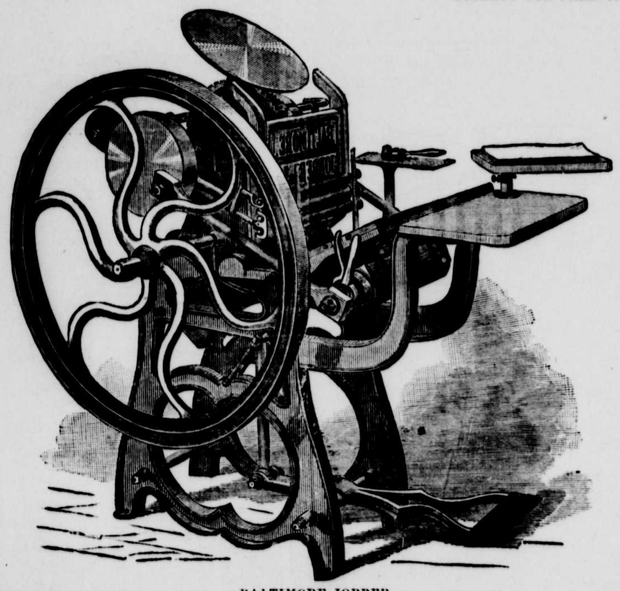
The time has come at last when whatever illusion of this character has been photographed upon the popular mind by such intimations should be dispelled. The time has come, in short, when undeniably the

## VERY FINEST JOB OFFICE

IN THE GEORGE'S CREEK COAL REGION



LIBERTY JOB PRINTING MACHINE.



BALTIMORE JOBBER.

Shall no longer hide its illumination under a bushel—when it shall no longer remain silent, the shops having begun to write between the lines of blotched English and set-off letterpress what they haven't got and can't do.

It is eminently proper, therefore, that the JOURNAL should announce that in

## JOB PRINTING,

as in the line of publishing incomparably the best paper in this region, it is the

## OLDEST and BEST,

and will remain so. It was born to keep ahead of all rivalry, and its destiny is not half fulfilled, for

## ITS MATERIALS ARE THE LATEST AND NEWEST.

It has no ramshackle presses; no run-of-mine type dipped from the hell-boxes of sheriff-sold offices; no antediluvian claw-hammer faces; no superannuated wood rule: nothing specially designed to make a funeral card look gay, or put a wedding invitation in mourning; no white pine borders; no splintered hemlock dashes; no adamantine rollers; no applebutter ink, nor, in fact, anything that will recall to the gaze of the discriminating customer a memorial of Faust's spelling, Gutenberg's grammar, Laurentius' punctuation and Franklin's presswork.

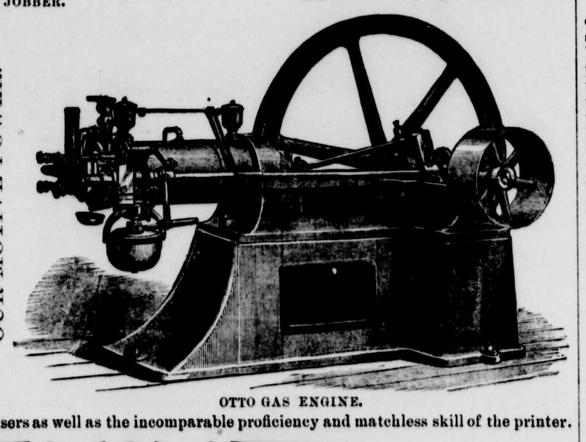
The JOURNAL encourages all to enjoy the bloviations of its flamboyant competitors, but for correct, accurate, artistic work they must still come to

## HEADQUARTERS,

ABOVE THE POST-OFFICE.

It printer's ink be the philosopher's stone which transmutes everything it touches to gold and the printing-press the royal road to fortune, we have them, and knowing how to use them, the results reflect the good taste of advertisers as well as the incomparable proficiency and matchless skill of the printer.

OUR MOTIVE POWER.



OTTO GAS ENGINE.

It is Well to Remember, also, that in Printing, as in many other Lines of Work,

## THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST,

Because it is Confessedly the Most Satisfactory to All Concerned.

# Mining Journal

## JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

## FROSTBURG, MD.


### A CHALLENGE.

"Good night," he said, and he held her hand
In a hesitating way,
And he hoped that her eyes would understand
What his tongue refused to say.

He held her hand and he murmured low,
"I'm sorry to go like this,
It seems so frigidly cold, you know,
This 'Mister' of ours and 'Miss.'

