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MINING JOURNAL.

WEEKLY.

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Frostburg, Md.....November 22, 1890.

IN GOLDEN ROD TIME.

BY MARGUERITE MADISON.

The glare of an August noontime had settled over the farm of the late Deacon Smith's lively widow.

"Lena, Lena," she called in gesticulating tones, "time ter take the men folk's lunch."

Lena, a pale looking girl of 19, with a sweet flower like face and ropes of wavy Titian tinted hair, came slowly from the back kitcken where she had been ironing.

With a sigh she took the heavy basket, filled to overflowing with cold baked beans, rye bread, apple pie, and doughnuts, and toiled down the dusty road to the field where Widow Smith's hired men were cutting the aftermath.

Under a haycock lounged a man so different in face and garb from the hay cutters that he seemed from another world. His easel and paint box were at his side folded, while the hot sun was kept from his fair face by an immense silk umbrella.

"Jove! the girl for my picture. Can't belong to any of the clodhoppers about here, though, with these feet and that forehead," Paul Dennett muttered, as he saw the cavalier way in which she treated the laborers' advances.

When she had returned home he asked some cautious questions about the nut brown maid who had crossed his path. He learned that she was a waif who had been left in the Norrisville express 16 years ago, and that Mrs. Smith, being on the train at the time, had adopted her, "knowin' as she'd get a hired gal for nothin' by so doin'," Jed Jones said dryly.

Dennett concluded a few days later that the country hotel fare was doing him no good, and that real farm life would suit him down to the ground. Mrs. Smith, nothing loth to make an honest dollar, took him in "jus' to accommodate," as she informed him a dozen times a day.

By a judicious cajoling of the old lady, and the offering of a neat little sum in gold, the widow hired a small girl to do Lena's work, and Lena was to help the boarder with his picture.

"I 'spose she mixes up his paint for him and washes his brushes," she told her cronies, for Paul Dennett had ordered that he should never be disturbed at his work.

If Widow Smith could have seen the interior of the little north room, where Dennet worked, she would have been horrified.

For long hours Lena, in her dusky beauty, would stand against draperies of old mellow silks, dressed in a gown of pale golden crape, her gleaming arms and fair breast bare, and in those shapely arms masses of glorious golden rod.

"Goldie," he would say when she grew tired, "read to me," and throwing herself at his feet the girl would read parts of poems and plays in a masterly way, for the true teacher, Nature, had taught this child one way to express her passionate soul in her isolated life.

The picture was finished and Paul Dennett was to return to the city; he held the girl in his arms for the last time.

"In a month you shall come to me, my beautiful Goldenrod," he said

"Shall we be married here or in the city?" she asked innocently.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, "married! Why, my dear child, I have one wife."

Nature had taught this girl, and with one bound she tore herself from his arms and he did not see her again.

Before he left the farmhouse she had gone—no one knew where—and for ten long years he did not see her face.

The years prospered him, leaving but few traces on his fair blonde beauty. And yet a shadow followed him ever, the shadow of a girl with passionate dark eyes, the shadow of the girl whom he had so terribly insulted.

He had never sold the "Goldenrod" picture, though critics declared it to be his masterpiece. Still it hung on his studio walls.

"Paul has never been the same since that month he spent in Vermont," his wife said; "he swears 'tis but an ideal face, yet the goldenrod girl has come between us."

Paul's wife sickened and died. In the second year of his widowerhood he went one night to see a famous actress in a wonderful play which he had never seen. It was said to be Mlle. Glorie Dijon's last appearance, but as she was young, beautiful, and a talented actress, this was sneered at as a clever advertisement.

The curtain rose, the play went on, as plays do. Paul in his box watched it listlessly until the star appeared upon the stage.

She was a queenly woman, in yellow crepe, with the national flower at her breast.

Paul staggered to the green room, where he was always welcome. The star raised her eyes to his.

"I must see you to-night after the play," he whispered huskily.

