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MINING JOURNAL.

WEEKLY.

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Frostburg, Md.....July 2, 1892.

AT FIRST.

If I should fall asleep one day,
All overworn,
And should my spirit, from the clay,
Go dreaming out the heavenward way
Or thence be softly borne,
I pray you, angels, do not first
Assail mine ear
With that blest anthem, oft rehearsed,
"Behold, the bonds of Death are burst"
Lest I should faint with fear.
But let some happy bird, at hand,
The silence break;
So shall I dimly understand
That dawn has touched a blossoming land
And sigh myself awake.
From that deep rest emerging so,
To lift the head
And see the bath-flower's bell of snow,
The pink arbutus, and the low
Spring beauty streaked with red,
Will all suffice. No otherwhere
Impelled to roam,
Till some blithe wanderer, passing fair,
Will, smiling, pause—of me aware—
And murmur, "Welcome home!"
So sweetly greeted I shall rise
To kiss her cheek;
Then lightly soar in lovely guise,
As one familiar with the skies,
Who finds and need not seek.

MIGGS'S WIFE.

Quite a cozy, comfortable bachelors' party. There was Briggs, from the drug store; Higgs, who occupied himself with something or other at the State house, Diggs, who had something to do with pianos, and Miggs, the married man.

Every member of the party was staid, business like, and solid; the sort of man who could be depended upon to smoke no more than two cigars per diem, and to imbibe no more than one cocktail at 11 o'clock in the morning punctually; every one, that is, except Miggs, the married man.

Each member of the party could be safely put down as good for a few thousand dollars, and who enjoyed the comforts of existence in an eminently respectable manner, and always went to church on Sunday; each one, that is, except Miggs, the married man.

Miggs was an insurance agent. No one knew for certain even where he lived, except that he was generally to be found somewhere within the limits of the State of Massachusetts. He appeared to float around promiscuously in as many different places as he could possibly think of, and there never was such a man to turn up unexpectedly as Miggs.

He bubbled over with geniality, conviviality, and fraternity; he was inconsistent, audacious, and irrepressible—and he was married!

But Miggs's whereabouts were not more mysterious and bewildering than the condition of his affairs and the position of his social connection, and neither Briggs, nor Higgs, nor Diggs would have been very much suprised if he had married 20 times or not at all.

Yet when Miggs raised his eyes reverentially until they rested upon the ceiling, and said "Ten years ago to-day was my wedding day," Briggs snapped out:

"Your wedding day? When?"

"That," said Miggs, still contemplating the ceiling, "shows how much interest a man's acquaintances take in his career. Not one of you has ever thought of inquiring if I were married. I might tell you some outlandish yarn about my family—that my wife was the present Queen of Sheba, in which case, of course, my eldest son would be Emperor of China; but, no! I will confine myself strictly to the unvarnished truth, and give you the plain history of my courtship and marriage.

"It was on a pleasant autumn afternoon that I happened to be at Winthrop and wandered along as far as Grover's Cliff. There was not a soul to be seen, and I was counting the grasshoppers as they jumped to get out of my way when I suddenly beheld a woman standing right on the edge of the cliff, who was waving her arms about, and making quite violent gesticulations. As I strolled along I saw she had no hat, and that about three feet of her hair rippled in the breeze; but what astonished me, when I came near, was to find that she was singing, or, rather, chanting.

"I said to myself, 'Miggs, brace up, and investigate this thing!' and went a little closer. When I came within hearing she was delivering herself as follows:

"'I stand on the edge of the giddy steep;
Shall I make the terrible, awful leap?
Shall I pillow my head on the waters deep?
In the caverns of ocean shall I sleep?'"

"Here, come off!" growled Briggs. "Find another rhyme."

"I raised my hat," continued Miggs, "and said:

"'Madam, I implore you not to take such a desperate course for my sake!'

