msa_sc5130_scm12191-0147 ©Maryland State Archives

MINING JOURNAL.

WEEKLY.
J. B. ODER, Publisher.

Subscription.....$1.50 per annum
Extras, 5 cents, for sale at GEO. H. WITTIG'S confectionery store.

Frostburg, Md.....August 9, 1890.

JAY GOULD.

Something About the Railway Magnate as He Appeared in Boston.

Imagine a mite of a man, listless and shaken in appearance, weighing but little over 100 pounds, with no particularly intelligent expression, and, in fact, with hardly a manifestation of any kind of power or force in his whole showing. Physically, indeed, he is weak, and it is said of himself and another distinguished New York capitalist that they have but one lung between them. Mr. Gould came into the New York and New England meeting and took his seat upon a front settee, near the platform. He slouched down upon the bench so that his head rested upon the rail of the settee back, and he entered into the proceedings very much as a stunted farmer's boy is wont to do in a country church, so far as position and apparent interest in the exercises are concerned. During the routine he was thus partially hidden from many would-be inspectors who were peering anxiously in his direction, his neighbors on either hand overtopping and outbulking him. When the formal business was over, and speeches were in order, cries of "Gould! Gould!" filled the hall, and the little great man worked himself into a standing position. If he had been a country bumpkin essaying a first speech in a village lyceum, he must have been laughed at as he stood there. His face was wreathed in simpers, and his whole manner was an exaggerated simper. When he, at last, did speak, his utterance was labored and hesitating and still simpering, his voice light and with no taking quality, and there was not a sympathetic or winning feature about him. Involuntarily his critics—viewing him now for the first time—said to themselves: "This is not the mighty Gould of the stock exchange; the dictator, almost absolute, of railroads worth $80,000,000!" Yet this was, indeed, the very man, this slight-built apparent body of weakness, of 55 years, continuance.

An Enterprising Collector.

A bill collector came down the stairway of a Griswold street block the other day with a bloody nose, the collar ripped of his coat, his hat gone, and his shirt front torn out, and when asked to explain his condition he said:

"I had a bill for $26 against a man up there."

"And he wouldn't pay and you went for him?"

"Well, he refused to pay, and I said something about licking him. He offered me half the bill to do it."

"And you pitched in?"

"I did. It was an account four years old and I thought it a good thing to even get half of it."

"But where is the debtor?"

"Oh, he's up stairs. He gave me $13 after I got through and then fainted away, but he will come to after a while and go home in a carriage. If you will be so kind as to run over and telephone for the ambulance I'll go up to the hospital and be patched up."—[Detroit Free Press.

Terms Used by Dressmakers.

Some of the phrases used in dressmaking are perfect Greek to the unknowing, so I add a short list of the words and their meanings. An apron is any form of a draped skirt front; a full back means a straight back to the skirt gathered in two or more rows at the top; a panel is a straight piece for the front or sides, set in between a trimming of some kind to convey the idea of an inlay; a Spanish flounce is one reaching from the knees down, and gathered to form an erect ruffle. Knife pleats are very narrow side pleats, and accordeon pleats are still narrower and placed in shape by machinery; kilt pleats are those turned one way, and box pleats have a fold to the right side and one to the left; double and triple box pleats have two or three folds on either; a "kilt" means a skirt entirely of kilt pleats. A "drop" skirt is one of the dress material made up independent of the lining and then hung or dropped over it from the same belt. A border is any trimming put on the edge or just above it. Armure silk has a bird's-eye or diaper weave; faille Francaise has a soft cord, moire has water waves over its surface, tricotrine is sometimes called armure surah from its lines of bird'seye weaving; surah has almost invisible cords and is very soft.

How Mr. Hayes Looks Now.

A reporter who saw ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes in Chicago the other day says of him: "He is aging very rapidly. His once sandy and always luxuriant beard is quite snowy, and his form is becoming a trifle bent, but he dresses in quite a youthful way and his manners, always engaging, are genial and pleasant. Since the death of Mrs. Hayes the general's friends say he takes a much more active interest in public affairs and in the world about him. He travels about more, he discusses political matters, he takes keen interest in current and contemporaneous events, and discusses everything with quite a free tongue. He has even gone so far as to recommend somebody to President Harrison for an office—the which, by the way, has not been acted upon."

Why Many a Girl Stays Single.

