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FROSTBURG MINING JOURNAL.

J. B. ODER, Editor and Proprietor. AN INDEPENDENT PAPER. $1.50 per annum—IN ADVANCE.

SEVENTEENTH YEAR.—No. 2. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1887. WHOLE No. 834.

THE JOURNAL, as all know, has not always agreed with the language, sentiment, or policy of the Cumberland *Times*.

An editorial in Wednesday's issue, however, so strongly and independently discusses a current crisis that, although our space is limited, the article for the greater part is worth re-printing. Under the heading of "The Duty of the Democratic Convention," it says:

The time has come in the history of Allegany county when it is vital that the very best men should be brought to the front and placed in charge of our local affairs. The expenses of our county government are enormous, taxes are high and the income from every form of business and property is depressed.

There is a very strong conviction among the people that their local affairs have been mismanaged. There is a very general desire for a change of men and methods in the administration of county affairs. Citizens of all classes, regardless of party, have expressed this demand, and many have urged us to advocate a citizens ticket, composed of our best men, regardless of party.

We fully appreciate the gravity of the situation and the effect it may have upon the future of the county. But we hope and trust that it will lie within the power, as it does within the province, of the democratic county convention to provide a ticket of men who can be trusted with the material interests of the community. We therefore urge upon the party the necessity for such action. If a ticket of first class men is selected, we believe many who have heretofore refused to serve in county office can be induced to do so.

Should the democratic party, however, at this juncture, fail in its duty to the people, there is every reason to think the people will fail in their support of it—and they would be fully justified in so doing. A citizens' movement, made by citizens without regard to party, on behalf of a better county government, can have but one result, the defeat of both the regular political parties. The long continued republican abuses fully deserve this, and if the democracy is now recreant to its trust it will also merit it.

The *Times*' democracy is too far above question for any to misunderstand our meaning when we say that though we love our party well, in county affairs, in an emergency like this, we love the material prosperity of our community better. If the democratic party, therefore, fails in its duty to the business community, as signally as yesterday's republican convention did, we shall not hesitate to support a citizens' movement, composed of our very best men, without regard to party, if such a movement is made, as we think it will be unless the democracy heeds well the notes of warning in the breeze.

These words foreshadow a fusion of the taxpaying elements unless the democratic party, comes to the rescue next Tuesday. This it must do, or both parties in the county will be taught a lesson that will be worth remembering.

And there is only one way for the democratic party to do the work the people demand—

1. Nominate no man simply because he wants or "needs" an office.

2. Nominate no man whose best, perhaps only qualification consists in his membership of a secret organization, or is of this or that race.

But nominate men whose intelligence, education and accomplishments fit the several offices to be filled—men whose habits and success in the conduct of their own business furnish sufficient guarantee that the people's affairs will be administered with the same discretion and effect—all without the slightest regard to association or nationality, or anything else, save perhaps some respect for a proper representation of as many communities as possible.

The JOURNAL has no hesitation in announcing that it will join the *Times* in supporting with all its force any ticket so constructed.

And if the worst comes to the worst it will sustain a good ticket made from the best men on each ticket, or, if still worse, a ticket of new men forced by the general worthlessness of all the party tickets.

THE Maryland side of the Potomac river rounded this week the two million tons point.

At the same rate December will close with an output of two millions, seven hundred thousand tons—the largest in the history of the region. "The same rate," however, is small, and the probabilities favor figures compar-atively higher.

The local evidences of a prosperous year abound on every hand. Property has increased in amount and value, business is healthy, and the people comfortable and thrifty. Whatever grievances exist are for the most part or altogether imaginary.

This happy situation may be traced to the successful establishment and conduct of the so-called pooling compact between the competing soft coal regions. This arrangement, beginning with the advance of wages to 50 cents per ton, was mainly experimental, particularly on the part of those regions which own or control their outlets to the sea. The Pocahontas field, perhaps the most independent of all, entered the arrangements late and then very reluctantly.

If the programme of the democratic party, as outlined in the nomination of the State ticket, is carried out this winter in Annapolis, next year will witness the construction of a line from our nearest competitor in West Virginia to the seaboard—a line designed to carry the coal of a foreign State over our territory into our markets. In the Elk Garden region Pocahontas will have an ally fully able to defy pools and formulate a declaration of independence based on freight tariffs they can control and rates of wages they can fix.

