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MINING JOURNAL.

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Frostburg, Md....December 13, 1890.

UP PIKE'S PEAK.

The Railroad to the Summit Is Nearing Final Completion.

The cog wheel railway has been finished to the half way house on Pike's Peak, and the company expects to have the line completed to the summit by the latter part of the year.

Think of climbing through the clouds and summer snow banks by steam!

Up, up, up, 14 147 feet!

The sister peaks, 23 of which are higher than Pike's, many of which can be seen from the summit, stand out like sentinels, while the foot hills in the distance appear like the great waves and billows of the ocean. In the brilliant sunlight the magnificent panorama of the Rocky Mountain range is spread out before one, and yet the storm cloud with its playful lightning and peals of thunder may be rolling a mile below.

Every tourist wants to climb the mountain. For years the trip was made on foot or on horses trained to the trails for this special purpose. By leaving Manitou early in the morning the ascent and return could be made in a day. Your Eastern belles not only enjoy a burro ride on the sly in some of the quiet nooks around Manitou, but like to climb to the summit of the peak as well on the faithful trail ponies. The wind blows terribly hard on the Pike's Peak trail sometimes and has no respect for a lady's skirts. Some very precise maidens tie a little lead in their dresses. They usually go in parties and are caught by a camera on the summit, where still stands the abandoned United States signal station building.

Sometimes the ladies look like masqueraders, for they often put masks on their faces to save their complexion.

But this is a progressive age. Last year a carriage road was constructed to the summit, and now the latest scheme is that of building a railroad to the top of the mountain.—[Denver Times.

Newfoundland.

Newfoundland is very nearly 300 miles across at its broadest point, and a little over 400 miles long. Its people are peculiar, as all insular folk are, but very rugged, hardy, honest, and hospitable to a degree.

The whole interior is an unknown territory. Only one white man has ever made the journey from east to west, a Mr. Cormack, who accomplished the feat in 1829. Consequently there is no map of Newfoundland extant which is in any degree reliable. It is a very curious fact that a valuable tract of land, with coal, iron, and silver in its bowels, and perfectly accessible to the explorers, should remain so long unknown.

The inhabitants live on the water and have no interest whatever in farming. What they eat and wear is all imported. Hard tack, tea, and fish constitute their diet from one year to another, and on the poor man's table meat is seldom seen. They are skilled sailors, but they would stumble over a plow and break their necks. The coast is their home, all they know anything about except the wild waste of waters from which they get their living, and in which so many find their graves. Ten miles from the rocks on which their cabins are built you enter upon a wilderness well stocked with game, watered by rivers in which the trout are plenty, but the people leave it undisturbed by axe or agriculture.

The quaint city of St. Johns reminds one of the mellow and mystical mediæval days. It has thrift, but is old fashioned. At night the watchman still patrols the streets droning out the hours in stentorian voice, and ending with the refrain—

"All's well."

Some day enterprise will rub its eyes open, and then Newfoundland will offer a new field for capital and speculation.

Nearer to Other Worlds.

That precious lens, that lens of lenses, which is in process of perfection and well advanced to its final stage over at Cambridgeport, now lying cushioned on a soft bed in a big box in a dark cellar of the residence of Alvan Clark, the celebrated telescope maker, will in due time emerge from its hiding place to reflect the indescribable marvels of the solar universe. Measuring 10 feet around, 2½ inches thick at the center and 1½ at the circumference, it has all the transparency of a thin disk of plate glass. Twelve months' labor has been expended on this phenomenal lens, and from two to three years more labor will be required to bring it to perfection. Then with its exalted face it will enjoy the closest companionship yet known with the planets and stars. It represents a value of between $60,000 and $70,000, and is expected to eclipse the famous lens at present mounted at the Lick Observatory in California, being five inches larger than that diametrically. The remaining processes for perfecting it are highly intricate and of the most delicate character. When finally mounted this wonderful lens is expected to bring the moon to within 100 miles apparent distance, so that the long mooted question of the habitation of that satellite may be definitely answered.—[Boston Globe.

To Dislodge a Fish Bone.