The reason, then, why many a girl does not marry is because she is seldom conscious of meeting her equal, and if she does meet him he rarely, if ever, gives her the opportunity of knowing him well, because she considers it necessary to conceal as much as possible any common sense she may happen to have, and consequently he says she is frivolous. In the present state of society I cannot see any remedy for the sad condition of the young men and women who cannot find their affinities unless everything were turned upside down and we all started anew, allowing women more freedom, and not being so ready to accuse them of being "forward" or unwomanly.—[Helen Lee.

A letter of George Washington, dated Philadelphia, 6th March, 1796, occupying two pages quarto, to Mr. Madison, about Lafayette's son, was bought for $42 at a sale in New York.

Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus") was a typesetter on a Georgia country newspaper before he became an author. His venture in verse was made in the days before the war.

THE EARTH IS INCREASING.

Our Planet is Getting Larger, so Scientists Say.

The earth, traveling in its orbit around the sun and onward with the entire solar system around some unknown and still greater center of attraction, is constantly traversing new regions of space, which it depletes of meteoric dust and meteorites, thus steadily—no matter how slowly—increasing in diameter. Now let this growth continue till the earth has just twice the attractive power which it now possesses, we should then have twice the number of meteorites and double the quantity of dust falling annually upon it than now.

Fortunately for our heads the earth has not as yet attained very formidable dimensions, but we may look upon it as an established fact that it constantly gains in weight, and that in proportion to such gain its attractive power steadily increases.

The attractive force of the sun is so enormous that a perpetual hail of meteorites and a torrent of dust particles must rush upon it from all directions, and some of the foremost observers are now of opinion that these falling bodies are the sole cause of the sun's heat.

In the light of this theory our earth is a young and growing, not an old and dying, planet; a planet with a future, which ought to be cheerful news to all of us, although we shall not live to reap the benefit of it, and the sun, far from being on its last legs as an expiring luminary, is steadily gaining in heat and lighting capacity.

Jean Ingelow at Sixty.

Jean Ingelow lives in an old-fashioned, cream-colored stone house in Kensington, set in the midst of extensive grounds, with handsome trees and many beautiful flowers and shrubs. At least, this is her house in summer time; her lungs are not very strong and in winter she occupies a little cottage in the south of France, on the shores of the Mediterranean, covered with vines and smothered with flowers. She is nearly 60 now but does not look half her age; her eyes are so bright and her cheeks are as rosy and rounded as a girl's. Of late years she has written very little, and even what she does she rarely publishes, for her theory is that a poet never writes any immortal verse after he or she passes 50, and she may very justly rest on the laurels she won for herself before she reached that age.

Japanese Lacquer.

Japanese lacquer is the product of a tree, the rhus vernicifera, which grows throughout the main island of Japan. It attains great size, the trunks sometimes measuring a meter in diameter. It is said the tree will live for forty years, but only comparatively young trees are valued for the production of lacquer. Having yielded for several years they are cut down, the lacquer extracted from the branches, and young trees take their places. It gives a surface to wood much harder than our best copal varnish, without brittleness. It takes a polish not to be excelled, which lasts for centuries. It is proof against boiling water, alcohol, and, indeed, is seems to be insoluble in every agent known.

A Natural Turkish Bath.

A natural Turkish bath has been discovered near Salida, Col. In digging a well not far from the Wellsville Hot Springs a cave was struck with apartments similar to the rooms of a house, the heat being so intense as to cause a veritable sweat bath. The largest room was twenty feet long, ten feet wide and ten feet high, and the walls and ceiling perfectly smooth.

Items Worth Reading.

There are three Senators richer than Mr. Brice—Hearst, Stanford, and McMillan. Mr. Brice's wealth is set down at $6,500,000.

In Mexico people distrust a young physician until he has had a couple of years' practice. Then they make an inventory of his patients, and if he has cured more than he has killed they recognize him.

One of the "Talks with Edison," which Mr. Lathrop reports in Harper's Magazine, refers to the inventor's belief in a personal God. Mr. Edison is quoted as saying: "The existence of such a God can, to my mind, almost be proved from chemistry."

The American Museum of Natural History in Central Park has been offered an egg valued at $300. It is a little over a foot in length, its holding capacity being two gallons, and, in round numbers, it equals 150 hen's eggs. It is from Madagascar, and is a relic of an extinct monster bird.

