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MINING JOURNAL.

FROSTBURG, MD., SEPTEMBER 13, 1890.

The Poor Employer—His Lot is Not a Happy One.

Benj. A. Richmond still contends that innate rights are open to public or "legal" inquisition.

In doing so he cites a difference that occurs between the great State of New York and the JOURNAL.

The JOURNAL is thus honored overmuch.

Yet, what is New York—rather, what is the Legislature at Albany?

An association of demagogues, each of both parties in pellmell competition to placate the crazy demands of the so-called labor element of the State.

The Act, therefore, which Mr. Richmond holds before the JOURNAL as "*law*" is an answer to the clamor for dangerous class legislation.

But is it "*law*?" If Mr. Richmond knew that it is circumscribed by limitations as to time; that is, if he knew it to be a *legal experiment*, he did not state the fact. Nor did he allude to the other fact that its tenure had expired; hence, legally no longer "*law*." Nor did he refer to Mr. Webb's "manly" declination *to take adventage* of the fact that the Act had expired by limitation, but preferred to let the *experiment* go to trial in order that eventually, perhaps, the highest court of New York, or of the United States, and not Mr. Richmond, would determine whether or not the right of any sort of formal inquisition into private motives is "*law*."

To the JOURNAL, therefore, it makes no difference what the Legislature of New York does in the matter of reviewing the results and action of the State Board of Arbitration. Let these be what they may, the history of legislation which provides for and promotes such inquiries will not be complete until the highest judicial tribunal in the land passes upon it.

It was so in the case of the Civil *Rights* Act.

Mr. Richmond does not fancy the analogy the JOURNAL drew between the rights of Methodists, Baptists or Presbyterians, to inquisitorial protection as well as Knights of Labor. He goes so far as to say "it is foreign to the issue." Why? What is the difference, for instance, between the inherent "rights" of a Methodist and the inherent "rights" of a Knight of Labor? And if the two professions are combined in one individual, as often happens, how much does his "rights" as a Methodist acquire by the addition of his "rights" as a Knight of Labor? And what rights does he enjoy in either case that he does not enjoy in the other?

No true analogy is foreign to any issue. We know this from Mr. Richmond's own pen, for he writes:

> Suppose a bank cashier, a superintendent, a clerk, discharged after long service, and all grounds of dismissal refused when requested.

Instead, therefore, of using the terms, "bank cashier, a superintendent, a clerk," we employed, perhaps unfortunately, the words, "Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians."

Mr. Richmond excepts also to our unqualified admission that the "right to ask" is unabridged by any restriction whatever. He says "it is a mere quibble," and that "a *right* to ask carries with it the right to be answered." Is this true? No. All our rights are active, not passive; all our rights are positive, not negative. Were it otherwise there would never have been a Declaration of Independence. Nor would there have been a Bill of *Rights* in any State. Men would not be sovereigns, but subjects of some sort of inquisition. The "divine *right* of conflicting kings" might rule with alternating sceptre, and the vacillating loyalty of "Robert Landry" be enacted with diverse fervor again and again:

> Under which king Bezonian?
> *Speak*—or die!

Mr. Richmond will do well to join us in the prayer that the day may never dawn on this goodly land which is to inaugurate an era wherein every man is to carry his motives and his conscience under a lock to which every other man has a key. The law already discourages, if it does not prohibit methods which tend to self-incrimination. Let us hope that it will continue to be at least equally liberal with those whose private business, interests and motives are entitled to protection from the impertinence and sacrilege of any sort of inquest.

Mr. Richmond contends that Mr. Webb "never refused or claimed the right to refuse to give his grounds for dismissal." This is an error. Mr. Webb flatly declined. He stood on one of the rights he had not surrendered—that one concerning which he said—"there is nothing to arbitrate." All that was therein involved of equal individual right was settled long ago—when men had conceded certain alienable privileges for the common good and the general defense, and they had at length held that those immunities which lay at the foundation of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" were inseparable from the individuality of all and each.

Mr. Richmond's effort to inject a code of etiquette into the relations of employee and employer is ingenious but unavailing. There is no mere politeness in law, no courtesy in "an honest day's work for an honest day's pay," no bowing and scraping when, *for any reason*, a corporation gets tired of an employee as an employee. It is "yea" and "amen"—a sort of "presto—change! and there you are!" If the latter quits in order to go into the gambling business but is too much ashamed of his reason to betray it, the corporation must wag on uncomplainingly without him. If the corporation has a better hand in view, but does not want to depreciate the man's value in his own estimation, it has a perfect and absolute right to keep its own counsel.