"I thought—perchance"—and he paused to note
If she seemed inclined to frown,
But the light in her eyes his heartstrings smote,
As she blushingly looked down.

She spoke no word, but she picked a speck
Of dust from his coat lappel;
So small, such a wee little tiny speck,
'Twas a wonder she saw so well.

But it brought her face so very near,
In that dim, uncertain light,
That the thought unspoken was made quite clear,
And I know 'twas a sweet "Good-night."

## THE NANCY LEE'S CAPTAIN.

We were well into the Gulf of Bengal, bound for Madras, when one morning, just as night was fading into dawn, I thought I heard a voice hailing us from the surface of the sea. There are sea birds who cry out almost like human beings, and although I was startled by the hail, I dismissed it after a few seconds as the cry of a bird. Scarcely had I done so when it came again, and this time I knew it was the voice of a woman. There was no need to hail the mate on watch, for he heard the cry as well. We were jogging along under easy sail, and he seized the glass and ran up the foreriggings. There was a sort of steam rising from the water, but the mate had not climbed 30 feet when down he came again, and in one breath ordered the ship into the wind, the Captain aroused, and a boat lowered. We of the watch had no doubt that the ship had been hailed by castaways, but the boat was down before any of us made out a lone woman in a sort of canoe craft about two cables' length away on our port bow. She had neither paddle nor oar, and her craft was driving with the wind and sea, while she sat cowering in the stern. Our boat was soon alongside of her craft, and woman and canoe were soon aboard of the Admiral Nelson. The watch below had been turned up, and everybody was on deck to see what was going on. The woman was white, and, as we soon ascertained, American. I say white, but bronze would be the better term, for it was evident that she had long been exposed to tropical weather. She was of medium size, regular features, and about 40 years of age, and had at one time been good looking.

"Who and where is the captain of this ship?" she suddenly snapped, as she reached the deck.

"Here, ma'am," gallantly replied our old man, as he stepped briskly forward.

"I want to talk to you in your cabin," she continued, her fingers working nervously and her eyes afire.

They had not been gone a quarter of an hour when both reappeared on deck. I was at the wheel, and therefore heard all that was said. It appeared that the woman, whose name was Mrs. Thomas, owned and sailed a trading schooner, which had been left her at her husband's death. It was a strange vocation for a woman, but it seemed she liked it and also had a good business head on her. She had a crew of six, her mate being an Englishman and the others Lascars, and she had been sailing between nearly all the towns on the gulf. Three days before we picked her up her schooner had left Sumatra, bound for the Indian coast. The crew seemed to be perfectly quiet and content, but at 10 o'clock of the previous night, headed by the mate, had suddenly laid violent hands on her and sent her adrift without water, food, or a paddle. The intention was to run away with the schooner and cargo and sell them, and this plan might have been carried out but for her rescue.

She was the spunkiest little woman I ever saw. If she was so mad she couldn't stand still for three seconds at a time. What she wanted was for our ship to go in pursuit. Her schooner was armed with two brass 6-pounders, while we had four twelves, and she expressed her entire willingness to see her craft sent to the bottom before the mutinous crew should benefit by their acts. Captain Wheeler was pretty well along in years, very careful on the question of insurance, and his mind was not made up until after breakfast. Then he decided to luff up toward the Andaman Islands in search of the schooner, and he almost promised to give her a taste of our metal if she would not surrender.

The little woman managed to eat a dozen mouthfuls of breakfast, and then returned to the deck to almost assume control. She ordered a man aloft, bossed the job of casting loose the guns and getting up powder and shot, and every 10 minutes she was hailing the lookout to know if anything was in sight. Luck was in her favor. While we had been jogging along all night, the schooner, being further to the east, had been almost becalmed. We raised her almost dead ahead about noon, and, as luck would have it, again we had plenty of wind, while she had none until the vessels were not over two miles apart. The schooner could have no suspicion that the woman was aboard of us, and we flew a signal that we wanted to speak her. She at once lay to, and as we ran down to her I saw Mrs. Thomas grit her teeth, clench her hands, and show other evidences of her feelings. She had borrowed the mate's 6-shooter, donned a hat and coat to disguise herself, and as we lay to about a cable's length away no eye could have made out her sex. "Schooner, ahoy!" called our captain.

"Ay, ay, sir! This is the Nancy Lee, bound from Sumatra to the mainland."

"Are you the captain?"

"No, sir. He's very sick in his berth."

"Run out those guns!" whispered the old man to us, and down went the port shutters and out went the big barkers, and such of the crew as were not at the guns rested their muskets along the rail.