John Ernest McCann, late private secretary of Russell Sage, writes in the Epoch: "I suppose that Mr. Gould is richer than Mr. Sage, because all those who know nothing about it say that he is. But if they both were to die to-morrow, and I had a choice, I would choose Mr. Sage's savings."

A stream near Benton, Tenn., is said to be full of phantom fish. Standing on the rocks and looking down into the water the eye can see hundreds of trout, some of them remarkably large, darting about the pools or resting with the gentle motion peculiar to their tribe. The angler casts his line in one of these pools, but gets never a bite.

In Georgetown, D. C., in a humble cottage which rents for $20 a month, lives the only surviving grandchild of Thomas Jefferson. Her name is Mrs. Septimia Randolph Meikleham, widow of David S. Meikleham, long since dead. She is now in her 76th year, a cultured, amiable, venerable old lady, with two daughters and one son in her household.

There are four services at all state dinners at the White House. The dishes, in their order, are served on silver platters by waiters, the guests helping themselves. The chief waiter serves the President first, and then proceeds toward the right, and the second waiter toward the left. The same course is observed on the opposite side of the table, beginning with the presiding lady. No one is ever served twice.

Canadian Banks.

In 1891 the charters of all Canadian banks expire, and the plan upon which they shall be reissued will soon have to be determined. Whether it is better to continue the old system, or take pattern by the newer and simpler method in the United States, is the point to be decided.

Judge Andrew Ellison, of the twenty-seventh Missouri judicial circuit, decides that the teacher has the right to inflict corporal punishment, so long as the punishment is not excessive. The teacher is not guilty of assault, as he stands in the relation of parent to pupil.

CANCELED STAMPS.

Any One Having a Million Can Find a Market for Them.

Has any one 1,000,000 stamps, or 500,000, or 100,000? The man who has long been wanted by people who have saved up stamps, and who have jealously guarded them for years, has been found. He actually buys canceled stamps by the million or the hundred thousand. This cheerful news is given for the benefit of those who have cried out for information from time to time. But the man who buys them does not expect to see them redeemed, nor is he trying to relieve the sufferings of those who have carefully hoarded the "little green uns"—the 3-cent stamp, the 5-cent stamp, and the stamp of all kinds. But the seekers of wealth by stamp-selling are not apt to acquire great fortunes in this way. If they have only collected a few thousand, or even 100,000, they would better become discouraged and give it up, for the wholesale market price of canceled stamps (unless for some particular reason they are extrinsically more valuable) is $100 a million. And that is $10 a hundred thousand.

"Why do I buy postage stamps?" said G. B. Calman to a New York reporter. "Why, to sell again, of course."

"Who wants them?"

"If people did not want them I certainly should not buy them."

"Give one instance of a reasonable demand for them."

"Well, there is a big cigarette company which has a canceled stamp on a picture which is given away with every box of cigarettes. The company uses millions of them."

"Another."

"A certain publication gives a stamp book for so many coupons, the coupons going with the papers."

"What kind of stamps do you buy?"

"All kinds."

"But who wants common green 2-cent stamps? They are not rare."

"Well, they are less common in western Bulgaria than in New York City. I buy stamps in all parts of Europe and bring them to America, and I ship American stamps to all parts of Europe."

"How many stamps do you buy a year?"

"I bought over 50,000,000 last year. For fifteen years I have averaged about 20,000,000 a year."

"What becomes of them?"

"Think of all the shops where stamps are sold. A great many people make collections, and the stamps are all gathered for them in this way."

"What do you pay for stamps?"

"One hundred dollars for 1,000,000 of any kind. I don't care what they are, I will take them. But I pay a great deal more for rare ones, of course. Sometimes people find old stamps which have been lying around for years. Frequently they are very valuable."

"Suppose you were to get in an order to-day for 20,000,000, could you fill it?"

"Yes."

"Would you buy as many?"

"Yes."

"How do you handle them?"

"Those packing cases there are full of them. You see the stamps are assorted, and put in envelopes, and boxed for shipment."

"It would not pay, would it, to count 1,000,000 2-cent stamps; how do you manage that?"

"We can estimate them almost precisely by weight."

"So canceled stamps really have a market value?"