The issue involved in the clash of foreign with home interests is now on trial. The republican party in the selection of its legislative ticket did not last Tuesday by any means meet the crisis. Instead of nominating men able to cope with a danger of real vital concern, we have a ticket obviously pledged to secure needless ventilation laws, semi-monthly pay laws, etc.—a ticket pledged to add to the embarrassments of business in this region—a ticket nominated with no appreciation, no measurement of the mortal danger which confronts this county.

Hence the democratic party never enjoyed a better opportunity in this county to distinguish itself by putting forward at least four of the very ablest men in its ranks for the legislature.

If it does not do so, we are advised from many quarters that *the people* will take the matter up and support four, perhaps five other men, and give them the largest third of the popular vote in this county.

It can be done!

And if we mistake not the tone of the popular expression, *it will be done!*

G. ROBERT COOPER, formerly an *attache* of the JOURNAL, delivered a lecture Wednesday evening in Baltimore entitled "Among the Miners of the Cumberland Coal Fields." Among other things he said.

The Georges Creek basin commences eight miles from Cumberland and runs twenty-three miles to Piedmont. There are in twelve mining towns 15,000 people, 6,000 of whom are mine employes. Prior to 1880 their wages were good, but since that time the corporations have reduced wages so that it is hard to keep the wolf from the door. The miners get but 7½ month's work in the year.

The people whom Robert desired to flatter know better. They know that the "wolf" is not near the door. On the contrary, that they have never been able to be more generous to the tables and wardrobes of their families. They know that in the necessities of life there is absolutely not the shadow of need in a single industrious family. Their pantries are comfortably supplied and fashion furnishes the latest laws for the government of the quality, cut and make-up of their attire.

It is such deliverances as Robert's that do incalculable damage to labor itself, for no good cause can stand on falsehood. When the truth comes out in such cases it is not the "corporations" that suffer, but the inevitable reaction sets in with two-fold force against the interest of the class in whose behalf the lying is done, What labor wants in all departments of the body politic is—friends who are friends for friendship only—not flatterers, self seekers and liars.

DEMOCRATIC voters contemplating participation in the primaries this evening should be extremely careful to study the issue between the Elk Garden region and the Georges Creek, involved, as that issue is, in the continuance of the canal as *our own outlet* to the sea.

The question to be answered is—

Shall we retain the canal as a waterway for our own use and profit, or shall we vote to transfer it to the use and profit of our nearest competitor in market?

The fact that it is *on the democratic programme* for next winter to "*dispose of the canal*" *is known.* It will take heroic, herculean work to prevent it. Hence, it stands democrats especially who are opposed to the scheme (and all in this county ought to be) to set the seal of their protest against it. In no other way can they do it so effectually as in the selection of delegations who will meet the just expectations of a people whose interests are about to be destroyed—delegations who, discarding personal claims, will select five of the ablest men in the county for legislative work this winter.

THE Cumberland *Times* says Messrs. Jackson, Baughman and Whyte will be in Cumberland November 2. The JOURNAL hopes that by that day the incumbent attorney-general of the West Virgina railroad company will be able to inform the president of the canal company, for the benefit of the contemplated governor, exactly who owns the canal bonds now out, issue of 1878. "*I don't think* the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg railway owns them" is too indefinite, coming from the proposed legal link in the projected alliance, offensive and defensive between Maryland and West Virginia against Maryland.

THE Lonaconing *Review* leaves the main point severely alone.

It splutters over side issues.

If it will leave incidentals alone and give essentials a chance we may learn something.

If, for instance, it will tell us how any law touching pay, ventilation, weights, etc., can be enforced without the miners *acting concurrently as men* we will be glad to discuss its propositions.

For then we will be fully able to show that the objects of such law can be as well secured without law.

IT has been said that opposition to a new Constitution, so far as the canal is concerned, is based on the fact that it requires a change in the organic law to enable the State to destroy the canal.

But the democratic candidate for attorney-general favors a new Constitution because, without it, the the State cannot save the canal.

There is an "artful dodger" somewhere on the premises, or perhaps the woodpile circumcribes a darky.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *News* recommends uniformity in printing election tickets as a means of lessening the labor of the election officers and hastening the publication of the returns. The editor of the JOURNAL'S job office has adopted the suggestion, and candidates and voters may alike look for the daisiest lot of homogeneous and indigenous ballots that have ever been issued in the county of which Frostburg is the metropolis.

