msa_sc5130_scm12190-0011 ©Maryland State Archives

MINING JOURNAL.

SATURDAY MORNING, JAN. 8, 1887

GOV. SEAY, of Alabama, seems to have a level head on the monument question. In his inaugural address he "questioned the wisdom of erecting monuments in commemoration of civil strife," and "emphatically opposed any expenditure by the State for a monument to the dead until the wants of the needy survivors be cared for." For this he is receiving sharp criticism from the Southern press.

THE Providence *Journal* tells of a hard-up type-setter who tried hard to go up to the composing room to see a friend. He was refused permission, and so sent up this note: "Friend ——: Please send me down a V. Yours, Sam ——." Very soon an answer came. There was a small package and a note reading: "Sam ——: You didn't say what kind of a 'V' you want, so I send you an agate lower case, that being the most numerous in my collection."

A NEWLY married Brooklyn drummer took his wife, a pretty young girl, to the theater. He excused himself after the first act, went into the lobby and tried, in an excited manner, to induce the policeman who was there to arrest "a woman" in the house. The policeman thought he had been drinking, and refused to humor him. He went back to his seat, and during the second act told his wife they would have to leave, and that he would explain later. He seemed greatly excited. In the lobby he met the policeman, and insisted that his wife be arrested, as he was afraid of her. He was escorted to the station house, his wife following, and stated there his wife had threatened to kill him, and he intened to cut her heart out and then kill himself. He is now in an insane asylum.

THE residents of the village of Riverhead, Long Island, N. Y., were thrown into a great state of excitement by the report that a large gorilla was sporting in the woods a few miles away. Gunners were chased out of the woods, leaving their guns and birds behind them in order to escape the clutches of the ugly monster. The gorilla was said to be the size of a man and kept in ambush till his prey came along. During the night belated people on the highways were brushed against by the monster, and greatly terrorized farmers were robbed of their turnips, cabbage, and other products, until finally they determined to stop it. Parties were organized and searched the woods with guns, clubs, pitchforks, and many other weapons, and after enough powder and shot to start a young magazine was wasted, the monster was surrounded while in hiding and sent reeling to the ground from a blow on the head with a club. In an instant the whole party fell upon the prostrate form of the "monster," and amid the kicks and blows cries for mercy were heard. It was then discoved that the captive was a coal-black negro, named Sam Youngs, who lives as a hermit in the woods. He had made a skin-tight suit out of some cowhide and attached a cow's tail behind. Youngs, when questioned as to what was his motive for such a disguise, said he was making a livelihood robbing the gunners and farmers. He was then cautioned by one of the farmers that if any more such pranks were played his life would not be worth much. The news of the capture quickly spread through the town and many threats were made to finish the negro.

RECENTLY a young physician of the Harvard Medical School, says the Boston *Record*, conceived the idea of playing a joke on Miss Annie Copeland, one of the lady students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and at the same time rubbing out an old score he had laid up against her. His plans were carefully mapped out, and, everything being in readiness, the lady was called upon to attend a case of fracture of the leg. Somewhat astonished, she promptly answered the summons of suffering humanity, confident in her ability to sustain the dignity of the profession she had adopted. On arriving at the residence indicated, she was surprised to find her patient to be a man about 40 years old, apparently suffering the most excruciating pains. Moving the covering, she discovered the fracture to be that of a wooden leg. Nothing daunted, and without showing any evidence of her discovery, she quietly replaced the coverings, said she must go for some splints and bandages, and would return immediately. She did so, bringing with her some small pieces of brass and brads, with which she at once prepared to repair the fractured limb. The surgical operation was performed in a remarkably short space of time, and the injury left to the healing process of Nature. She quietly gave the necessary directions, informed the man that he would be all right in a day or two, and that her bill was $25. It is scarcely necessary to say that the fee was not forthcoming, the matter being treated as a good joke. Next morning, however, Miss Copeland appeared on the scene with a constable, and, much to the chagrin of the son of Esculapius, collected her fee. It would seem that, if the young graduates of Harvard Medical School wish to get ahead of the lady students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, they would have to rise very early, and use more brass than Miss Copeland did in reducing the fracture of the wooden leg.

THE DEATHLESS CITY.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

In a long vanished age, whose varied story
No record has to-day,
So long ago expired its grief and glory,
There flourished far away.