"If they did not, as I said before, I should not buy them. Bring round a million or two, in boxes or bales, and see for yourself. There are few things in these days that are allowed to go to waste." And he picked up a package of foreign stamps and gave them to the reporter as a nest-egg.

TOMMY LOVED GOOD BOOKS.

His Father Was Open to Argument and the Museum Was Benefited Thereby.

"Say, pa," said Tommy, "did you ever read a book called 'The Duties Children Owe to their Parents?'"

"No, Tommy," answered his father, "I do not think that I have ever read it; from the title I should think it was a good book, though. Why you ask?"

"O, nothin' much," said Tommy, "only Miss Handsome, the mistress of the school where you took me, said it was a good book, which she hoped every boy in the school would read."

"You may have it sometime," said his father as he settled himself comfortably in his chair, lighted a 50-cent cigar, and turned to his newspaper.

"Say, pa," said Tommy again after a few minutes' silence, "Miss Handsome has been good to me lately, an' yesterday she told me all about you."

"Is that so, Tommy?" (becoming interested.)

"Yes, she said that when you was a boy you had to work a good deal harder than most boys do nowadays, an' that you never had any of the advantages of education like I have, an' then she asked me if I appreciated how much I owed to you, an' I said, 'You bet I do; I've got the best pa in seventeen counties' (at this Tommy's father looked sharpiy at his son but Tommy never winked), 'an' then she kinder clasped her hands an' said, 'An', Tommy, just think what a fine, young looking man your father is, even after all he has gone through,' an' I said yes, an' I guessed 'twas because you thought so much of ma before she died that you never went out nights to the clubs, but jus' stayed home, an' she said she guessed that must be the reason, an' then she had a kind of far-away look in her eyes an' she said jus' quietly to herself, 'I wonder what the future will bring?' an' then, after a little while, she said to me: 'An', Tommy, your pa thinks too much of his boy to make him work like he did when he was a boy, but he buys books for him so's he can learn from them what he had to learn by experience,' an' I said, 'yes, you always bought me all the books you thought was good for me,' an' she said to let her know when I had read the book, an' I said I would, an' then she jus' put her arms around me an' kissed me, an', pa, its nice to be kissed by a nice woman like Miss Handsome, an'—"

"How much did you say the book would cost, Tommy?"

"A dollar-an'-a-half (quickly), an'—"

"Here's the money, Tommy (kindly), and now run along and let me read my paper for a little while."

"Thanks, pa," said Tommy, as he moved toward the door. Then he reached the street at a bound and shied around the corner, where a boy about his age was standing.

"Hi, Simmy," he called out, "I got nuff from pop for two reserve seats down to the museum an' more'n nuff to pay car fare and buy cigarettes besides!"

Ex-Empress Eugenie is as much of a recluse as though she were a a nun.

HOW TO ENJOY A GOOD CIGAR.

Opinion on the Subject from One Who Is Supposed to Be an Expert.

A cigar dealer on Park Row gives a lesson to an *Evening Sun* reporter on how to smoke for pleasure.

"Few people know how to smoke a cigar to enjoy it," said he. "Most men, after buying their cigars, stick them between their teeth and gnaw the ends off recklessly, tearing and loosening the wrapper in many instances, light their cigars, and puff away as if their very lives depended on finishing them. In many instances the finest cigar will burn irregularly, and smokers lay the blame on the cigar. The cigar may be to blame, but in most instances the fault lies in the way it is handled. After the cigar has been bought the end should be cut smoothly off by the clipper. The reverse end should be placed in the mouth and the cigar blown through. This removes all the little particles of dust which can not be avoided in manufacture, and prevents them from being inhaled into the throat and from producing coughing. The cigar should then be lighted, and particular attention should be paid to its being thoroughly ignited all over the surface of the end. Instead of puffing away like a steam engine, three or four puffs every minute make the best way in which to enjoy the smoke. The smoke should be kept in the mouth a short time in order to appreciate the flavor. Then it should be emitted slowly. In case one side of the cigar should burn and leave a ragged edge on the other side, it is not necessary to relight it, as I have seen many people do. A gentle blow through the cigar, toward the lighted end, will ignite the ragged side, and it will burn regularly. Smoking this way is a pleasure. It frets me to see a man smoking a cigar who does not know how to enjoy it."

Why a Book Was Written.

