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MINING JOURNAL.

WEEKLY.

J. B. ODER, Publisher.

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Frostburg, Md....September 24, 1892

AS SHE WAS BROUGHT UP.

Certainly Not to Respect or Reverence Her Mother.

"Hurry up, mother! Keep me in sight. Don't lose me. Hurry up!"

"Yes, darter," piped the feeble voice of an old woman in answer to her daughter's address, and she pushed her way feebly through the crowded shop, keeping the girl in sight, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

But the crowds, the elevators and the cash runners were too much for the bewildered old body, and she sat down next the door and appealed to the floor-walker who had ushered them in.

"I've lost her," she piped; "she said I would, and I've done it. She'll scold awful 'cause I was so careless."

"Sit here, madam, and I will go and find her," said the clerk.

"D'think you'll know her? She's purty, got color in her face, an' her hair curls; she favors me as I looked at her age. There she is now. Oh, Mamie, I didn't mean to lose you."

"Well, you did, and I ain't going to be bothered huntin' you up every minute. If you are a mind to sit there you can, an' I'll come 'round for you when I'm through," retorted Miss Mamie.

The mother waited patiently for an hour, and when the girl came got up cheerfully and went out with her.

"Nice girl, that," said one of the clerks.

"Yes," answered another, "if you don't care what you say."

"Nice girl," continued the first speaker. "If she belonged to me I'd lose her and never try to find her again."

"She isn't to blame," answered the floorwalker; "it's her bringing up. If she had been raised to treat her mother with respect she'd do it as long as she lived. I haven't a particle of sympathy to bestow in that quarter. What can I show you madam?" and the dry-goods philosopher whisked a new customer through the busy avenues of trade.

Only a Cabin Boy.

A big battle was being fought between the English and Dutch navies; Sir John Narborough was the English admiral, and the masts of his ship had been shot away almost directly after the fighting began. In spite of the greatest care and the most splendid bravery, Sir John saw that the English must be beaten unless he could get help. There were a few ships some distance off to the right, but they were to act as a reserve, and would not enter into the battle without a message from him.

Sir John stood a moment considering how the message could be sent. It was not possible to signal; there was only one way—the message must be carried.

The admiral wrote his order, telling the reserve to come and help him at once; then he called for any one who was willing to be the messenger.

Think of the scene a moment, and then you will understand what a brave heart was needed for the service. Below was the sea; around, above, in it, there rained a heavy shower of bullets. The long swim would be trying enough, but to swim with the chance of being shot every minute was terrible. Yet many sailors came forward at their admiral's call, ready to risk their lives for their country's good.

They were all grown up men, and they must have stared in wonder as one of the cabin boys, Cloudesley Shovel, said:

"I can swim, sir; and if I am shot I shall be missed less than any one else."

After a moment's hesitation the paper was handed to the boy, who put it between his teeth and sprang overboard. How the men watched him as long as he could be seen! He reached the reserve ships in safety, and, as they went into action at once, a victory was gained by the English.

When the sun was setting Cloudesley Shovel stood once more upon the admiral's ship, and received his heartiest thanks.

"I shall live to see you have a flag ship of your own," he said.

The admiral's words came true, for the brave cabin boy became Sir Cloudesley Shovel, one of the greatest British admirals.

Sandy's Cleverness.

Sandy Macgregor was a shrewd, pawky chiel, fond of a joke, and it was a difficult matter to catch him napping.

One day several of the villagers had assembled in the local inn to have a social glass and to discuss the alarming influenza complications. An Englishman named Robbins, who ran down all cures for it, had decidedly the worst of the argument with Sandy, and therefore resolved to touch the Scot on his tender point—namely, his pocket.

"Sandy," said Robbins, "if you were to go outside and stick the blade of your knife in anything, I'll bet you five shillings I'll tell you what it is sticking in when you come back."

"A bet be it," said Sandy. "I wager ye canna dae ony sic thing, sae table yer money."

"All right," said Robbins, as he deposited his stake with a companion, and gave a sly wink to the company.

Sandy went out, and in a short time returned looking grave.

"Weel, neighbor, an' what is it stickin' in?" he asked.

"In the handle," exclaimed Robbins, triumphantly, as he held out his hand for the money he had staked.

"Man, ye're rale smert," cried Sandy. "I wonner if that is one o' yer London tricks. But bide a wee; ye're wrang there," and he held up the handle of the knife minus the blade. "If ye gang oot ye'll fin' the blade stickin' in an auld ash tree."

Sandy, of course, won the wager, and it was a most amusing sight to see the chagrin depicted on the countenance of Robbins. That was his last bet with Sandy.

The Smart Dogs of Egypt.