For answer she held out her card.

A French maid answered his knock.

"Oui; madamoiselle would see him," she said.

He found his lost love in a sumptuous tea gown of plush and priceless lace; diamonds glittered in her hair, at the throat, and on her arms.

"I have come to offer you my sorrow, to sue for forgiveness, and to lay my heart and hand at your feet, for my wife is dead."

"You shall have my answer in a moment," she replied, sweeping from the room.

In a few moments she returned, her radiant costume gone; in its place a nun's dress with crucifix and rosary.

"This is my answer," she said, pointing to the crucifix, "to-morrow I enter the convent of the Sacred Heart. Yes, it might have been, but now I say adieu to you and the world."

Sluggers—There goes a fellow who possesses every kind of vice. He's a carpenter.

Swift—Ah! but he has just passed a man whose hands are literally steeped in blood. He's our butcher.

As age creeps rapidly upon the Prince of Wales he grows less frisky, and his sedateness is credited to virtue.

PLANET MARS DYING.

It Is Approaching the Condition of the Moon.

Professor W. H. Pickering, of Harvard College, thinks that the planet Mars is dying. For something like a year he has been devoting a great portion of his time to observations of the planet Mars. Professor Pickering used in his observation the 12 inch telescope, which is soon to be mounted at the Arequipa station of the Harvard Observatory, and he made most determined efforts to add to our knowledge of the most interesting member of the planetary system.

"It is all a hypothesis after all," he said to a New York *Herald* correspondent. "There is no definite proof. We know that there are great patches of white in the polar regions of the planet and that they increase in winter and diminish in summer. This fact is abundantly confirmed by photographs taken by the Harvard College astronomers at our station on Mount Wilson in southern California. On the night of the 10th of April we took an observation and on the succeeding night another one. On the second occasion we found that the white space in the southern hemisphere had increased during the 24 hours by an area nearly as large as the United States. So you see if this white appearance is due to snow there must have been a tremendous storm in southern Mars on the 10th of April."

Professor Pickering remarked in answer to a question about the northern hemisphere that the southern half of the planet was far more interesting. It is in that section that the dark places are located which are supposed to be water. The planet, in his opinion, being older than the earth as well as smaller, has passed the stage in which the earth now is and is approaching the condition of the moon—in other words, is dying. Its equatorial region is already practically a desert, and if there be any life on Mars it is in the southern hemisphere.

The appellation "canal," given by Schiaparelli to the marks upon the planet's surface is, in Professor Pickering's view, a misnomer. He succeeded this summer in seeing several of them, although it was only after a month's steady training of his eye and regulating of the power of his instruments that he was able to distinguish any. He is inclined to think that the number of these lines may have been overstated, but at all events he does not believe that they contain any water. He has failed with the spectroscope to discover any traces of watery vapor in the "canals," though it would be possible to discover it if it exists. Neither does he believe that these "canals" have changed in form, as claimed.

In the course of the conversation the professor said that the general color of the planet was dark red. On one night it appeared darker than before, but not as dark red as New Jersey mud, with which he had compared it.

Professor Holden, director of the Lick Observatory, says, among other things, in a telegram to the *Herald:* "I think it very important to emphasize the fact that no one knows anything whatever about the actual existence or non existence of life on the planets. The best that can be done is to inquire as to their conditions for habitability. Even here the most earnest efforts of the best observers with the best telescopes have accomplished very little.

Remarkable Ceremony in India.

Invitations were recently issued to all officers and other European and native residents to witness a festival known as "Agni Kund," which literally means walking over a pool of fire, at the residence of the Rajah of Coorg, says a letter from Benares. The invitations were largely responded to, and all the European spectators were astonished at seeing the natives walking over a pool of living coals. The place where the fire was placed was about 20 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 2 feet deep. At one end of this was situated the god of fire, made of kneaded flour, and the great god Mahedeo was conveyed around fire three times in a grand palanquin borne by priests, amid great singing and dancing, something after the fashion of the Indian war dance and song. After the third turn one of the priests, with a drawn sword, severed the head of the god of fires, which they said had the effect of "cooling the fire." After the defeat of the god several natives, young and old, of different castes, walked across the fire with bare feet. None of them complained, but repeated their walks.

