msa_sc5130_scm12191-0544 ©Maryland State Archives

MINING JOURNAL.

WEEKLY.
J. B. ODER, Publisher.

Subscription.....$1.50 per annum
Extras, 5 cents, for sale at the Postoffice by JOHN GOLDSWORTHY.

Frostburg, Md.....June 4, 1892

SCENES ON THE NILE.

THE ANCIENT RULERS OF EGYPT IN GLASS CASES.

Character of the Nile—The Museum of Cairo—Mummies of Kings and Conquerors 3,500 Years Old—How They Look—The Many Changes That Time Brings.

The Nile is not older than other rivers yet it has about it a smack of antiquity. It rolls along near Cairo with an air of declared dignity that suggests better days. It shuffles along as if on slippers, and barely greets the nodding palms that obsequiously offer their reflection to its waters, or scarcely notices the pretence of cities that now respectfully crouch on its banks.

It is a beneficent old river, scattering its waters with lordly indolence to feed the hungry sands, heedless alike whether they appreciate the overflow of its munificence or greedily long for more. It is indifferent, it is slovenly, it is blaze; it languidly dwells on its past splendors, pities Luxor and Thebes, and wistfully eyes the pyramids to see if they too are wasting away.

These Pyramids are empty and have given up their treasures. The Pharaohs had an eye to permanence after death, they heaped up a pile of stones such that no usurper could demolish nor conqueror steal, and which might defy time, their bodies were so preserved or pickled as to defy decay, and wrapped in cloths and ligaments, they lay for 3,500 years with the mass of stone above them, a type of rest and permanence. They did not forsee that scientific resurrectionists would snatch their corpses, tear off their wraps and expose them naked to the vulgar gaze in the village at Boulak.

A mile and a half from Cairo, the village lies at the base of the iron bridge, square and modern, under which the Nile haughtily deigns to flow. Its narrow streets and open shops reek with typical Eastern odors, its houses are huddled together, a contrast to the huge white barracks and parade grounds on the outskirts. Loungers hang about the doorways and corners of the streets, stalwart Arabs, with dirty blankets over shoulder and back; loosely made Egyptians, and black Soudanese, with white eyes and white teeth gleaming from black wool and black visage, and white tunics connecting black necks with black arms and black legs.

Some motion is provided by the gaudy robes of a solemn Moslem gravely bobbing on the hind quarters of a Cairo donkey, with a ragamuffin running behind to promote locomotion. Amid the bedraggled houses and frowsy population of a modern Eastern village by the old Nile now rest the bones and skins of the masters of ancient Egypt, the lords of the palaces of Memphis and Thebes.

The museum is erected close to the river, a solid, solemn building, with its entrance guarded by two marble sphinxes, who stretch their paws stiffly upon the pedestals, and whose faces, upheld by stiff necks, stare with passionless gaze from the stiff headdress. You pass between them under a massive doorway into the most wonderful collection of celebrities in the world. Mme. Tussaud's wax dolls decked in gaudy frippery draw crowds, but at Boulak you have the real article unadorned, skin, bone, face, expression, as in life, and 3,500 years old.

Could a museum at Westminster exhibit the actual bodies of Alfred the Great, Harold, Siward, the Williams, the Henrys, and the Edwards, it would be child's play compared with those Pharaohs at Boulak, who date 3,000 years before them. There they lie, of undoubted authenticity, the series of Rameses and Sesostus, kith and kin, who ruled Egypt with mighty sway from 3,000 to 4,000 years ago, before Joseph was sold, while the Jews were making bricks without straw, and before they took possession of Palestine.

They are ranged in the room, each lying on his back in his own glass case, concealed by oilcloth. You pull aside the cover and a Pharaoh is asleep before you, his head, neck, shoulders, and arms bare, the furrows on his brow, the lines on his cheek, the smile on his lips, the wrinkles on his neck, all but the heaving of the chest betokens sleep. It may be a Rameses or a Sesostus, and it matters little in this distance of time how old he is. Ten years makes a great difference between the ages of 10 and 20; it has almost disappeared between 50 and 60—what matters, then, a few hundred years in 3,000 or 4,000.