A gargle of vinegar will dissolve small bones quickly. Where a large bone happens to lie across the winpipe or throat a dexterous use of the finger will dislodge it when other means are lacking, provided both the operator and patient keep calm. The *Herald of Health* further adds:

"It sometimes happens that a fish bone accidentally swallowed will remain in the esophagus and be troublesome. In fact, death has been occasioned by the great irritation of a fish bone. In such cases, as soon as possible take four grains of tartar emetic dissolved in one-half pint of warm water and immediately after the whites of six eggs. This will not remain in the stomach more than two or three minutes, and probably the bone will be ejected with the coagulated mass. If tartar emetic is not convenient a spoonful of mustard dissolved in milk and warm water and swallowed will answer every purpose of the emetic."

The astronomers on Mount Wilson, Cal., report a snowstorm on the planet Mars.

GYPSY SONG.

There, where the path to heaven goes by,
Where deep in the thicket my hut doth lie,
Where corn stands green in the garden plot,
The brook ripples by so freshly there,
The way is so open, so white, so fair—
My heart's best beloved, he treads it not.

There, where I stain at my door without,
And morning winds, whisp'ring round about,
With scent of roses infold the spot;
Where I sit at even and sing my lay
Quite low, to the wand'rer who goes his way—
My heart's best beloved he hears it not.

There, where on Sunday I go alone
To the old, old well with the milk-white stone,
Where, by the fence, in a nook forgot,
There rises a spring in the dasied grass
That makes whoso drinks of it love—alas!
My heart's best-beloved, he drinks it not.

There, by my window, where day by day
When sunbeams first brighten the morning's gray,
I lean and dream of my weary lot
And wait his coming, and softly cry
For love's great longing, that makes us die—
My heart's best-beloved, he dieth not!
—[Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, in the New Review.

How They Make Wooden Shoes.

One of the most interesting places in a Holland village is the "klompen" maker's shop, where klompen, or wooden shoes, are made.

Not far from Rotterdam, surrounded by high dikes, lies the little village of Rijsoord; in that village, beside the Skalkydijk River, is a shop in which an old man and his son work early and late, supplying the peasants, who never go barefoot, with shoes. These are first roughly shaped from blocks of willow wood, as a statue is first rudely outlined by chipping the marble block, and afterward the shoes are finished smoothly with sandpaper and pumice stone.

The willow trees are grown for this purpose, and when they attain the required size they are cut down, the branches are trimmed off, and only the trunk is used, being divided into blocks, each one of which is the length of the longest shoe.

The work goes on without interruption through the morning, unless some friendly neighbor looks in over the half open Dutch door; and this is the occasion seized upon by the two men for refilling and lighting their pipes, and drawing a few long whiffs, while they listen to a little village gossip.

At 11 o'clock the good vrouw appears at the door with "koffij, jongens" (coffee, boys), and they follow her into the adjoining room. It has a low thatched roof of deep yellow reeds, and contains the great fireplace, where in damp weather the newly made shoes are placed before the fire to dry.

All their food is cooked in the same fireplace, excepting the bread, which in every peasant's home is supplied by the baker.

The shoes are piled round the smoldering embers, often with the tea kettle simmering among them; and while the sap dries out they give little groans, and sighs, as if they knew the hard fate awaiting them when the time shall come for them to cover the feet of some sturdy Dutch peasant or workman and to clatter over the pavements of the town.

After this morning's refreshment, which all the peasants enjoy, they return to work.—[St. Nicholas.

Sixty Years in the Service.

There is a man in the United States Navy to-day who has been a "blue jacket" for upward of 60 years. Admiral Porter and he were both boys together in the service. Though the winters of nearly three-quarters of a century have come and gone since his birth, he is as hale and as active to-day as many a man whose sum total of years does not exceed 30. He—being the oldest man in the service, and having performed more than one heroic deed during the Mexican, Seminole, and Civil wars, for he participated in all three—is allowed great privileges, and may come and go whenever he pleases. He is not a drinking man to any extent, not a total abstainer by any means, but he always uses liquor in moderation. He has not a living relative in the world that he knows of; he has always been, as he expresses it, "a bird alone." He was not more than 12 years old when he entered the navy, and a man of war has been his home ever since. He is now a shipped boatswain's mate, and his pay amounts to between forty-five and fifty dollars per month. He has been most severely wounded in two or three engagements, as the scars still visible are testimony, and they are of no delicate description either, but quite the reverse.

Russia's Newest Creed.

