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MINING JOURNAL.

WEEKLY.
J. B. ODER, Publisher.

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Frostburg, Md....November 26, 1892.

BIG GAME OF THE WEST.

Except the Deer, What Remains Mostly to Be Found in Menageries.

Once upon a time, and not so very long ago, numerous noble animals roamed wild over this Western country of ours; the shaggy buffalo chewed the luscious herbage and kicked the flies off himself on every hill; the fleet-limbed deer outran the winds and enjoyed himself as only a healthy and virtuous deer can; wild horses neighed and whinnied in the valleys; animal life was everywhere, and the aborigine didn't need to buy a ticket to the menagerie to see the greatest show on earth.

But civilization has reared school houses and abattoirs on the Western plains, and the sound of the hammer and saw have taken the place of the thunder of the hoofs; the hoarse rumble of the joint debate is heard where used to reverberate the bellowing of the buffalo and the challenging neigh of the untrammelled steed. There are a few weary buffaloes surviving, but they are cooped up in pens and fed on dry hay, and they bear the same relation to their ancestors that a street-car horse does to Job's charger. They are pitiful to look upon, these sad-eyed and consumptive beasts, as being the only relics of the vast and majestic herds which erstwhile swept over the prairie, like a brown gulf stream in an ocean of green. The deer will soon be only a memory as well; a few of him are scattered through Western Nebraska and Wyoming, but the day will soon come when the man who must eat venison or die, will probably die. And wild horses? The only ones of which we have any knowledge are in the livery stables, and they are covered with hieroglyphics branded with red-hot irons, and so it goes through the whole catalogue of animals. Even the great American ground-hog, which regulates the weather for six weeks every year, has become so scarce that when a copy of him is found it is framed and given the place of honor in the parlor.

Most people will be sorry that the representative animals of this continent are so nearly extinct, and it is time that the feeling of sorrow assumed a practical form in the shape of a memorial to Congress asking for some legislation prohibiting the slaughter of the few remaining beasts. There is scarcely a town or city in the country which does not annually send out its hunters to the remote haunts of the deer and bear, and other wild animals, and these hunters kill and kill, for the sole pleasure of securing antlers and pelts to exhibit to admiring friends, and, intoxicated by success, they keep on killing as long as there is anything to shoot at. The inevitable result follows: the number of game beasts in the country grows smaller year by year, and in a couple of decades or less they will all have gone to join the mastodon and pterodactyl.

So there should be a large rectangular law in force making it a misdemeanor for a man to spend weeks at the haunts of these animals, killing them for the mere pleasure of glutting an appetite for carnage. — Omaha World Herald.

HOW LUCK SOMETIMES COMES.

One Man Who Knew Enough to Stop When He had a Good Pile.

"The man who enters a gambling house expecting to make a stake is a bigger dunce than the one who sits down on a stump and waits for a cow to back up to be milked," said a sport to a St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* reporter.

"Still, lightning sometimes strikes men, and luck is sometimes found at the gambling table. In the early days of Leadville, Col., a man came there who was not addicted to gambling. He had had bad luck, was penniless, deep in debt, and had an invalid wife and four small children. It was mid-winter and the man was desperate. He pawned his coat for $2 and entered a gambling house. When he got up from the table he had $10,000 in cash.

"As he started to go out a gambler, who was running another game near the door bantered him for 'just one bet.' He crumpled up a bill and threw it on a figure marked '20 for 1.' The wheel spun round and stopped with a click at that number. The gambler picked up the bill, looked at its denomination and sprang out of his chair with an oath. It was $500.

"The man entered the place without a coat and but one day's subsistence for his family in his pocket. Two hours later he left it with $20,000. Strange to say, he made good use of the money so easily got and is now one of the most prosperous merchants of Denver.

"Ba Ba Ba Ba."