Talking with an intimate friend of General Lew Wallace the other day, I learned the true inspiration of his famous novel, "Ben Hur." "Wallace was on an Eastern bound train," said my informant, "and while going through the drawing room car he passed the open door of a compartment in which sat Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. 'Come in,' said the latter. 'I'm lonely in here, and want some one to chat with.' Wallace entered and seated himself, 'All right, colonel,' he said, 'what shall we chat about? 'Lots of thing,' replied Ingersoll. 'Is there a future life?' Looking out of the window dreamily, as the express sped on, he answered his own query. 'I don't know—do you? Is there a God? I don't know—do you? Was Christ the son of God? I don't know—do you? He paused and looked keenly at Wallace. The general was a little embarrassed by the abruptness of the great infidel's interrogatories. He replied: 'Really Ingersoll, I have never given much thought or study to the question you propound. I had a Christian training, and I have always tacitly accepted them.' 'Indeed!' said Colonel Ingersoll. 'Why, man, you surprise me! They are vital issues. I have studied the subject thoroughly. Every man ought to. Now, take my advice and look into the matter. You'll find you'll agree with me.' 'I went away from this interview both embarrassed and mortified,' said the general, 'that I did not feel competent to discuss so important a matter with so learned a thinker. I made up my mind that I would never place myself again in so embarrassing a situation. I took down my books and read every authority I could lay my hands on. After a year's study, so far from agreeing with the great agnostic in his expressed opinions, I wrote "Ben Hur." That is my reply to him!"—[New York Star.

The Habits of Swans.

Superintendent Conkling says that the swans are curious birds. They pair off every spring, and each pair mark off for its own use a tract of water in the great ponds for its own domain. If any swan during the breeding season swims out of its own domain it is instantly attacked by the rightful occupants of the territory and driven away. How the swans know the boundary lines of their domains on the water is a mystery to all but them, and they don't tell. But they do, and they recognize them as thoroughly as farmers recognize the boundary lines between their farms. The attractive spectacle of the lone black swan sitting on her eggs in the nest on a rocky islet under the bridge near one of the entrances to Central Park, in New York city, is interesting, and hundreds watch her cygnigritude daily. There she sits all day, only rising for a moment once an hour or so, to rest herself, while her careless husband is sailing all about the pond, making himself agreeable to some handsome cygnets who have no nests to care for. "Just like a man," say the ladies who observe his conduct. His wife sometimes stretches up her long neck and lows mournfully after him; but she never deserts the nest. It is to be hoped that she gives him deserved punishment when she gets hold of him.

How It Happens.

A little man asking how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with but indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden: A young friend of hers, during a walk requested her to go into a delightful canebrake and there get him the handsomest reed. She must get it in once going through, without turning. She went, and coming out, brought him quite a meal reed. When he asked if that was the handsomest one she saw: "Oh, no," replied she, "I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on in hope of a much better, until I had gotten nearly through, and then I had to select the best that was left."

While there are many illusions in which the young and some who are not young indulge, and which must inevitably at some time or other be revealed and drop away, the ideals of life—that is, the highest and purest hopes and dreams of good to be attained—are all true, and will eventually be fulfilled. Therefore we need never part with them, nor with the joyful enthusiasm and active endeavor which they engender.

A Machine for Buttering Bread.

The latest and most unique invention is a machine for buttering bread. It is used in connection with a great patent bread cutter, and is intended for use in prisons, work houses, and other reformatory institutions. There is a cylindrical shaped brush which is fed with butter, and lays a thin layer on the bread as it comes from the cutter. The machine can be worked by hand, steam, or electricity, and has a capacity of cutting and buttering 750 loaves of bread an hour. The saving of butter and of bread and the decrease in the quantity of crumbs is said to be very large.

THE BABIES OF THE EARTH.

The Cradles of a Single Year Would Encircle the Earth.

It has been computed that between 36,000,000 and 37,000,000 babies are born in the world each year. The rate of production is, therefore, about 70 per minute, or rather more than one for every beat of the clock. With the 1-a-minute calculation every new paper reader is familiar, but it is not every one who stops to calculate what this means when it comes to a year's supply. It will, therefore, probably startle a good many persons to find on the authority of a well known hospital writer that could the infants of a year be ranged in line in cradles the cradles would be overflowing and at the same time extend around the globe. We have the ingenious conclusion also that, supposing the little ones grew up and the sexes be equally divided, we would have an army 100 times larger than that of Great Britain and a wife for each soldier besides.

