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MINING JOURNAL.

FROSTBURG, MD., NOVEMBER 1, 1890.

A Result Which Denials Will Not Explain.

Mr. McKaig thinks he was a democrat in 1881.

The JOURNAL is morally sure that if he is a democrat as a rule, he was then a republican *pro tem.*

Outside of its private reasons for so fixing his *status* at that time, there is the public one of a speech made before the county convention of that memorable year, in which he laid out a cemetery for the democratic ticket and read the preliminary burial service.

The answer to this melancholy proceeding came in a majority of only 30 in his own town for the nominee for the State Senate, very small as compared with about 337 for Schley for Congress one year before, and 175 for Blair the year after.

The difference between the two latter majorities is partly accounted for probably in the fact that the former was presidential year; the latter an off-year.

The relatively small figure for 1881 must be traced to some other cause. Especially so, because Keating for Comptroller, a very unpopular nominee, more than doubled the JOURNAL'S majority.

We know no reason, therefore, better than this:

Mr. McKaig, so-called labor friend of to-day, laid out the graveyard and talked tombstone poetry about the ticket *because democratic laborers then demanded a labor ticket!* It is somewhat a difference between *then* and *now*.

The demand referred to skipped him. He got one district out of fifteen, and for this he determined to bury poor labor until it contracted sense enough to bow down and worship *him* as the real top-knot of toil in these diggings.

The result proved that so far as Cumberland, his home, was concerned, his fervent prophecy was verified.

It also proved that the beautiful organization known as the Knights of Labor, the especial proscriptionists of lawyers, were gulled by lawyers into supporting a lawyer as against a layman who *had* long be-friended them, especially when they needed more than friendship—*respectability*. They turned the tables of stone, inscribed with their moral law, upon their friends. The latter, instead of the lawyers, were thus outlawed by the Noble Order, and the lawyers installed into sacerdotal intimacy with the pompous master workmen and the bloviating walking delegates. And it came to pass that the word went out that "whoever don't like this cement of professional concrete and toil-worn conglomerates is a liar!"

It was from this demagogic alliance the late but perennial mining bill sprung—a hash of plagiarisms from the laws of Pennsylvania, Ohio, England, etc., all nondescript here. It is this structure of many framers and this offspring of many fathers which still memorializes the trinity of primary Knights of Labor, secondary democrats and lawyers for votes only. This is the keystone which still binds the arch stretching from law's labor to labor's law, a scheme of political curvature which pays the profession with the people's offices and fools the toilers with a biennial attempt at dangerous class legislation.

Turning from this digression it will be impossible for Mr. McKaig to explain his apostacism in 1881, and he need not attempt it now or hereafter. His prophecy, his sulks, if not his quiet but active work, taken with the resulting figures, cannot be cleared up inside the domain of cause and effect.

Sample of Tariff Revision.

A cloak priced at $12 before the passage of the McKinley Act is now marked $14.75.

And a cloak which sold at $10 by the wholesalers will cost the retail merchant, with the added duty for weight and 15 *per cent. ad valorem*, $15 while a cloak which cost $20 under the old schedule is marked up to $26.50.

By this plan the miner's wife, who must content herself with the cheaper cloak, is compelled to pay 50 *per cent.* advance, while the woman who can indulge in the luxury of a dearer and handsomer cloak, is assessed only 32½ *per cent.* advance.

This example not only corroborates our contention that the expenses of the miners are raised while their resources remain the same, but it goes further and shows that they pay more of the increased cost of living than the rich do; that the less able the working people are to pay the more they have to pay of the tribute which may *happen* to fall into the United States treasury, but which is *intended* to go exclusively into the pockets of the makers of cloths, cloaks, etc.

This is the scheme which Mr. McComas commends to your favor, gentle miners—the scheme to which he has committed himself by voice and vote, and to which he says you are subjected for at least "the rest of this century."

As we have stated before, however, the miners are this time peculiarly unfortunate. Neither nominee is their true friend—if he has really ever been. Both nominations instance the strange partiality which the populace sometimes exhibits for unworthy heroes, and the voter can hardly do worse than support either.

But "it is the Lord's doings and marvelous in our eyes."