In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure,
A city fair and wide,
Wherein the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure,
And never any died.

Disease, and pain, and death, those stern marauders,
Which mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that bright dwelling place.

No fear of parting and no dread of dying
Could ever enter there;
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying
Made any face less fair.

Without that city's wall, death reigned as ever,
And graves rose side by side;
Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavor,
And never any died.

O happiest of all earth's favored places!
O bliss to dwell therein!
To live in the sweet light of loving faces
And fear no grave between.

To fear no death-damps gathering cold and colder,
Dispating life's warm truth.
To live on never lonelier nor older,
Radiant in deathless youth.

And, hurrying from the world's remotest quarters,
A tide of pilgrims flowed,
Across broad plains and over mighty waters,
To find that blest abode.

Where never death should come between and sever
Them, from their loved apart;
Where they might work and win and live forever,
Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived in happiness and pleasure,
And grew in power and pride,
And did great deeds, and laid up stores of treasure,
And never any died.

And many years rolled on and saw them striving
With unabated breath,
And other years still found and left them living
And gave no hope of death.

Yet, lest a hopeless soul whom angels pity,
Should crave a boon like this,
Mark how the dwellers in this wonderous city,
Grew weary of their bliss.

One and another who had been concealing
The pain of life's long thrall,
Forsook their pleasant places, and came stealing
Outside the city wall.

Craving with wish that brooked no more delaying—
So long had it been crossed,
The blest possibility of dying,
The treasure they had lost.

Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals
Swelled to a broader tide,
Till none were left within the city's portals,
And graves green outside.

Would it be worth the having and the giving,
This boon of endless breath?
Oh! for the weariness that comes from living,
There is no cure but death.

Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity
Were that sweet rest denied.
And few methinks would care to find the city,
Where never any died.

UNCLE RUFUS' REVENGE.

"Dod durn dem pestiferons boys!" muttered old Rufus White, in the seclusion of the woodhouse, where, over a fire in the old cracked stove, he was cooking a disgusting looking concoction in a very disreputable black kettle.

"Doggon dem boys! I ain't had a minnit's peace o' mind sence de pair on 'em done come ter visit der uncle, de perfessah. Hit's 'ole Rufus' here an' hit's 'ole nigger' dar, till dey's putty nigh wored de berry soul outen my body. An' dey's infer ebery ting an' up to all tings, an' der uncle he dess sets an' moons an' don't pay no 'tention 'tall to 'em. Wy, dess dis yer morn'in'," he added, wrathfully, "w'at did de young scoun'rels do but kotch my ole speckle dominicker rooster an' pick him ez bar' ez yer fist. Oh, I's gwine ter git eben wid 'em, fust ting dey knows, I is, sho's yer born."

He stirred the seething mess savagely, and dropped in a decayed shoe.

"Dat's de game!" he chuckled. "Shoe water'll fix 'em, I reggin. Bully for de magic shoe water!"

The roaring fire soon reduced the old shoes, of which there were several, to a kind of a flabby pulp. This the old man presently fished out of the kettle. The contents of the pot now consisted of a dirty, brownish, stinking liquid, with an abominable taste—the magic shoe water.

"Sa-a-a-y, Uncle Rufus, are you in there?" bawled a voice, accompanied by a vigorous knocking on the door of the woodhouse.

"W'at yer want, honey?" replied the old man.

"Want to git in. You're a mean old nigger to keep us out."

"Dat's all right, honey. Couldn't let yer in befo' kaze I was a makin' sumfin mighty fine," answered old Rufus, opening the door.

The boys, a pair of young demons at best, trooped in.

"Hoo!" snorted one of them, viewing the shoe water scornfully. "Call that mighty fine? Why, it's nasty."

"Mebby hit is, honey, maybe hit is; but dat ar's de wonderfullest stuff yer ebery sced. Dat's de powerful shoe water w'at makes de pusson lucky w'at drinks hit."

"Huh! Makes 'em lucky? What is it made of?"

"Honey, co'se yer know dat hoss shoes is allus lucky. Wal, if yer takes an' cooks 'em in punk water like I's done——"

"What's punk water?"

"Wy, hit's lucky water w'ats found in holler hackberry stumps, an' hit'll dribe away spooks an' ha'nts ebery time. Wal, co'se ef hit's lucky, and I oss shoes is lucky, befo on 'em is bound ter be pow'ful lucky—ef yer drink 'nuff ob it," he added in an undertone.

