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MINING JOURNAL.

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Frostburg, Md.....September 6, 1890.

WHERE SUMMER BIDES.

Down through the mountain's silver haze,
Down through the song-thrilled wooded ways,
And 'midst the meadow's drenched grass,
The feet of summer swiftly pass.
"Stay! stay!" the yearning mountains cry.
"Stay! stay!" the drowsy grasses sigh.
But on and on the sweet guest flies,
With wind-blown hair and wide still eyes.
On, on, until her eager feet
Abide amidst the yellow wheat.
—[Lucy E. Tilley.

GOVERNMENT SINECURES.

How Two Sides of a Door Were Watched Day After Day.

Judge Holman is not the great objector that he used to be. During the present Congress he has let the Republicans spend money as they wish, according to the well understood policy of the Democrats to let the party that controls all branches of the Government have all the rope it wants and then hold it responsible for the expenditure. When the Democrats regain power in the House the watch dog will undoubtedly be found at his old stand. How he came to place himself on the economical side of questions is interesting, and the little circumstance that necessitated his taking the position which made him famous is vouched for by several old members. It was during the war, when patriotism and sentiment were at flood tide and the rolls of the two houses of Congress were increased to make room for wounded soldiers who had been discharged from the service and had drifted back as far as Washington. Frequently colored fugitives were cared for in the same way until the doorkeepers, messengers, and watchmen were so thick around the Capitol that they were in each other's way. It was hard work to give them assignments and leave standing room about the corridors. Judge Holman happened to be in the basement under the big dome one day and endeavored to go through a doorway guarded by a one legged veteran.

"Can't get through there," said the keeper of the portal unconcernedly.

"I am a member of Congress," replied the judge quietly.

"That don't make any difference," said the veteran. "That door is screwed up."

"Then what are you here for?" inquired the judge, whose curiosity was naturally excited.

"I am here for $3.20 a day. There is a fellow from the Sixth Pennsylvania cavalry watching the other side of it, and mebbe he can tell you more than I can."

By a circuitous route through committee rooms the Congressman reached the other side of the door. Sure enough, there sat another veteran leisurely reading a newspaper. He was equally frank in announcing that the door was screwed fast.

"You see," he explained, "both me and my partner are subject to rheumatiz since we've been in the Army, and we screwed up this door so we wouldn't be in the draught."

Judge Holman thought that if the Government was paying two men $3.20 a day each for watching a door that could not be opened, it was time that somebody proposed retrenchment. He threw himself into the breach, secured a reduction in the House rolls, and has ever since been the determined enemy of sinecures and extra salaries.

IN MEMORY OF COLUMBUS.

A Description of the Monument to Be Erected in New York City.

In the month of February, 1889, a movement was set on foot by *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* to erect on the fourth centenary of the discovery of America a monument to Christopher Columbus, giving it to the city of New York. A subscription was issued and a fund of $5,000 has been accumulated, together with objects of every kind and description, to be disposed of at a fair which will shortly be held, and by which the committee hopes greatly to augment the fund.

The monument will be constructed in Italy by the famous sculptor Gaetano Russo, whose design was selected and approved by a committee nominated by the Italian government. This committee was composed of some of the most eminent sculptors, painters, and architects of the country. It included Cesare Maccari, who painted the walls and ceilings of the senate house; Cesare Mariani, director of the San Luca Academy in Rome; Filippo Prosperi, the prince of European engravers; Giulio Monteverde, sculptor of the statue, "Genius of Franklin;" Giuseppe Sacconi, sculptor of the Victor Emanuel monument; Guglielmo Calderinia, architect; Emilio Gallori, sculptor, and Ettore Ferrari, sculptor of the Giordano Bruno monument at Rome.

The monument will be 75 feet in height. The statue of Columbus in the costume of an admiral will be executed in Carrara marble. The column will be made of granite in the form of the ancient Roman beaked columns, and from it will project representations of the poops and prows of the three vessels which accompanied Columbus on his voyage of discovery. The anterior portion of the pedestal will contain a group representing the "Genius of Columbus," his hand resting on a globe of the world, which he is earnestly studying, and on which he is endeavoring to divine the position of the new continent. On the posterior portion will be a representation in bronze of an immense eagle, the coat of arms of America and of Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus. The sides of the pedestal will be decorated with bas reliefs representing facts in the life of the great navigator. The design of this monument has been judged one of the most beautiful yet produced, and it will doubtless be the greatest and most artistic of its kind existing in New York.

Overdoing Matters.