Could Not be More Legally Complete.

The political end of the legal profession was above its present associations—in 1881.

Why?

The general answer is plain:

Not a lawyer on the ticket!

The particular answer is equally plain:

McKaig was not on the ticket!

With many deluded miners, however, the ticket is all right this time:

It is all lawyer and all McKaig!

A High Place Anybody Can Fill.

If Mr. McKaig is correctly reported, he stated in his Frostburg speech that he is "entirely competent to represent this district in Congress." By way of antithesis he added that he "might not be able to drive women from the galleries by vulgar oratory, or break open a door by a blow which also crushed a man's nose, but he could cast the vote of this district for all good measures."

Granted.

How much superior, then, is he to any other average democrat in the district? Let him tell us of one who cannot do the same thing.

If Mr. McKaig's estimate of his current aspiration be correct, then the democratic party need not have dredged the district for an ordinary oyster.

A shellfish of his confessed size can be picked up anywhere.

It is safe to remember, however, that nobody else in the district would have a nomination at the time so unpromising of success.

Had a ghost of a chance been then visible to the greater unterrified Mr. McKaig's current ambition to fill an admittedly mediocre position would not have been gratified.

If elected, as he may be, his political fortune will be due to one of those occult upheavals which have hitherto arisen opportunely for him in the ranks of the opposing party. No special eligibility of his will win the prize, but some benign star, presiding at his birth, will hang a predestined laurel on his brow.

What Might Have Been.

An ardent, intelligent republican, living on the creek, takes occasion to say in a letter renewing his subscription that he "does not like the JOURNAL'S attempt to show that Mr. McComas' position on the tariff implies unfriendliness to this region and this people." He wants to know—"what Mr. McComas could have done more than he did to take care of coal?"

Our friend states the case perhaps a little too strongly. But let us see.

We have held that Mr. McComas claims more credit from these people than he is entitled to. He says he saved the tariff on coal at its present rate—75 cents per ton, and the JOURNAL contends that that was not enough. It insists that he should have maintained the equality of coal with all other dutiable articles that were enhanced in price by the new tariff schedule, and that in failing to do so he discriminated against this region. He was actively in favor of a measure which undeniably raises the cost of living at least 15 *per cent.*, and content to leave the purchasing ability of his mining constituents just where it was. In other words, the miners will pay an average of 15 *per cent.* more for store goods and still dig coal for 50 cents per ton.

If they cannot pay the advanced prices, they will eat less and wear the old clothes nearly two months longer each year.

"What else could he have done?"

If he is the man of national prominence that he and his friends claim; if he could pass a pension bill over the President's veto, and if he could "break the record" in forcing a stubborn House to pass an appropriation bill, why could he not make this short speech *to his own party*, and stick to it?—

Gentlemen, make the rate on coal equal to the average on woolens, cottons, leather—everything, in fact, that miners consume, *or no McKinley bill for my people!*

Had he done so there would be no McKinley Act in force to-day! A dozen other republicans at his side, in similar boats, would have ranged themselves under such welcome leadership.

Had he done so, no power on earth could have prevented his success here or destroyed his prestige as a national personality.

Had he done so, there would be—there could be no possible doubt of the sincerity of his effusive friendship for the miners.

But, as one—

Not made to rule,
But to subserve where *dictum* bears command,

He voted a higher premium to interests outside his district, already handsomely bonused, at so much additional expense to—not miners only, but all working people.

So that, if anybody wants to find the *real* beneficiaries of Mr. McComas' tariff labors in the current Congress, they must go to the factories of New England, the iron works of Pennsylvania and the unborn makers of American tin plate. If any of these guilds are benefitted in his own district it is on a small scale, and whatever or whoever they are, their fortune is the corresponding misfortune of the miners and the other working men who consume the favored goods.

It is as certain, therefore, as the night follows the day, that no man can show how the miners gained anything in Mr. McComas' speeches and votes in behalf of progressive tariff votes which make coal conspicuous by leaving it in the lurch.

The New Catechism.