And this without fairly incurring the charge of "unmanly, cowardly and unjust" conduct. An employer may become thoroughly convinced that his employee is a thief, yet not be able to *prove* it. To save himself from further loss he discharges the supposed offender, but he dares not give the *real* reason. If he does, Mr. Richmond may give him thunder before a court and jury in an action for slander—and most probably convict him.

Taking Mr. Richmond's ethics for our guide, the poor employer is placed "between the devil and the deep sea." If he does not "give a reason for the faith that is in him," he is "unmanly, cowardly and unjust;" if he does, he is a liar, the truth is not in him, and he must pay all that his misfortunes will bear. If he stays in the pan he will be fried to a crisp, and if he jumps into the fire he will be burned to a cinder.

> He can and he can't—
> He will and he wont—
> He'll be damn'd if he does,
> And be damn'd if he don't.

The Poor Registrar Also Unnappy.

The registrars are aroused and the battle-ax of organization for more pay is gleaming.

Our old friend, Hambright, who is a sort of Christopher Columbus in discovering excuses for making registration cost the people as much as possible, has figured out that a man cannot make $10 a day at registering and copying names, ages, places and birthmarks.

Hence, as secretary of the combine, he sends out a letter asking all the registrars to demand their rights, and he has no doubt that if the cohesive powers of public plunder will cohese, they will get the pugilinktum.

A better plan would be—let all the registrars resign—as a matter of good faith.

This thing of indignantly holding on to offices that don't pay is open to the suspicion that the incumbents are at last too liberal to the public.

Still Lucky.

Hon. W. McKaig was fortunate in obtaining commendation from the Baltimore *Sun* of what he now, doubtless, regards as an unfortunate letter.

That is to say, had the letter not been written the general would have almost certainly secured the democratic nomination for Congress.

At the same time he would not have gotten the certificate of the *Sun* to his virtue as a self-denying politician—*rara avis* in this country.

John Randolph said, however, that "the politician has seven principles—five loaves and two fishes."

We believe it. We also believe that Mayor McKaig has lost the loaves, but saved the fishes—one of which is the Mayoralty, the other the *Sun's* endorsement of his nominal reasons for staying out of Congress, last published in the Lonaconing *Review*.

We'll Get Even on Baseball.

The war between Frostburg and Lonaconing, as carried on between the *Ledger* and the *Star*, has ceased, and peace, mild peace, has spread her meek wings over the creek.

With feelings *almost* but not quite akin to sorrow, we are obliged to confess that Frostburg emerges from the encounter with both eyes in a sling, and there is not as much paw and bellow, head-down and tail-up business about our old town as there used to be.

For last week, when we were all expecting a broadside response to the arrogant Lonaconing fusilade of two days previous, we found that our twittersome canary had hung its harp on the willow and laid as flat in its cage as a fried fish.

And so Lonaconing, in the pathetic language of Dutch Dan, says:

Farewell, canary bird!

Like Unto the Handle of a Jug.

To those who have asked the JOURNAL why the Cumberland *Times* of Monday published Mr. Richmond's letter and omitted the JOURNAL's comments thereon, we answer—we do not know.

Perhaps it was an inadvertence or an intentional injustice—an oversight or a slight, or perhaps the *Times* approves Mr. Richmond's position and disapproves the JOURNAL's.

But in any case, the appearance of the one without the other places the JOURNAL before the *Times'* readers at an immense disadvantage.

A Solution Imminent.

In electing A. A. Doub to the vacancy occasioned by the death of Joseph Jandorf, the Mayor and Council have stepped over the heads of many older residents of the town.

In doing so, however, they have gained a compensating advantage in materially recruiting their scholastic outfit, and the people may now reasonably hope for an early solution of that vexatious problem—what is the amount of the town's floating debt?

Testimony Wanted Concerning the Rocks.

The limestone is being unloaded and broken on west Main street, where hundreds of perches have been placed.

But how about South Broadway, where none has been laid within the last twenty years?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Singing Low.

To the MINING JOURNAL.

The space of your paper is valuable to your many readers and I simply desire to reply briefly to your views in the last issue of the JOURNAL.

Concisely epitomized, the position assumed by the JOURNAL to which I objected was this: That there was no moral obligation on the part of Mr. Webb to inform his servants of the grounds of their dismissal; and, second, that no one had a legal right to inquire into those grounds.

