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MINING JOURNAL

J. B. ODER, Editor.

FROSTBURG, MD ..NOVEMBER 11, 1893.

The Newspaper's True Office.

Said the Cumberland *Independent* last week:

Editor Harman, of the Frostburg *Ledger*, was married on Tuesday last, and each account of the wedding we have so far noticed in an Allegany county paper was copied from the Baltimore *Sun*. What is the matter with the enterprising news gatherers, reporters and correspondents?

Next paper taken up was the Keyser (W. Va.) *Tribune*, a correspondent of which had something to say about the "enterprise of news-gatherers, reporters and correspondents," as follows:

For a long time I have thought that correspondents of newspapers are not sufficiently careful about what they write, and that papers do not scrutinize carefully enough what is written before publishing. * * * * * Papers ought to learn that the public does not want such stuff.

The JOURNAL did not copy from the Baltimore *Sun*. Its account of the wedding was, therefore, not only original, but devoid of gossippy incidentals and *in apropos* adjectives.

But the Keyser man was not offended at the *Echo's* description of a wedding. He found fault with newspaper mention of social affairs whose prominence does not warrant public mention, but which numerous papers mistakenly call "news." Many "personals" and "brevities" appear in the hash which comes from neighboring villages which are unworthy of public mention, so that it is frequently the case that there is more so-called "news" from "Never Seen" than is gathered in the place where the Scuffleburg *News* is published.

The office of a newspaper is a dual one—

1, To give all available legitimate news, and—

2, To draw therefrom for its readers morals in new ways and forcible terms.

In briefer mention—to *inform* and *instruct*, to communicate and advise, and to point out the way and lead.

Pointer in Grammar.

Some time ago the JOURNAL was successful in a controversy over the agreement of verbs in number with their nominatives.

The JOURNAL held that sometimes the circumstances altered the cases, and that the intention of the writer might properly warrant exceptions to the rule.

An instance is furnished in the following comments:

The learned Boston *Globe* headlines one of its editorials in bold, black type, "Are Politics Behind It?"

Since when did "politics" come to be plural? Politics is purely and simply the science of government.—St. Louis (Mo.) *Republican*.

But the Charlestown (S. C.) *News and Courier* comes along and says:

It depends. Sometimes politics is singular and sometimes they are plural.

And so with twelve pounds of sugar. In twelve parcels, weighing a pound each, twelve pounds of sugar are plural. In one parcel twelve pounds is singular.

When a writer states, therefore, that "twelve pounds of sugar is selling for a dollar," he is inspired by the knowledge that so much sugar is put up in one parcel, and that, "taken in the lump," it is properly singular.

Platform.

The Frostburg JOURNAL bloomed out as a democratic organ a little hastily.—Cumberland *News*.

The *News* does not read the JOURNAL aright, or does not accord it justice.

The JOURNAL is not "a democratic organ."

It is an independent labor paper, opposed with all its might to machine politics in all parties and to that cyclopean imposture upon the credulity of the people, called high protection.

It hopes to see the day when the fate of Maynard will overtake all his species, and when the people, realizing at last the true *animus* of the colossal system of extortion now preying upon their pockets, will rise, throw it off and bury it beyond the hope of resurrection.

The *News* should thank God the JOURNAL is not "a democratic organ."

If it were, it would own a place in politics that would be felt from one end of this State to the other—and beyond.

Abandoned.

The JOURNAL had prepared an article responding to Mr. Richmond's resurrected letter of Sept. 6, 1890, to be published in the event of his election. But as the poll has gone the other way, the need for further reference to the subject-matter has disappeared.

The present response was designed for those who have forgotten that Mr. Richmond's extraordinary contentions in behalf of the paramount nature of labor's demands were at the time completely overthrown.

And to promptly meet the presumption of all who might imagine that, for once, the JOURNAL was either wrong or too weak to defend an impregnable position.

And, lastly, to show workingmen how impossible it would have been for them ever to get his bottom-rail-on-top view embalmed in the Maryland Reports as an authorized opinion.

All O. K.

The *personelle* generally of the elect is good.