The brownish hue of the skin varies but little from the tawny complexion of the Egyptian of to-day. The expression of the countenance is stereotyped, the natural features of life, as they are seen in the face of a corpse just after the struggle of the death agony has passed away. You see determination or vacillation, sternness or gentleness, cynicism or geniality.

The lips preserve their curve and set, the chin and nostrils still give testimony to character, the lines of the cheek and forehead, the arch of the eyebrow, suggest material for diagnosis of the habits of life. The hands retain the pose of the fingers, and the lines for palmistry. The fixing of the expression, lines and attitude of the features, and their preservation for 3,500 years, is so marvellously perfect as to leave the impression of sleep.

Indeed, to all appearance, that face might yesterday have lit up the hills of Luxor or Karnak. We picture the huge massive palace of old Egypt, the double collonades of gigantic pillars, the lotus capitals and heavy cornice casting shade and coolness on the glistening marble portals. We see the shimmer of the fountain reflected in the mirror of the polished pavement and walls of the courtyard with its light toned by subdued color, and its atmosphere aromatic with the perfume of flowers.

We see within the hall itself all the magnificence of Eastern luxury, the profusion of solid gold work, the costly silken hangings, the sumptuous carpets yielding to the tread, the sparkle of jewels, the awe stricken courtiers bending low before the throne of ivory and gold on which is seated the very man now before you in a glass case. His eye controlled nobles and chiefs, his words set armies in motion, on his lips depended honor or disgrace, life or death.

Chariots and horsemen attended his going out, silver and gold gleamed in the sunshine, spear and halbert cleared the road, reverent courtiers upheld the silken canopy that shielded the glare of the sun from his sacred person clad in sumptuous robes of royalty. Crowds hurried down to the banks to gaze on the pomp of his galley, as with silken sail and inlaid oar it floated on the bosom of old father Nile. One day he slept in his power, magnificence, and glory; the sleep has lasted 3,5000 years; he still sleeps to be gazed at and jeered by a personally conducted follower of Mr. Cook.

Defoe and "Robinson Crusoe."

"Robinson Crusoe" is a book written by Daniel Defoe, the very man who, in his famous "Essay on Projects," recommended first the improvement of our bank system and the starting of savings banks. He is the father of our savings banks. How much this man and his works were appreciated we learn from a remark from Benjamin Franklin, who said that to this book he owes a good deal of that success and practical ability which he had brought out in his sphere of life. As regards the book itself, it teaches the masterly lesson to the young that necessity is the best stimulant in our efforts, and that, if we are left to our own resources we often do much better than if assisted by others. Shipwrecked Robinson being thrown upon an island, is naturally dependent upon himself, and the manly and energetic manner in which he looks out for his own comfort and existence is described in the most interesting and attractive manner. This book, so favorably commented upon by men like Walter Scott and Coleridge, has been translated into almost every language. The publisher, William Taylor, of London, paid only the paltry sum of £10 to the author. It is a pity that a man like Defoe, who was such a great champion of the principles of liberty and humanity, almost died of a broken heart. On account of a published pamphlet against the church he was put in the pillory. In his older days he gave his little fortune to his only son, who solemnly promised to support his parents, but the ungrateful wretch did not keep his promise and made his parents nearly starve. Poor Defoe, who by his "Robinson Crusoe" had made thousands and thousands of children happy, died of grief, caused by his own child. Such is often the peculiar satire of fate.—Jewish Messenger.

A Rural Virginia Funeral.

I must tell you about Major Carrington. He died of pneumonia. And as Mildendo is 20 miles from the station he was in extremis before they could get a doctor, who had to come all the way from Lynchburg. The river had risen and they could get no clergyman, the nearest being 18 miles off, so the servants buried him. Uncle Lot and Uncle Abram and Uncle Niam and Uncle Paul and three of their sons took the coffin on their shoulders and carried it to the graveyard hill, singing, all the negroes joining in, and the wife leaning on the arm of Uncle Jacob, the oldest colored man, for none of her children could get to her, they were so far away. There were the gentlemen of the neighborhood present, of course, but none were of his time or generation, being overseers or Northern settlers. When they got to the grave Uncle Jacob repeated the service, for he could not read, and made the most beautiful prayer. He was the only clergyman, and Mrs. Carrington preferred him, although, of course, he was not in orders, to a white person who was not a minister. She was comforted beyond words by their quiet devotion and by Uncle Jacob's prayer, which was full of thankfulness that through the fact that he had been a slave he had learned to know Christ and to bear the trials of life. Mrs. Carrington said that all the trappings of woe and all the pomps and insigna of grief could never have had the solemnity or the peace of that funeral—the perfect blue of the sky, the river at their feet, the birds singing in the trees, and the open grave where her husband lay in the pine coffin that Uncle Nim had made, who was the companion of his boyhood and all these years his faithful friend. Not one sorrowful word was said or sung; just the most cheerful, happiest burial, as if death was nothing but a step into heaven.—Hartford Courant.