Stranger (in Texas town)—Who is the most popular man in the town?

Texan—Guess Major Twofingers is, though he's a leetle disliked just now for his ungentlemanly conduct.

Stranger—What did he do?

Texan—Well, he's been shooting somebody every day for the last three weeks and you know yourself, stranger, that every day is goin' a leetle to far.

Mean Wills.

Husbands who profess to love their wives intensely sometimes play them a very mean trick when about to depart for that better land where there is "neither marrying nor giving in marriage." One might suppose that a tender spouse, on the eve of being divorced by death from the partner of his joys and sorrows, would be governed in the disposition of his worldly goods by an earnest desire to render her earthly future a happy one. If he has a fortune to bequeath to her, why should he make a dog in the manger will, providing that she shall enjoy it only during widowhood? What right has he to condemn her to a life of loneliness, under penalty of pauperism, in case she shall marry again? Husbands about to shuffle off this mortal coil, if you desire to be tenderly borne in mind by your relicts, don't deal with them after this contemptible fashion.—[N. Y. Ledger.

FLASHED BY SUNLIGHT.

The Wonderful Success of Signaling With the Heliograph.

For some time past a detail of one officer and four men from each army post in the West has been practicing in this Territory and New Mexico in military signaling by means of the heliograph system. From one of them a brief description of the work accomplished was secured.

"The work has been carried on under the direction of Colonel William Volkmar, adjutant general of the department of Arizona, and we have accomplished the most wonderful signaling ever known," said this officer. "In our preliminary practice in April we made a connection 90 miles distant, but two weeks ago in general practice we did successful signaling from Mount Reno to Mount Graham in this Territory, a distance of 125 miles. This is by far the longest distance work ever accomplished.

"Still more wonderful than this, if anything, however, was our long distance signaling by means of relays about 10 days ago. In this case messages were successfully sent from Whipple Barracks, near Prescott, Ariz., to Fort Stanton, in eastern New Mexico, a distance by the circuitous route followed of nearly 1,000 miles.

"In this signaling the messages were flashed from Whipple Barracks to Bald Mountain, thence to Baker's Butte, then to Lookout Mountain, thence to Mount Graham, and thence to two or three other small peaks, the names of which I do not remember, into Fort Stanton. In bad weather we went by a much more circuitous route than the one described, being compelled to use a number of intermediate relays.

"The result will undoubtedly be of great service to the Army. For instance, troops in the field wanting to communicate with a post 100 miles off would require three or four days of hard riding by the old system to accomplish that object. Now, by the telegraph signaling, a message can be sent and an answer received inside of 15 minutes. This will prove especially valuable in case there should ever be another Indian outbreak. In time of actual war it would be of great service. In case of cutting of telegraph lines messages could readily be sent a distance of 40 to 50 miles even in the East.—[Arizona Republican.

The Dangerous "Sea-Poose."

Duffield Osborne, in an article on "Surf and Surf-bathing," says: It may be well to speak of another phenomenon not infrequently observed. I do not recall ever seeing the name by which it is known in print, and, as the word is ignored by Webster, I shall invent my own spelling and write it "sea-poose." This term is loosely used on different parts of the coast, but the true significance of it is briefly this: There will sometimes come at every bathing ground days when the ocean seems to lose its head and to act in a very capricious way. On such occasions it often happens that the beach is cut away at some one point, presumably where the sand happens to be softer and less capable of resisting the action of the water. There will then be found a little bay indenting the shore, perhaps 10 feet, perhaps 10 yards. The waves rolling into such a cove are deflected somewhat by its sides and "set" together at its head, so that two wings of a breaker, so to speak, meet, and, running straight out from the point of junction, form a sort of double "undertow," which will, if the conditions that cause it continue, cut out along its course a depression or trench of varying depth and length. It can be readily understood that such a trench tends to strengthen the current that causes it, and these two factors, acting and reacting upon each other, occasion what might be called an artificial undertow, which is sometimes strong enough to carry an unwary bather some distance out in a fashion that will cause him either to be glad he is, or to wish he were, within the rectangle of the life lines.

I have sometimes heard old surfmen speak of what they call a "false poose," but I have never been able to find out just what was meant by the expression, much less its causes and character. I shall therefore leave the question for those who delight to delve into the mysteries of local nomenclature.—[Scribner's.

The Virtue in Salads.