In the Chinese language the same word may be given several different meanings by the modulation of the voice. The same thing may happen to the English "yes," which may be pronounced so as to mean "I assent to that," or "I am doubtful," or "Indeed!" Professor Max Muller, in his "Lectures on the Science of Language," gives an amusing illustration of these modulations in the Annamatic language, a monosyllabic tongue spoken by the people of Tonquin and Cochin China.

In this language the syllable "ba" pronounced with a grave accent, means a lady, an ancestor. Pronounced with the sharp accent, it means the favorite of a prince. Pronounced with the semi-grave accent, it means what has been thrown away. Pronounced with the grave circumflex, it means what is left of a fruit after the juice has been squeezed out. Pronounced with no accent, it means three. Pronounced with the ascending or interrogation accent, it means a box on the ear.

Thus "Ba ba ba ba" is said to mean, if properly pronounced, "Three ladies gave a box on the ear to the favorite of the prince."

Even the beans go through a course of Browning before they are allowed at a Boston breakfast.

Experienced planters in the South now raise the male cotton plant, being thus enabled to secure the seed without the lint or cotton.

WANT OF SENSE IN HORSES.

A Doctor's Disgust at an Animal Which Left the Path.

Great learning is not always accompanied by large measures of "common sense." The celebrated Dr. Chalmers came home on horseback one evening, and as neither the man who had charge of his horse nor the key of the stable could be found he puzzled as to the best temporary residence for the animal, says *Youth's Companion*.

At last he fixed on the garden, and leading the horse thither placed him on the gravel walk. When Miss Chalmers, who had been away from the house, returned, and her brother told her he had been unable to find the key to the stable, she inquired what had been done with the horse.

"I took him to the garden," said the doctor.

"To the garden!" she exclaimed. "Then all our flower and vegetable beds will be destroyed!"

"Don't be afraid of that," said Dr. Chalmers. "I took particular care to place the horse on the gravel walk."

"And did you really imagine that he would stay there?"

"I have no doubt of it," replied the doctor, with calm assurance. "So sagacious an animal could not fail to be aware of the propriety of refraining from injuring the produce of the garden."

"I am afraid," remarked Miss Chalmers, "that you will think less favorably of the discretion of the horse when you have seen the garden."

True enough, the horse had rolled in and trampled upon the beds till they were a scene of pitiful devastation.

"I never could have imagined," remarked the doctor in deep disgust, "that horses were such senseless animals."

A retort about the surprising ignorance of a certain other order of animals must have been on Miss Chalmers's tongue, but no doubt she kept it back.

The Last of His Race.

A good story is told of a purse-proud old nobleman who was travelling through the rural districts of Sweden. In that country the people do not have quite as much respect for the titled aristocracy as in some other localities on the continent. One day this nobleman came rolling up to a country tavern, and as he stopped his carriage he called out in an imperious tone:

"Horses, landlord—horses at once!"

"I am very much pained to inform you that you will have to wait over an hour before fresh horses can be brought up," replied the landlord, calmly.

"How?" violently exclaimed the nobleman. "This to me! My man, I demand horses immediately."

Then, observing the fresh, sleek-looking ones which were being led up to another carriage, he continued:

"For whom are those horses?"

"They were ordered for this gentleman," replied the landlord, pointing to a tall, slim individual a few paces distant.

"I say, my man!" called out the nobleman to the slim gentleman, "will you let me have those horses if I pay you a liberal bonus?"

"No," answered the slim man. "I intend to use them myself."

"This to me!" exclaimed the nobleman.

"That's what I said," replied the slim man.

"Perhaps you are not aware who I am," roared the now thoroughly agitated and irate nobleman. "I am, sir, Field Marshal Baron George Sparre, the last and only one of my race."

"I am very glad to hear that," said the slim man, stepping into his carriage. "It would be a terrible thing to think that there might be more of you coming. I am inclined to think that your race will be a foot race."

The slim man was the King of Sweden.

Three Dangerous Women.