In regard to the latter it is sufficient to say that the State of New York differs with the JOURNAL on that question. The State Board of Arbitration, acting by *law*, moved thereto by the public (including the obnoxious Mr. Powderly) *has* inquired into those grounds, and has *required* Mr. Webb and others *by law* to disclose them; and by the ensuing Legislature those grounds will be examined and acted upon.

It is to be regretted, of course, that the JOURNAL should differ with the great State of New York as to what its law should be, but so it *is*, and it is rather late now for the JOURNAL or anyone else to deny the fact of a legal right which has already been executed and enforced by *law*.

Whether being a K. of L., or a "Methodist or a Catholic," is a sufficient ground for dismissal I express no opinion. It is foreign to the issue I have raised with the JOURNAL. It may be that the State of New York will decide that a man who spends a great deal of time agitating his supposed grievances in the lodge room, or over his devotions in the church, is not a fit man to work for a railroad company. It may decide the contrary. I have nothing to do with that. But as to saying that no one has a legal *right* to inquire, &c., the JOURNAL stands convicted of error, for the plain reason that it has already been *done* in the very case under discussion, and done *by law*.

As to the "moral" obligation to disclose the grounds of dismissal it is fair to presume that the sovereign people of New York, the creator and master of this master of Mr. Webb, must have considered this obligation a "moral" one before they made it a *legal* one. Be that as it may, I take my stand on the broad proposition based on the simple law of *honor*, that there *is* a moral obligation resting on every man or corporation, when requested, to inform a servant of the reason of his dismissal.

The JOURNAL says "every man has a right to ask," but this is a mere quibble. A *right* to ask carries with it the right to be *answered*, and answered truthfully. Mind, I do not say that Mr. Webb has not answered truthfully. I have no controversy with Mr. Webb's position on this point. To do Mr. Webb justice it is proper to say that he has never refused or claimed the right to refuse to give his grounds for dismissal. The JOURNAL alone of all the world has made that claim for him; a claim it would not make for itself. I know the JOURNAL well enough to know, that it would not discharge its most unruly "devil" without informing him why. Then what folly is it for the JOURNAL to volunteer for another a mean and arbitrary claim, which its own sense of honor and justice would not tolerate for a moment for itself.

Suppose a bank cashier, a superintendent, a clerk, discharged after long service, and all grounds of dismissal refused when requested. The JOURNAL itself must admit that this would be hard, unmanly, cowardly and unjust. I can see no distinction between that and the case of the most menial servant. It seems to me that an honorable man ought not, and that a gentleman *cannot* fall below the standard I have set. Very truly yours,

BENJ. A. RICHMOND.

COUNTY NEWS.

"An Israelite Indeed."

The following funeral address was delivered by Dr. I. L. Eiseman, of Cumberland, over the remains of the late Joseph Jandorf. It will serve to show somewhat of the faith and hope of the Hebrew:

A good man has departed; a righteous Israelite has been gathered to his fathers. Joseph Jandorf is no more. His soul has returned to God; his earthly remains are about to be borne to the silent tomb. He reached the advanced age of 64 years.

How solemn are the reflections that arise in our minds in performing the last sad office of love, which the living may minister to the dead; how serious the lesson thus afforded! The feeling of our nothingness, of our frailty, of the precarious tenure of life, and the certainty of death, strikes our soul with overpowering conviction, and prayerfully we look up to Him, who is the source of eternal life, upon whom we are dependent, and in whom we trust in life and in death. But amidst these solemn emotions our memory involuntarily reverts to the lamented departed, and we can scarcely realize the fact that he has been called away from his work on earth "to that eternal bourne from whence no traveler returns."

"Man is but a pilgrim here below." Such is the language of Holy Scripture; such the expression that so frequently greets our ear when the career of an earthly pilgrimage is closed in death. To-day, therefore, we are gathered around the coffin of the departed, and are about to conduct his earthly remains to their final resting-place that they may sleep side by side with the ashes of long departed friends. The life of Joseph Jandorf is marked by one of those brilliant achievements, by none of those dazzlingly striking incidents which are generally considered to constitute human greatness. His word never marshalled into battle array and led to victory the hosts of his countrymen; his voice resounded not in the halls of legislation, nor had he the gift, "the applause of listening Senate to command."