Of those the JOURNAL knows Judge Boyd, Senator Sloan, Register Dowden, Sheriff King, Treasurer Doub, and Commissioners Miller, Durst, etc., are firstclass men.

The county was never in safer hands.

Give All a Chance.

The causes of the result in this county given by the Cumberland *Times* are correctly stated.

It is not the province of the JOURNAL to make suggestions, except in connection with this paragraph:

The first was a very natural discontent among democrats at the retention of republicans in office.

When giving the offices out, then, for goodness' sake don't bestow nearly all upon one nationality, as was done eight years ago.

Laying the Wires.

People who imagine that Senator Sherman is for McKinley for President in 1896 should not forget that when the old gentleman caught his second breath he adopted a testamentary tone and bequeathed his sensatorial toga to the high protection Napoleon.

The toga is due to fall off Sherman's shoulders that same year, or thereabout.

Hence, it may turn around that McKinley may have to favor Sherman for President.

Why?

If Amos Cummings will amend his bill, "for the better protection of animals in transit," by adding "and for their proper classification," he can count upon the support of all those who have met hogs and other animals in parlor cars, and nearly everybody has. If Mr Cummings can compel the hogs to travel in cages he will become a public benefactor.—Salisburg (Pa.) *Star*.

The fact that hogs travel in "parlor cars" would seem to imply that hogs and editors are very rarely fellow-passengers.

Hence, why the above attempt at an envious squeal?

A Theory in Practice.

Mr. Prendergrast, of Chicago, explains that he killed Mayor Harrison because the latter promised him employment on the police force of the city and did not keep his word, nor give him any reason why?

The offence would seem to be nearly or quite equivalent to that of an employer discharging an employee without giving reasons why.

Mr. Prendergrast appears to be, therefore, an exaggerated exemplar of the modern theory alluded to—that employers must bend or break.

Too Smart for That.

In the course of his speech in Cumberland last Saturday evening Mr. Wellington inquired:

Where was the representative you elected last fall when the committee on ways and means investigated the tariff on coal? Where was he the other day when your committee went down to have the tariff on coal retained? He was nowhere to be seen, and you got the cold shoulder.

Of course, the JOURNAL doesn't know where McKaig was, but one thing is sure—wherever he was, he was not making a fool of himself.

McKaig never goes gunning for skittish game with a brass band.

A Hidden Mercy

Probably we never know when we are really doing well:

An artesian well at Schneidemuhl, Prussia, which required the efforts of several engineers to check its flow, and which threatened to inundate the town, has broken out again and is throwing forth enormous quantities of water. The foundations of the houses in the vicinity of the well have been sapped and great rents have appeared in their walls. Portions of the Kirchgasse are sinking and the people are greatly alarmed.

This is the tenor of some late news from Europe and is quoted here to show that perhaps the trans-Savage pump plan saved us from a grave that is watery.

More Candid.

Let the campaign of education begin all over again and let editor Oder open the school with prayer.—Cumberland *Times*.

The JOURNAL, which is an independent labor paper, will now and then show labor wherin it is bamboozled, not only in the matter of so-called "protection," but in other current fads?

So far ar raids upon labor's pocket go the sad result is the same, whether the raider be high tariff or the walking delegate.

The least difference between the two is—the walking delegate is not the sneak that high tariff is.

In the Interest of Justice.

People who are inquiring about "where McKaig was at" should remember that McComas was never scared until there was no danger.

With a great flourish of trumpets he called for committees of miners to rush to Washington to save coal on two occasions when it was impossible to get coal on the free list unless either a republican Senate or President agreed to place it there.

And in the case of the Mills bill—after making his big fight, backed by a miner's committee, to save coal, and claiming that he had saved it, he *spoke and voted against the bill!*

More anon.

What He Wanted.

Mr. Wellington, speaking to a ruined country in Cumberland last Saturday evening, said:

Mr. Combs, of New York, the friend of President Cleveland, said the other day that we must have free raw material, and when asked what he meant, said "*coal, lumber and pig iron.*"

"The friend of President Cleveland" is more comprehensive than the son of President Harrison.

The latter didn't care a snap for free lumber or free pig iron, but he wanted free coal, and he wanted it bad.