She Had Thirty-two Proposals.

The guardian of a well know New York girl, who was married in London some few months since to a distinguished man of her own nationality, vouched for it as a positive fact that his ward had received 32 bona fide offers of marriage since she entered society. As the young lady is heiress to a large estate it is but natural to suppose that some of the aspirants for her hand were inspired by mercenary motives. Others, and indeed the greater number of her lovers, were in downright earnest, wanting the girl for herself. But sternly resolute, the "destroying angel" kept up a steady fire of refusals till the all conquering thirty-second came along and won her as his own. Interested or disinterested as those lovers may have been, Mrs. ——'s record of proposals would make painful reading to not a few of her sex. It scarcely seems fair that one woman should have such a monopoly of honors that are secretly coveted by many who go through life without ever having one to register.—[The Illustrated American.

Where the Babies Smoke.

The scientists, doctors, and others who condemn the use of tobacco should visit Siam and Burmah. The writer, while in the United States Navy, visited Bangkok once and was surprised at the indiscriminate manner in which the natives indulged in the use of the weed. Handsome dark skinned young women, in their many colored garments, were walking about the streets puffing away at their cigarettes. Old women, men, boys, and even the children were smoking. It was a common sight to see little tots, not over 4 or 5 years old, with a string of beads around their necks and a cigarette over each ear, smoking like a full grown man, as they trotted about as naked as on the day they were born. Questioning an English speaking native I learned that the children are taught to chew the betel nut mixed with tobacco and to smoke as soon as they are able to walk. Notwithstanding this excessive use of the seductive weed, I saw no ill effects from it. On the contrary, all of the children seen smoking were sleek fat little bodies, who seemed to enjoy their cigarettes with evident relish.—[New York Herald.

BUY YOUR OWN BOOKS.

GOOD ADVICE FROM A BIBLIOGRAPH.

The Money of Public Libraries—Advantages and Delights of Book Ownership—How to Read a Book and to Become Cultivated.

Mr. Gladstone has been recently talking about public libraries. He seems to question the utility of the modern gigantic storehouse of books.

It is time some one called attention to this form of bibliomania among English speaking people. Here in Boston, for instance, a palace is slowly climbing heavenward, the most magnificent and costly building in the city, which is to be the home of the book. This devotion to books could be praised and the legislature and city commended for thus spending the people's money if we were not certain that it inevitably means less home libraries, less personal possession of the valuable and helpful volumes. But it certainly does mean just that.

Let me say to you, young man or woman, begin at once the foundation of your own library. You often ask professional men like myself, "How do you use the public library?" I, for one, must reply that I never have yet learned how, though I have haunted them all my life. I never go into a public library that I do not get confused; my original quest is blunted or turned aside by the page on page of catalogue matter; my ardor is cooled by the mechanical fussiness of getting what I thought I wanted. My reality is broken down by the heat of the room, the lug of an overcoat on one arm, my hat and umbrella under the other, the search for a blank and pencil, the crowding of the man next me, the payment of a fine on the last book overheld, the pert and airy delay of the pretty girl who stands at the gate of knowledge to stamp my card, or, worst of all, the third or fourth rebuff of "out!" as I designate the volume I want. I must go back to my den and kindle my fires anew. As to sitting down in the library itself, making notes and keeping to my idea in that publicity, with me it is wholly out of the question. Perhaps it is my want of concentration. Perhaps, moreover, if I were a statistician only seeking names and dates, or, on the other hand, an idle man, bent only on passing an hour over a novel indoors rather than on the park benches, I could read in a public library. But if my author is to kindle me and inspire me with suggestion for any original added work or word, my dull head must be more solitary, my ears less assailed.