The same writer looks at the matter in a still more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mothers' arms, one day one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last comer in the twelfth month had passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in going past at the rate of 20 a minute the reviewer at his post would only have seen the sixth part of this infantile host after they had been passing him at the rate of 1,200 an hour during the entire year. In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a close there would be a rear guard, not of infants, but of romping 6-year-old boys and girls.

RAIN IN THE NORTHWEST.

A Question of Importance to Several Millions of People.

Can the climate of Western Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Washington be depended on to yield a sufficient supply of rain for agriculture? It is a question that farmers of that region are now anxiously asking. Hitherto the belief has been that it was, and the splendid crops of wheat raised there a number of years in succession seemed to prove it. Now, however, droughts seem following one another thick and fast. It is said there is now no trace of hundreds of small lakes that were marked on early maps of Dakota and Minnesota. Doubtlessly many of these lakes have existed in the splendid imagination of the gifted land agent, and nowhere else. But some of them must have been there. It is within the certain knowledge of residents of the Northwest that lakes have dried up, and the ground they occupied has been plowed for wheat fields. In one or two instances this fate has overtaken lakes as much as six miles long. In the future will the Dakotas and the adjoining region be added to the area that requires irrigation to make it produce crops? The answer concerns the development of the whole new Northwest, and the fate of several millions of people. Meantime it is said the people of Aberdeen, S. D., have held a union meeting, irrespective of denomination, and joined heartily in praying for rain.

The Chicago *Tribune*, in commenting on this, recommends all the inhabitants there to continue to pray for rain, and at the same time to dig a few artesian wells.

How to Spend Money.

There are very many people who do not know how to spend money, unless by spending one means simply to get rid of it. To spend wisely is another thing, and one in which parents would do well to educate their children. It is quite a distinct science from that of saving, for one may know how to save—that is, to accumulate—and yet not know how to spend to the best advantage. Many women when they go shopping bear out the truth of this assertion. They may have been saving the egg or butter money for months for this very occasion, but when they get home find that they have nothing to show for their money. They are dazzled by the display in the shop windows, and buy first one little thing and then another, until there is nothing left in the purse wherewith to purchase the more needful articles. To avoid this, decide before you set out just what you want, and be sure that you really do want just that thing, and not something else more. Don't buy just to get rid of your money, like the little boy whose unwise grandparents kept him supplied with pocket money till his childish imagination could not suggest the means of getting rid of it, for he was a very small boy. On his repeated visits to the country store he had sampled one after another its entire stock of cheap toys and unattractive candies, and at last seeing nothing new he invested his three cents in soda crackers, not because he was hungry, but because he "didn't know what else to buy." The quantities of inexpensive and useless finery exhibited in some of our large metropolitan stores is sufficient proof that there is a market for such things. If we were educated in spending, there would be small demand for cheap laces and embroideries that wear out with two or three washings, and that are never ornamental. This evil, however, will remedy itself, for as women learn how to earn they will show more wisdom in spending, and when they become mothers will teach the art to their children.

THE SUN AND THE WEATHER.

Mr. Henry C. Maine, in an elaborate article in the Troy Times, thus sums up his conclusions: When solar disturbances follow each other in rapid succession the storm period is prolonged. The effects of solar disturbances would break out on the sun's hemisphere turned toward us produce sudden and powerful effects in our atmosphere. Storms known as cloudbursts have been most frequently noted in connection with these sudden outbursts on the sun's face. As a rule the marks of solar disturbance cannot be seen until the storms on the earth cease. The spots form after the storm-producing eruptions. Tornadoes are most numerous during periods of violent solar agitation. The number and violence of tornadoes are directly proportioned to the number and violence of solar disturbances. Observations made during the past winter and spring show that solar disturbances are in some cases not marked by spots until a month or two after the eruptions begin. Fifty-two days after the great storm of January 9 and 10, 1889, spots appeared by the sun's rotation. Spots also appeared by rotation fifty-two days after the great Samoan hurricane of March 15 and 16, 1888, which wrecked several men-of-war in the harbor of Apia. This disturbance on the sun was followed upon reappearance May 29 and 30 by the floods which wrecked Johnstown, Pa., and drowned Williamsport, Pa.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

To Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Oder on the death of their infant daughter, VIRGINIA PAGE.