ONCE in a while a pathetic incident comes along that starts unbidden the sympathy of a community. The appended paragraph from the Oakland *Democrat* tells a laughable story in very sad style:

Considerable sympathy is expressed for Mr. Theodore F. Combs, now in "durance vile" for violating the local option law. Mr. C., who was formerly an active prohibitionist, recently, it is said, threw up a lucrative position in the Salvation Army at Westernport to engage as bar-keeper for the Farmers' Club of Oakland.

THE Garrett county democracy caught on to that fool notion, too, of conciliating a small mining vote by raising a cackle over the "Stolen Ventilation Bill." No wonder editor Fay intimates the probable call of an independent convention to rebuke the nominations of a crowd like that. A better plan would be to place Col. Avirett's foolkiller on a war footing and then let nature caper.

ONE of the democratic primary tickets for Frostburg has the bold-face injunction at the top:

"Save the Canal!"

With a cut of a boat in high feather and full speed moving along the base of a mountain range.

The opposing ticket will no doubt meet the issue with—

"Dog gone the ditch!"

No scenery.

WE have feared all along somebody would suspect something and now the Keyser *Echo* wants to know whether the Lonaconing *Review* is sympathizing with the condemned anarchists?

DONT vote against your own interests. Or, if you have no regard for your own welfare, don't vote to destroy your neighbor's.

To fool around with semi-monthly and ventilation bills, with the life of the canal in danger, is to assume the part of Nero, who "fiddled while Rome was burning."

THE republican ticket, like many before, is received with applause and hisses.

For indications as to the rest—wait until next week.

And now is the time to subscribe.

Now we know who wrote Shakespeare. It was neither Ignatius Donnelly, nor Lord Bacon, but brother Oder, of the Frostburg JOURNAL.—Cumberland *Times*.

Correct. We are also author of the "Junius Letters," and later on the finisher of "The Downfall of William Patterson."

Inshallah!

WE hardly credit the report that the companies will seek a law establishing bi-monthly pays; that is, pay every two months. Such a law, like some others proposed, will belong to the sumptuary variety, and on this account spotlessly unconstitutional.

CERTAIN dispatches announced that over one million visitors were in Philadelphia on the 17th of September. In view of the fact that the Wright's Crossing footrace was in progress about that time the number above given sounds quite impossible if not fishy.

THERE is music in the air but whether it whether it is the advance sound of to-morrow's republican convention or the echo of editor Oder's "Last Note of the Dying Swan," we cannot say.—Cumberland *Times*—Monday.

The JOURNAL is glad the *Times* has a bad ear for melody. Hope it is out of "the air," however, and all in its soul, for of such is the kingdom of those who are unfit "for treason, stratagem and spoils."

CORRESPONDENCE

LETTER FROM MICHIGAN.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Sept. 28, 1887.

To the MINING JOURNAL.

I remember that I promised the JOURNAL another letter, so I have condescended to take up my quill and give you all the information at my hands concerning this city, apologizing for the fact that I have no sketch book, "guide, or philosopher."

Grand Rapids is the second largest city in the State. Its population is steadily increasing and one of the newspapers boasts that in three years it will number 100,000 inhabitants. In proof of this the paper chronicles the birth of triplets to a fortunate father, and offers a premium to all mothers conferring such a blessing upon the community.

It is useless for me to discuss the probability of the city growing on largely, but, considering its geographical position, there is "room for more." I have come to that conclusion after a thorough survey of the suburbs, without inquiring about the number of persons likely to receive the premium for triplets.

It is next to impossible to give a proper or just description of this beautiful city, in which attempt the pen of the poet would lose its gentle flow of rhyme or ink, and would sink into the depths of languages with which I am not familiar.

Anyway you cast your eyes, as far as your vision carries, you behold unbroken columns of shade trees and beautiful cottages. The streets are laid out in good order and on all of them the beautiful homes that adorn them, with the surrounding trees and lawns, make one feel that he is in Paradise. Looking north, south, east or west, it is the same. People here do not believe in tenement house life, and build cottages with enough space surrounding them to have a "little home to yourself," which accounts for the length of the thoroughfares, some of them being five miles long. The cottages are principally Gothic, and it seems the more cupolas, side views, terraces and spires that can be got on the buildings the better they like them.