"How do you make the horse shoes soft, Uncle Rufus?"

"Wy, de punk water is so strong dat hit'll solve de shoes dess ez easy ez a possum ud skin up a tree."

"Hooee!" shouted the other demon. "Gimme some shoe water, Uncle Rufus. I want to be lucky."

"Me, too!" added his brother.

"No, chillen," said the old man, solemnly, as he set the kettle with its vile contents away to cool. "Hit ain't good fer leetle boys; hit's too fine fer 'em. 'Tain't best fer childen ter be lucky, nohow."

He turned to leave the wood house, adding as he did so:

"Don't yer touch dat ar shoe water w'ile I's gone. Wouldn't have yer git lucky fer nuffin in de world. Now, min' w'at I tells yer."

As soon as he had disappeared the demons set about filling themselves as full as possible of the vile shoe water. The abominable taste and outrageous odor of the filthy liquid made the victims gag and retch, but in spite of all opposition they succeeded in absorbing nearly a quart each of the villainous liquor. When Uncle Rufus returned the kids were very white about the mouths, and were busily engaged in clasping the pits of their respective stomachs with their hands.

"Oho!" chuckled the old man, "So you've been drinkin' my nice shoe water. Didn't you know hit was stealin'? Wal, now you've got hit. I won't be mean; take some mo' shoe water, hit'll make yer lucky, sho." And, as he spoke he offered a dipper level full of the stinking fluid to each in turn. As the odor ascended their nostrils, they rose with one accord and rushed out of the building, and, a moment later, old Rufus could hear them frantically endeavoring to relieve themselves of their whole internal economy. Presently they returned, looking very pale and sick.

"Putty sick, ain't yer? Wal, done tole yer hit was too strong ter chillen."

"But, are we lucky now, Uncle Rufus?" queried one of the victims.

"To be sho yer is, chile; to be sho yer is lucky—er else yer wouldn't be alibe arter drinkin' dat ar," he added, in an undertone.

"But what would it do if Uncle Humboldt was to drink it? Would it make him lucky?" was the next question.

"Dat's w'at I'm would, an', mo' dan dat, hit would make him so libral dat he'd git yer enuy ting yer wanted."

The demons exchanged glances and slipped away.

The old darky absented himself, muttering as he departed, "Dey'll steal hit agin; I dess knows hit."

That day, while at dinner, Prof. Humboldt Mellick, deep in the mysteries of sauer-kraut making among the ancient Hindoos, poured from the coffee-pot into his cup an unsavory liquid which smelled and looked remarkably like the magic shoe water which possessed the power to make him liberal. The boys exchanged glances, and Uncle Rufus chuckled to himself.

The Professor took a liberal swallow of the stinking fluid. He started, half awakened from his day dream, and then lapsed back into his contemplative state. He took another swallow and became conscious that something was wrong.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, "that is remarkably vile coffee. Woof; whew! why it smells like a charred house!" The wise man was now thoroughly aroused.

"What in the name of all that is wonderful is this outrageous concoction, anyhow? Why it's worse than concentrated extract of skunk!"

"Uncle Humboldt, it's shoe water," meekly said one of the demons.

"Shoe water!"

"Yes, an' it'll make you liberal."

"Make me liberal? Why, you young heathens, what did you give it to me for? Answer me!"

"Why, old Rufus told us it would make you liberal, and——"

"Neber done no such ting," lied old Rufus. "Done made dat nasty stuff outen ole shoes w'at I used to tramp around de cows wid. Done made hit to kill bed-bugs wid, an' dem young rascals done gone an' gin hit to der good kind uncle. Scandlous!"

"Indeed it is, Rufus. Boys, you had better pack up and start for home directly after dinner. You are too dangerous to have around, though why you should attempt to poison me is more than I can see. Shoe water! Good heavens! Woo! I feel sick now!"

Presently he returned, after rushing out, and oversaw the boys pack hurriedly, and then sent them to the depot.

"Oh, yas!" snorted old Rufus in the wood-house a few minutes later. "Dey got der corne uppance fer callin' me nigger, I reggin."

HAPPY MARRIED LIFE.

"John," said Mrs. Marshmallow to her liege lord, as they sat at breakfast one pleasant morning; "John, some one has written a book entitled, 'How to be Happy, Though Married.' Queer, isn't it?"