Never was such a place as Russia for eccentric and mysterious creeds. The peasants in the government province of Ufim have been disquieted for some months past by the appearance of a new religious sect. Although no man has yet seen with his own eyes an individual member of this sect, its extraordinary doings have filled many a village with panic. The "Shavers"—or "Shearers," as they are properly called—carry on their mad work at night and in secret. Thus the inhabitants of a village discover early in the morning that all their fowls have been plucked of their feathers, all their sheep closely shorn, and the horses have had their manes and tails cut off. The hair, wool, and feathers thus gained are made into a sacrificial pile and burned in an open place on the road. In village after village the cry has been raised, "The Shavers have been here." The advent of the "Shavers" was foretold, they say, by the appearance of a "besom" (a comet) in the heavens. The peasants are persuaded that the "Shavers" are inspired by an evil spirit, and that their object in making these burnt sacrifices is that the ashes, blown about by the wind, may scatter the seeds of the plague through the country.

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.

California prunes have become so popular in this country that it is said the French are beginning to put up their prunes in the California style.

JACK'S WORK CHANGED.

HE IS HURDLED AT HOME IN THE NEW CRUISERS.

The Great Difference Between the Old Navy and the New Illustrated by the Philadelphia.

It would be difficult to find a more vivid illustration of naval progress than is afforded by the new steel cruiser Philadelphia when taken in comparison with the wooden steam frigates and corvettes of our Navy. The contrast between the two is as sharply drawn as black and white. To one who has served any length of time in the old Navy, to which category the wooden ships have been relegated since the advent of the steel cruisers, a change to a vessel of the Philadelphia type seems like breaking with the past, and beginning a new life and occupation. The eye searches in vain for some familiar object; nowhere is found a point of resemblance between the old Navy and the representative of the new. From construction to routine everything is different. The mariner of the piping times of reef tackles and royal yards looks regretfully at her stumps of military masts, and makes a mental calculation of how long it would be before his life lines unrove should the ship be on a lee shore and some part of that mass of complicated machinery beneath him get out of order.

And this absence of spars and consequent exemption from drill with spars and sail is one of the first things noticeable to one accustomed to heavily sparred ships of the wooden navy. In those the call of the boatswain, "All hands" send up or send down something, repeated by his mate on the lower decks, rends every one tumbling up from below several times a day. This is never heard on the Philadelphia, as the attractive, showy, somewhat risky, and entirely useless sail and spar drill is impracticable on a ship that carries neither sail nor spars. With these dashing evolutions aloft so fine and striking, so highly prized by first lieutenants when done smartly, and of so little value withal, it has been a matter of much conjecture as to what outlet the effervescent energy of executives would find on ships where such drills have the merit of being impossible.

None the less blustering and obsolete is the exercise at "general quarters" in vogue on the wooden ships, two of which are attached at the present to our squadron of evolution. For the purpose of illustrating the change in drills that the new ships have brought about, it will be necessary to give an idea of how they are conducted on the old.

The exercise of "Clear ship for action," for instance, is something more than elaborate. Not long since it was the writer's fortune to be on board one of the old class when this order was given. Instantly the quiet orderly groups of men about the decks were in motion, the topmen swarming aloft, marines tossing hammocks out of the nettings to be used as barricades for the sharpshooters, while the power division scrambled down hatchways to receive and stow articles which another division was sending below. Preventer braces were rove off, back stays "snaked down" by a painful process, light yards and masts sent from aloft, and splinter nettings stretched along the bulwarks. Awnings, halliard racks, ladders, and the many other articles about deck liable to incumber the movements of the crew, or hinder the expeditious killing of somebody in the mimic fray, were tumbled pell-mell down the hatches. Finally, when all was snug aloft and the decks clear of every thing but the paraphernalia of battle, another order was given and the sharp rattle of the drum sounded to "general quarters." At the first tap the gun crews swarmed like bees around their respective guns. Quoins were knocked away, lashing cast adrift, and the guns, when released from their confinement, run in, loaded, and run out.