M. Henri de Vilmorin, president of the Botanical Society of France, recently lectured before the Royal Horticultural Society on the subject of salads. He spoke of the nutritive value of salads due to the potash salts, which, though present in vegetables generally, are eliminated in the process of cooking. These are some of the plants he enumerated as being used in France for salads: lettuce, corn salad, common chicory, barbe de capucin, curled and Batavian endives, dandelion in its several forms of green, watercresses, purslane in small quantities, blanched salsify tops, Brussels chicory, the roots of celeriac, rampion and radish, the bulbs of stachys, the stalks of celery, the flowers of nasturtium and yucca, the fruit of capsicum and tomato, and in the south of France, rocket, pistidium and Spanish onions. Various herbs are added to a French salad to garnish and flavor it—chervil, chives, shallot and borage flowers. In addition many boiled vegetables are dressed with vinegar and oil. The lecturer exhibited specimens of dandelion, barbe de capucin, and witloof, both varieties of chicories, which he commended to the notice of gardeners as most useful and palatable.

How Women Ruin Their Husbands.

"What do you think of this idea of women ruining their husbands?"

"Oh! I think it is quite true."

"Why, I am shocked to hear you say so."

"Well, I know what I am talking about. There is Mrs. Smith; she let her husband have his own way in everything."

"Well?"

"Well, she ruined him by doing so. He went to the dogs."

THE WANING YEAR.

With faded leaves her path was strown—
Gold of the elm and beechen red:
She wander'd—she was all alone—
The Summer and her hopes were dead.

She murmur'd—for her pulse beat low,
"Oh, we were glad in Spring-time here!
Who would have thought it ended so?"
She murmur'd * * * and let fall a tear.

"The air is full of voices faint;
The rain is cold and dim the day;
No ear gives heed to my complaint—
'Tis time I were away!"

—George Douglas.

DRIVE MEN TO DRINK.

Mrs. Ewing Points Out the Evils Resulting from Bad Cooking.

The feelings of some well meaning temperance advocates received a wrench at Chautauqua when Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, the lecturer on cookery, flatly declared that bad cookery and not natural depravity was responsible for drunkenness in America.

"The drink question," she averred, "lies contiguous to the food question. A deranged stomach longs for stimulants. Of the 50,000 drunkards who die in the United States every year, a large proportion have the appetite for intoxicating drinks aggravated, if not implanted, by the food which constitutes their daily diet. Grease soaked meat, watery vegetables, sloppy coffee, and bad bread, in many cases compel a resort to stimulants. With such conditions, why should anybody be surprised at the drink habit? Poor coffee produces unnatural thirst for lager beer, and there is a terrible affinity between sour bread and sour mash whisky. A healthy stomach has no abnormal craving for either liquor, cigars, candy, or chewing gum. Bad cookery is a foe to everything that elevates and ennobles, and a friend to everything that debases, whereas good cookery and Christianity aid and supplement each other. Good cookery is indispensable to the highest type of Christian life, and everywhere makes for righteousness. You may have a school house on every hill top, a church in every valley, and a summer assembly in every county of every State of the Union, but you can't elevate the standard of Christianity to its topmost level until you elevate the character of your cookery. This country is overrun with bad cooks. The traditional plain cook is a culinary charlatan, and 'plain cook' and 'poor cook' are synonymous terms. The greatest need of the United States is 500,000 plain cooks, men and women, who understand the principles of baking, boiling, broiling, and frying. When I think of the abominable messes on which all classes of society feed daily, I am not surprised that the world gets on so slowly in reformatory movements, and when pious women come and tell me they are so actively engaged in benevolent work that they have no time to attend to the kitchen, I say to them, as I say to you, no church work, no temperance work, no missionary work can be done effectively without the aid of good food, and not until you have the most perfect union of cookery and Christianity can the noblest works of Christian effort be attained in this world or in the world to come."

"I say amen to that," cried Bishop Vincent fervently. "I hope the time will come when we shall train our boys to be judges of cookery so that none may marry women who are bad cooks. Fried beef! Good Lord deliver us. Weak coffee, when you might as well have strong coffee, but that it wastes its aroma on the third floor of the house 45 minutes before the breakfast bell rings. Heavy bread, or bread made light by artificial means! When shall we learn wisdom and lay the foundation of good health and good morals and good order by a system of good cooking?"

The Number Seven in the Bible.

On the seventh day God ended His work.

In the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground.

In seven days a dove was sent out.

Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.

Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.

Jacob served seven years for Rachel.

And yet another seven years.

Jacob was pursued a seven days' journey by Laban.

A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharoah's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn.

On and after the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days and remained in their tents.

Every seventh year the land rested.

Every seventh year the law was read to the people.