If you buy your own book it is at least clean; it brings no infection to your dwelling. Is there anything more delightful than the fragrance of the new book as you crack it open as flowers open to the gaze of daybreak? And the sense of proprietorship prevents all hurry. You have it. There it rests on your table, patient for your convenience. You may lay it down to think for an hour with no impertinent voice whispering: "Hurry up! My turn next." It is this thinking over a book which is the very most valuable thing about reading. That is the way we "take the little book and eat it," as St. John says. A book of real worth seems to say: "Lay me down now and take me up again after you have dreamed over what I said on such a page." Your own book, marked and leaf turned down, will sometimes stand a year on the shelf all disused. But you know where to find what you want. As time goes on one day you spring out of your chair exclaiming: "I have read something on this point. Oh, I have it. It is in such and such a volume. See! Here it is!" You are conversing with your friend about Rome. "What did Dickens write about the Colosseum? Dear, dear! I got it out of the public library. I have no Dickens of my own." But you have a Byron. You pull it out. You sit and read and charm yourself with a pleasure far more exquisite than when you first perused it.

There is no greater error than to suppose that a mere reading of all the pages of a book once exhausts it. It is the fortieth reading that affords the finest flavor of pleasure. Slowly yet surely, even with painful economy, you collect a few good things. The store will always be worth the investment to you. You will learn how to select. You will sell some books as years pass, but some will always be dear as life to you. You will acquire the habit of "hanging round" bookstores, which cultivates a man as the face of a friend sharpeneth the face. You will read reviews and learn to be on the watch for the newest and latest in thought. No one reads reviews who does not buy books; yet reviews are often nowadays the ripest thought in a newspaper. Your home will be perfumed by your library. Flowers on a table are not so æsthetic. The lack of the library is the severest reproach on many a sordid home among the mere money getters. In fact one would, but for the overgrowth of which the illustrious Englishman complains, as soon think of borrowing cradles and eating dishes as the few masterful books that underlie present human knowledge and culture.

"I am a young man, living in a boarding house. A library would be an incumbrance." To which I replied: A young man with a library will prove irresistible. He will outgrow his boarding house. The world has a place for him and his books.—[Randolph Hill, in Boston Globe.

A Catch to It.

A middle aged woman called at an insurance office on Griswold street a day or two ago to announce that she wanted to insure her house.

"For how much?" asked the agent.

"Oh, about $500."

"Very well. I'll come up and investigate."

"I don't know much about insurance," she said.

"It's very plain, ma'am."

"If I'm insured for $500 and the house burns up I get the money?"

"Certainly."

"And they don't ask who set it afire?"

"Oh, but they do. We shall want to know all about it."

"Then you needn't come up," she said as she arose to go. "I heard there was some catch about it somewhere and now I see where it is."—[Detroit Free Press.

"This King Does."

The youthful King of Spain has not been out of the cradle long, but he appears to have a full appreciation of his position in life. One day recently he was served for lunch with the breast of a chicken cut into small pieces. He at once began to help himself without the aid of either spoon or fork. "Sire," said his attendant gravely, "kings never eat with their fingers." "This king does," responded his majesty, continuing his meal.—[New York Sun.

WITH LOVE AWAY.

I cannot write, I cannot play,
There's nothing left worth while to say.
The house is empty, dull and cold;
I feel as if I were growing old—
My love is away.

The clock ticks on like solemn fate,
Its hands but point to the hour of eight;
But time goes by on leaden feet;
There's nothing left worth having, sweet,
With love away.

I restless wander to and fro,
My footsteps echoing as I go;
The soul of music all has fled,
And every grace and joy seems dead
When love's away.

O Love! dear Love! bring back to me
My heart and soul that went with thee,
Bring back thyself, my day, my light,
Let no more falls black a night,
With love away.

