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MINING JOURNAL.

WEEKLY.
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AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Her Imagination Produced a Nervous Frenzy for Naught.

A New York woman accepted an invitation for one night for herself and husband to dine and sleep at the house of a friend. She never left her children over night. However, after getting her husband's sister to come up from Staten Island to stay, and making her brother, who lived with her, promise that he would spend the evening at home in case any emergency should arise needing a man's assistance, the over-devoted mother felt a certain sense of security for her brief absence.

Still, this did not prevent her meeting her husband with a torrent of suggestive anxieties, and the trip to the ferry was interlarded with frequent outbursts of most exaggerated maternal fears. They were in mid-stream, though, before the tragedy came.

Mrs. A——had been sitting wrapped in deep thought for several seconds, when her face took on an expression of agony, and clutching her husband's arm she exclaimed:—

"Oh, Frank!"

There was such real distress in her tones that her husband thought she was about to faint.

"What is it?" he asked, greatly alarmed.

"Oh, I left the bath-room window open," she gasped, "and Harold sometimes strays in there, and the bar is off, you know. I thought it would not matter till summer, for the window is never open save under my supervision."

"Why is it open to-day, then?" the half-angry, half-anxious father inquired.

"I wanted to air the halls well before I left. I am always so afraid of sewer gas, and Jessie might forget it. Oh dear! I must go back at once!" and the distracted woman started for the rear of the boat.

Her husband impatiently detained her.

"You can't swim back," he said grimly. "And there's no use in your going back, any way. We will send a dispatch to Jessie when we get across."

"But if she shouldn't get it?" wailed the poor mother, who, by this time, saw the mangled form of her four-year-old stretched on the flags beneath the bath-room window. "Hadn't we better send a messenger, and you could pay him extra to make him fly?"

Mr. A—— persuaded his wife that electricity would be better. Finally a "rushed dispatch" was sent, Mrs. A—— writing it, and finding a degree of relief in underscoring all the words:

"Be sure to shut the bath-room window at once. Answer."

By this time the train they had started for had gone, and a half hour's wait was occupied by Mrs. A—— in congratulating herself that she had left the family physician's telephone call with her sister-in law and also with the nurse.

They had barely reached their room after greeting their hostess when a servant brought up a dispatch. Mr. A—— tore open the envelope and mastered its contents.

"Well!" said his wife, anxiously.

Mr. A—— read:

"You did not leave it open. JESSIE."

He Got a Wife.

When a man is in deadly earnest about securing employment he will not let such a small obstacle as the lack of a wife stand in his way.

At least, such is the fact in regard to a certain section foreman on the Columbia and Puget Sound road. He applied for the position to Assistant Superintendent McCabe, and his answers to that gentleman's queries were all satisfactory until the question came:

"Are you married? We want a married man to take this position, so that his wife can take care of the section house."

The man acknowledged that he still wandered in the wilderness of celibacy, and Mr. McCabe said in a peculiar way:

"Well you may have the job if you can get married in time. Hurry up and I'll give you passes for the half-past five train."

It was then half-past four, and it seemed pretty short notice, but some men get through a great deal of business in an hour. Before the time had arrived for the train to leave the applicant returned, accompanied by a blushing bride, and said:

"Well, I've got a wife. Will you give me those passes?"

Filled with admiration at the man's readiness of resource, Mr. McCabe gave him the passes, and the happy couple left on their honeymoon.

Thought Judgment Day Had Come.

"I'll tell you a better story than that," said the captain, as his group of listeners grew larger. "One day I was employed looking at some wreck on the bottom of Mechanic's Creek, near Charleston. Just before I went down I looked up stream and saw a batteau filled with watermelons, in charge of two negroes, coming down with the tide to go to market. I went down, and just as the boat was overhead I rose up, reached inside, took a melon and went under with it. I didn't see what effect the apparition had upon the negroes. The onlookers told me of it afterwards. One of them in the stern fell backwards in the water and the other was paralyzed with fear. He dropped his oars, his jaw fell and his eyes protruded so far that you could have hung your hat on them. When he recovered his speech he exclaimed: 'Lord have mussy on me a po' umble sinner. I seen de old goggle-eyed devil hisself come outen de water and take a milyun. Sabe me from his 'rath.' When the other negro struck shore he blew out the water, 'whoof!' and lit out at a 2:40 gait for home, and he didn't tarry nor look back."—Florida Times-Union.