"I've got your captain here, and she'll be put aboard of you!" shouted the captain. "If you attempt any resistance, I'll sink you!"

The Nancy's mate ordered his crew to one of the guns, but they refused to obey, every man of them sulking forward and disappearing down the hatch. The fellow left the deck long enough to arm himself with a cutlass, and as we lowered a boat he called out that he would split the head of the first man who attempted to board the schooner. Our first mate, the boatswain, and two of us foremast hands went in the boat with Mrs. Thomas, and as we hooked on to the schooner's chains the boatswain pulled a revolver and climbed in over the bows. The mutineer retreated aft, and then we all boarded. The woman had not spoken a word since leaving the ship. She was pale as death, and her eyes glared like a tiger's. As she dropped from the rail to the deck she cocked the weapon in her hand, walked aft and right up to the mate, and as he flourished his cutlass and commanded her to keep off she shot him dead in his tracks.

"It's the law of the sea," she quietly remarked, as she turned to us. "Now to rout out those Lascars!"

"But you won't kill them!" said our mate.

"No, not quite!" was her grim answer, as she handed him the smoking revolver.

Casting a look at the dead mutineer, to be sure that he was dead, she went forward, took a belaying pin out of the port rail, and, going to the hatch, called down:

"On deck here, every cowardly man of you, and be quick about it, too!"

They came up one after the other, and as each man touched the deck she gave him a crack over the head which made him see stars. They went down on their knees and begged for their lives, and after knocking them about in a liberal way she finally agreed to extend pardon. Under her directions the mate's body was searched, and, as she had anticipated, all the money aboard the schooner was found. She then ordered the body flung overboard, and as it touched the water one of the biggest white sharks I ever saw seized it and bit it in half. While the Lascars were cleaning the deck the little woman ran down into her cabin and brought up a dozen bottles of wine, six boxes of cigars, and a lot of dried fruits for us to take back to the ship. Then she gave each of us a shake of the hand, and as we entered the yawl she sprang upon the port rail, held fast to the main shrouds with one hand, and shouted:

"Good-by, and God bless you, Captain Wheeler! I've got my craft back, thanks to you, and I'll keep my eyes open after this!"

Then she jumped down and went to the wheel and gave orders to get the schooner on her course, and in a couple of hours the craft was lost sight of behind one of the islands as it made for the inside of the route. Two years later I saw the woman at Singapore, and she still owned the schooner, and was said to have a comfortable fortune in bank. A year later I heard that she had purchased a brig, and, putting in a cargo on her own account, had sailed for home.

### THE PRECIOUS METALS.

**Gold Is Poor Stuff Compared With Some of Them.**

If the wealth of the Vanderbilts be not overstated it amounts to nearly $200,000,000. With this sum they could purchase 312 tons of gold and have something left over, but they couldn't buy two tons of galium, that rare metal being worth $3,250 an ounce. With this metal the highest price is reached, and it may well be called the rarest and most precious of metals. Glucinum is worth $250 per ounce; indium, $158; iridium, $658 a pound; lanthanium, $175, and lithium, $160 per ounce. Niobium costs $128 per ounce; asmium, palladium, platinum, potassium, and rhodium bring, respectively, $640, $400, $130, $32, and $512 per pound. Strontium costs $128 an ounce; tantium, $144; telurium, $9; thorium, $272; vanadium, $320; yttrium, $144, and zirconium, $250 an ounce. Thus we see that the commonly received opinions as to the most precious metals are quite erroneous.

**The Secret Out.**

I was chatting with a young and handsome woman a few days ago when the subject of female beauty came up, and she delivered this philosophical discourse: "Any woman can be beautiful in the public eye who has taste for dress and money. She can get along without the taste, but not without the money. The money can procure for her the taste of others. The women of to-day realize very thoroughly what dress is in securing the reputation for beauty. Among 50 women of social standing, if they were required to choose between the possession of a beautiful face and figure on the one hand, or the means to dress magnificently and elegantly, you would not find one who would choose the face and figure. It isn't that women do not like to be handsome, but because they know they can appear handsome if they have the equipment which money can procure."—[New York Press.

**A Spendthrift's Career.**

Only little over a year ago a Providence (R. I.) man came into possession of a fortune of $75,000. He immediately proceeded to scatter it to the vagrant winds, and this winter was an itinerant clam-peddler about the town where he had formerly cut such a sweeping swath. Then he committed suicide. Such is the ordinary career of the prodigal. There is in some men an inability to act rationally in the sunshine of prosperity, which appears inexplicable to the majority of reasoning and reasonable beings, and to these men wealth is a curse. The Providence man had worked out his destiny; no more.