—[Francis R. Haswin,

THE ALPHABET.

The World's Wait in Order to Learn Its Letters.

From 3000 to 1000 B. C. mankind labored with patience and ingenuity, yet never succeeded in producing A, B, C. It was reserved for the Phœnician traders, who, as Voltaire points out, were too busy to devote time to the learning of four or five hundred emblems for use in writing, to develop the broad generalization of an alphabet, which was, in fact, at first a kind of shorthand as compared with the syllabary. A knowledge of the large total which is made by the combinations of twenty-five things would show the modern student that an alphabet of twenty-five letters might easily be employed illimitably in writing.

Yet when first employed the alphabet was no doubt treated with scorn by orthodox writers, whose education bound them down by pedantic laws. It might be good enough for ignorant merchants, but was clearly unfit for educated persons. So it comes about that among the earliest of alphabetic texts we find dockets on the backs of cuneiform documents, which are neither religious nor historic, but merely mercantile agreements. In the end the universities were swept away, the hieroglyphic scribes were out of employment, and mankind was taught to write its own letters in the A, B, C of the Phœnician merchant, and finally the hieroglyphic and syllabic writings were so utterly forgotten as to employ the lives of several generations of scholars for their recovery.

The inventors of the alphabet clearly worked on some previous syllabary, just as the Persians or the Egyptians tried to develop alphabets by selections of syllabic emblems. The question as to the Phœnician alphabet is still from what syllabary did it arise? The oldest dated monuments in alphabetical writing as yet known belong to the ninth century, B. C., including the Moabite stone and the new inscription of Panammu, for the large majority of Phœnician texts as yet discovered are even later than the Persian age. The famous coffin of Eshmunazar from Sidon has been shown, by aid of a newly discovered text from near Acre (dating 221 B. C.), to belong to the times of the Ptolemies, and the one Hebrew text at present known (the Siloam inscription) is very clearly of the age of Hezekiah, about 700 B. C.

IS IT A SUBMERGED CITY?

What a Driver Saw of Past Classic Civilization.

In connection with the geological examination between Grado and Pola, some curious investigations have recently been carried on, regarding which Dr. Vincenz Hilber reports in the "Proceedings" of the Austrian Imperial Academy of Sciences and in the "Transactions" of the Geographical Society of Vienna. According to these communications, local fishermen know of a place to the south of the Rovigno Lighthouse where their nets get entangled in submarine walls and bring up fragments of them. A diver some years ago reported having seen there, at the bottom of the sea, walls and streets, and the site is looked upon as that where the lost city of Cissa had stood. At the beginning of the present year, at the instigation of the harbor captain, Rovigno and Rear Admiral Hinke, an examination of the place was made by a diver, who subsequently made the following affidavit: "On reaching the bottom I found myself upon remains of overthrown walls, after examining which I arrived at the conclusion that they had been parts of buildings.

Being a mason by trade, I was able to make out the layers of mortar. On proceeding along the spot I observed continuous rows of walls and streets. I could not see doors and windows openings, and, in my opinion, these were filled up by gravel, seaweed, and other incrustations. But what I could observe exactly was the existence of a regular sea wall, upon which I proceeded for a distance of 100 feet. I could not proceed farther, because the air pipe and safety rope did not permit of it. Nor could I examine the wall further on account of the adjoining great depth of water. From my observations I gained the impression that the existing heap of ruins are the remains of buildings, and formed the opinion that a town had here been submerged by some catastrophe. With the exception of a loose stone, which must have formed part of a wall, I could not bring up any other object, as the masonry is firmly formed, from which I could not bring out anything through want of tools and time." It appears conclusive that at the place named a human habitation, with houses, etc., has been submerged. Dr. Hilber stated that a further examination, connected with blasting and the raising of material, is probable. Should these works be carried out the question may be solved whether these ruins are those of the old Roman city of Cissa or some other town.—[Boston Transcript.