A Curious Device.

A device for delivering letters and parcels to the upper stories of high buildings has been invented by M. T. Golaz of Geneva. The letter box on the ground floor has partitions for every story, into which the postman puts the letters. An electric circuit is thereby closed, and a current turns on the water from a cistern at the top of the building into a cylinder box. In this way the letter box ascends to the top story, and on the way it drops the letters at their respective floors. When the top flat is reached the water flows from the cylinder and the letter box descends to its original postion.

TIME TO CHOOSE.

Marriage at An Early Age Not so Common As in Former Days.

From an examination of the statistics contained in official marriage records it appears that early marriages are now very much less common than in the days of our grandmothers. In the fiction of half or three-quarters of a century ago the heroine was generally depicted as a blushing maid of sweet sixteen, or at most, of eighteen years. The writer of the present day has wisely followed the changing fashion, and has represented his heroine, in most instances, as a mature young woman, with theories of her own and the courage to express them—a marked and agreeable contrast to the charming simpleton of other days. The later novelist has ample warrant for his changed methods; according to the statistics, out of four hundred and sixty married women, only fourteen and one-half per cent. became brides between the ages of fifteen and twenty. More than one-half consented to make the man of their choice happy when they were between the ages of twenty and twenty- five. Only fifteen and one-half per cent. were married between the ages of thirty and thirty-five. After a woman has reached thirty-five her matrimonial chances decline with startling rapidity. Between that age and forty only four out of every hundred women marry. After forty the marriages are so few that they are not worth considering. The inference to be drawn is plain. It is evident that there is not the slightest reason why an American young woman should not pass the period between her sixteenth year and the attainment of twenty-one in the enjoyment of the innocent pleasures of youth, untroubled by any anxieties as to her marriage. After she is twenty-one she will have plenty of time; and she will probably be far better fitted to make her choice and to undertake the responsibilities of married life than she would have been earlier. The tendency toward more mature marriages is a move in the right direction.

The Origin of Hoodlum.

An old resident of San Francisco says a great deal of time has been wasted in searching for the derivation of the word "hoodlum," and it has been credited to many different languages, but all the derivations given are wrong.

Some twenty or twenty-five years ago there lived in that section of San Francisco known as the Barbar Coast a couple by the name of O'Houghlihan, who were blessed with a family of boys who were the terror of that unsavory region; ignorant, brutal young toughs, whose sole pastime was tormenting, abusing and beating all the other youngsters in the neighborhood. They were so much dreaded by the neighbors that when they were seen approaching children were called indoors and kept there till they had gone to a safe distance; and it was easy to know when they were in sight by hearing women calling:

"Patsy, Mary Ann, come in; the Houghlihans is comin'!"

The O was dropped in the haste of calling the young ones, and after a little the name, a somewhat difficult one to pronounce at the best, was in the mouths of the Germans, Italians, Chinese, and nationalities residing on the Barbar Coast, corrupted into "hoodlums," and the Houghlihan boys and their associates became generally known as the hoodlums.

Last Days of the Clipper Ships.

An old weather-beaten 'longshoreman sat on a cask of soda-ash on the Delaware River front a day or so ago, and gazed with admiration at the tall masts and spars of a clipper ship which was loading a general cargo for San Francisco. "Ah, me," he remarked with a long-drawn sigh, "it seems to me a great pity that there's so few of them fellows nowadays, for true it is that they are the prettiest things that ever sailed on the sea. Whenever I hear folks talk of the Panama Canal, I think what a big blow it will be to the big clippers when it is done, for its completion will knock the pins from under their last great trade, the carrying of grain and coal and general cargoes to and from California and around the Horn. That's a voyage of anywhere from 14,000 to 18,000 or 19,000 miles, according to how the winds use the ship, and no steamer can carry fuel for a 14,000 mile voyage and compete with the sailing clippers. Therefore, until a canal or a ship railway is made across the isthmus the clippers are all right, but after that their days will be numbered, and going around Cape Horn become a classic voyage."