### STANLEY NOT A LADIES' MAN.

**He Looks upon Poets and Women as Very Soft Creatures.**

Theodore Child, in Woman's Cycle, says of the great explorer: "A very curious letter in which Henry M. Stanley gives his views on love, and the ladies generally, has fallen into my hands, and I cannot refrain from transcribing part of it for the edification of your readers. The extract shows Stanley in a new light. The letter is dated from Jermyn street, London, where Stanley lived before his departure for his last trip into the heart of the dark continent, and it is dated August 1, 1884. It is addressed to a poet who shall be nameless, and brings out in all its features the upright, manly qualities of the great African explorer. He says:

"'For the life of me I cannot sit still a moment when anything approaching to love comes on the tapis. I have lived with men, not women, and it is the man's intense ruggedness, plainness, directness, that I have contracted by sheer force of circumstances. Poets and women appear to me so soft, so very unlike (at least that I have seen) the rude type of mankind, that one soon feels, when talking with them, that he must soften his speech and drawl, or affect a singular articulation, lest offence be taken where none was intended. Hence men are seldom sincere to women or poets. Have you ever thought of how you looked when speaking to a woman. If my recollection serves me right, I have seen you talk with such an affected softness that I cannot compare the manner of it to anything better than that of a strong man handling a baby, tenderly, gingerly.

"'So, but my pen is carrying me away. I wished to say, my dear friend, that I am absolutely uncomfortable when speaking to a woman, unless she is such a rare one that she will let me hear some common sense. The fact is, I can't talk to women. In their presence I am just as much of a hypocrite as any other man, and it galls me that I must act, and be affected, and parody myself for no earthly reason, but because I think, with other men, that to speak or act otherwise would not be appreciated. It is such a false position that I do not care to put myself in it.'

"Stanley then goes on to qualify his strictures by saying that there is one lady, a friend of the poet to whom he writes, to whom he can speak, because 'after the first few minutes of strangeness have gone she soon lets you know that chaff won't do. Therefore,' he adds, 'please say a hearty friend wishes her daily enjoyment of her life.'"

**A Nation of Pigmies.**

After China, with its hundreds of thousands of great brown coolies and its slim ones, who will walk all day up hill under burdens that would break down an European athlete on the level, the Annamites strike you as a nation of pigmies.

Their average height must be under five feet, they are narrow chested, and thin legged, their mouths are always stained a slobbering, filthy red with the areca nut and lime that they chew unceasingly, and they are stupid beyond the power of words to tell. Whether it is the fault of their conquerors or not I cannot tell, but they appear to be a people destitute of the sense of self-respect, writes a correspondent of the Washington Star. At any rate the French treat them as if they had none. The first time I went into dejuner at the hotel at Haiphong one of the "boys" had left a dirty plate on the little table to which the host showed me.

"Qu'est ce que tu fais, toi?" demanded the latter, pointing to the plate, and smack! a box on the ears followed that you could have heard fifty yards off.

And this in the middle of a crowded dining-room. You would no more think of striking a Chinese servant like that than of tweaking a policeman's nose on Broadway. Before a Frenchman an Annamite appears to have no rights.

### SMILES AND QUIRKS.

A maiden speech—"Ask Papa."

The actor thinks that a good role is better than a loaf.

Gentlemen who wind their watches at night are apt to wind them up tight.

People who live in Ulster county ought to keep warm in the coldest weather.

The membership in the League of American Wheelmen is said to be falling off.

A shoemaker calls his lap-stone honest confession, because it is good for the sole.

A gentleman whose friends are practical jokers, says he needs a jest-protector.

A man blown over in a wind-storm knows that there is an heir apparent to the thrown.

An old sailor is called a sea dog. This is the only kind of canine that can live on his bark.

Squildig says it always reminds him of isinglass to look into an optician's store window.

When a literary magazine goes up it is a perfectly legitimate supposition to assume that it blew up.

"I have obtained all the information I desire on that point," remarked the man who sat down on a pin.

"I shall forbid Clarence to enter my house," said papa sternly.

"Would you break the boy's heart?"

"No; I'd break his neck."

"General Greeley, what is this in this bottle?"

"That? That's water."

"By George, I've lost my bet. I wagered two to one you'd say it was snow."

Minister to choir leader)—I see you have dispensed with Mr. Deeptone's services.

Choir Leader—Yes, sir; I thought a change of base desirable.