"She turned around with a look of astonishment, and made an imperious gesture which appeared to be intended to convey the impression that she despised the world in general and myself in particular. She was tall and dark; her eyes gleamed like diamonds in the sunlight; her nose was proud and aquiline, her lips were red and full.

"My heart began to beat audibly within my bosom as I contemplated that panorama of loveliness. Looking over the cliff, I saw her hat lying at the bottom just out of reach of the water; and being possessed, gentlemen, of a quick sympathy and comprehension, I made a sudden resolve; and, having resolved, I immediately acted.

"'Madam,' I said, 'here are all the elements of a noble romance. You have lost your hat, and I—how could I do otherwise than lose my heart? I will rescue your hat, and you shall rescue my heart. I implore you to live for me, madam, for me! A million Cupids are besieging me on every side, and reinforcements are rapidly arriving. Their arrows are transfixing me by companies and batallions. Be mine! Oh, be mine!' And I knelt on one knee in the grass.

"For a minute she regarded me doubtfully, and that minute seemed an age. Then she put her hand in mine, and I impressed upon it an ecstatic kiss. Oh, rapture! Oh, delirious happiness! Then I went right down the cliff after her hat, and arrived at the bottom in the midst of a landslide of overwhelming proportions. What did I care? She was mine, mine! I felt that the crisis of my life had arrived, and that I had successfully surmounted it.

"I shouted to her to come out to the end of the cliff, and then handed her her hat, and felt myself the most blessed of mortals.

"'Lucilla, my love!' I said (she wore her name engraved on a brooch), 'there is one trouble—there is one thing which it is unfortunately necessary to mention. I am poor; I have but $300 in the world.

"'Money,' said the lovely Lucilla, 'is dross. Love is all. I want no sordid man for a husband. I want affection—community of feeling—a kindred spirit. I hope you keep your money in a safe bank?"

"'To tell the truth,' I replied, 'I do not keep it in a bank, but in my largest trunk, because I always know then where to find it when I want it.'

"She looked once, yearningly, at the ocean, but I clasped her in my arms (I couldn't help it), and—yes, I did, twice—and we walked slowly away.

"I can see you are getting impatient. You don't want a love story. You don't want to hear a description of all the perfections of that beautiful creature as displayed by her during the next fortnight. Well, bachelors have a badly perverted taste, but I suppose I must bow to your desires. Suffice it to say that for 14 days I lived in Paradise, while making arrangements for a speedy marriage.

"The only thing that marred our happiness was that Lucilla appeared to be of a jealous nature. She would insist that I flirted, and asked me for particulars of all the girls I had seen during the day, and then would weep, and put her face against mine, and petulantly ask the atmosphere why men were not true, which, I must confess, was rather annoying to an ardent spirit like mine.

"At such times she evinced a decided tendency to become poetical, but knowing the strong prejudices of my friend Briggs I always endeavored to turn her houghts in some different direction.

"Then she would say quite mournfully:

"'Miggs, I feel that we are not destined to be happy. I fear some dread spectre may come between us, even at the altar and part us forever.'

"I engaged apartments at Beachmont, and on one fine Tuesday afternoon we were married. The fatal step was taken, and I was no longer a bachelor.

"'Now,' I said, after the ceremony, 'I can breathe freely. I am sure of you You are mine!'

"She replied by such a look of tenderness and love, such a radiance of affectionate regard, that I blessed a thousand times the chance that led me on that afternoon to Grover's Cliff.

"'Be true, darling, always be true!' she murmured softly; and I declared with emphasis that Cleopatra herself would have found me as adamant against her charms—that Lucilla should be my sun by day and my star by night.

"When we arrived home in the evening, however, Lucilla was very much upset. Her belongings, which should have come during the day, had not arrived. She wept a little, and I was unable to pacify her. She became hysterical, and I became alarmed. She asked me to go to her doctor, who lived 10 miles away, and bring her something which he would give me. I objected, she implored. I used language. She commanded. Ultimately, with a very bad grace, I put on my hat and went.