Presently an incautious enemy on the starboard beam got a broadside. Simultaneously another appeared on the port hand, and the order, "Man both sides—every other gun with a full crew" was heard. Across the deck two gun divisions went, tumbling over ramrods, sponges, and each other, only to find the elusive foe dead ahead. "Prepare for raking fire from forward" was the next order, and, in obedience to it, the men crouched behind gun carriages, hatches, anything that offered protection from deadly end-on fire. Presently the enemy gained the forecastle, evidently with blood in his eye, and the order, "Rally on the quarter deck" was given, supplemented by the command, "Retreat firing." The crew streamed aft, firing as they went. A howitzer loaded with canister blocked one side of the deck—a Gatling grinned threateningly down the other. The boarders, with bare cutlass in one hand and revolver that wouldn't revolve in the other, crouched behind the pieces. The marines and riflemen fixed bayonets, and fell in rear.

Clear and sharp came the next command, "Fire, charge, and clear the decks." The primers snapped in the howitzer, the locks of the Gatling clicked like a policeman's rattle, and a hundred crouching forms bounded forward on the trail of the discomfited enemy. Scrambling over the pivot gun carriage, they swarmed up the forecastle ladders, and as the order, "Board with a cheer" reached them, rushed to the rail with a flourish of cutlasses and a deafening cheer.

The drill has a great deal of swagger about it, is very showy, and very useful for diverting visitors, but beyond that it is as useless and as obsolete for fighting purposes as the bow and arrow drill of the ancients.

In striking contrast is the exercise for action as conducted on the Philadelphia. But little preparation is needed, as the vessel is always ready. That little consists in hoisting ammunition for the rapid fire guns in the tops, getting grapnels over the stern to clear propeller in case of fouling, ripping forpedo gear, opening magazine, and all is ready. At "Quarters" the gun crews cluster behind the steel shields of their respective guns. The order "Load with battering shell" is given, and the breech blocks are thrown open. "Six thousand yards, aim it," comes the order, as an officer with a sextant gives the range, and "First Division train ahead." The sunlight slips along the blue steel tubes as they are rapidly revolved in obedience to the command. There is no noise, no talk. As the long guns come to rest in a direction parallel to the keel, the officer of the division raises his right hand, signifying that the order has been executed. The eye of the alert executive catches the movement and the signal is acknowledged by a nod. In place of the hand to hand encounter with boarders, with its unsatisfactory and improbable result, the gun captains, after the sighting and training exercises are completed, are given an order equivalent to "Whenever you see a head hit it." The idea in this is to train the eye and judgment of the men who pull the lock strings. In connections with torpedo appliances and manipulation and care of the many other innovations of modern naval warfare displace the old time exercises.

One thing that Jack finds it hard to get used to on the new vessel is the unassuming manner in which the anchor is gotten up. Accustomed to considering this quite an event, and quite a job as well, the steam capstan has robbed it of both attributes. No more whirling around of the bars to some merry tune of the fife. It is not even necessary to call all hands. The officer of the bridge presses an electric button, the steam capstan is put into motion, and in a few moments the massive anchor is dangling from the cat's head.

The mariner accustomed to gun decks, whose long wide sweep was wholly clear, save for the row of Dahlgreen guns gaping through the port holes, is disconcerted to find on the Philadelphia his vision limited to a few square feet. Coffer dams and coal scuttles restrict him in one direction, water tight compartments and steam drum rooms shut him in in another. Among other things Jack here finds something new in his sleeping arrangements. The bed room of his experience was a berth deck unobstructed from the bulkhead to the forward part of the ship. On the Philadelphia he finds himself cloistered in various nooks, in the torpedo compartment, ordnance storeroom, hold—wherever, in fact, there is room for two hammock hooks and space to swing between. The shrieking whistle, or siren, as it is facetiously termed, is used as an alarm in cases of sudden danger, such as collision, etc., and is a signal to close all compartments. Should this occur at night many sleepers would find themselves inclosed in temporary sweatboxes.

At nightfall at sea in place of the old time call of the boatswain's mate, "Get out the running lights, station the deck lookouts," the signal quartermaster at sundown simply turns a button at the foot of the foremast and an electric light is distilled through its green bulb on the starboard side. Another button is turned and a red one flashes from the port side. One more, and the steaming light streams like the headlight of a locomotive from the foremast head.

Such, briefly stated, are a few of the most striking changes, but there are innumerable others.—[Correspondent New York Times.

ABOUT FAT PEOPLE.

A Course of Diet That Will Reduce the Most Obstinate.

