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MINING JOURNAL.

WEEKLY.
J. B. ODER, Publisher.

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Frostburg, Md.....July 15, 1893.

THE POMPADOUR CLOCK.

IT WAS VAIN AND BELIEVED ITSELF SUPERIOR TO EVERYBODY.

Its Musical Voice Resembled the Vibrations of a Harp, and the Belfry Chimes Were Second Rate in Its Opinion—Discontented With Its Environment, It Pined Until a Worse Fate Overtook It.

In the shop of a bric-a-brac dealer there was once an old clock of the time of Mme. Pompadour. It was of chiseled bronze, and was decorated from head to foot with gilt and enamelled ornaments. Its face was of silver, and its hours and minutes were marked by precious stones. The clear tones of its striking resembled the vibrations of a harp, and it struck several notes like the chiming of ancient Flemish clocks. At noon it played a fragment of a minuet. It sang its little air very sweetly, but when it had finished it was silent until noon of the next day. It had formerly belonged to very rich people. Indeed, the clock had been the queen of the prettiest salon of the time. How many beautiful ladies had been charmed by listening to it. So it was prouder than the Grand Turk. It believed itself superior to everybody, and even the belfry chimes and the great bell itself were second-rate in its opinion.

"How pretty I am," it said, looking at itself in a mirror. "Nobody in the world has an air of more elegance and distinction than I. I am sure that if the Shah of Persia should come by here he would prostrate himself at my feet."

Upon a neighboring shelf stood a collection of little Saxony porcelain marquises. They looked at the clock through their long-handled eye-glasses, and paid court to it from morning till night. It was droll to see how the clock was puffed up with pride in the presence of all the beaux. Sometimes it would tell them of the boudoirs where it had reigned, and of the beautiful powdered ladies in their brocaded silk robes, among whom it had lived.

It believed its charms eternal. "Ah!" it said, in its little crystal voice, "how weary I am of this shop! Every time this horrid old man comes to wind me up it seems to me as if the Evil One had laid hold of me. I do just hate him, with his eternal complaints of his aches and pains! What have I ever done to be stuck up among his dusky candelabra and his fusty old engravings of the time of the First Empire? They are too ridiculous, are they not?"

"And me, too," the little marquis answered.

"Do you suppose that we were born for such a fate, my dear? Never a ray of sunshine comes into this forlorn old shop!"

"Oh! it is killing, my dear, and if we did not hear your lovely symphonies, it's not much pleasure we should have in the world."

Every day the clock and its admirers would repeat this discourse.

It happened that one day the old bric-a-brac merchant fell ill. Gout took him and nailed him fast to his couch, and kept him a month of aches and groans, in the rear of his shop. December 31 came. The clock had not been wound, and it stopped. In vain it tried to move its hands, to sound its silvery chimes. It remained silent.

"Oh, oh! what is the matter with you, my dear?" asked the little marquis on the shelf. "You are so silent. Are you in pain?"

But the clock did not reply.

"Plague take the old witch!" said one of the porcelain figures. "She has bored us quite long enough with her babblings! Let her rest now; she has had her day!"

The mortified clock tried to strike, but could not make a sound.

"Come, now, don't rouse the old dowager," said the Saxony marquis, with an amused air. "It would be sacrilege to flirt with that old skeleton when we have such a bevy of pretty ladies here."

So saying, he brought his eye-glass to bear on the engravings of the ladies of the First Empire, with their short waists. They had been neglected so long that they were now all smiles and courtesies, and the friendly old gossip—the clock—was forgotten.

The poor clock became paralytic. That which had ridiculed the gouty merchant and his aches was bought by a jeweller, who took it to pieces to sell the gold and precious stones on its face and in its works. Dismantled, it was transferred to the shop of another dealer across the street, where it was thrust among rubbish on the back shelf. There remained only a few hours of life, but from the corner of its dusty shelf the clock had time to perceive the little porcelain marquis who had been so devoted to it, with his hand on his heart and his leg extended for an elaborate bow. He was blowing kisses to the ladies of the First Empire.

Society.

Mrs. T. Hyphen-Hyll will give a dinner, to be followed by a dance, on the seventeenth. Mrs. Hyphen-Hyll's residence is one of the finest in the city and she moves exclusively in the most fashionable society. Her charming daughter, Gladys Hyphen-Hyll, never eats with her knife. Her grandfather, Mr. John Hill, preferred his knife to a fork, but in real breeding he was way ahead of his granddaughter.