The Baltimore *Critic*, addressing the JOURNAL, wonders "how there can be mutual prosperity of miner and mine-owner"—

When the miner is earning about $40 or $50 per month (?) to support a wife and family on, while the nine-owner luxuriates in at least ten times that amount of profit from the labor of the miner on what God has placed in the bowels of the earth for all mankind.

And then it asks:

Has the miner the "liberty" to take the coal from the earth without the permission of a lot of men who do not even live in the vicinity where their riches come from?

Has the miner the liberty to supply his wants from Dame Nature's storehouse without paying tribute to those parties of the second part of the "mutual prosperity" phrase?

Come now, brother Oder, if your paper does not wear a "yoke," tell us where the miner's "individual liberty" comes in, other than the liberty to starve if he does not take what the mine-owner offers?

And also tell us by what code of justice and plan of "mutual prosperity" this condition of affairs has been reached?

In the first place, it would appear that the mine-owner was here in this region first, made the first venture, and, in thousands of instances, had to send for the miners to come and aid him in developing our deposits. And so, by some inscrutable disposition of Providence, in His make-up of mankind, the first that came and the first that saw became the first that owned the land. The race, as a whole, was somehow too late as a pre-emptor of this domain, and the hewers of wood and drawers of water were not aggressive when it came to possessing the land under squatter sovereignty regulations. It is safe to conclude, therefore, that had the development of this region been left to "mankind" there would not be a mine open in all its borders.

But the *Critic's* question, although common in these days of socialistic *dementia*, are quite unique, somewhat after the style of Bill Arp's catechism. Has the miner the "liberty" to make a lord of himself? or become the belated proprietor of somebody else's property? are inquiries whose chronic freshness staggers us somewhat.

We are almost tempted to answer them by asking with equal reason how it is when a horse eats grass the grass makes hair, and when a sheep eats grass it turns to wool, and when a goose eats grass it goes into feathers? Moreover, why it is that when a hog eats celery it turns to bristles, and when an editor eats celery it dissolves into gray matter?

There is a philosophical reply to our problems, and it also answers almost completely the stunners which employ the study of the *Critic* office.

The whole business depends solely on the character of the medium of development.

If this region's greatness and prosperity depended upon the business digestion of its resources by the average miner, it would not be worth living in. It would be a howling wilderness or a bedlam of constructive cannibals.

Tyranny of a Labor Trust.

The Baltimore *Globe* ceased revolving last Saturday, it is said, because it antagonized the printing K. of L. by using plate matter—a scheme which minimizes labor and economizes expenses.

That is to say, because the *Globe* was not able to hire union men to set all its type, the latter so persecuted and circumvented it that it died.

Now, however, a paper just half the size, using no plate matter, calling itself the *World*, succeeds the *Globe*, and what the JOURNAL wants to know is—how much has the Noble Order made by the change?

Nothing whatever.

Yet, through the tyrannical intermeddling and persecution of the unionists the owners of the *Globe* were forced into the loss of a great deal of money and loaded down for life with the sort of reproach which attaches to business failure.

The whole gang of conspirators who accomplished this outrage ought to go to the penitentiary.

No Speculation in This.

The "anti-ring Democrat" who writes from Frostburg to the Lonaconing *Star* this week is no slouch of a correct observer.

He sees in the pushing forward of certain smoothbore politicians the proposed calibre of the democratic ticket next fall.

He sees that the democratic ring is preparing to throw away all the chances that republican disintegration affords, and, as usual, nominate a ticket worse than the worst the republicans can possibly put up.

And, as to "rings," there is nothing to be made for the people by swapping bad horses in a muddy stream.

Nothing.

Let any sensible man read the JOURNAL'S account of the New Hope re-opening and ponder the labor, care and expense involved in the immense preparations made for absolutely complete and pure ventilation, and then ask himself—how much more Black, Sheridan & Wilson could do for their men under stress of an English-Ohio-Pennsylvania gas and powder-smoke statute?

Impartial to the Last.

The JOURNAL alone has given the miners both sides of the special claim upon their support.

This, not from any notion of policy, but to show that neither party has, in its nominee, filled the bill.

No matter, therefore, which is elected, the miners will be defeated.

GENERAL NEWS.

Act Concerning Lotteries.