"Decidedly—exasperatingly queer," replied Mr. Marshmallow. "If the book be a serious one, the effort is entirely superfluous; the author should be promptly condemned for trifling with the feelings of his fellow-mortals by raising such wildly impossible expectations."

"I didn't mean exactly that," said Mrs. Marshmallow, reflectively.

"Well, then, will you kindly explain what you did mean?" queried Mr. Marshmallow, "and I trust your meaning will prove clearer than this beverage which you miscall coffee."

"I mean that it is queer that any one should have thought such a book necessary or called for. There seems to be an apparent absurdity in the very title," said Mrs. Marshmallow, pouring her husband's second cup, and overlooking his slur upon her coffee.

"Ah—and there is just where I should differ with you," replied Mr. Marshmallow. "The world is simply yawning for such a book, could it be successfully written. But the effort will prove a vain one; the problem set forth in the very promising title you quote cannot be solved. Has it never occurred to you that the comforting assurance that in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage constitutes one of the surest foundations of eternal felicity? If Bob Ingersoll and his ilk had fully considered that text, they would never have tried to overthrow the authority of the blessed book that contains so glorious a promise."

"And yet, I have never observed signs of any remarkable haste on your part to reach that bright and celibate hereafter," suggested Mrs. Marshmallow, thoughtfully.

"Your remark is not pertinent to the discussion, and, besides, it is stale," said Mr. Marshmallow. "And I am sure that if I were to step out suddenly, you would console yourself with some other fellow; and as he, whoever he may be, has never done me any harm, I shall probably continue to sacrifice myself for his benefit."

"You are a kind-hearted man, John," replied Mrs. Marshmallow softly, "but your self-sacrifice is unnecessary. If a kind Providence sees fit to release me from my present situation, I will agree never to fall into another scrape of the same kind."

A gentle silence brooded like a benediction over that breakfast table. At length John arose. "Is there anything you want in town to-day?" said he.

"Nothing," replied his wife, "except a yard and a half of silk to match this sample—you will find it at Sawyer's—and half a dozen spools of twist of the same shade; and will you call at Steele's, and if my bracelet is mended bring that up, and ——"

"Do you take me for an express wagon?" said Mr. Marshmallow with some asperity.

"Oh, no," said his wife, "not at all, an express wagon, you know, is a great convenience. But, after all, I don't think my packages will prove half so burdensome as must have the enormous load of fish I overheard you telling Jack Springer about—the vast number of trout you caught one day last summer while we were up in Maine, you know."

Mr. Marshmallow descended the steps of his house with a wrathful bang of the door, while his wife went up stairs, humming a gospel hymn.

Who Wants War?

Not the honest, hard-working citizen.

Not the man of a family.

Not any man who loves his home.

Not any man who loves his wife.

Not any man whose mother is the world to him.

Not any man who sees his future happiness in his intended bride.

Not any pure, honest, loving woman.

Not any mother, wife, sister or sweetheart.

Oh, no! Woman's happiness depends on peace.

Who wants war?

Not any man who has ever been through a war, and faced all its perils and horrors.

No matter how brave he was, he has had his fill. The braver he was, the more willing he is now to enjoy the beauties of peace.

None of the tried heroes of the late civil conflict, wore they the blue or the gray, care to pass through the same bitter experience again.

Who want war?

Men who have lost their reputations.

Men who are anxious to make reputations at the cost of human life.

Men who have no homes, and no respect for the peaceful homes of others.

Men who have no families, or if they have, do not provide for them, or even treat them with respect.

Adventurers and thieves.

Gamblers and blacklegs.

Bullies and cowards; all these want war.

And why?

Because they well know that if war is once declared the honest citizen will be forced to leave the plow, the workshop, the desk, go to the front, and face death, while they, the thieves, bullies, gamblers, and adventurers of all kinds, will stay behind and prey on the brave citizen's home, or, if they go to the front, it will be as hangers-on in camp, to crawl like snakes on the battlefield in the dead of the night and rob their own dead.

For this they want war.—*Exchange.*

The Classical Epigram.

How full of meaning is this distich by Lord Lyttelton as an "inscription for a bust of Lady Suffolk in a wood at Stowe," says the Philadelphia *News:*

Her wit and beauty, for a court were made;
But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

And how elegant this address of Horace Walpole, "To Madam du Chatelet, when on a visit to Strawberry Hill."