Relation of the Left Hand to Health.

In connection with the subject of the duality of the brain there is one point of great importance about which I can only say a few words. It is that we have a great many motor elements in our brain and our spinal cord, which we neglect absolutely to educate. Such is the case particularly with the elements which serve the movements of the left hand. Perhaps, however, fathers and mothers will be more ready to develop the natural powers of the left hand of their children, giving them thereby two powerful hands, if they accept that, as I believe, the health of the brain and spinal cord would improve if all their motor elements were fully exercised.—[Dr. Brown-Sequard.

The Waves Aren't Fresh.

Mr. Freespender—Can you tell me, dearest, how those waves closely resemble myself?

Dearest—No, Arthur, how do they?

Mr. Freespender—Well, both the waves and I go broke as soon as we reach the beach.—[Jester.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

—MY—

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IS CROWDED WITH

New Fall Goods

JUST PURCHASED.

IN MY

Tailoring Department

I have the finest selection of

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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,

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Parrish Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure.

THE purest, strongest and most perfect Cream of Tartar Baking Powder made. Each can guaranteed to contain full net weight of powder and to be absolutely the best.

☞ Sold by all first-class grocers.

PARRISH BAKING POWDER CO.

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—DEALER IN—

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES,

Flour, Feed and Provisions.

Queensware, Woodware, Tinware.

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A SPECIALTY.

Main Street, - - FROSTBURG, MD.

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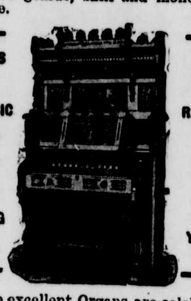
Has attained a standard of excellence which admits of no superior.

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

ORGANS OF INTRINSIC VALUE AND STERLING MERIT.



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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.

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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 80 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 fonts (oil reservoirs) being tough rolled seamless brass, with central draft, it is absolutely unbreakable, and as safe as a house can be.

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 2,000 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.

Press the Button, It Opens and Lights.

The Magic Self-Lighting Pocket Lamp. Not by any jim-crack, but a real genuine lamp in nickel case, size of rocket match safe, burns one hour; quickly refilled. Agents live agent wanted in every town. Somebody will make $100 a week with it. Sample and outfit and 100 extra lighters sent pre-paid for $1. If you write and mention this paper will tell you how to make it nothing. Address Retail Department Magic Lamp Co., 37 Barclay Street, New York.

Aug 2—1m

Miscellaneous 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

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OF

GEHAUF & MAYER,

WHERE you will always find the Largest Stock, Lowest Prices, Latest Styles of

Parlor, Bedroom, Library and Kitchen

FURNITURE.

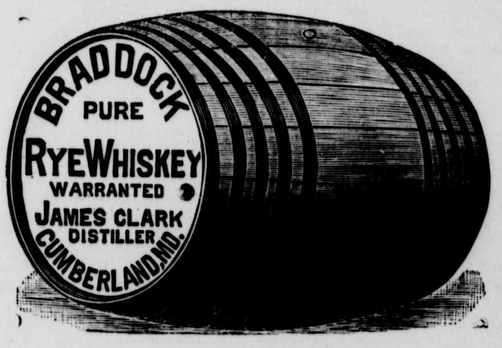
UNDERTAKING

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Telegraphic orders immediately filled. *Open day and night.* Store in Opera Building, Main street, Frostburg, Md.

April 12 GEHAUF & MAYER.

JAMES CLARK & CO.,



DISTILLERS OF THE

"BRADDOCK" PURE RYE

—AND—

BARLEY MALT WHISKEYS

—HAVE—

REMOVED

TO THEIR NEW STOREROOM,

No. 55 Baltimore Street,

Fourth Door West of Postoffice,

CUMBERLAND, MD.,

WHERE THEY WILL BE PLEASED TO RECEIVE A CALL FROM THEIR FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND PUBLIC IN GENERAL.

Mar 9