In the destruction of Jericho seven persons bore trumpets seven days; on the seventh day they surrounded the walls seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell.

Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication.

The golden candlesticks had seven branches.

Naaman washed seven times in the Jordan.

Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks as an atonement.

Hundreds of other Biblical references to the number seven could be given did space permit.—[St. Louis Republic.

Spontaneous Combustion of Man.

Dickens has been very much criticised for his apparent acceptance of the fact of human spontaneous combustion, but the late Sir William Gull testified to a surprising case before a committee of the house of lords during the summer of 1886. A large bloated man, who was suffering from difficulty of breathing and great distension of the venous system, died at Guy's Hospital. At the post mortem of the following day there was no sign of decomposition, but the body was distended with what was thought to be gas. "When punctures were made into the skin," said Sir William, "and a lighted match applied, the gas which escaped burned with the blue flame of carburetted hydrogen. As many as a dozen of these little flames were burning at one time."

A $1,000,000 Indian.

There is one Indian in the United States worth $1,000,000. He is known as Matthias Splitlog, and is chief of the Wyandotte tribe. His mother gave him birth in the woods near a split log, hence his name. He is now 70 years of age and can neither read nor write. For all this he is a great money getter. Some time ago he was persuaded to sell a tract of land on the Kaw bottoms for $140,000, the money to be paid to him at 10 o'clock on a certain morning at a bank in Minnesota avenue, Kansas City. The Indian entered the bank shortly before 10 and took a seat, keeping his eye on the clock. When the clock struck 10 and the capitalists had not arrived he walked promptly out of the bank. On the street he met the men who were to buy his land, and when they asked him to return to the bank he refused and set the next day at the same hour. When they all met next day Splitlog refused to sell for $140,000, and wanted $160,000. The syndicate wanted the land, and fearing another rise in real estate accepted his terms. When in Kansas City he does not stop at a hotel, but puts up with a colored man who is one of his tenants.

Nearly Lost His Tongue.

A curious accident happened recently in Baltimore. A boy of 13 named John Deutsch is employed at a basket factory, and during dinner hour, while taking a pull at his coffee flask, his tongue was drawn into the nozzle by suction so that, try as he would, he could not get it out. It was drawn further and further in until the flask was forced into his mouth. To make matters worse, the tongue began to swell, and after vainly trying to get it loose himself, he hurried to the hospital. After some difficulty the doctor released the disfigured member.

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN; GO WEST!"

Horace Greely Did Not Originate This Expression.

"Do you know," said an old timer at the Chicago Club to the *Mail's* club man, "that epigrammatic bit of advice to young men, 'Go West,' so generally attributed to Horace Greeley, was not original with him? No? Well, it wasn't. It all came about this way: John L. B. Soule was the editor of the Terre Haute *Express* back in the '50s, and one day in 1851, if I remember right, he and Dick Thompson, afterward secretary of war, were conversing in the former's sanctum. Thompson had just finished advising Soule to go West and grow up with the country and was praising his talents as a writer.

"'Why, John,' he said, 'you could write an article that would be attributed to Horace Greeley if you tried.'

"'No, I couldn't,' responded Mr. Soule, modestly. 'I'll bet I couldn't.'

"'I'll bet a barrel of flour you can if you'll promise to try your best; the flour to go to some deserving poor person.'

"'All right, I'll try,' responded Soule.

"He did try, writing a column editorial on the subject of discussion—the opportunities offered to young men by the West. He started in by saying Horace Greeley could never have given a young man better advice than that contained in the words, 'Go West, young man.'

"Of course, the advice wasn't quoted from Greeley—merely compared to what he might have said. But in a few weeks the exchanges began coming into the *Express* offices with the epigram reprinted and accredited to Greeley almost universally. So wide a circulation did it obtain that at last the New York *Tribune* came out editorially, reprinted the *Express* article, and said in a foot note:

"'The expression of this sentiment has been attributed to the editor of the New York *Tribune* erroneously. But so heartily does he concur in the advice it gives that he indorses most heartily the epigrammatic advice of the Terre Haute *Express* and joins in saying, "Go West, young man; go West.'"—[Chicago Mail.

Ambitious New York.