When beauteous Helen left her native air,
Greece for ten years in arms reclaimed the fair,
Th' enamored boy withheld his lovely prize
And staked his country's ruin 'gainst her eyes.
Your charms less painful, not less strong appear;
We welcome any peace that keeps you here.

Dr. Jonathan Swift penned this epitaph on Dr. Thomas Sheridan:

Beneath this marble stone here lies
Poor Tom, more merry than wise;
Who only lived for two great ends,
To spend his cash and lose his friends;
His c[illegible] a long wife of him bereft,
Is only grieved—there's nothing left.

Of his own deafness Swift wrote:

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burden grown;
No more I hear the church's bell
Tuneful to ring out for my knell;
At thunder no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a cart;
And, what's more dole, black,
So now I hear a woman's clack.

During the lunacy of his latter years Swift had lucid intervals, and was then taken out for a drive. On one of these occasions he observed a new building in the suburbs of Dublin, and inquired its object. Being told that it was a powder magazine, he expressed surprise, and afterwards wrote the following epigram, which is interesting as his last known composition:

Behold a proof of Irish sense,
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defense,
We build a magazine.

George Granville wrote of the smiles and frowns of fate:

When fortune seems to smile 'tis then I fear
Some lurking ill and hidden mischief dear;
Used to frowns I stand upon my guard,
And, armed in virtue, keep my soul prepared.
Fickle and false to others she may be,
I can compl[illegible] in out of her constancy.

Reclaiming the Great Russian Swamp.

Since 1870 the Russian Government has been engaged in the great work of draining the Pinsk marshes, in the southwest of Russia, an area very much larger than Ireland. Several thousand men have been employed, and up to the present time about 4,000,000 acres have been reclaimed by the construction of several thousand miles of ditches and canals, so broad as to be navigable for large barges. Of the reclaimed district about half is ready for cultivation and the remainder is good meadow land and timber forest. Besides making the canals and ditches the engineers have built 149 bridges, bored 577 wells from 20 to 80 feet deep, and have made a survey of 20,000 square miles of country hitherto unmapped. This vast enterprise, when completed, will have effaced one of the toughest bits of savage nature on the European Continent, and is of especial engineering and scientific interest.—*Lynchburg News.*

POPULAR PRESCRIPTIONS.

[From the highest medical authorities.]

CHAPPED HANDS.—Nitrate of lead, fifteen grains; glycerine, one ounce. Apply freely three times a day.

ERYSIPELAS.—Tartar emetic, two grains; saltpeter, three drachms; water, two ounces. Teaspoonful in water every three hours.

DYSENTERY.—Deodorized laudanum, one drachm; tannic acid, two drachms; port wine, four ounces. Dessertspoonful every three hours.

NEURALGIA.—Tincture aconite root, one-half drachm; oil of peppermint, one-half drachm; spirits of chloroform, one ounce. Apply externally.

URTICARIA, OR NETTLE RASH.—Tartar emetic, one-half grain; epsom salts, one-half ounce; water, four ounces. Two teaspoonfuls every two hours.

BROOK MEASLES.—Carbolic acid, ten grains; whisky one ounce; syrup of orange peel, one and one-half ounces. Teaspoonful half hour before meals.

JAUNDICE.—Alion, one grain; wine of colchicum root, one and one-half drachms; extract of dandelion, two ounces. Teaspoonful every four hours.

GASTRALGIA.—Tincture opium, one drachm; tincture hyoscyamus, one-half drachm; cherry laurel water, three ounces. Teaspoonful every four hours.

IRRITABLE BLADDER.—Tincture gelsemin, one half drachm; bromide of potassium, six drachms; water, three ounces. Dessertspoonful every three hours.

FLATULENT COLIC.—Oil of nutmeg, one-half drachm; spirits of chloroform, one drachm; whisky, one and one-half ounces. Teaspoonful every half hour.

ASTHMA.—Iodide of potassium, one and one-half drachms; tincture Indian tobacco, three drachms; water, one and one-half ounces. Teaspoonful every two hours.

CROUP.—Tincture aconite root, one-half drachm; tincture Indian tobacco, one and one-half drachms; syrup of ginger, two ounces. Teaspoonful every two hours.

HEMORRHAGE FROM THE LUNGS.—Tincture veratrum viridis, thirty drops; tincture matico, one ounce; port wine, three ounces. Two teaspoonfuls every three hours.