Beware of three women. The one who does not love children, the one who does not love flowers, and she who openly declares she does not like other women. There is something wanting in such, and in all probability its place is supplied by some unlovely trait. As Shakespeare says of him who has no soul for music, such a woman is fit for treason, strategy and spoils, and a woman intent on those is ten thousand times worse than any man could be, for, standing higher, she can fall lower. Men may smile and jest a little over the tenderness lavished on a baby, but after all the prattle every womanly woman involuntarily breaks into at the sight of the wee creatures is very sweet to masculine ears. It was the first language they ever knew, and in spite of the jest or smile, the sweetest on wife or sweetheart's lips. They may laugh, too, at the little garden tools, which seem like playthings to their strength, but in their hearts they associate, and rightly, purity of character and life with the pursuit. And as for the woman who does not care for her own sex and boldly avows it, she is coquette pure and simple; and one of the worst and lowest type, too, as a general thing.

O'Connell and the Witness.

Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish orator, was defending a man accused of murder. A witness swore he found by the murdered man's body the hat of O'Connell's client. Taking up the hat in court, Mr. O'Connell, looking inside, spelled out the name J-a-m-e-s.

"Did you see this name in the hat?" he inquired of the witness.

"Faith I did, when I picked it up," replied that worthy.

Instantly O'Connell, half smiling, turned to the judge.

"Your honor," he said, "there is no name in the hat."

Killed by Vanity.

"People do not want portraits of themselves nowadays," said a photographer, "but artistic pictures, wherein their blemishes are so softened that they disappear altogether. You would be surprised if you could notice the difference between the real physical characteristics of the woman who goes in, and the finished product as we place it on the counter for her in a few days, ready for some purpose of society. And men are even more fastidious. I prefer the woman customer, with all her vanities and foibles, for she is much easier to suit, provided always, we flatter her a trifle. But the men are not satisfied even with wholesale flattery. Vanity has thus killed our art."

Beware equally of a sudden friend and a slow enemy

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EXCELSIOR!

A Fall Day was going fast,
When thro' the streets a youngster passed,
Carrying as high as he could hold
A banner with this legend bold:

"Heating Stoves, Sold Right!"

And as he ran there often fell
From out his lips an awful yell,
That blanched the cheeks of all who heard
The echoes of his ringing word:

"Great Chance, Buy Now!".

"Oh, where?" the housewives eager cry;
They seize their bonnets and then fly
In keen pursuit, when lo! the boy
Led straight them all with earnest joy:

TO THE MAMMOTH STOVE STORE OF

Frank Beall
"The" Hardware & Stove Man

Sept 24

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

Tired of Waiting.

When Labouchere was a clerk in the foreign office at Washington, one day an aggressively irate countryman of the young attache with a grievance presented himself at the legation and demanded to see the British Minister.

He was shown into Mr. Labouchere's room, who with the suavity which never deserts him in the most pressing moments, explained that his excellency was not in.

"Well," said the visitor, evidently suspecting an attempt to bluff, "I must see him, and will wait until he comes."

"Very well," said Mr. Labouchere; "pray take a chair."

At the end of an hour the Britisher, still fretting and fuming, asked when the Minister would be back.

"I really cannot say exactly," the attache answered.

"But you expect him back?" the visitor insisted.

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Labouchere.

At the end of another hour the irate visitor, bouncing up, insisted on knowing what were the habits of the Minister at that period of the day. Was he likely to be in in another hour?

"I think not," said Mr. Labouchere, with an increased blandness. "The fact is, he sailed for Europe on Wednesday and can hardly yet have reached Queenstown. But, you know you said you would wait till he came in, so I offered you a chair."

During Thunder Storms.