To add to the comfort of residents the streets are paved with cedar blocks ranging from three to twelve inches in diameter, and about nine inches thick. The blocks are durable and are non-conductors of the noise of passing vehicles. They will last about seven years and are not expensive. The sidewalks were formerly board, but are being rapidly replaced with imitation flagstone. The sidewalks are assuming the appearance of those in the leading parks of the country. Grass is sown on the sides adjoining the houses and streets, with the walk about three feet wide in the center. They are greatly admired.

The chief industry of the city is the manufacture of furniture. The largest factories in the world are centered here, employing from 6,000 to 7,000 men. The products are sold in all the States of the Union. Farming is also an important industry contributing to the wealth of the city. The soil is sandy.

Michigan is one of the greatest fruit-producing States of the Union, and one only needs go into the wholesale district to have an idea of the traffic in fruit. Apples are selling at 30 cents per bushel. Peaches sold during the season at $1.

The business houses are handsome, commodious structures, and have all the appearance of metropolitan business (I mean, of course, the great metropolis of Western Maryland"—Frostburg—need not feel in the least humble when metropolitan comparisons are made.)

The annual agricultural and industrial fair was held last week, giving an opportunity of showing the industry and thrift of the people. The leading merchants displayed their wares and farmers brought their sheep, cattle, horses, swine and fruit, while some did not forget to bring their sweet daughters along, who are always in style and were forcing the season with their new "had-on-for-the-first-time" summer hats. At the same time I was almost frozen under a fall overcoat. The "country girls" had everything their own way and reigned supreme in the art of "mash-making," displaying their usual refinement. It was the only successful fair in the State, and efforts are being made to have the State fair held here. On Thursday 30,000 people attended. Races every day; brass bands and patent medicine fakirs always in attendance, while the side show had the "grind organ" to enliven its patrons and annoy everybody else. The association will not permit wheels of fortune or intoxicating drinks to be sold on the grounds. So it is a poor show here for "Comical Jim," or the liquor dealers' association. I understand the latter do not ask any questions, but always *take* "water." The W. C. T. U. had a large room occupied, with a sign, "For God and Native Land," as their coat of arms, and dinner 50 cents; for other people elsewhere a quarter of a dollar. Everything is conducted on morals, not even a recreation club—except the policeman's. The peanut vender and the pickpocket were also on hand.

To give all the incidents of the fair would take too much space, so I must begin with some other subject.

The fight for the right of way franchise by the street railway company was a severe one. That organization was bitterly attacked by one of the daily papers here and defended by the rest. The company replied, opening war on the organ opposed to it. The Mayor vetoed the ordinance and the matter for the present is ended. The street railway company only "wanted the earth," but the people didn't want them to have it.

Religious circles are somewhat disturbed by the Seventh Day Adventists. One of the divines of that faith for the past 28 years has renounced it and showed why he did so in the papers. The matter is being discussed *pro* and *con.*, and now the Adventists are bombarding the town. They are in camp, consisting of about 250 tents, large and small. The siege will continue one week, which promises to be the attraction for the week.

The theatrical managers are overdoing matters. One wants to run the other out, and they are all killing themselves. The stages of the four large theatres are occupied each evening.

I took a trip to the Soldiers' Home, erected by the State for old and disabled soldiers. It is about three miles from the city and is an elegant building, not yet completed. The grounds are being laid out and when finished will be an elegant home for "the boys who wore the blue" from Michigan. The scenery along the route is similar to the country around the Johnson farm. The Grand river, which is not navigable being filled for miles with logs *en route* to the mills of this city.

There are quite a number of fine hotels here and the traffic is enormous.

The weather for "growing" purposes has not changed since my letter.

I received news that the JOURNAL has a steam press. I congratulate you.

Not wishing to delay this issue of the paper, I must close by remaining very truly, HENRY JANDORF.

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FOR SHERIFF.

FROSTBURG, MD., Sept. 29, 1887.

To the MINING JOURNAL.

If the democratic convention next Tuesday will nominate Thomas P. Morgan, of Cumberland, for Sheriff, he will poll one hundred republican votes in this town. No other democrat can do it. REPUBLICAN.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

Religious.—Trinity M. E. Church, South, Martinsburg, W. Va., Rev. J. R. Andrew, pastor, will be dedicated to-morrow (Sunday) morning by Bishop A. W. Wilson.