Sad our hearts and deeply wounded
By the visit death has made;
Tears cannot express our sorrow
As we view the place she's laid.

Gone forever art thou, dearie?
Couldst thou stay no longer here?
Was our home not bright and happy?
Was this world too cold and drear?

Brief the term of thy existence,
Like some fragrant summer flower—
Opening in the dews of morning—
Drooping ere the noontide hour.

As we gazed upon thy features
Pale and rigid—still in death,
Well we knew that God had given
Thee a life far better yet.

While we're mourning o'er thy body—
Late temple of thy guiltless soul,
We would not recall thee, dearie,
From thy bright and heavenly goal.

Cold and low in graveyard yonder—
There that little temple lies,
While thy spirit, pure and stainless,
Dwells with God above the skies.

With the choirs of saints and angels
High in heaven thou dost stand—
There to hope that thy sad parents
May meet thee in that bright land.

A FRIEND.

Business Locals.

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.

Every Home Should Have It.—It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a physician always at hand. It kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents. There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Price 25 cents. At I. C. Lambert's Drug Store.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

AT OUR STORE
THIS WEEK

WE do not chronicle any stupendous mark-downs. We offer, though, some very tempting goods, such as

Satines at 12½c

That are as good as last year's at 16 cents. We bought them cheaper And will sell them cheaper.

The same story is told of

White Dress Embroideries,

Which are ever so much cheaper than last year.

OURS ARE ALL NEW.

A great many of our customers wanted them real early, but we did not have them. We make up for it now by having dozens of patterns in Ladies and Children's,

BOUGHT CLOSE AND SOLD LOW.

Everyone Knows
WE DON'T SPOIL A GOOD THING WITH
A Stale Price.
D. F. McMullen & Co.,
IRON FRONT,
Frostburg, Md.
June 14

KEYSTONE
BAKING POWDER.
PUREST ♦ AND ♦ BEST.
MANUFACTURED FROM
Pure CREAM of TARTAR and SODA only.
100 per cent. Pure
FOR SALE BY
C. F. BETZ,
Frostburg, Md.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
Keystone Baking Powder Co.,
ALLEGHENY, PA.
June 28

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

PRINTING.
BOOK BINDING.
BLANK BOOK
Manufacturing.
ARTHUR SHRIVER
& CO.,
THE Leading Establishment of Western Maryland having added greatly to their facilities, are better than ever prepared to promptly execute all orders for work in their lines.

The Finest PRINTING,
The Most Elegant Book Binding,
The Most Substantial BLANK BOOKS
NO CHEAP WORK.
28 South Centre Street,
Cumberland, Md.
Aug 2

"Seeing is Believing."

And the best lamp ever made, like Aladdin's of old, a "wonderful lamp!" A lamp absolutely non-explosive and unbreakable, which gives a clear, soft, brilliant white light of 85 *candle power!* Purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light, more cheerful than either! That lamp is

"The Rochester."

And with it there is no smoke, no smell, *no broken chimneys*, no flickering, no sweating, no climbing up of the flame, no "tantrums" nor annoyance of any kind, and it never needs trimming. Its founte (oil reservoirs) being tough rolled seamless brass, with central draft, it is absolutely unbreakable, and as *safe as a tallow candle.*

Only five years old, and *over a million and a half in use.* It must be a GOOD lamp to make such a telling success. Indeed it is, for lamps may come and lamps may go, but the "Rochester" shines on forever! We make over 3,000 artistic varieties,—Hanging and Table Lamps, Banquet, Study, Vase and Piano Lamps,—every kind, in Bronze, Porcelain, Brass, Nickel and Black Wrought Iron.

Ask the lamp dealer for it. Look for the trade-mark stamp: "THE ROCHESTER." If he hasn't the *genuine* Rochester and the style you want, or if no lamp-store is near, send to us for free illustrated catalogue (and reduced price-list), and we will box and send you any lamp safely by express, right to your door.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO.,
42 Park Place, New York.
The Largest Wholesale Lamp Store in the World.