But in all that the City of Frostburg will always have his truly honorable deeds and actions as their Mayor, Councilman and private Citizen. He was honorable, generous and noble; he was foremost among the foremost. His heart was instinct with that true benevolence which calls the tears of sympathy into the eye, and opens the hand to succor and to relieve. A sublime goodness characterized his actions, an exalted virtue adorned his life. The warm impulses of a generous soul gushed fresh from nature's fountain.

Our deceased brother, Joseph Jandorf, knew no distinction of creed or nationality. He considered Jew and Gentile to have an equal claim on him. Whenever he deemed his assistance well applied, he was ready to render it. Individuals and corporations can bear testimony to this beautiful trait in his character. In his life and actions were exemplified the words of the prophet, "Have we not all one Father? has not one God created us? why then should we be treacherous one against the other?"

But whilst deeply deploring the loss which our community has sustained in the death of so good and honorable a man, I shrink from intruding upon the sacred privacy of grief which this bereavement has inflicted upon the immediate family of the lamented deceased. Yet, can we forbear expressing our sympathy for, and mingling our tears with the tears of the sorrow-stricken widow, who has lost her companion, the protector and solace of her declining age? Can we forbear feeling a sympathy for, and mingling our tears with those of the sorrowing children who mourn the loss of an affectionate and devoted father?

On these profoundly solemn occassions when the perishableness of our earthly existence strikes our hearts with irresistible force; when our horizon is shrouded in darkness and gloom, we look up to God and desire comfort and courage from our faith in his eternal goodness and mercy. The conviction that our soul is immortal, the hope that we shall one day be reunited with those who were dear to us on earth, must exercise a soothing influence on our grief, and cause the mourner to submit with resignation to the will of providence. On the earthly form of the departed we cast a last loving, lingering look, but his spirit has returned to his God, into the realm of eternal life and bliss; the seeds of love and of virtue, which he has sown in the hearts of his children, will bear ennobling fruit and immortalize his name and his lineage, while his deeds of benevolence and charity, and his memory, will be for a blessing.

GENERAL NEWS.

Ben.

The State of Kansas has a great big man named George R. Peck, sometimes named as a competitor for Mr. Ingalls' seat in the Senate, but more particularly noted for the brightness of his speeches, set and impromptu. Lately, while attending a meeting of the Loyal Legion at Indianapolis he met a fellow named Ben Peck, who is about as popular in Indianapolis as George is at Topeka. He also met Lew Wallace, who is known among the boys as Ben Hur. One night a little banquet was given in George's honor, at which Ben Peck and Lew Wallace were present. George arose to respond to a call for a speech, and seeing these gentlemen on the opposite side of the table, remarked: "By the way, Ben seems to be a popular name in Indianapolis. You have Ben Peck, Ben Harrison and Ben Hur. And now abideth these three—Ben Peck, Ben Harrison and Ben Hur; but the greatest of these is—charity." It is needless to add that there was a call to fill 'em up all around.

The Man for the Place.

We understand the many Allegany county friends of the late Henry Loveridge are strongly in favor of the election of James W. Loveridge, brother of the deceased, to the presidency of the Maryland coal company. It is said of him that "he has all the ability of his late brother, with splendid health, education and presence, and would make an able executive. He was his brother's business *confidante* and aid; knows all about the company's affairs and plans for the future, and would carry out his brother's policy." Mr. Loveridge is in the employment of Hon. S. B. Elkins, and his election would transfer his splendid talent from W. Va. to the Maryland coal field. From all accounts he is the man for the place.

The Rochester Lamp.

Sometimes a patent is worth something. Five years ago a poor inventor of Rochestor, N. Y., was hawking about among lamp-makers a new patent burner, without success. He was pooh-poohed and discouraged. Finally a Mr. C. S. Upton, who had a good nose for a trade, took it in hand, and now the royalties paid on the lamps made under the patent, aggregrate a fortune yearly. Over two million of "Rochester" lamps have been sold, and the proprietor has in New York, the largest lamp store in the world, with branches in Paris and Chicago.

Personal.

A Western paper says that Henry W. Schaidt, of the Lonaconing (Md.) *Review*, "wears a single-breasted frock coat which makes him look a little like a preacher." How misleading is even a coat!

C. W. Oder, brother of the editor hereof, has removed from Kansas City, Mo., to Colorado Springs, Col.

Journalistic.

Roy L. McCardell, of the Birmingham (Ala.) *Age-Herald*, sends the JOURNAL the first copy of that paper (last Sunday's issue—16 pages) printed on its new Potter perfecting press. It is a live paper, and there is little wonder that Roy is proud of contributing to its get up, get out and get there.