The engagement is announced of Miss Houray Boyse to Mr. F. Eaglebeak-Browne. The Eaglebeak-Brownes attached the final e to their name nearly ten years ago, and deservedly rank high among our most fashionable families.

The engagement will soon be announced of the Marquis de Cherche Dot to Miss Bertha Bond, daughter of Mr. James Bond, of Idaho. The marquis is a young but partially decomposed representative of one of the old historic families of France.

Mr. G. Dobbes-Flynte's new riding boots are not entirely satisfactory, as one of them is too tight over the instep. The Dobbes-Flyntes are one of our oldest families, having held on to their money for nearly three generations.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific RAILWAY.

THE popularity of the "GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE" as a Colorado line has compelled the management to increase its present splendid service by the addition of a train that is

ONLY ONE NIGHT OUT,

Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo. It is known as the "Rocky Mountain Limited," and leaves Chicago daily at 10.45 a. m., arriving at Denver in the afternoon of the next day, earlier than any of its competitors. It is

A LIMITED TRAIN,

and, best of all, no extra charge is made over the usual ticket rate; its running time speedy, and equipment will consist of but one baggage car, one chair car, two sleeping cars and a dining car.

Tourists *en route* for Pueblo and Colorado Springs can by this train go direct in sleeper from Chicago without change. Travelers will note the fact that this train leaves Chicago after the arrival of all fast trains over trunk lines from the east. The train is vestibuled. Its equipment has been built especially for it. The cars are lighted by gas and heated by steam from the locomotive.

The popularity of the "*Rock Island*"

DINING CAR SERVICE

is another guarantee that this train will secure patronage, and all passengers *en route* have this luxury through to destination over the "*Great Rock Island.*" No money is spared to make its service what our patrons always say—"the best."

The traveling public are advised that our "Big 5" will continue to run as usual, leaving Chicago at 10 p. m. daily, and arrive at Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo the second morning, being but one day out; and our No. 11 will leave at 6 p. m. daily, and *via* Kansas City will reach Denver at same hour as the "Big 5."

Tourists should remember that this is the direct line to Manitou and other important summer resorts, and by taking the

"GREAT ROCK ISLAND"

time is saved and through sleeping cars secured.

The Colorado service of the "*Rock Island*" is now made perfect by this new Limited Train and the "Big 5," and gives to travelers two flyers daily each way.

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
General Ticket and Passenger Agent,
E. ST. JOHN, Chicago, Ill.
General Manager,
Chicago, Ill. [April 8—10t

FOR SALE.

Four Desirable Building Lots

55 BY 165 feet, fronting on Washington street, and—

TWO LOTS,

same size, improved by a frame DWELLING HOUSE, situated on McCulloh street. Apply to CLAYTON PURNELL,
May 27 Executor.

John G. Dennison,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

ALL business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

Pension Claims a Specialty.

Office on South Water street, opposite the English Lutheran Church. [March 25

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

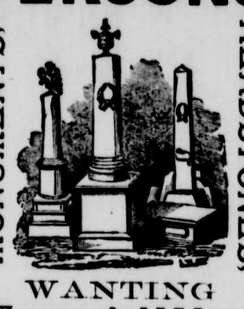
FREE!

SEND for one of our Illustrated Sporting Goods Catalogues. *FREE!* Base Ball, Foot Ball, Tennis Hammocks, Games, Croquet, Indian Clubs, Dumb Bells, Sweaters, Boxing Gloves, Books, Stationery and Newspapers. JNO. A. FULTON & CO.,
Bookstore opposite postoffice.
April 15 Cumberland, Md.

Bicycles and Watches given to Boys and Girls. Write for particulars.
AMERICAN TEA CO.
338 to 346 5th Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
May 27—1y

PERSONS

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES,



WANTING

Memorial Work

BEFORE

DECORATION DAY,

SHOULD place their orders AT ONCE with

J. B. WILLIAMS.
Feb 4

—THE—

CUMBERLAND

Brewing Company,

BREWERS and BOTTLERS
—OF THE FAMOUS—
Reingold, Erlanger,
—AND—
Export Bottle

BEER

CUMBERLAND, MD.
March 4

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

Thought He Would Do Better Presidentin' Than Farming.