Rev. C. H. Butler, son of Rev. J. G. Butler, of Washington, D. C., will preach in the English Lutheran church to-morrow (Sunday) morning and evening.

At Dickerson chapel, A. M. E. Church, Rev. John H. T. Gray will preach at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. to-morrow (Sunday), October 2. Communion after evening preaching.

Rev. R. F. Bishop, formerly of Eckhart, is a candidate for an army chaplaincy.

The October Jury.—Friday afternoon of last week Judge Hoffman drew the juries for the October term of Court:

George F. Smith,	William Payne,
John H. Shuck,	William W. Porter,
John H. Drake,	Philip Blake,
Joseph Jandorf,	R. H. Whitworth,
William McMaster,	John L. Heintz,
Edward Hadra,	Tolbert Rice,
Edwin Perry,	Nathan Wagoner.
Joseph Logsdon,	Samuel Bowers,
Edward Shockey,	W. S. Hoblitzell,
Frank X. Millman,	E. D. Northcraft,
Alexander Williams,	J. P. McConnell,
Samuel Shipley,	Jacob Rawlings,
M. H. Dougherty,	Charles Keifer,
Jasper Ash,	James Muir,
Richard F. Hughes,	J. O. Jamesson,
A. L. Layman,	George W. Spangler,
William B. Lee,	Henry Kuhn,
Jesse Browning,	Fred Burgee, (col.,)
Charles L. Rizer,	Thomas Terrell,
Henry Wagus,	August L. Miller,
Dennis Dorsey,	Peter M. Rice,
Lenox M. Shryock,	James R. Day,
Leroy H. Foy,	John McCaughan,
Robert Casey,	Amos R. Dicken.

Brevities.—The members of the Literary and Recreation club at the opening of their rooms this (Saturday) evening especially desire that their lady friends should come and inspect the cozy place they expect to have this winter. While members must have their cards of admission, obtainable either of J. M. Zimmerly, or at the door, ladies can enter by virtue of their sweet faces.

The Literary, Moral and Social Society of the English Lutheran Church will hold an oyster supper in Shaffer's Hall, Oct. 15, 17 and 18 for the benefit of the church.

A very pleasant surprise was tendered Rev. John H. T. Gray at the parsonage on Monday evening last by the members of his congregation, led by Mrs. M. J. Carter and S. A. S. Jackson. The pastor tendered his grateful acknowledgements.

The JOURNAL acknowledges with thanks the receipt of a copy of McKay's "Scientific and Practical Agriculture"—a valuable text-book hitherto noticed in these columns.

An oyster supper for the benefit of the Borden Shaft M. E. Church will be held in that place Oct. 15th, 17th and 18th.

James L. Brown, of St. Louis, recently visiting his sister, Mrs. John Hitchins, had his left arm broken at Westernport. While curving the bridge at that place in a passenger train and waving adieu to relatives a bridge timber struck him.

The new press came near outdoing us last week. Everything worked hard. But this week we have reason to hope for better results. B. L. Schofield, one of the finest and most accommodating machinists we ever met, has made an important change, which promises to amend the difficulty.

Improvements.—The completion of a new addition to William R. Percy's residence is one of the notable improvements in town this year. The change, however, is rather an enlargement and rehabilitation of the old addition. It is now 26 by 32 feet and contains eight apartments, each commodious for the purpose to which it will be dedicated—library, office, dining, sitting and sleeping rooms. The winding stairways, pantry, wardrobes, closets, kitchen and washroom are all spacious and suitably arranged. Indeed the interior is a model of convenience. Floors, doors and facings have been or will be embalmed in oil and shellac, so that the color and grain of the wood will remain new, fresh and bright. In the dining room a wide fireplace reminds one of a comfortable and healthful feature of old-time provision. Including the main building the residence contains fifteen apartments, making an improvement of great importance to the comfort of the family. The house is lighted by gas and the water supply from a cistern and spring is ample. Outside, a beautiful porch fronts the new portion. The latter, by the way, is a gable front, in itself a decided acquisition. Next spring the east end of the main house will be torn out and replaced by a spacious bay window—an improvement demanded by the fine prospect which opens eastwardly from the eminence upon which the residence is situated. When this and several minor changes are made which are contemplated in house and grounds Mr. Percy will have one of the most desirable homes in Frostburg, which is saying a good deal in a town where the number of comfortable and pretty residences is growing.