Although many people profess to have no fear of lightning, most of us are ready to take any reasonable precautions to secure our personal safety during an exhibition of Nature's fireworks. When overtaken by a storm out of doors, trees should be avoided, and if, from the rapidity with which the explosion follows the flash, it should be evident that the electric clouds are near at hand, a recumbent posture on the ground is the most secure. It is seldom dangerous to take shelter under sheds, carts or low buildings, or under the arch of a bridge. The distance of twenty or thirty feet from tall trees or houses is rather an eligible situation, for should a discharge take place these elevated bodies are likely to receive it, and less prominent bodies in the neighborhood are those likely to escape. It is right, also, to avoid water, for it is a good conductor, and the height of a human being near the stream is not unlikely to determine the direction of a discharge. Within doors we are tolerably safe in the middle of a carpeted room, or when standing on a double hearth rug. The chimney should be avoided, on account of the conducting property of the carbon deposited in it; on the same principle gilt mouldings, bell wires, etc., are in danger of being struck. In bed we are tolerably safe; blankets and feathers are bad conductors, and we are consequently, to a certain extent, insulated. It is injudicious to take refuge in a cellar, because the discharge is often from the earth to a cloud, and buildings frequently sustain the greatest injury in their basement stories.

Angel cake that is properly made must naturally be "feathery."

The docks of London cover six hundred and ninety acres.

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

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

Have You a House
THAT IS NOT INSURED?

IF so, you want to place a policy on it to-day or to-morrow 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 wildest 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.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

It Sets People Talking.

A PERSON WHO CAN'T
HOLLER

WHEN he knows he has a good thing, is deficient in either wind or wisdom.

I Lift Up my Voice

to announce to you that I have

The Best, the Nobbiest, the Cheapest Line of Mens, Boys and Children's Suits, and Mens and Boys' Overcoats for Fall and Winter Wear,

ever shown in this county. Also, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods to suit every condition and fill every want of mankind.

I have a good thing, and I want everybody to know it.

Take my word for it only just long enough to come and see my stock for yourself; that's all I ask; there can be no risk; the people are already all talking about my low prices.

Joe L. Marx,
Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.

Oct 8

—THE—
First National Bank
of Frostburg, Md.

THIS BANK, located in the Thomas building, near the Post Office, is doing a

General Banking Business

CAPITAL.....$50,000
SURPLUS.....9,000

BERNARD STERN, President.
JOHN L. PORTER, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
A. J. WILLISON. | BERNARD STERN.
JOHN L. PORTER. | T. HUMBERSTON.
J. B. ODER.

Collections made and exchanges sold on all Eastern points. *Deposits solicited.*
Frostburg Bonds, Cumberland Bonds, and other good County securities for sale. [Jan 16

FOR SALE.

HOUSE AND LOT on Bowery street.
" " " " Centre "
" " " " Beall "
" " " " Orman "
" " " " Welsh Hill,
" " " in Grahamdon.

Titles perfect. For prices, terms, etc., inquire of JAMES KANE,
March 5 Agent.

Lots for Sale.

TWO of the finest BUILDING LOTS in Frostburg; opposite the residence of Mr. James Dando; 50 by 150 feet; the best sites for homes in that section of town; cheap at $200 each, but can be bought for much less money, with reasonable time given on a portion of the purchase money; title guaranteed. Call at the JOURNAL OFFICE,
Oct 31 Frostburg, Md.

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT
—OF—
GEHAUF & MAYER,

Where all will always find the **Largest Stock, Lowest Prices,** and **Latest Styles** of

Parlor, Bedroom, Library and Kitchen Furniture.

IN THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT our facilities are unsurpassed. We are prepared to conduct BURIALS in a most satisfactory manner. All MODERN UNDERTAKING appliances. Competent management guaranteed. Metalic, Cedar, Walnut and Oak CASKETS and COFFINS, and a full line of BURIAL GOODS always on hand, and in quality second to none. Throughout this and all departments of our business we aim to be prompt, considerate, thorough and reliable.

Prices Reasonable.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. Telegraphic orders promptly attended to.

Ravenscraft's Opera House Building,
MAIN STREET, . . . FROSTBURG, MD.

Feb 20

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

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. Turner

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