The story is told that the late ex-President Hayes had for a neighbor in Ohio a testy old fellow, who ran a small truck farm, says the Detroit *Free Press.*

He was honest and upright, and Mr. Hayes held him in high esteem, notwithstanding his lack of social amenities and respect for persons.

On one of his visits to Ohio during the Presidency he passed the old man's farm and found him planting potatoes in a patch near the road. The President, being somewhat of a farmer himself, noticed some peculiarity in his neighbor's style of planting, and after a few minutes' chat, he called his attention to it, and the old man argued the point a while.

"After all," concluded the President, "I don't think you are doing it as it should be done for the best results."

The old farmer rested his arm on the fence and looked steadily at Mr. Hayes.

"They ain't neither one of us," he said, "above havin' fault found with us, but of you jest go on Presidentin' the United States your way an' I go on plantin' my way, I guess we won't be no wuss off in the end."

Mr. Hayes accepted the suggestion pleasantly and passed on.

A Dog's Luck.

Alfred de Musset, the famous French poet, was at one time conducting a canvass for election to the French Academy. Members of this distinguished body are elected to it by those who are already members; and custom requires that an aspirant shall go about soliciting the votes of members. Musset had gone from one Academician to another, and was on his way, on foot, to the house of the Count de Saint Aulaire, just outside Paris, whose vote he hoped to gain. When he almost arrived at the place a large yellow dog began to follow him; but the dog sneaked behind, and as the poet was too much wrapped in his thoughts to look round, he did not know that what was perhaps the most hideous dog in Paris was at his heels. When the poet rang at M. de Saint Aulaire's door the dog watched his chance, and as the door was opened slipped into the house. The servant supposed the dog was the new comer's, and the poet supposed that it belonged to the house.

The host and his family were warm admirers of Musset, and gave him a very hearty welcome, though they glanced askance at the horrible yellow dog, which had curled his long legs down on a beautiful rug woven by the young lady of the family as a present to her grandmother.

"Extraordinary taste in pets!" said the host to himself. "But to a great poet anything may be pardoned."

"Strange," said Musset to himself, "that an elegant family like this should keep such a hideous cur."

When, presently, the poet had been invited to remain to dinner, and the dog had promptly accompanied the family and their guests to the dining-room, the master of the house was in grave doubt whether "anything could be pardoned to a poet." The animal rushed round the table, grabbing at pieces of food, frightening the venerable grandmother almost to death, and acting like the hungry vagabond that he was.

The hostess, by way of delicate compliment to her guest, carved a large plate of food to be placed for the dog. The animal ate it in a minute's time, and galloped round the table for more. He barked ferociously when one of the family declined to give him a piece of meat that he saw on a plate. The dog's actions prevented any conversation or enjoyment of the meal. The host looked at his guest and wondered. The guest looked at his host and wondered. As the party was rising from the table the dog rushed against a servant and caused him to upset the greater portion of a set of rare and precious china, an heirloom in the family. The ladies gathered about weeping, and began to pick up the precious fragments. Something in his hostess's look inspired the poet with a sudden and fearful thought. He rushed up to the count.

"Can it be possible, sir," he exclaimed, "that you supposed that this dog belonged to me?"

"Why, of course, we supposed he was yours," said the count. "He came with you, did he not?"

"I never saw the hideous beast before!" said Musset. "I supposed all the time that he belonged to the house."

Then the animal, which had shown signs of uneasiness during the little conversation, sneaked toward the door. He was turned out; but once well outside he shook himself and trotted off with a complacent air, which seemed to say:

"Well, that's all right—so long as you didn't turn me out before dinner."

M. de Saint Aulaire voted for Musset.

"But," he said, "I shouldn't have done so if that dog had really been his."

Upon such little things do great things depend.

Russian Peasants.

Here is an amusing and strictly true incident, illustrating the character traits of the Russian peasants.

A party of peasants who had been cutting wood in a forest near Disna, and had spent all their earnings on drink, were wending their way homeward.

"Well, brethren," said one of the party, "we are a lot of bad fellows."

"How so?" asked the tipsiest.

"We have wasted our summer's earnings in brandy, while every honest man should lay by something for the winter."