When an Egyptian dog wishes to drink at the Nile he goes a short distance up the river and howls for some time. The crocodiles being attracted by the sound, immediately crowd to the place, while the dog hastily runs to the part which the crocodiles have left and drinks in safety.

Queer Mittens.

Captain Alvin Hall, of Dering, Me., has a pair of mittens made from his wife's hair.

DUEL WITH TARANTULAS.

The Combatants Entered a Dark Room Filled With Deadly Reptiles.

The details of one of the strangest duels ever fought have been brought to this city by a prospector who had been in the mountains southwest of Las Vegas, says the Galveston *News*.

The country is near the border line between Old and New Mexico, and the people there are a mixture of the two races. Two young men—an American and a Mexican—fell out over a young woman they both loved, and the result was that the enmity became too great to be carried and it was determined to end it in a duel.

The matter came about in an unusual way, however, and it was not a regular challenge and acceptance, but while in company of mutual friends the Mexican taunted the American with being a member of a race of cowards and said that the Americans had no bravery.

The American, of course, disputed this, and said he would test the Mexican's bravery if he wished it. He would be willing to go into a dark room with the Mexican and there decide the point.

But the stipulation was that in the dark room there should also be a lot of tarantulas turned loose. If either came out alive he was to have the girl. If either showed the white feather and came out before the death of the other or before all the tarantulas were killed he should give up all claim to the girl.

The Mexican was disposed to refuse, but the fear of being looked upon as a coward caused him to accept. The room was prepared and the two men went in. There were at least a dozen tarantulas in the room and also two scorpions. The American walked boldly into the room and took his stand, while the Mexican followed, but was hesitating in his manner.

The doors had been closed but a short time when the Mexican was heard to scream out that he was bitten and was dying.

The doors were opened and he staggered out and fell to the floor. The American walked out unhurt and then it was found that the Mexican had not been bitten at all, but had scratched his hand on a protruding nail in the wall and had thought it a spider's bite.

Terms of Endearment.

The old saying that one man's meat is another man's poison applies particularly to the matter of pet names. The terms employed by the people of one nation as the choicest phrases in their vocabulary of endearment are often employed for quite the opposite purpose by other peoples. One of the most familiar and most coveted phrases of endearment among the French, for instance, is "my little pig;" and "my little puppy-dog" is also much appreciated. When a French husband calls his wife "a cat," she does not fly into a passion of resentment, as an English-speaking wife might do in the same circumstances, but takes it as a gentle compliment. On the other hand, if he were to call her a "duck," as the American husband might his wife, she would be very much offended. Not long ago, in Germany, letters written by the late Count von Moltke to his betrothed were published. In these the great soldier frequently called the lady "my little kernel of coffee." This strikes one as a very queer pet name, and has suggested to a cynical authority that, in view of the writer's character and profession, "my little grain of powder" or "my little lump of lead" would have been more appropriate. In some places "moppet" and "mopsey" are the favorite terms of endearment for little girls and sweethearts. Both of these words signified originally a kind of cloth or rag. The name was first given to a rag doll, and eventually came to be applied flatteringly to the little girl who owned the "moppet." A person's own individual likings and occupation frequently supply him with terms of endearment. A farmer sometimes calls his little girl his "colt," and a well-known fisherman, to whom the creatures of the brook were as the apple of his eye, used to begin his letters to his wife, when he was on his fishing expedition, with the words, "My dear little speckled trout!"

Home Influence.

A delegation of young men lately waited on their employer's wife with the oddest request on record. "You see," said the spokesman, "we want to have a half-holiday every Saturday. Now if you will be particularly nice to Mr. Jones for a few days, we'll go to him and ask—" "Gentlemen," the lady haughtily interrupted, "do you imply that I do not understand what is due to my husband?" "Oh, I know all about it," the spokesman went on. "I'm married myself. Things go wrong in the house, and you're tired and cross at breakfast. Then we suffer at the office. You stay up late to chaperone your daughter at a ball, and we have more trouble at the office. You're a bit cross three mornings in succession, for one reason or another, and we have a—a—terrible time at the office. You see how the matter stands, and how greatly you will oblige us by being more than usually agreeable to Mr. Jones for three or four days? The fourth day give him the best breakfast you can—everything that he likes best—and we'll get what we want in three minutes. Talk about a woman having no influence in the business! Why, the humor she's in has more effect than a bank failure or a boom in trade." She thought she ought to be angry, but, instead, she laughed and agreed to the proposition, and four days later, when they waited on the head of the firm, he made the closing hour twelve o'clock, and said that never in the history of the firm had things run as satisfactorily as they had during the last four days. All hail to the power behind the throne.

Not Well Said.

"I didn't see you in church last Sunday, Mr. Spiffles," said the dominie.