He wanted it so bad that he was willing to exchange farm implements therefor in Nova Scotia at prices about 30 *per cent.* cheaper than they are sold to the people here at home who are standing by our home industries, located in New England.

What We are Doing.

The Coal Trade *Journal* speaks of—

One Canadian concern which has tried Nova Scotia coal at $2 per ton and Pocahontas coal at $6 claims that the advantage was but trifling in favor of the Nova Scotia coal, even at the difference in price.

But right here in the Georges Creek coal region we are still publishing to the world by big majorities that Nova Scotia coal is just as good as "our own unrivaled product."

"Don't Run."

It should be remembered that it is not the present Governor of Massachusetts, William E. Russell, who was defeated there, but a relative. Young William E. evidently knew enough to get in out of the rain.—Cumberland *Times*.

The *Times* is mistaken. The Russells are not related. If they had been, the junior would have sung to the elder something more than is in the antique song, "Old Obadiah."

What Was the Cause?

The JOURNAL has read them all, but it thinks most of them erroneous and fears that some are secondary.

The first, prime cause was foreshadowed by Henry Watterson before the election.

It was then thought to be silver mining stock in United States Senatorial pockets.

SEMI-LOCAL NEWS.

"Fred. Durr's Luck."

Under the above caption the Meyersdale (Pa.) *Commercial* says of a well-known visitor to Frostburg:

Recently Frederick Durr, a German farmer of Pocahontas, received a cablegram from Germany that his uncle was dead and buried Three days later came the announcement that the deceased relative had left a fortune in lands and money, and Fred. Durr was his heir. The lucky man was in Pittsburg last week with his attorney and they completed arrangements with Consul Max Schamberg for claiming the property. Durr left his father's home in Germany 62 years ago and finally located in Pocahontas. He married Miss Rembolt, who belongs to an old family of this county. Durr's father acquired a fortune in land in his son's absence. When the elder Durr died his fortune was inherited by his brother, who was also rich. Frederick will come into possession of both fortunes.

Durr spoke as follows to a Pittsburg *Dispath* reporter:

My newly acquired property is located in the district of Besighelm, on the Rhine. I cannot tell what the estate will amount to, but have learned that it will make me independent. I have traveled over a considerable part of Europe and this country. For a long time I have entertained a desire to visit California, and my inheritance will enable me to gratify the desire now. Next year I will go back to the fatherland and take my little family.

Durr's fortune will aggregate over $100,000, according to the estimates which come from Germany. He is an intelligent farmer, and through thrift and industry has acquired considerable property of his own in this county.

Brevities.

Keep a lookout for the particulars of our great Thanksgiving present to all our readers.

A man who ran for office somewhere near Pocahontas said last week—"yes, I believe in God," but Titus A. Brick said to some of his friends in confidence—"well, he may, but he don't act like it."

A preacher over near Elkins, W. Va., invites his hearers to come to church, but leave their cats, dogs and prejudices at home.

There is a six-months widower in the neighborhood of New Germany who is exciting some unfavorable comment by beginning "to take notice" so early.

One of the "ideals" got to be Judge anyhow.

Republicans are so glad they are even rejoicing over the result in Virginia. For when it comes right down to the last pinch of party desire, republicans would rather see a populist scotched than a democrat.

The Election.

The people came out in considerable strength Tuesday.

The principal interest hung around the contest for Chief Judge.

The table elsewhere printed gives the voters of the Frostburg district and county totals.

Those elected were:

State Comptroller—M. deK. Smith.
Chief Judge—A. H. Boyd.
State Senator—J. M. Sloan.
House of Delegates—J. B. Stottlemyer, William Sleeman, J. H. Shuck, J. H. Jones and Hugh McMillan.
Sheriff—C. M. King.
Register of Wills—A. H. Dowden.
Treasurer—A. A. Doub.
County Commissioners—Lloyd Durst and D. P. Miller for four years; M. V. Rice, J. B. Wright and W. H. Miller for two years.
Surveyor—John Schaidt.

A few votes were cast for and against the constitutional amendment.

Outside the State the republicans carried New York, Massachusetts, Ohio and Iowa by large majorities. In Virginia the democrats won.

Journalistic.