The needs of New Yorkers and of their constant army of guests for a new hotel of such perfection and size—above all, size—as to deserve being called "the palace hotel of America," is never more thoroughly understood than now, when several new candidates for public favor are presented and when several hotels, notably the Astor caravansaries, are projected. A new hotel at 32d street and Broadway is nearly completed, and another, at 30th street and 5th avenue, will be soon. "New York needs badly," said Chief Clerk Carr, who has been in charge of the Fifth Avenue desk ever since the Fifth Avenue Hotel was opened in 1859, "a hotel which in size, as well as perfection of appointment, shall be superior to anything in existence here, and able to stand comparison with and even to surpass the Metropole and the Savoy in London. There is nothing too good, no appointment too complete, no detail too luxurious and exact for the traveling American public. What a thing it would be for the city if Mr. Astor would take that whole block on 5th avenue between 33d and 34th streets and put up a 10 story marble building, with marble floors and wainscoting, marble and iron stairways, and two great intersecting marble lined hallways, each 40 feet wide and running the whole length and depth of the building. In such a house every bath room even ought to have marble floors and porcelain tubs, every partition wall should be of fire brick, every stairway fire proof and bronze railed, every stick of furniture as modern and luxurious as it could be, every door and window planned for comfort, light, ventilation—the whole worthy of the size and of the name—the grandest hotel in the world. Thirty-fourth street is our finest cross street; 5th avenue from Madison Square to 59th street will soon be the great highway of retail traffic, just as Broadway used to be from City Hall to Union Square. In such a hotel stores could be rented on three sides at prices which would soon pay for the building. The site is unapproachable. But nobody need go outside of New York to find a manager for it. New Yorkers only know the needs of the great public. Every time a hotel has been built above the Fifth Avenue for 30 years—when it was the furthest up town—people have said that 'will take off your trade.' But they haven't done it. New York has enough medium sized hotels. What is needed is a 'palace.'"

Women at the Bar.

The American female bar is just now receiving its first substantial boom. The novelty of the situation is wearing off; the prejudice in the common mind against the woman lawyer is disappearing; the law departments in the colleges and universities are opening to her; there has come a demand for her services in every substantial legal firm, and the woman herself has learned that the profession is not only possible and practical, but elevating and remunerative. To draft the will or take the acknowledgment or ante-mortem examination of the dying woman her presence is especially welcome. In drafting the details of bills of sale, taking an inventory of household goods, reading the records of real estate, drafting and recording deeds, she is also skillful.—[Illustrated American.

A Big Hall.

Bruce Price, the well known architect, in *Scribner*, describes an interesting old house, at one time the finest in western Maryland: "It was built long before the revolution, the hall was of unusual size—so large, in fact, that the owner boasted that he could (and on a wager did) turn a four in hand in it."

WARFARE.

I.

My hand has lost its cunning and its power;
I cannot [illegible]
My arm [illegible] angs helpless [illegible] a wounded flower,
Killed by a bl[illegible]
My tendons, once of steel, [illegible] impatient shrunk—
Each [illegible] yields, a[illegible]
My iron frame is like the [illegible] trunk
That lightning rends!

II.

And where my armor? Is it also gone?
I wake to find
That I am standing here, disarmed, alone—
With youth behind—
And strength, and beauty, and all else that dies,
Locked chill in death—
Gone! like a vision of the night, that flies
At Mora's first breath!

III.

What has my warfare brought me? What great gain?
How much renown?
Where are my trophies? Where my conquered slain?
And where my crown?
Where are my victories, that I should share
The victor's seat?
I fought as one who vainly beats the air,
And gained—defeat!

IV.

And this the end is! this the climax grand!
The acme won—
The final downfall of a house of sand,
The last rod run!
And what my profits are, I ask in vain,
For none are shown;
Nothing is left that I can count as gain,
Or call my own.

V.

I toyed with shadows, while the sands of Time
Rolled swiftly on;
And said not, "This is youth," until its prime
Was past and gone!
And now, in shame, before the Head Supreme,
With garments rent,
I crave for grace that I may yet redeem
The time misspent!

—Nannie Power O'Donoghue.

A Boastful Boy's Downfall.

A little boy who had won a prize for learning Scripture verses and was greatly elated thereby was asked by a minister if it took him a long time to commit them.

"Oh, no," said the boy, boastfully, "I can learn any verse in the Bible in five minutes."

"Can you, indeed? And will you learn one for me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then in five minutes from now I would like very much to hear you repeat this verse," said the minister, handing him the book and pointing out the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther:

"Then were the king's scribes called at that time in the third month, that is, the month Sivan, on the three and twentieth day thereof; and it was written according to all that Mordecai commanded unto the Jews, and to the lieutenants and the deputies and rulers of the provinces which are from India unto Ethiopia, an hundred twenty and seven provinces, unto every province according to the writing thereof, and unto every people after their language and to the Jews according to their writing and according to their language."