The Beall, Baush & Co. building has been handsomely repainted in front.

Political.—The republican primaries last Saturday evening were quite warmly contested. Delegates to the county convention were elected as understated:

Rawlings—A. J. Hirshberger, Elijah Wingfield, Grant McKenzie, Henry A. Hudson, Harry S. Frost.

Westernport—Louis Fisher, C. F. Dayton, Wm. Byers, Clay Rizer and J. H. Hose.

Barton—James Andrews, Albion Coles, J. P. Tibbets, Anthony Reese and Ernest Crentzberg.

Lonaconing, No. 10—James Schuyler, John Miller, Alexander Stafford, John Darneley, and James G. Fisher. No. 15—James Cunningham, Elijah Gould, Charles Lynch, Alexander Dick, John Robinson.

Frostburg, No. 11—Bradley Stephens, Peter Knieriem, Alden Dougherty, (colored,) Morgan Thomas, Edward Price. No. 12—Samuel R. Myers, John McFarland, jr., Wm. W. Porter, Alex Smith, Isaac Yates.

Mt. Savage—John E. Wilhelm, James Graham, Charles Forrest, Owen Crump, Ligora Shaffer.

At the county convention Tuesday the following nominations were made:

State Senator.—B. L. Turner, of Flintstone.

House of Delegates—Gershon Anthony, of Frostburg; W. S. Fuller, of Cumberland; James A. Cunningham, of Lonaconing, and Owen Crump, of Mt. Savage.

States Attorney—D. W. Sloan, of Cumberland.

Sheriff—Otto Hohing, of Lonaconing.

County Commissioners—John Schiller, of Cumberland; Henry Creutzburg, of Barton; James T. Hartley, of Orleans; William B. Bradley, of Lonaconing and William Thomas, of Frostburg.

Register of Wills—A. H. Dowden, of Cumberland.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—Thomas Johnson and Robert Bruce, of Cumberland, and James Dando, of Frostburg.

Surveyor—John Schaidt, of Cumberland.

The democratic primaries will be held this evening in all the districts; the county convention next Tuesday.

H. Clay Swartzwelder, of Cumberland, has announced himself an independent republican candidate for the sheriffalty.

It is reported that Joseph Jandorf, of this place, will run independently for Judge of the Orphans' Court.

A Few Good Words.—"A Friend," residing in a northern State, writes:

Congratulations! You deserve something even better than a steam press. Your answers to the K. of L. catechism were able, dignified and masterly. I have never seen the vital issues involved so completely met and handled, and so briefly! My only regret is that there were not more questions. Wonder if the prohibitionists, liquor dealers, free traders, protectionists and woman suffragists want to ask any? If so, think you can answer them?

The Cumberlande *Times* gains a lien on our affections in the following neat observation:

The Frostburg JOURNAL has celebrated its seventeenth birthday by the addition of an improved new press and such other typographical properties as mark it as one of the brightest and best weeklies in the State. May it flourish as a green bay tree and its shadow never grow less!

And a Cumberland gentleman, competent in all respects to speak of journalism, writes to the JOURNAL as an individual a note which contains the following paragraph:

I trust your independent course in the JOURNAL will redound to your interest as it does to your credit. Just now the JOURNAL is the most fearless, and, as it always has been, the ablest newspaper in the county.

We value the wishes contained in the graceful paragraph below, clipped from the Lonaconing *Review*, albeit we differ concerning the necessities of the case:

The Frostburg JOURNAL last week entered upon its seventeenth year. Coming as it did from a bran new press it was a marvel of neatness. Our best wishes are with the JOURNAL, and we only hope that when another seventeen years have rolled around that it will still be here, "flinging off luminous *brochures* of thought" and giving expression to the glorious benefit of semi-monthly pay.

But listen at the Meyersdale *Commercial*. In a brief item it comprises the whole business, and its good words come to us across mountains smoothly as the rustle of a swallows' wing over the breathless bosom of a lake

The Frostburg MINING JOURNAL, one of the best, spiciest, wittiest newspapers that reaches our table, celebrated its seventeenth anniversary by the purchase of a No. 2 Campbell Oscillating press, which cost it about one thousand dollars. We congratulate our esteemed contemporary upon its prosperity. None more worthy of it than the plucky JOURNAL.