GOUTY BRONCHITIS.—Bicarbonate of potash, one-half ounce; wine of colchicum root, two drachms; brown mixture, two ounces. Teaspoonful in water every three hours.

INFANTILE COLIC.—Spirits of chloroform, one-half drachm; simple syrup, one and one-half ounces; peppermint water, one and one-half ounces. Teaspoonful when necessary.

PYROSIS OR WATER BRASH.—Tincture belladonna, one-half drachm; tincture cayenne pepper, one drachm; Tarlington's balsam, two ounces. Teaspoonful every two hours.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.—Tincture ignatia, one and one-half drachms; powdered nutmegs, two drachms; fluid extract cocoa, three ounces. Teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime.

WHOOPING COUGH.—Tincture Indian tobacco, two drachms; laudanum, one-half drachm; hive syrup, one-half ounce; syrup of tolu, two and one-half ounces. Teaspoonful every four hours.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.—Tincture veratrum viridis, one-half drachm; tincture belladonna, twelve drops; tincture Indian tobacco, one-half ounce; simple elixir, two and one-half ounces. Teaspoonful three times a day.

INTERMITTENT FEVER.—Tincture veratrum viridis, forty-eight drops; sulphate of quinine, one drachm; syrup of yerba santa, one and one-half ounces; simple elixir, two and one-half ounces. Two teaspoonfuls every two hours.

The True Model Wife.

To be the loved and honored queen of a happy home, is a destiny which calls for high womanly attributes and attainments.

The model wife understands fully the duties and obligations devolving upon her. She is not a doll, to be petted and caressed only, but truly a helpmeet to the husband who has chosen her from all the world to make him happy.

Her affection is not based upon the amount of luxuries with which he is able to surround and fill her life. She is free from selfish extravagance in whatever station she may be placed, and capable of self-denial when necessary, even to the extent of wearing her last season's hat or bonnet—incredible as this may seem.

The model wife is not given to fault-finding and scolding, and she never says "I told you so." She is a true housekeeper, and by the exercise of order and womanly taste makes of her dwelling a very beautiful house, an ideal resting place for the bread-winner of her family, of whose peaceful comfort he thinks with longing and anticipation through the busy and oftentimes trying days. She does not clamor for the right of suffrage, nor neglect her family while searching for a mission, realizing that the inalienable right already is here—that of making home happy, and a high and noble mission is involved in so ordering her home life as to influence each member of the family toward a higher and better plan of existence.

She is an intelligent companion, and has a sincere and sympathetic appreciation of her husband's life, of his joys, hopes, aims, and sorrows. She is thoroughly versed in the different branches of household lore. She never places before her husband sour, heavy bread, soggy potatoes, tough, burned steak, and most unpardonable of all—muddy, overboiled coffee, under the plea that "the cook has left." She knows that a man's health and happiness depend in a great measure upon the manner in which his home is kept, and she endeavors to render him comfortable in his daily life. She is always scrupulously neat as to her own attire; she dresses in a becoming and tasteful manner, and does not consider it a waste of time to keep up her practice in music, merely to entertain and please her family. She possesses an invaluable weapon for keeping her matrimonial pathway smooth, namely: tact, a quality which many wise, good wives seem to lack utterly. Possessing this valuable trait, when her tired husband returns at evening, she does not pour in his ears a doleful recital of the day's troubles and worries, nor ask him endless questions. She understands full well that a tired, hungry man is generally slightly impatient, if not cross; she greets him therefore, with an orderly room, invitingly spread table of tempting food, some dainty surprise—his favorite delicacy perhaps—and above all, a smiling, cheerful welcome. *Mary Courrier Parsons, in St. Louis Magazine.*

The Future Range Country.