Master Conceit entered upon his task with confidence, but at the end of one hour, to his mortification, could not repeat it without slip.

An Ocean Observatory.

The Island of Bermuda is a sort of natural observatory for watching gales from the tropics in the north Atlantic, and as it is about to be connected by submarine cable with Halifax in Nova Scotia, it will be possible for us to get early intelligence of the atmospheric movements in the mid-ocean, and, as it were, to feel the pulse of the storm. The cable is to be laid primarily for imperial reasons, but it can not fail to be useful in a meteorological respect. We may also add that the entire continent of Africa, with the exception of the north coast, has now been girdled by a system of coast cables. There is no other continent so provided.

A Symbol of Wealth.

Editor (to reporters)—Hereafter, in this office, the iceman, plumber, or minstrel end man must not be used to represent the personification of great wealth.

Reporters (in chorus)—There is no substitute! We——

Editor—You forget the proprietor of a drug store in a prohibition State.

True Charity.

When, in accordance with the pretty English custom, the charming Duchess of Portland was offered by her husband a superb necklace of rare stones on the occasion of the birth of her little daughter, she declined the gift, and asked to have its money value given to build new almshouses on the estate for the benefit of sick or infirm tenants.

A Plucky Girl.

Miss Elaine Goodale, Government supervisor of education among the Sioux, who lives in camp or reservation in the most primitive way, traveling from Indian village to village on horseback or in a "prairie schooner," is a handsome and brilliant young woman, who deliberately prefers this missionary service to social success.

Taking It Coolly.

Policeman—Excuse me, major, but isn't that your dog?"

Major B.—Certainly.

Policeman—You see what the sign says: "No dogs allowed in this park."

Major B.—Yes, but that dog can't read; he is very illiterate. Good morning, sir.—[Waterbury.

Good Style to Avoid.

De Panty—Where did you get those twousahs, Chollie?

Chollie—What do you want to know that for?

De Panty—Oh, nothing, Chollie; only so I could go somewhere else, don't you know.

Miss Swymm—I shall not associate with that Miss Teller any more. They say her father was a thief.

"Yes, he stole a million from the Security Bank."

"Mercy! How people will lie! And to think that I was going to cut her."

Got the Animals Mixed.

Teacher—John, of what are your boots made?"

Boy—Of leather, sir.

Teacher—Where does leather come from?

Boy—From the hide of an ox.

Teacher—What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and shoes, and gives you meat to eat?

Boy—My father.

Booming the Show.

"Where's that living skeleton?" asked the gentleman from Philadelphia.

"Well, the fact is," said the showman confidentially, "he fell into the slot of that weighing machine this morning, and we haven't got him out yet. If you'll come back to-morrow night I guess you can see him."

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT
OF
GEHAUF & MAYER,
WHERE you will always find the Largest Stock, Lowest Prices, Latest Styles of
Parlor, Bedroom, Library and Kitchen
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PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Telegraphic orders immediately filled. *Open day and night.* Store in Opera Building, Main street, Frostburg, Md.
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A Terrific Tumble in Prices

"Little drops of water
Make the mighty ocean."

Big drops in prices
Make mighty bargains.

Do You Tumble

To the Fact that Our Low Prices are the Very Lowest And ?

Our SPRING GOODS
ARE COMING!
This is to YOU
OUR ANNOUNCEMENT,

And assure you that we are not

KILLING THE DEAD,

That is, not making low prices on dead stock, and blowing about it as something wonderful, but we are

SLAUGHTERING THE LIVING,

That is hewing down the rates and magnitude of a New, Clean, Fresh and Fashionable Stock of

Spring Millinery and Dress Goods

Follow the crowd and you will come to us, for the audience is with us.

Ladies linger long and wish to longer linger over our fine stock.

The bargain-hunter brings up at our store at last. Has to, you know.

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WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRY GOODS HOUSE
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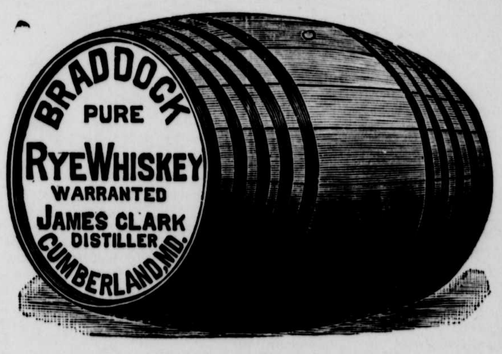

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