The Magic Self-Lighting Pocket Lamp. No toy nor jim-crack, but a real genuine lamp in *nickel case*, size of pocket match safe; burns one hour; quickly re-filled. 2@One live agent wanted in every town. *Somebody will make $100 a week with it.* Sample, and outfit and 1000 extra lighters sent prepaid for $1. If you write and mention this paper, will tell you how to get one for nothing. Address Retail Department of Rochester Lamp Co., 37 Barclay Street, New York.
August 2—4m

Valley Female College,
WINCHESTER, VA.
Rev. J. P. HYDE, A. M., D. D.,
PRESIDENT.
An Excellent Home School for Young Ladies.

This Popular and Flourishing Institution of Learning will Open its Fall Session
Wednesday, September 10, 1890.

IT is located in Winchester, in the far-famed Valley of the Shenandoah, and in full view of the Blue Ridge, Massanutton and North Mountains. The College is beautifully situated upon Fort Hill, the most historic spot of the valley, and commands a charming prospect in every direction.

The buildings, chambers, recitation rooms, college hall and dining room and art room are thoroughly adapted to their several purposes. The table is supplied with food carefully selected from one of the best markets in Virginia and the *cuisine* is healthful.

Col. I. A. Robinson, president of the Board of Regents, University of West Va., says:

For beauty of location, thorough instruction and good discipline, it cannot in my opinion be excelled.

This from L. M. Shumate, superintendent of Public Instruction, Loudoun Co., Va.:

Its beautiful and healthful location, its thorough course of instruction, and the great care bestowed by the President and his assistants upon the moral, physical and intellectual training, as students, combine to render it one of the best institutions of its class within the reach of our people.

☞Catalogues containing full particulars, further testimonials, references, etc., will be furnished upon application to the President,
REV. J. P. HYDE,
July 26—7t* Winchester, Va.

Notice to Taxpayers.

FROSTBURG, MD., June 15, 1890.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the Taxes for corporate purposes for the Town of Frostburg for the fiscal year ending June 15, 1891, are now due and payable.

By action of the Mayor and Councilmen a discount of 5 *per cent.* will be allowed on all taxes paid on or before July 15; 3 *per cent.* on all paid on or before August 15, after which date no discount will be allowed.

By an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, chapter 136, of the Acts of 1888, taxes are a lien on the property of the party taxed, and on all taxes remaining unpaid for *three* months after the same shall have been levied the Bailiff shall charge and collect interest *from the date of the levy* at the rate of 6 *per cent. per annum.* ALBERT SPITZNAS,
June 28 Bailiff.

BASE BALL.

ALL the new Double-Seam Balls, Bats, Gloves, Belts, Caps and Masks for 1890.
TENNIS, CROQUET, Hammocks, Archery Swings, Clubs and Dumbbells.
JNO. A. FULTON & CO.,
Bookstore opposite postoffice,
May 24 Cumberland, Md.

—THE—
First National Bank
of Frostburg, Md.

THIS BANK, located in the Thomas building, near the Post Office, is now open and prepared to do a general banking business.

CAPITAL.....$50,000

L. M. GORSUCH, President.
DAVISSON ARMSTRONG, Vice-President.
A. E. KRISE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
T. G. McCULLOH. | BERNARD STERN.
A. J. WILLISON. | D. ARMSTRONG.
L. M. GORSUCH.

☞Collections made and exchanges sold on all Eastern points. *Deposits solicited.*
Nov 16

JOHN CHAMBERS,
—DEALER IN—
STAPLE AND FANCY
GROCERIES,
Flour, Feed and Provisions.
Queensware, Woodware. Tinware.
Canned and Fresh
Oysters
A SPECIALTY.
Main Street, - - FROSTBURG, MD.
March 29

FOR RENT OR SALE.
THE STOREHOUSE
NOW occupied by Mrs. Mary Hartman as a Boot and Shoe store. In size and location it is one of the most desirable business stands in town. For all information inquire of MARX WINELAND,
Jan 21 Agent for C. W. ODER.

You are Saved
FROM
Serious Errors and Consequences
IN THE COMPOUNDING OF
DRUGS AND PRESCRIPTIONS
BY BUYING YOUR DRUGS AT
Colborn's Drug Store
THE ONLY PLACE IN FROSTBURG *where a Graduate in Pharmacy prepares all Prescriptions and Medicines.*
Purest Goods and Lowest Prices.
☞The finest and most complete line of
Toilet Articles
IN THE CITY.
Kindly favor me with a call and be assured of best attention.
ROBERT G. COLBORN.
THE "POPULAR DRUG STORE."
Sept 21