South America is the coming range country, says the *Stock-Growers' Journal*, and is destined to cut no small figure in supplying the world with meats. The grazing capacity of Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and other South American States is practically unlimited, and the only reason that more meats have not been shipped from those countries is because they have not so far been in possession of a class of cattle that would produce meat that could compete in foreign markets with the juicy products of other meat-producing sections. But this evil is likely to be remedied as rapidly as money and blood can create better animals, for the sharp-eyed Yankee and the Englishman with plethoric pocket-book have their eyes on the broad grazing grounds of this Southern continent, and soon there will be such an exportation of improved bulls to that country as never was known before in any country, and the Southern scrubs will rapidly disappear and their places be taken by better beef-producing animals. Then will the improved methods of marketing dressed meats be put into operation in the large seaport towns on a heavy sales, and South America will become famous as a source of supply for provisions. We have no reason to suppose that the grasses in those countries will not make as fine a quality of beef as the grasses of any other country in the world, and when once a good breed of cattle has taken the place of the inferior cattle now grazing there, we shall see good meats in abundance shipped from Buenos Ayres and other convenient ports. In fact, the climate conditions of a great part of South America are exactly such as would produce the most nutritious grasses, the heavy rainfalls which cause such a luxuriant growth of grass being followed by long seasons of sunshine, which cures the grass so effectually. Ere long the pampas of South America will be browsed by shorthorns and Herefords, which are looked after by Englishmen and Americans, who will also operate large dressed-beef establishments, and help to keep up the world's supply of meat.

IN August, 1886, a Gloucester schooner, the Volunteer, was struck three times by a swordfish. When the fish was harpooned it was found to weigh 300 pounds. When the Volunteer went on the marine railway six feet from the stern, near the top of the keel, the sword of the fish was found broken off in four places. The deepest penetration was ten inches.

IN her fisheries France employs 23,929 boats or vessels, with a tonnage of 162,467 tons, manned by 87,179 men.

A Put Up Job.

A young lady living in Houston, Texas, applied for a position in the public school, but was unable to pass the examination.

"I was so sorry to hear that you failed to pass your examination," said a friend.

"Yes, so was I."

"How did it happen?"

"Oh, they just asked me lots of things I didn't know. What do you suppose they asked me."

"I've no idea."

"The examining board asked me all about Socrates, Confucius, St. Peter, and a whole lot of gentlemen I never met in my life. I had never been introduced to any of them. Why didn't they ask me something about Andy Fowlkner or Dan McGary, or some of the members of the Texas Legislature? I could have talked by the hour about them. It was a put up job, that's what it was!"—*Siftings.*

THE amount of fresh salmon sold at the Billingsgate market in London last year was 4,637,400 pounds, a quantity slightly less than found its way to market in 1883, which was the largest salmon year known.

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Wall Paper.

GEORGE A. WINGERT,
DRUGGIST,
FROSTBURG, MD.,

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils,
DYE-STUFFS, FINE TOILET NOTIONS.

An Endless Variet
—OF—
Pretty Patterns.

WINDOW GLASS—ALL SIZES.

☞ Prescriptions promptly and accurately compounded.

BEALL'S BLOCK, - FROSTBURG, MD.
May 7—y

Professional Cards.

J. SEMMES DeVECMON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Jan 6—y Cumberland, Md.

Clayton Purnell,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Frostburg, Md.
Office—W. L. ANNAN'S BOOK STORE.

WILLIAM BRACE. BENJ. A. RICHMOND
Brace & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Office—No. 4, Washington St., CUMBERLAND
June 30—y

Type Foundry.

John Ryan & Co.,
Type Founders.
CORNER SOUTH AND GERMAN STS.,
Baltimore, Md.
ESTABLISHED 1855.
The Largest and Best in the South.

FOR BEAUTY AND DURABILITY their **Copper-Mixed Type has no equal.** Refer to all the leading papers of Baltimore and the State of Maryland. Furnish promptly Outfits for Newspapers or Job Offices, no matter how extensive. ELECTROTYPING A SPECIALTY. ☞ Orders receive careful and prompt attention. [Sept 29

Valuable Property for Sale.

PRIVATE SALE
—OF—
Very Valuable Real Estate.

THE "SAND SPRINGS PROPERTY," situated at the West end of Frostburg, is offered at private sale.

The improvements consist of a handsome and convenient COTTAGE, containing 10 Rooms and a good Cellar; Fountain Pump in the yard of excellent sandstone water; Coalhouse, Icehouse, Woodhouse, Washhouse and good Stabling; a TENANT HOUSE, and a LARGE

Two-Story Building.

Suitable for a Brewery, Distillery, Tannery or Planing Mill.

The buildings are comparatively new.

The lot contains 3 acres, more or less, and encloses a choice variety of Fruit Trees.

Situated at the eastern base of Savage mountain, this property would make a delightful summer residence.

☞ Title unquestionable.