The Act prohibiting the carriage of lottery matter in the U. S. mails is condensed as follows:

No letter, postal card, or circular concerning any lottery, so-called gift concert, or other similar enterprises dependent upon lot or chance, or scheme devised to obtain money under false pretenses, and no list of drawings at any lottery or similar scheme, no lottery ticket or tickets, in whole or in part, no share or chance, shall be carried in the mails; nor shall any newspaper, circular, pamphlet or publication of any kind containing advertisements thereof be carried in the mail or delivered by any postmaster or letter-carrier. The penalty for known violation of these provisions is a fine of $500 and imprisoment not exceeding one year.

Letters mailed to lottery concerns, or other institutions proscribed by this Act, or to their agents, are subject to return by the office of delivery to the office of mailing, thence to the writers under the stamp of "Frandulent." No postmaster, however, shall open any letter not addressed to himself. The seal of any letter or packet, properly prepaid, must not be disturbed to ascertain whether it is forbidden by the provision of this Act. Postal cards, circulars and other unsealed matter may be examined when suspected. fore, made the more difficult; and where recourse must be had to city directories they are often found imperfect and incomplete, so that the means of ascertaining the location of addressee frequently is found wanting, and delivery fails because the person is not known or cannot be found.

The mailing of such matter *by citizens to* lottery companies, etc., is as clear a violation of this Act as the mailing of such matter by lottery companies to citizens.

Postmasters must decline to receive such matter for mailing; if found in post office and sender is unknown and unascertainable postmasters must stamp such matter "Frandulent" and send to the Post Office Department.

All foreign mail matter received in this country concerning lotteries, etc., come under the prohibitions of this Act and must be treated as orlginating here.

Newspapers, local or foreign, of all dates, containg advertisements of any of the lottery schemes described are now unmailable and non-deliverable. They are also subject to arrest if discovered *in transitu*.

The term lottery is a broad one, comprehending *all* kinds of schemes, general or local, large or small, for the distribution of prizes by chance or lot, such as gift exhibitions, enterprises, concerts, raffles, or the drawing of money or property at fairs. All matter concerning them are unmailable.

Great Type of Man.

Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonist Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier; for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was an American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal goverment, charging it with such tremendous meaning, and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life conserated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of his simple but sublime life, in which all types and honored; and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and some to spare for your forefathers and for mine.—*Henry W. Grady.*

Buffalo Bill Cables for Lamps.

New York, August 16, 1889—Buffalo Bill recently cabled for 56 Mammoth Rochester Lamps, with which to light up his "Wild West Show" on exhibition in Paris. The lamps were promptly shipped by the Rochester Lamp Co., as the following shows:

WILD WEST CAMP, NEAR PARIS,
August 6, 1889.

THE ROCHESTER LAMP CO., NEW YORK, U. S. A.
Gentlemen—The fifty-six Mammoth Rochester Lamps I cabled to you for have arrived in perfect order and delighted us all. The Indians point at them with pride and smile and the cow-boys threw up their hats when they saw the light. Our homes, 66 Tents are more cheerful by the light. Let us congratulate you on the greatest Petroleum Lamp in the world. Thousands of our patrons look and wonder at the great American Invention. Mr. Salsburg Burke and all of us extend to you our thanks.

Very respectfully yours.
W. F. CODY, (Buffalo Bill.)

How to Kill a Town.

Make your town out a very bad place and stab it every chance you get.

Refuse to unite in any scheme for the betterment of the material interests of the people.

If you are a merchant don't advertise in your home paper; buy a rubber stamp and use it: it may save you a few dimes and make the paper look like it was published in a one horse town.

No Cause for Alarm.

Dear Henry, I think you must really afford to send me to the springs this summer. I am growing so fat that I am ashamed of myself. I got weighed to-day, and to think that I could ever weigh 250 pounds!"

"Where were you weighed? If you was on the scales in my coal yard you may be perfectly easy, for you don't weigh really more than 150."

Personal.

In the list of stockholders of the Roanoke (Va.) Development company, a huge corporation, we find the name of Olin Beall, formerly of Frostburg, down for $5,000—a slight evidence of the way he is deservedly prospering in the "magic city."

Congress.