Against Her.

Sometimes the woman who contradicts falls into a trap of her own setting. A good story is told in this connection. A German professor was never allowed to make any statement without having it instantly disputed by his accurate but irritating spouse. She had acquired such a habit of correcting and contradicting him that, according to the story, she one day made a mistake which gave her long suffering husband a chance to laugh at her. "Do you remember, my dear," he said in a retrospective mood, "the letter-case, embroidered with pearl beads, that you made for me with your own hands, when we became engaged? It was worn out years ago, but I can still see it very plainly. On one side there was embroidered a beautiful butterfly, and—" "The butterly was on the other side!" interrupted his wife in her most decided tone. And she always complained that Mr. Underfeld "was fond of telling stories without any point," whenever he referred to this conversation afterward.

Names for Babies.

A Hindoo baby is named when it is twelve days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother; in that case two lamps are placed over the two names, and the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one given to the child. In the Egyptian family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax-candles; to each of these they give a name, one of the three always belonging to some dignified personage. The candle that burns the longest bestows the name upon the baby. The Mohammedans sometimes write desirable names on five slips of paper, and these they place in the Koran. The name upon the first slip drawn out is given to the child.

The Chinese care so little for their girl babies that they do not give them a baby name, but just call them Number One, Number Two, Number Three, according to their birth. Boys are thought so much more of in China than girls are that, if one happens to ask a Chinese father who has both a boy and a girl how many children he has, he will always reply.

"Only one child."

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Here We Are ON WHEELS!

AND we'll give you a ROUND bargain without THRING 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 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

Health Maxims.

Nature has made her terms with us, how we may enjoy our daily existence and lengthen out our lives; these terms are to know her laws and not infringe on them.

Whatever position a man finds himself placed in, whether by accident, fortunate speculation or persevering industry, he should always retain that command over himself which will entitle him to the good will of old as well as new friends.

As a general rule, when a man gets sick it is his own fault, the result of either ignorance or presumption.

More people die prematurely from want of care in any given year than perish by plague, famine, pestilence

It is a beautiful fact that, while the warmth and exposures of summer tend to bilious-ness and fevers, the free use of fruits and berries counteracts that tendency.

More people die of air-tight rooms than of unchinked log-cabins

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. Timmons

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.

Do You Eat Bread?
IF YOU DO YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT
Gold Medal Flour,
Made by Washburn, Crosby & Co., Minneapolis, Minn., the pioneers in the manufacture of Fancy Flour from hard Spring Wheat.
Made in the largest flouring mills in the world. Daily capacity, ten (10,000) thousand barrels.
Made of Hard Northern Spring Wheat, which makes the Strongest and Best Flour in the world.
Sold by all grocers.

Oct 31

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.

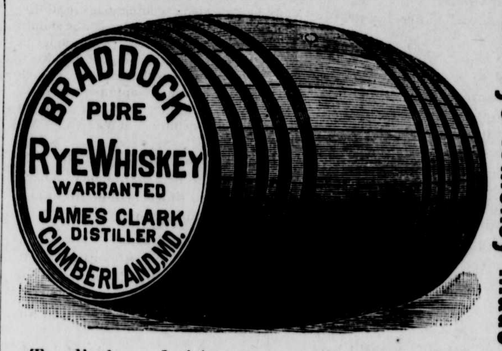
If you amble anywhere near you cannot fail to see it, even though asleep. Every time you visit me I assure a wide-awake interest, and the display also of an ever-growing and attractive stock of goods, which will meet your desires in every particular. I am not a cutter, but I am a runner, and I get there,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

JAMES CLARK & CO.

Dec 13