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# FROSTBURG JOURNAL.

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

SEVENTEENTH YEAR.—No. 33. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1888. WHOLE No. 865.


*New Advertisements.*

## Administrator's Notice.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Allegany county, Maryland, letters of administration on the estate of

**James V. Jacobs, deceased.**

All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof duly authenticated, to the subscriber ON or BEFORE

**Saturday, November 3, 1888.**

They may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 1st day of May, 1888. BERNARD STERN,
May 5 Administrator.

## Notice by Executrix.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Allegany county, Maryland; letters testamentary to the estate of

**John Mayer, deceased.**

All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof duly authenticated, to the subscriber ON or BEFORE

**Saturday, November 3, 1888.**

They may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are reducsted to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 1st day of May, 1888. ELIZABETH MAYER,
May 5 Executrix.

## Mortgagees' Sale of Real Estate IN GRAHAMTON.

UNDER and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage from William Hawkins and Hannah Hawkins, his wife, to Curtin M. Graham and Sarah Wright, dated the 22d day of March, 1872 and recorded in Liber No. 35, folio 547, one of the Land Records of Allegany county, default having been made therein, the undersigned will sell at

**Public Auction for Cash**

In front of the Central Hotel, Frostburg, on

**Monday, May 28, 1888,**

**at 2 o'clock p. m.,**

All the following described REAL ESTATE, to wit:

All those **Lots, Pieces or Parcels of Land** lying and being in Allegany county, State of Maryland, and known and distinguished as **Lots No.'s Thirty-Three (33) and Thirty-Four (34)** in the town of Grahamton, laid out by the said Curtin M. Graham and Sarah Wright, being the same Lots which were conveyed to the said William Hawkins by the said Curtin M. Graham and Sarah Wright by deed bearing even date with said mortgage.

SARAH WRIGHT, and
SARAH WRIGHT,
Executrix of Curtin M. Graham, deceased.
W. C. DEVECMON, Attorney. [May 5

## Mortgagees' Sale of Real Estate IN GRAHAMTON.

UNDER and by virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from Thomas J. Radcliffe and Sarah Radcliffe, his wife, to Curtin M. Graham and Sarah Wright, dated the 21st day of June, 1875, and recorded in Liber No. 45, folio 237, one of the Land Records of Allegany county, default having been made therein, the undersigned will sell at

**Public Auction for Cash**

In front of the Central Hotel, Frostburg, on

**Monday, May 28, 1888,**

AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.,

All the following described **Real Estate,** to wit:

All that LOT, PIECE or PARCEL of LAND lying and being in Allegany county, and State of Maryland, and known and distinguished as **Lot No. Forty-Nine (49)** in the town of Grahamton, together with all **Buildings and Improvements** thereon, being the same Lot or Parcel of Land which was conveyed to the said Thomas J. Radcliffe by Curtin M. Graham and wife and Sarah Wright by deed bearing even date with said mortgage.

SARAH WRIGHT, and
SARAH WRIGHT,
Executrix of Curtin M. Graham, deceased.
W. C. DEVECMON, Attorney. [May 5

*Miscellaneous Advertisements.*

## PUBLIC SALE.

THE VALUABLE REAL ESTATE known as the

**Frost Mansion Property**

Will be offered at PUBLIC SALE on the premises, in Frostburg, on

**Saturday, May 19, 1888,**

AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M.

Property is in good condition, very desirably located and exceedingly well fitted for use as a residence or for Summer Boarding. The grounds contain nearly 3 ACRES, and are improved by a THREE-STORY BRICK MANSION—Mansard roof, 17 airy apartments, and necessary Outbuildings, including a large Barn and Stable, Smokehouse, Springhouse, and Icehouse, the latter filled for next summer's use.

Property has been successfully conducted several seasons as a

**Summer Resort.**

Satisfactory arrangements for possession can be effected.

Parties desiring to examine property are requested to call on the undersigned, as it is his earnest wish to show contemplating purchasers the superior character of the construction, arrangement and finish of the Mansion.

Terms made known on day of sale.
April 28—3t N. S. FROST.

## FOR SALE.

3 VACANT LOTS in G. W. McCulloh's addition, well located. Will be sold severally, or as a whole, the latter preferred, at a reasonable price, and on favorable terms. Address JOHN W. ARNOLD,
Administrator of J. J. Arnold, dec'd.
April 28—3t Eckhart Mines, Md.

—THE—

## Frostburg Normal

WILL OPEN **JUNE 3** and continue till first examination.

The principal will probably have a competent assistant.