The Man Faced Crab.

One of the most singular looking creatures that ever walked the earth or "swam the waters under the earth," is the world famous manfaced crab of Japan. Its body is hardly an inch in length, yet the head is fitted with a face which is the ferfect counterpart of that of a Chinese coolie—a veritable missing link, with eyes, nose and mouth all clearly defined. This curious and uncanny creature, besides the great likeness it bears to a human being in the face, is provided with two legs which seem to grow from the top of its head and hang down over the sides of its face. Besides these legs, two feelers, each about an inch in length, grow from the chin of the animal, looking for all the world like a forked beard. These manfaced crabs fairly swarm in the inland seas of Japan.

He Farmed in America.

"As strange as life is," there are few changes in the condition of an individual more remarkable than those in the career of the German author Von Mollhausen. He is now the Kaiser's imperial librarian. Nearly 40 years ago he was a day laborer on a farm near the village of Mascoutah, in Illinois. His employer is now living, a hale and hearty old man, Adam Reiss by name, and well remembers the sturdy young farm hand whose industry was so conspicuous. The reason why Von Mollhausen masqueraded in this way is not known, but he has more than once sketched American country life so realistically in his novels that it is supposed he was then in search of facts.

Boireau met Mme. Calino yesterday while she was out walking with her little boy. "Good day, madame. Is that very handsome boy yours?" "Yes, M. Boireau, he's my son." "I wouldn't think so, for he don't resemble you a bit." "There's nothing strange about that. You see, he's my son by my first husband."—Paris Gaulois.

The Uses of Cloves.—Mrs. Gotham—The paper says that chewing wintergreen will keep people awake in church. Mr. Gotham—It might be, but at the theater I have found cloves very efficacious.—Street & Smith's Good News.

"Johnny, Johnny," said the minister, as he met an urchin one Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish, "do these belong to you?" "Ye-es, sir; you see that's what they get for chasing worms on Sunday."—Spare Moments.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Here We Are ON WHEELS!

AND we'll give you a ROUND bargain without TIRING you! That is to say—we can sell you

Buggies and Phætons

—AT—

WHOLESALE PRICES

Early Callers can Make it Pay!

We are not "Stove Up"

in the ordinary sense of the term, but as for an extraordinary

STOCK OF STOVES

the "Mammoth Hardware Store's" immense display

Beats All!

Frank C. Beall

"The" Hardware & Stove Man

April 30

OUR STORE

Is not the child of chance, but the ripened fruit of

TRUTH, INDUSTRY AND ACCOMMODATION!

Truth—in the fulfilment of our obligations!

Industry—in our tireless effort to please!

Accommodation—in our endeavor to do all for our customers they cannot do for themselves!

We announce a continuance of our great sales in

Dry Goods, Dress Goods

—AND—

Milinery,

and that we are better than ever prepared to promise delightful surprises in each department.

We will enter into no detail, preferring that each reader of this announcement shall come and see for him and herself that we are now as heretofore,

First in Style!
Best in Quality!
Lowest in Price!

Under these circumstances the seed of dull trade cannot germinate in our garden, for popularity is the flower that blooms there in profusion, as rich as those which adorn our

LADIES' DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED HATS!

With the axe at the root of high prices, with the dross refined and none but the pure gold of uttermost perfection in all our lines, is it any wonder that our store is the Mecca of fashion-hunting pilgrims? Is it any surprise that all who properly appreciate solid goods and minimum prices should flock to our establishment as did the people of old to the glittering market-places of the Orient?

One suggestion, however, to those who are delaying—remember, it is just as sensible and important to be on time as to be in style. Come at once and see our new goods.