The Rockingham (Va.) *Register* has just entered the 72d year of its publication. It was an old paper when, 34 years ago, the editor of the JOURNAL began working at its cases and presses. Then, as now, the *Register* was a power in the Tenth Legion, and the Tenth Legion no small force in the body politic of the Old Commonwealth. In typography, make-up and soundness of policy the current *Register* is almost a photographic survival of its *ante bellum* career, and to the JOURNAL as an individual a weekly reminder of two happy, profitable years spent under its roof-tree. Under such circumstances the JOURNAL feels that it is not only a privilege but a pleasure to wish the *Register* the accruing satisfactions which come with venerable years and growing profits.

Personal.

Dr. George Sloan, of Roslyn, Washington, was in the county this week. He still prospers in his far-away home.

Personal.

A few weeks ago the JOURNAL noticed the nomination of John Barton Payne, a law partner of William Brace, formerly of this county, for one of the Chicago judgeships—eight in number. It is its pleasure now to announce that he was elected--the only democrat chosen.

Matrimonial.

The JOURNAL has received a card of invitation to the wedding of Miss Bessie Rummelsburg and Mr. Henry Jandorf Sunday afternoon, Nov. 19, at 5½ o'clock, Washington hall, 761 east 166th street, New York. Henry is a Frostburg boy whom the JOURNAL would delight to honor, but the people who built New York loacted it too far from Frostburg.

Agreement.

The darkies seem to agree with the Keyser (W. Va.) *Echo*:

Rev. Sam Jones preached to the colored people at Dyersburg, Ky. After the sermon a good old sister went to him and said:

Brudder Jones, God bless you! you is de preacher for me! I unnerstans ebery word you say. You preaches jes lak a nigger! you has a white skin, but thank God, you has a black heart!

At another service held for the colored people, the preacher who offered the opening prayer asked the Lord to—

—bless brudder Jones and help him to preach; an' oh, Lawd, when he stan's before Thee undun, have mercy on him, an' take his feet outen de mirey clay, an place dem on de Rock, where hope nor mercy can never reach him.

COUNTY NEWS.

His Majority.

Hon. A. H. Boyd was elected by a majority of 181, as follows:

For Boyd	Allegany county	4023
" Richmond	" "	3805
Boyd's majority		218
For Boyd	Washington county	4410
" Richmond	" "	4330
Boyd's majority		80
" " total		298
For Richmond	Garrett county	1473
" Boyd	" "	1356
Richmond's majority		117
Boyd's majority in the circuit		181

The Coal Trade.

Shipments of coal from the mines of the Georges Creek coal region were in long tons—

For week ending Nov 4, 1893	89,282
" year to same date	3,520,558
Increase compared with last year	279,937

The latest news from the markets is gleaned as follows:

A number of vessels from the East have reached the loading ports and at the moment the soft coal trade is active. This, however, is not a criterion of the general trade. A number of season contracts has been filled now and on account of the free shipments this year consumers are pretty well supplied, making spot orders and orders for present shipment scarce. The poorer grades of coal have felt this to such an extent that shipments have been curtailed. Should prevailing conditions continue for any length of time, the best grades will be affected in a like manner.

We hear that some concerns have been cutting into their competitors' trade in certain cases where the accepted trade courtesy would seem to have forbidden such doings. Producers of bituminous coal unanimously say that there is very little profit in their business.

This being so, it would seem that there is not much room for the cutting of prices. So far as we can learn, the main line railroads are maintaining their schedule rates to all-rail and seaboard destinations, and, as miners' wages in the various districts remain unchanged, any reduction in selling prices will probably come from the pockets of the producers.—Engineering and Mining *Journal*.

The bituminous market is sympathetic with general business, which is very quiet and uninteresting. The receipts of soft coal are small, there being but little movement even on old orders.—Coal Trade *Journal*.

Brevities.

Art is making great strides, or we could no present our readers with such a handsome Thanksgiving gift as the beautiful floral panel picture which we announce in another column.

The Lonaconing *Review* claims four games played and four games won from Frostburg. The official records here show that one was half-baked; one won from Cumberland and another from a foul. And still Lonaconing was too "scareful" to play for the prize. Boys, you bladge too much and depend too confidently on making runs on fouls.