Excursion to Pittsburg.

On Thursday, September 18, there will be a special excursion to the Pittsburg Exposition, *via* the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. Tickets good for three days will be sold at the low rate of $3.25 from Cumberland, and $3.20 from Mt. Savage junction, including admission to the Exposition.

Language That is Plain.

Sam Jones doesn't beat around the bush much. The price of virtue, he says, should be the life of the scoundrel who violates the law, and it should be paid at the blazing end of a double-barreled shotgun with forty buckshot in each barrel.

Religious.

Rev. James Miller, pastor of the Baptist church at Frostburg, preached Sunday at Washington, D. C., at Anacostia church in the morning, and at the Fifth church in the evening.—Cumberland *News*.

PUBLICATIONS.

The ideal magazine should be like a perfect dinner: seasonable, tempting, satisfying, never heavy, each course perfect in itself, with dainty *entrees* and *entremets* to give zest and piquancy, the whole affording such pleasure and satisfaction that it leaves a desire for a repetition of the feast. This is the case with Demorest's *Family Magazine* for October, just received; when one has read it all through (and everyone who takes it up will do so) there is a desire to begin at the begining and enjoy it all over again.

The October number takes us visiting again this time to the palatial residence of Senator Hearst, of California; and when one has looked through the magnificent illustrations, one feels quite at home "upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber." The young folks will all be interested in "The Game of Golf of Ladies," which is quite new on this side of the water; and old and young will read with interest and profit the curious facts about animals embodied in "Disguises in Animal Life," and soft-shell crabs will be invested with a new interest after one has read about "The First Armor Wearers." In fact, every page is as good as it can be; Demorest's *Family Magazine* is the ideal magazine.

But this month there is special attraction: the new List of Club Premiums. Not only is there a host of handsome as well as useful articles offered, including material for an elegant silk dress, but the more than liberal offer is made that if this generous list does not include the thing or things desired, the prospective getter-up of a club may write to the publisher stating what would be liked better, and special terms will be made for the coveted article. The offer is unprecedented, anything from a paper of needles to the complete furniture of a house being obtainable without paying out a cent! Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., N. Y.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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FALL GOODS,

And already the pressure upon us is so great that we are barely able to give complete satisfaction to all customers.

WHY?

In order to place at least

$40,000

worth of standard goods in the homes of this community during the next four months we have put a razor-edge on our axe and made a cut into current prices that will raise a howl among our competitors.

What few figures have not been annihilated are beaten out of all shape.

Nothing like it ever dreamed of in the wildest imaginatio n.

Not a solitary article spared.

The price of everything cut to pieces.

Don't miss a single bargain in our royal bill of fare,
For ev'ry figure represents a bargain rich and rare.

B. STERN & CO.

MAIN STREET,

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WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRY GOODS HOUSE

Sept 6

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NOW ARRIVING.

Great Reduction in Summer Goods

EVERYTHING MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

ONE LOW PRICE TO ALL.

EVERYONE DELIGHTED

WITH THE ONE-PRICE SYSTEM,

And as a consequence of our extremely low prices and good quality of goods, and equitable way of dealing with our patrons our large business is daily increasing.

Special attention is called to our

Trunk Department.

The immense rooms now used for the display of trunks are filled with every grade and style of trunk known to the trade. Here you will find from the cheapest one dollar trunk to the best sole leather. All the visitor to this department need to do is to walk through the long avenues of trunks and make his own selection; the price of trunk is marked in plain figures way down lower than any of our would-be competitors dare offer them. A visit to this department alone is worth a journey of fifty miles.

A cordial invitation is hereby extended to everybody to visit our great establishment, whether you want to buy or not.

Gentlemanly salesmen will take pleasure in showing you through. Remember that an examination of goods incurs no obligation to buy.

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July 26

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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The Finest PRINTING,
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Aug 2

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Nov 16

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1 one-horse Wagon.
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The Courses of Study are
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July 26—8t

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Absolutely Pure.

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To or from Liverpool, Queenstown, Belfast Londonderry, Bristol, Cardiff, or Glasgow Scandinavian and Continental points, at lowest rates.

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An experienced Surgeon is attached to each vessel.

Intermediate and Steerage Stewardesses carried by each Steamer for the purpose of attending to the wants of females and children.

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Feb 15

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Address or call upon me at the office of the Consolidation coal company.

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