All looked grave at his rebuke. Then:

"We are a lot of bad fellows, indeed," rejoined the party.

"Let us punish ourselves for our waywardness," suggested an elderly peasant; "let us inflict upon each other twenty-five blows."

The whole party assented again.

They cut sticks and began executing the self-imposed punishment. They each stripped and stoically received the stripes.

The last one of the party, however, demurred, and attempted to run away before his turn came. He was caught, and in punishment for his attempt to escape he received fifty lashes, double the number of the designated chastisement.

Hardly alive, the poor fellow was brought to Disna, where he was laid up in the hospital for some time.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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]

TO THE PUBLIC.

IF you must grow ill at times, remember that I still dispense

PURE MEDICINES

at the old stand according to prescriptions written by our good physicians. Also a full line of Standard Patent Medicines, together with Fancy Toilet Articles and Fancy Goods, Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Brushes, Window Glass of all sizes, and selling as low as the lowest. I desire particularly to call attention to my Glycerine Lotion, a preparation put up only by myself and guaranteed to cure the most aggravated case of chapped surface—either the face or hands. Try it; it is all I ask and if it does not give perfect satisfaction I will gladly lose the price asked—25 and 50 cents per bottle.

DAN. KRAPF, Jr.,
PHARMACIST.
Nov 12 Main street.

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

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

RESTAURANT.

Everything Seasonable and Fresh
Cuisine Unexcelled.

ELEGANT DINING ROOM for LADIES and GENTLEMEN on street floor. A pleasant home and place of refreshment for visitors stopping between trains.

C. Reichenbach,
RESTAURATEUR,
Nov 21 Frostburg, Md.

FOR SALE.

HOUSE AND LOT on Orman street and Houses and Lots in other parts of the town. [Feb 4] JAMES KANE.

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

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

Have You a House
THAT IS NOT INSURED?

IF so, you want to place a policy on it today 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 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.

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT
—OF—

GEHAUF & MAYER,

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

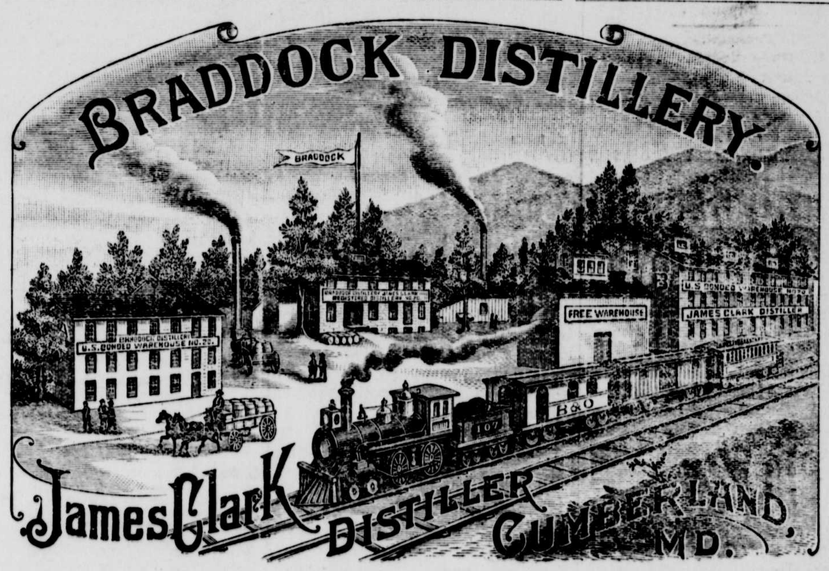
Parlor, Bedroom, Library and Kitchen Furniture.

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 attend'd to.

Ravenscraft's Opera House Building,
MAIN STREET, . . . FROSTBURG, MD.
Feb 20



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

Whiskeys, Brandies, Gins, Wines, Alcohol, &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 what Revenue Agents who have charge of our Distillery have to say regarding the purity of our goods;

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.

OFFICE BRADDOCK DISTILLERY, CUMBERLAND, MD.

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.

JAMES CLARK AND CO.,

Distillers Braddock Pure Rye,

55 Baltimore Street, - - - - - - CUMBERLAND, MD.

Price List of Braddock is as follows:

We sell our 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, 20 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 the money must always accompany your orders.*

Oct 29 JAMES CLARK & CO.