"In the worst of humors, I boarded a train and settled down for the long ride. And a long ride it was. Everything seemed to get in the way of that unfortunate train, and delay its progress. I positively foamed at the mouth with rage.

"But when I reached the street and number mentioned by Lucilla, and could't find the doctor whose name she had given me, I nearly went mad. No one had ever heard of such a person, and his name wasn't in the directory. However, I was bound to take something back, so I called upon the first physician I came to, explained the matter the best way I could, obtained some sort of a draught, and wended my way dejectedly homeward, arriving about 10.

As I entered the house a feeling of desolation and misery took possession of me. I entered our apartments. They were in darkness.

"'Lucilla!' I cried.

"There was no answer. I lit the gas and looked around; no Lucilla I shivered with apprehension.

"'Alas!' I said. 'I shall find her at Grover's Cliff. She may be dashing herself adown the giddy steep. I must fly to her rescue, and perhaps I may not be too late.'

"I rushed down the stairs, and then a thought occurred to me. I called the landlady, and asked her anxiously if she had seen Lucilla go out.

"'Gracious sakes!' exclaimed the landlady. 'I thought you were with her!'

"'Why—why?' I stuttered.

"'Some one was,' she replied, 'and they took away your large trunk with them in a herdic, Mr. Miggs.'

"'Sainted mother in law!' I cried. 'Let me investigate!'

"Upstairs I dashed, with the landlady after me. It was too true. The trunk in which I kept my money was gone. I would not believe my eyes.

"'Here,' said the landlady, 'is a note addressed to you.'

"She picked up a piece of paper which lay upon the dressing table and handed it to me. I unfolded it with feverish haste and perused the following:

"'Thanks for your love which I won't return,
Thanks for your letters, which I will burn;
Thanks for your trunk. The clothes in there
Will be just the things for my John to wear.
Thanks for the dollars, two hundred and three,
When in need of money, oh, think of me!'

"Gentlemen," said Miggs, "when I read that note the heat of my feelings was so intense that it would have boiled the whole Arctic Ocean. Lucilla—my peerless Lucilla—was a married woman all the time."

There was silence for about a minute, and then, as Diggs drank a glass of water to relieve his excitement, and Higgs shook the suffering man sympathetically and sorrowfully by the hand, Briggs heaved a sigh, and said very solemnly:—

"Miggs, you are a fraud!"—W. H. Thorne, in Waverly.

An Appeal for Order.

Despite the vivacity of the French people, their parliamentary debates were not always famous for great excitement. In the old monarchical days, before the revolution, the sessions of the old parliament were exceedingly dull and prosy affairs. One day, it is related, a noble count was trying to make a speech, and a very prosy speech it was, while all the other members were either chatting or resting. Presently the president of the body rapped slightly with his baton. "If those gentlemen who are talking to each other," said he, "would kindly make no more noise than those gentleman who are snoring, it would be much appreciated by those gentlemen who are trying to listen!"

He—Why is justice represented as a woman? She—Because her work is never done.—Elmira Gazette.

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.

A Dispute.

A historian of finger-rings thinks that in all probability Tubal Cain, the primal artificer in iron and brass, was the first to set the fashion of wearing rings, although Pliny says it is not definitely known.

B. & O. Excursion Rates for Fourth of July.

From July 1st to 4th inclusive the B. & O. R. R. will sell tickets from all stations east of the Ohio river at greatly reduced rates. Tickets will be good for return journey until July 5th inclusive. For detailed particulars as to rates apply to nearest B. & O. Agent.

Same Proportion Here.

"There were 35,000 white men in the Union army from Tennessee," says the Knoxville *Journal*. And 45,000 of them are now drawing pensions.—Memphis (Tenn.) *Commercial*.

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,
Cumberland, Md.

Dec 13

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.

FALL 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 comprehenced 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.

JAMES CLARK & CO.

Dec 13