The great picture "An American Beauty," to be given to all our readers as a Thanksgiving present, as described in another column, is an instance of our enterprise on their behalf.

Great Britain is apparently having as much fun over the claims of the enemy in the Matabele war as Frostburg enjoys in considering opposition merits in a baseball scrap with Lonaconing.

When editor Robinson, of the *Star*, assimilates a spade-tail coat, Lonaconing society may well consider itself fully organized for the winter.

All signs point to a very severe winter. Corn husks are very thick; hog's melt runs jagged; the breast bone of a May goose shows spots resembling the canals of Mars; the ducks are flying in U-shaped instead of V-shaped flocks and green frogs are changing their skins and hunting quarters under Lonaconing printing offices.

The campaign is over and John Chambers gives it out flat-footed that now is a good time for Pink Whiskers of Pocahontas to file his application for a patent on a chin rest.

There is a great desire to have a party in Mt. Savage in order that the apathy of the upper crust may be broken.

The republicans who are inconsolable over the defeat of Mr. Richmond should remember that they also lost all that portion of the ticket which they put up for the democrats—Rehs, *et id genus omne*. It is a poor cloud that is not lined with silver.

Personal.

The Baltimore *American* printed a portrait Tuesday of Hon. H. W. Hoffman, of Cumberland, more than usually good. The JOURNAL hopes the distinguished subject will continue to enjoy the health which a temperate life has matured and the honors which his great ability has earned.

Dead.

Joseph Cochrane, many years ago a mining boss for the Consolidation coal coal company at Eckhart and Hoffman, died lately at Corning, Ohio, at an advanced age.

Died.

Thomas H., infant son of Edward Anderson, of Carlos, died Monday, Nov. 6, 1893, aged 6 months.

A Present Duty.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The Darkey and the Parables.

Vice-President Stevenson told the following story to a group of Senators the other night:

There was an old darky in Southern Illinois who wanted to join the ministry. He had progressed through many years of trial and tribulation, from the position of chief hog-stealer and henroost robber of the community to the mourner's bench, to membership, to a deaconate, and finally to the dignified office of sexton and chief bell-ringer of the white folks' church in the same town. He couldn't read, but his granddaughter, Lucindy, could, and he made her read to him every evening out of the Good Book. He was finally brought before the board for examination, which was conducted as follows:

"Brer 'Lias, do you know the Bible?"

"Yas, praise de Lawd?"

"Do you believe the parables?"

"Dat I do. Ever w'ud ob dem par'bles is fac's sho nuff. Gospel troof."

"Do you know any of them well enough to repeat, Bre'r 'Lias?"

"Dat I do. I knows dem all, but dat one of Potiphar and Jezebel is de trues' an' mos' powerful one ob all. Hit goes dis way. You see Potiphar was ridin' down in his charyit f'um Je'usalem into Jericho. He druv 'long lil bit w'en 'long come Jezebel. She say: 'W'ite man, gimme ride;' an' he done tuk her up behin' him in his charyit. Dey went erlong a lil furder an' among t'ives. An' dey say: 'Frow down Jezebel!'"

"An' Potiphar, he say, 'Let him amung you widout sin cas' de fus' stone.'"

"But dey say all de louder, 'Frow down Jezebel!'"

"An' finally he frew down Jezebel. But dey warn't satisfied, an' yell, 'Frow down Jezebel!'

"An' he frew her down ergin. An' den dey all yell out, 'Frow her down some mo'.' An' he frew her down seb'n times. But dey was dat mean dey warn't satisfy no how and dey kep' a hollering, 'Frow down Jezebel!' An' he frew her down seb'nty times seb'n. An' ob de remains dey geddered up seb'n basketful."—Washington *Post*.

The True Causes Tersely Stated.

Congressman Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, comes nearer the mark than any public man who has spoken of the causes of the recent popular expression in a few States:

It was simply the result of a scare among the masses. There are a lot of lunatics in the country who know nothing themselves, and were made to believe by the republican press that the threatened revision of the tariff portended evil to the working classes. Besides this, they blame the democratic party for the existing business depression, which, as a matter of fact, is a result of iniquitous republican legislation. In New York the attempt of the machine politicians to force Maynard upon the people is responsible for the result.