"No; I slept at home last Sunday morning," replied Mr. Spiffles.—Brooklyn Life.

Correct.

Leader of Vigilants—Come, now, over to this tree and put your head into this noose.

Horse Thief (defiantly)—I'll be hanged if I do!—Brooklyn Life.

Just the Opposite.

Cubbage (meeting Lejjer on the Montreal train)—You are going to Canada for a rest, I suppose?

Lejjer—No; to avoid arrest.

Poverty is uncomfortable, but in nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Here We Are ON WHEELS!

AND we'll give you a ROUND bargain while on THE RING you! That is to say—we can sell you

Buggies and Phaetons

—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

Beat's 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

Health Maxims.

It is with difficulty that old habits are renounced, even when one is convinced that life can be prolonged and made happier thereby; but it is a question for young men seriously to consider whether, on starting in life, they will addict themselves to a habit which at once weakens the intellectual temper, is against nature, and consequently impairs their health and that of their offspring.

Very few of the great minds of this country have come from the city, or the cradle of the rich. They spring from the rugged sons of poverty, the largest room in the world.

We may say, without fear of contradiction, that the material blood, brain and nervous power of a country must come from the sons of the soil, or those who live in the open air, the Richard men and women who possess the vigorous physical configuration of a mental energy and mental health.

If you are well, let your self alone. Ignorance is always reckless.

Wanted—A Purchaser!

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, Brocades, 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 loss is yet unnoticed, 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

Have You a House

THAT IS NOT INSURED?

IF so, you want to place a policy on it today or tomorrow before you dine.

You want the risk taken, too, by a standard company, such as D. P. MILLER, of Cumberland, represents. Any policy is good until a fire occurs, but then it is you want a pledge of indemnity worth its face in gold.

Rates not quite as low as wildcat figures, but the lowest consistent with certain and perfect iddemnity in event of loss. Apply to

J. B. ODER,

Dec 14 JOURNAL Office, Frostburg, Md.

Important Notice.

—THE—

Fidelity, Building, Loan and Investment Association.

CAPITAL STOCK, ONE MILLION DOLLARS

Central Office, 913—15 and 918 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THIS is one of the largest Associations in the eastern States, having at this time over twelve thousand shareholders of their instalment stock alone.

It is heartily endorsed by the leading papers throughout the country; also by R. G. Dun & Co.'s Commercial Agency.

The Association does a

Banking Business

in connection with its

Building and Loan

system and pays—

6 *per cent.* on deposits of 90 days standing and 10 " " " time deposits.

Instalment Shares of $200 each,

par value, are issued, payable $1 per month. Guaranteed profit.....$98

For further particulars apply to

Alex. Smith, Treasurer,

or to BROWN DAVIS, Superintendent,

May 21 Frostburg, Md.

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.

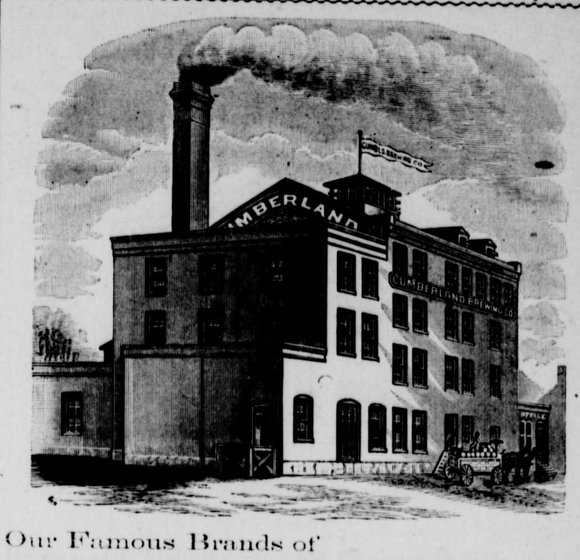
My goods are sold to all merchants at moderate prices and will give full satisfaction in every particular.

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. Fowler

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 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.

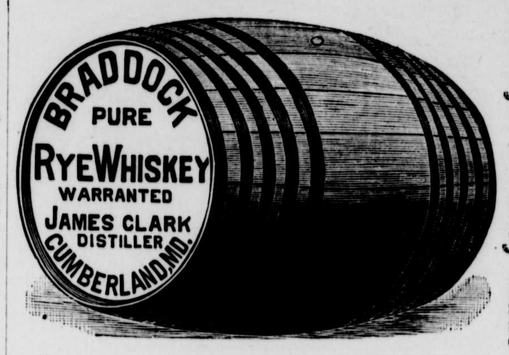
Prescriptions will be as thoroughly comprehended and compounded as elsewhere.

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.

Dec 13 **JAMES CLARK & CO.**