Here is a dietary prescribed for obesity which has the merits of being curative as well as reductive:

Breakfast—Beefsteak, lamb chops, or fish, broiled, boiled, or baked, and served without any butter, gravy, or sauce; sliced pototoes, lettuce or celery in season, and coffee with saccharine, which is a tar and sugar product, and has none of the ill effects of pure sugar on obesity.

Lunch—Cold meat and a salad with a glass of wine.

Dinner—Clear soup, shell fish, or a plainly cooked fish; a choice of roast meats or fresh game, minus gravies, sauces, and condiments, and any non starch vegetable, such as lettuce, spinach, asparagus, tomatoes, etc., a glass of light German wine; and for dessert a small quantity of raw fruit or stewed fruit.

This diet is for the reduction of adipose tissue, but if the patient is subject to gout, rheumatism, kidney troubles, etc., and wants to cure them, she must resort to a strict diet of beef and hot water. The meat must be minced and can be broiled or baked. The hot water is to be taken in pint quantities one and a half hours before the meat.

With a person who has not reduced before, the first dietary will produce a rapid reduction of flesh, but if previous experiments have been made and the system has become used to a nitrogenous diet, it will be necessary to become more rigid, and not only the food allowance diminished, but systematic fasting practiced.

POWER OF THE WAVES.

Some Day This Power Will Drive Our Cars and Factories.

From experiments made at Bell Rock and Skerryvole lighthouses on the coast of Scotland, it was found that while the force of the breakers on the side of the German Ocean may be taken at about a ton and a half to every square foot of exposed surface, the Atlantic side throws breakers with double that force, or three tons to the square foot; thus a surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to 54 tons.

Recently a heavy gale blew for three days and nights at Sherryvole, washing out blocks of limestone and granite of three and five tons' weight as easily as if they had been empty egg shells; in some cases throwing them entirely over the breakwater at Plymouth. Over 300 tons of such blocks were washed 300 feet up the inclined beach after being thrown over the breakwater and scattered about in various directions.

One block of limestone, estimated to be of 15 tons' weight, was moved over 150 feet from a place in the surf, where it had been firmly grounded since 1697, it having first been enrolled in sight by the awful gale of the "Windy Christmas" of that year.

Use Both Hands.

Like most forms of healthful exercise, there are little points about bowling which are overlooked by most of its followers. Ninety-nine bowlers out of every hundred use only one arm continuously. As a consequence, that one arm is developed to a much greater extent than the one not used. Right handed bowlers seldom think of changing off and trying their left hand, and left handed bowlers seldom use their right. Such a change was suggested to a party of bowlers recently and the result was funny. Not one of them knew how to handle the ball with their "off" arm, and in a majority of cases they slammed the sphere down on the alleys and had no control over its course toward the pins. A little practice soon developed decided improvement and the little party agreed to bowl at least one game "left handed" every time they came together. It may not be entirely attractive to bowl in this awkward fashion, but in the end the result will justify the first unpleasantness.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

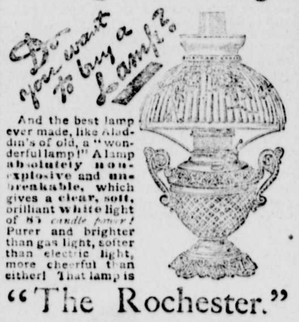
—MY—
CLOTHING STORE
IS CROWDED WITH
New Fall Goods
JUST PURCHASED.
IN MY
Tailoring Department
I have the finest selection of
Imported and Domestic Suitings
AND
PANTALOON PATTERNS
EVER displayed in this section, and my cutter, Mr. Hiller, can give you the boss fit.
JOE BEAR,
Leading Clothier and Merchant Tailor,
Sept 13 Next door to the Bank.

Purity–Strength–Wholesomeness
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.
April 5—1y Baltimore, Md.

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 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 chimney, 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. 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. No toy nor Pinchback, but a real genuine lamp in nickel case, size of pocket match safe. Burns one hour, quickly refilled. Agents wanted in every town. Somebody will make $100 a week with it. Sample and 1000 extra lighters sent prepaid for $1. If not satisfied and money back you will oil you how to make it for nothing. Address Pocket Lighter Department of Consolidated 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 Beall
"The Hardware & Stove Man"
Nov 1

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
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