### BACKLOG DREAMS.

Above the glowing embers
I hear the backlog sing
The music it remembers
Of some remembered spring;
Back to the branch forsaken
Return the jocund choir,
And in the chimney waken
A melody of fire.

The sparks' red blossoms glisten
And flash their glances brief
At me who lean and listen
And dream I hear a leaf
On some May-morning sunny,
Low lisping in the tree,—
Or, in his haunt of honey,
A bloom-enamored bee:

Or 'tis the soft wind blowing
Its sweetness from the south,—
A fragrant kiss bestowing
Upon the rose's mouth;
And ere the spell is broken,
Or darkness o'er it slips,
I see the scarlet token
Of love upon her lips.

### HOW DICKENS WROTE BOOKS.

**The Difficulty He Experienced in Finding Titles.**

Till Dickens had fixed upon his title he could not get seriously at work. He was in Genoa in 1844, and had a Christmas story to write. He had never, he said, so staggered upon the threshold before. The subject was there, but he had not found a title for it nor the machinery to work it with. Sitting down one morning resolute to work, though against the grain, his hand being out and everything being inviting to idleness, such a peal of chimes arose from the city as he found maddening.

All Genoa lay beneath him, and up from it, with some sudden set of the wind, came in one fell sound the clang and clash of all its steeples, pouring into his ears again and again, in a tuneless, grating, discordant, jarring, hideous vibration, that made his ideas spin round and round till they lost themselves in the whirl of vexation and giddiness and dropped down dead. A couple of days later he wrote to Forster a letter in one sentence: "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow." A few days later he writes again: "It is a great thing to have my title and see my way how to work the bells. Let them clash upon me now from all the churches and convents of Genoa. I see nothing but the old London belfry I have set them in. In my mind's eye Horatio." Thus it was always with Dickens when setting about a new novel. Despondency, doubts, difficulties, and endless experimenting, suggesting, sifting, rejecting of titles. Then, of a sudden, a title found, and he was off on the composition of the book.

Never were the preliminary throes more protracted than with "David Copperfield." Toward the end of 1848 he was making holiday at Broadstairs, his mind running on a subject. "I have not," he writes from here,

"Seen Fancy write
With pencil of light
On the blotter so solid commanding the sea;

but I shouldn't wonder if she were to do it one of these days. Dim visions of divers things are floating around me. I must go to work head foremost when I get home." Home he goes, yet gets no further.

In February, 1849, he is in Brighton. "A sea fog to-day, but yesterday inexpressibly delicious. My mind running like a high sea on names—not satisfied yet, though." February 23 he found titles of some sort, to wit: "Mag's Diversions, Being the Personal History of Mr. Thomas Mag the Younger of Blunderstone House."

Then came a series of variations in the expository part of the title, Blunderstone House becoming Copperfield house. Then came "The Personal History of David Copperfield the Younger and His Aunt Margaret." February 26 he sent Forster a list of six names, which may be found set out at length—at great length—in the *Life*.

Forster and Dickens's children finally determined his choice among the six, and the title once settled all is plain sailing. He went through this elaborate process with most of his titles. There were a dozen tentative titles for "Bleak House," most of them leading off with "Tom-All-Alones," and 14 for "Hard Times." It was the same with "A Tale of Two Cities."—[Macmillan's Magazine.

**The Height of Waves.**

A sea captain recently took what are probably the most careful observations as to the height of ocean waves in a gale that have ever been recorded. He made them during a voyage round Cape Horn, and to do it he went up to the main rigging, to get, if possible, the top of the wave coming up astern in a line of sight from the mast to the horizon at the back. The reason he selected the mainmast was this, that, as a rule, it is nearly amidships (the actual foot of the wave below the mean draught equal to the sight elevation), and the observer necessarily is above the true height.

It was a difficult operation, but the captain obtained some good observations, marking the height of the waves on the mast. On measuring the distance from these to the main draught he found them to be as follows: 61, 64, 58, and 65 feet respectively, varying in length from 650 to 800 feet.—[American Notes and Queries.

**Executions in France.**

The French chamber is considering a new law for entirely suppressing public executions. The only spectators would be those designated by the law, and a few whom the authorities might invite at their discretion.

**Mr. Cook's Phenomenal Beard.**

The beard of Henry S. Cook, a tailor, of Norwich, Conn., is as long as he is. Mr. Cook is a small man, sixty years old. His beard is jet black and fine and silky, and so is his hair. When he is erect and his beard unfurled he can step on six inches of it. He wears it ordinarily coiled in a wad inside his vest. Barnum wanted Mr. Cook to travel with his circus; but Cook is prosperous and does not care to be a freak.