Trade on the Ditch Active.

The canal is still booming at Georgetown. Day by day the coal comes down, says the Washington *Star*, and day by day miscellaneous cargoes are carried back. The docks along the waterway are looking as they have never looked before, the coal men are whistling away as if they had made a million a piece and were satisfied, and the hundreds of mules employed in the transportation are looking more sleek and contented than it was thought possible a year ago mules could look.

Sure to See It.

Merchant—I wish this dry goods advertisement put in some part of the paper where the women will be sure to see it.

Editor—Why you astound me, man! When we want to print anything where the women will be sure to see it, we put it alongside of a dry goods advertisement.—New York *Weekly*.

PUBLICATIONS.

The Columbian Album.

The Pittsburg *Times*, which has a reputation for enterprise and liberality which is equaled only by its excellence as a newspaper, caps the climax with an announcement which is certain to be universally commended. It proposes to distribute among its readers, and all who will become readers of the Pittsburg *Times*, the "Columbian Album," a splendid collection of photographic views of buildings and points of interest about the grounds of the World's Columbian Exposition. There will be ten parts, each containing 16 large photographs, reproduced on fine paper and accompanied by clear descriptions. The whole will form a magnificent and enduring souvenir of the great Fair, which is at once the pride and wonder of the century. Beginning next Monday, Nov. 13th, the *Times* will print in each issue a coupon. Upon receipt of six of these coupons from different issues of the paper, and five two-cent postage stamps, or their equivalent in cash, the *Times* will send to any address one part of the "Columbian Album." All the parts can be obtained in the same way, so that at the end of ten weeks everybody who reads the *Times* can have the complete Album. The work will give its possessor who were unable to go to Chicago almost as much pleasure as a trip to the Fair, and to those who did walk up and down the streets of the White City it will be an invaluable souvenir. Look out for the Pittsburg *Times* next Monday and every succeeding day. It will give you all the news for one cent a day, and will also give you an opportunity to obtain the "Columbian Album." If there is no agent for the *Times* in your locality, you can build up a profitable business by writing to the *Times* and securing the agency at once.

Journalistic.

The Western *Trail* is published quarterly by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway.

It tells how to get a farm in the West, and it will be sent to you gratis for one year. Send name and address to "Editor Western *Trail*, Chicago," and receive it one year free.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

MY FRIENDS,

A few Words with You, if You Please.

Don't you think it time to

HUSTLE AROUND

and prepare your homes for

Winter Weather?

A GOOD

Heating Stove

in this case is a prime desideratum, and I am fully stocked to please you.

It is well worth your time to make your selection early. It is a good plan to "never put off until to-morrow" what could have been the day before yesterday.

Frank C. Beall
"The" Hardware & Stove Man

Oct 7

Stacks —OF— New Clothing —AT— WINELAND'S.

☞ No time to write an advertisement until next week. Meantime—

Come and See FOR YOURSELF.

MARX WINELAND.

Oct 7

SAMUEL J.

Edwards & Son,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers —IN—

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Satchels,

98 BALTIMORE ST., CUMBERLAND, MD.,

OFFER the finest line of Ladies, Misses and Children's **Shoes** in black, tan and red; in button boots and Oxford ties; also Men's, Boys and Youths' **Shoes** in buff, calf and Russia tan.

Mens and Boys' latest style dress **Hats**—stiff and soft.

In traveling requisites we have on our second floor an immense stock of **Satchels** and **Trunks,** prices all marked in plain figures. A visit to this department is especially interesting.

☞ You are cordially invited to call and examine our goods. Polite salesmen will take pleasure in showing you through our stock, whether you wish to buy or not. We guarantee better goods and lower prices than you can obtain at any other store.

Samuel J. Edwards & Son.

April 15

$10 PER MONTH

For 13 Months

WILL PURCHASE A DESIRABLE

BUILDING LOT

NEAR the NEW YARDS of the B. & O. R. R. in Cumberland. These Lots are 25 x 150 feet, well located and are cheap. For particulars call on or address

D. P. MILLER,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE,

CUMBERLAND, MD.

Dec 10