B. STERN & CO.,
FROSTBURG, MD.

April 23

GENERAL ITEMS.

Half Fare to Chicago.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad announces the sale of round-trip tickets from all stations to Chicago, June 16 to 20 inclusive, at rate of one are for the round trip, on the occasion of the National Democratic Convention on June 21. Tickets will be valid for return journey until July 8 inclusive.

A Change of Views.

The editor of the fearlessly independent paper had just had a private interview with one of the old party managers.

"Richards," he called out to the foreman, "isn't there an article in type that says something about the new apportionment?"

"Yes, sir," answered the foreman.

"Change 'new apportionment' to 'infamous gerrymander,'" rejoined the editorial chief, with his hand still in his pocket.—Chicago *Tribune*.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

A Rare Chance!

FURNITURE At Cost!

OWING to the calamity which recently befel my store building, destroying the roof and third story, and not being able to get a place to remove my stock to keep it out of the weather, I am compelled to dispose of same at almost any price in order to save it from ruin by rain or snow, either of which is likely to occur at any time at this season of the year.

The stock comprises Walnut, Oak and Poplar Bed Room Suits; at least 25 Parlor Suits of the latest styles and upholstered in all kinds of Plushes, Brocatels, Tapestries, etc., ranging in price from $25 to $125; also a very fine lot of Upholstered and Rattan Easy Chairs, especially selected for the holiday trade, and a fine lot of Lounges, Bed Lounges, Side-Boards, Hall Racks, Wardrobes, Extension Tables, all kinds of Mattresses, Springs, and, in fact, everything pertaining to a first class Furniture store. Some of this Furniture has been slightly damaged, but the bulk is yet uninjured, and that which has been damaged in any way will be sold exceedingly low. This is an opportunity to get

GOOD FURNITURE CHEAP

which no one in need of same can afford to miss.

Trusting that my friends and the public in general will avail themselves of this chance to get cheap Furniture, and at the same time assist me in a time of need, I am,

Respectfully,

C. F. NICKEL.

Nov 28

A PURE ARTICLE.

READ below what the Revenue Agents have to say of the manufacture of the

BRADDOCK RYE WHISKEY:

OFFICE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, CUMBERLAND, MD., Aug. 16, 1888.

I hereby certify that during the time I was deputy collector internal revenue for District of Maryland James Clark, in the manufacture of his Braddock Pure Rye Whiskey, according to the record from government books, used only rye and barley malt.

WEBSTER BRUCE.

OFFICE BRADDOCK DISTILLERY, CUMBERLAND, MD.

Having been under assignment as United States storekeeper and guager at the Braddock distillery of James Clark, I hereby certify that in the manufacture of his Braddock Pure Barley Malt Whisky only barley malt is used.

JOHN H. YOUNG.

Having been under assignment as United States storekeeper and guager at the Braddock distillery of James Clark while in operation I hereby certify that in the manufacture of the Braddock Pure Rye Whisky only rye and barley malt are used.

J. P. WILLARD.

Don't fail to read our double-column advertisement printed elsewhere in this paper.

No supply for the Holidays is more seasonable than an enjoyable quantity of pure Whiskey. In this and all respects we have undoubtedly fine and reliable goods.

JAMES CLARK & CO.,
55 Baltimore street,
Dec 13 Cumberland, Md.

PRINTING. BOOK BINDING. BLANK BOOK Manufacturing.

ARTHUR SHRIVER & CO.,

THE Leading Establishment of Western Maryland having added greatly to their facilities, are better than ever prepared to promptly execute all orders for work in their lines.

The Finest PRINTING,
The Most Elegant Book Binding,
The Most Substantial BLANK BOOKS

NO CHEAP WORK.

28 South Centre Street,
Cumberland, Md.
Aug 2

FLINTSTONE

CANNED GOODS

Pack of 1891.

I INVITE the attention of the public to the superior quality of my "FLINTSTONE" brand of Canned Fruits and Vegetables, to be found on the shelves of all firstclass grocery stores in the county. My pack is as follows:

Cooking Tomatoes—Choice, fully ripe and superior flavor.

Extra Tomatoes—Finest whole Tomatoes, ready for slicing.

Dessert Apples—Selected varieties, packed in full syrup and ready to serve as dessert fruit.