If you see anbody who is more affable than usual just ask him what he is running for.—Boston *Herald*.

Generally a Sweet-Toned Liar.

Let a woman beware of a man who owns that he never loved anyone but herself.—*Talleyrand*.

Case of Draw.

Many a man draws a pension who never drew a gun.—Atchison (Kansas) *Globe*.

New Advertisements.

A MAN WHO CAN'T YELL

When he knows he has a good thing is either very short in wind or wisdom.

I LIFT UP MY VOICE

To announce that I expect every man to do his duty by himself and family, and come and inspect my stock, and

BUY! BUY! BUY! A BUY! BUY!

Heating and Cooking Stove.

My stock is a big thing and a good thing, and I am anxious that you know it.

Take my word just far enough to come and examine the goods. I am confident you will purchase on sight.

This continuously cool and nipping weather should admonish you to buy an

"A No. One" HEATING STOVE,

and be prepared for the colder weather that is sure to follow.

WILL BE HAPPY TO SERVE YOU.

Witness my hand,

Frank C. Beall
"The" Hardware & Stove Man

Nov 1

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Squeezed to Death!

We are Getting in our New

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 imagination.

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,

FROSTBURG, MD.,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRY GOODS HOUSE

Sept 6

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR BARGAINS

TWO SECOND-HAND WAGONS FOR SALE:

1 one-horse Wagon.
1 two- " "

Apply to FRANK C. BEALL,
May 18 The Hardware and Stove Man.

FOR SALE.

THE LAW OFFICE on Broadway, with 30 feet front, now occupied by the undersigned. Also.

2 Lots in G. W. McCulloh's Addition, adjoining Peter Cronin.

These properties will be sold at reasonable prices to cash purchasers.

Aug 16 JNO. S. GROVE.

—MY—
CLOTHING STORE
IS CROWDED WITH
New Fall Goods
JUST PURCHASED.

IN MY
Tailoring Department
I have the finest selection of
Imported and Domestic Suitings
AND
PANTALOON PATTERNS

EVER displayed in this section, and my cutter, Mr. Hiller, can give you the boss fit.

JOE BEAR,
Leading Clothier and Merchant Tailor,
Sept 13 Next door to the Bank.

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

THE "CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN"

Has attained a standard of excellence which admits of no superior.

It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce.

ORGANS OF INTRINSIC VALUE AND STERLING MERIT.

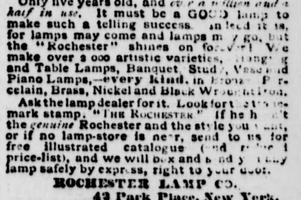
WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

These excellent Organs are celebrated for their volume, quality of tone, quick response, variety of combination, artistic design, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most attractive, ornamental and desirable organs in the world for Homes, Schools, Churches, Lodges and Societies.

Catalogues on application, FREE.

Chicago Cottage Organ Co.
223 WABASH AVE.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Oct 11

"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."

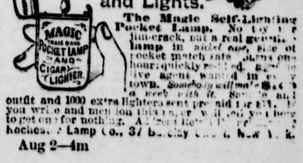
And with it there is no smoke, no smell, *no broken chimneys*, no flickering, no sweating, no climbing up of the flame, no tantrums! nor annoyance of any kind and it never needs trimming. Its founts (oil reservoirs) being tough rolled seamless brass, with central draft, it is absolutely unbreakable, 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. And it is, for lamps may come and lamps may go, but the "Rochester" shines on forever! You make over 3,000 artistic varieties, hanging and Table Lamps, Banquet, Stud, Vestal 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 has not the *genuine* Rochester and the style you want, or if no lamp-store is near, send to us for free illustrated catalogue (and 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 U. S.

Press the Button, It Opens and Lights.



The Magic Self-Lighting Pocket Lamp. So [illegible] lamp in [illegible] pocket [illegible] of pocket match safe [illegible] hour; quickly [illegible] live agent wanted in every town. Somebody will make [illegible] a week with it. Sample [illegible] outfit and 1000 extra lighters sent prepaid for $1. If you write and mention this paper, [illegible] to get one for nothing. Address Rochester Lamp Co., 37 [illegible]

Aug 2—4m