Terms—One-half cash; remainder in six months with interest from date of sale.

For further information apply or write to
WILLIAM STAPLES,
Sep 29—tf Frostburg, Md.

Hat, Cap, Boot and Shoe Emp

THOMAS'
Boot, Shoe, Hat & Cap Emporiu

THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN
BOOTS and SHOES
ARE NOW DISPLAYED on my counters. Every style of **Gentlemen's Hats** and Caps at LOW PRICES.

I also keep constantly on hand a large supply of **Leather** and **Shoe Findings.**

An inspection of my stock before purchasing is requested.

TRUNKS A SPECIALTY.

WILLIAM THOMAS
Main Street, Frostburg, Md.
☞ Agent for the *Peerless Remington Sewing Machine.* [May 7—y

Groceries.

HASTEN TO BE WISE.
Don't Wait Till To-Morrow
TO GO TO ORT'S FOR
New, Fresh Groceries,
NOT the kind that have been laying on the shelf for a score of years. No need to specialize, but bend your steps hitherward and see for yourself.
Green Groceries
That make glad the heart of the housewife—the very morning they are plucked.
We Have Chiseled Down Prices
To the very bottom—and "still some."
Tobaccos and Cigars of All Grades
In the latter I have two specialties which I commend to the attention of the smoking public, namely:
The "Alma".....2 for 5 cents.
The "Ballot".....5 cents.
Call and try them. GEORGE ORT,
WEST ROOM, KELLER'S BUILDING
July 12

The "Little Gem"
GROCERY STORE
Is now in ship-shape to wait on its many friends,
JUST ONE DOOR WEST OF HARDWARE STORE.
NICE Fresh Goods at "Rock Bottom" Prices. Please give me a call and insure satisfaction. Yours respectfully,
Apr 6 FRANK C. BEALL.

DON'T FORGET
To Call on
O. D. HARTZELL
Who is Prepared to Meet You
WITH a Large Assortment of CONFECTIONERIES, NUTS,
Tobacco, Cigars,
CANNED GOODS,
GROCERIES,
MEAT and FLOUR.
Fresh Fish and Oysters
A SPECIALTY.
A HEARTY WELCOME EXTENDED TO ALL.
Next door to F. C. Beall's Hardware store.
Dec 27

Hotels and Restaurants.

SIMS HOUSE,
PIEDMONT (Baltimore & Ohio Railroad,) West Virginia.
Nov 7—y J. P. A. ENGLER, Proprietor.

KENNY HOUSE,
PIEDMONT, W. VA.,
T. KENNY, PROPRIETOR.
THIS HOTEL has one of the finest Sample Rooms on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. [Oct 8-y

FIRE INSURANCE.

A long and successful experience has enabled me to select from the great number of companies doing business in this country those among the

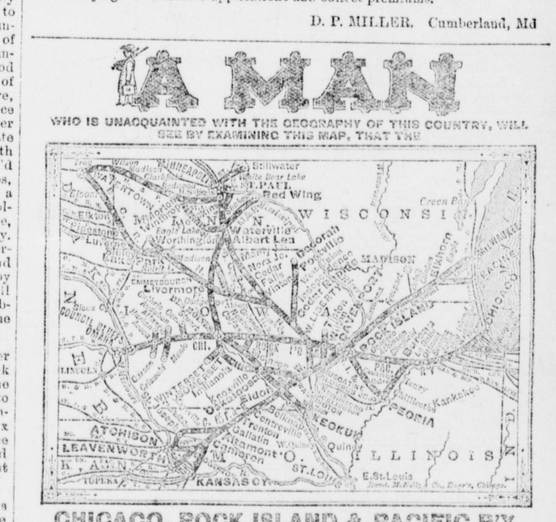
Strongest and Most Reliable,

And also to perperly Write all forms to fully protect the assured in case of loss or damage by fire. Persons in Frostburg and vicinity desiring to insure will please call upon

J. B. ODER, Frostburg, Md.,

Who is my agent to receive applications and collect premiums.

D. P. MILLER. Cumberland, Md



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequaled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached via Watertown. A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kankakee, offers superior advantages to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employes of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders—obtainable at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada—or any desired information, address,

R. R. CABLE, Pres't & Gen'l M'g'r, Chicago. E. ST. JOHN, Ass't Gen'l M'g'r, Chicago. E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt., Chicago.