Pie Peaches—Extra mountain Peaches, fine flavor, all full cans; nearly one-third more Peaches in can than Baltimore packed pie peaches.

Corn—Selected variety of Sugar Corn, packed when young and tender with utmost neatness and care.

My goods are sold to all merchants at moderate prices and will give full satisfaction in every particular.

Notice—All the corn packed at my Flintstone Canning House this season has on the label a *fac-simile* of my signature, thus:

B. L. Fisher

Any can which does not bear my signature was not packed this season. [Jan 16]

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Our Famous Brands of

Reingold, Erlanger and Export Bottle Beer

Are Now on the Market.

☞Address all orders to

CUMBERLAND BREWING COMPANY,

TELEPHONE CALL, 96-4. [April 4] CUMBERLAND, MD.

CARLOADS of CLOTHING ARRIVING.

NO TIME TO WRITE AN ADVERTISEMENT.
ALL IN WITH THE CROWD,

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

MARX WINELAND, Main Street, Frostburg, 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

I Say There--Ahoy There, MY FRIEND!

IF you are bound for any other drug store than DAN KRAPF'S you are a somnambulist, or, in plainer words, a

"SLEEP-WALKER."

The old "McNeill stand" is the location, just between Betz's jewelry store and Moat's Opera House.

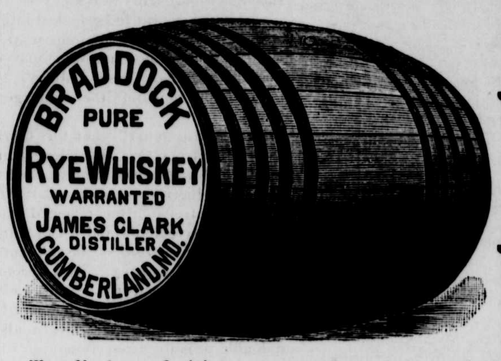
If you amble anywhere near you cannot fail to see it, even though asleep. Every time you visit me I assure a wide-awake interest, and the display also of an ever-growing and attractive stock of goods, which will meet your desires in every particular. I am not a cutter, but I am a runner, and I get there, sweet marjoram, also "sweet spirits of nitre," with a sufficient quantity of sweet oil.

☞ Prescriptions will be as thoroughly comprehended and compounded as elsewhere.

DAN. KRAPF, Jr.,
PHARMACIST.

Feb 21

"Braddock" Pure Rye.



The Best All-Rye Whiskey Made

To all those desiring a pure and unadulterated Whiskey for the Holidays, or for Medicinal Purposes, or as a Beverage, we take pleasure in recommending our

"Braddock" Pure Rye Whiskey,

DISTILLED FROM THE VERY CHOICEST

MOUNTAIN RYE AND SPRING WATER.

These goods are distilled under our own personal supervision, and we have, therefore, no hesitation in guaranteeing all our "Braddock."

We are the Largest Distillers and Dealers in all grades of fine

Whiskies, Brandies, Gins, Wines, Alcohol,

&c., &c., &c.,

in Western Maryland, and are fully equipped to supply the wants of our customers.

Give the "Braddock" a Trial.

THE BEST ALL-RYE WHISKEY MADE.

☞ Special and prompt attention given to all orders.

☞ Correspondence solicited

☞ Read in another column of this paper what the Revenue Agents who have charge of our Distillery have to say regarding the purity of our goods.

Soliciting a share of your patronage, we are yours very truly,

JAMES CLARK & CO.,

Distillers Braddock Pure Rye,

55 Baltimore street, - - CUMBERLAND, MD.

Price List of Braddock is as follows:

We sell our celebrated Braddock Pure Rye at $2, $2.50, $3 and $4 per gallon, according to age. In ordering, always send money by Postal Note or Money Order. At offices where Postal Notes cannot be obtained and money is enclosed, 2-cent stamps can be sent for Jugs as follows: 1-gallon Jugs, 15 cents; 2-gallon Jugs, 30 cents; 3-gallon Jugs, 45 cents; 5-gallon Kegs, $1. When you desire goods packed in boxes, add 10 cents for box and packing, otherwise goods will be shipped without boxing.

It is unlawful to ship whiskey C. O. D., consequently money must always accompany your orders.

Dec 13 **JAMES CLARK & CO.**