*Terms*—$4 if paid in advance; otherwise $5.
April 28—td J. E. J. BUCKEY.

## New Business Locals.

**The Very Thing We Want.**—Now with boiling water we can have good, clear coffee, by using the Queen Coffee Pot, in less than one minute by the clock. No eggs necessary for clearing, as the pot and appendage inside are all that is necessary for making coffee clear as crystal, and as strong as the extract of the berry will make it. It is the recent invention of a Southerner, and was never used here or elsewhere until patented lately as the Queen Coffee Pot. It is the most simple and perfect working coffee pot ever invented, and is spoken of by thousands of housekeepers as the jewel, the perfect gem, the comforter, etc. The coffee preserves its delicious flavor, retains its fine aroma, and in no case requires more than two minutes to have this most delightful beverage in all its purity. Coffee is made, and all are invited to try it, at PORTER'S COMPANY, LEVI B. PORTER, manager, one door east of Central Hotel, Frostburg, Md.

**Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.**—Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Head Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by I. C. Lambert.

**Their Business Booming.**—Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at I. C. Lambert's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted.

*New Advertisements.*

## County Commissioners' Meeting.

OFFICE OF
THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
CUMBERLAND, MD., May 1, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the County Commissioners for Allegany County will meet at their office in the Court House, Cumberland, on

**MONDAY, MAY 7, 1888,**

For the purpose of approving tax collectors' bonds and the transaction of such other business as may regularly come before them.

H. M. FULTON,
May 5 Clerk.

## REV. FATHER MILLER Warns Catholics AGAINST WHISKEY.

"THE man who presents to the world the shameful spectacle of a reeling, besotted drunkard is unworthy to be called a human being, much less a Christian and a Catholic," said Rev. Father Miller, a Redemptorist priest, at St. Mary's Catholic Church, on Third avenue, last night. Continuing he said: "Yet, notwithstanding this, the world extends palliation and charity to this most heinous offence and crime, losing sight of its direful malice and its terrible consequences in the hereafter. Its fearful commonness is the cause of this misplaced compassion, but the fact that 'everybody gets drunk,' though it may excuse him in his own and the eyes of the world, can have no effect to change the irrevocable verdict passed upon the offender by his God.

"The liquor dealer accounts his traffic not bad in itself, and talks with much appearance of innocence about its 'abuse.' He advances reasons why it should be looked upon with favor by society and the Church, and feigns surprise and indignation that he is made the object of persecution more than others who supply a want of the public. He will even lie at the holy tribunal of the Catholic confessional in order to save his abominable traffic from the condemnation of the Church.

"Such is the hold which this monster has upon society that among many who account themselves high-minded gentlemen an abstaining youth is ostracised, boycotted, so to speak, for respecting his manhood, his Christianity and his Catholicity enough to refuse to bring it down to the degrading level to which indulgence in intoxicants would lower it.

"No State laws can check the growth of this great evil while our people are allowed to goon and encourage it. The adoption and enforcement of measures to punish drunkenness as a crime alone can effect the great good that needs to be done. Godspeed the noble Judges of Pittsburg in their splendid work of restricting the sale of alcohol. If I, as priest and missionary, could stand by their side and help them, nothing would I regard as a greater pleasure or a greater honor.

"The vice of drunkenness bears upon its brow the brand of God's curse, and will receive damnation. It is a mortal sin, and should fill the soul of every true Catholic with disgust. The Holy Roman Catholic Church denounces it unreservedly, and would fain treat the drunkard as of old he was treated by the Spartans—pelt him with stones and spat him with mud, and expel him from the society of decent and orderly men. Man is God's most perfect creation. He is endowed with the threefold mental nature of intellect, memory and will, the two last of which he possess in common with the brute creation. Whatever deprives him of the first, therefore, degenerates him to the level of the animal. That alcohol does this is a universally-admitted fact. The Catholic church defines drunkenness to be the deprivation of the use of reason by the use of intoxicants, and the conduct of the drunkard will prove to any observer that the Church is right. He is an idiot, a fool and his vice is the greatest folly and the greatest madness. By his actions he attempts to overstep the limits set by God to his nature and so to become an independent creature, which no brute ever does. He therefore does not lower himself to the level of animals—he sinks below them and the expression, "beastly drunk," is a slander upon the brute creation. I never heard of but one animal getting drunk and it was a creature that went upon four short legs, was very fat, had a corkscrew tail, and whose voice was a grunt. If the irrational action of this animal will bring those of you who have done likewise any consolation—if its degradation of its nature will help you to excuse yourself for the degradation of yours—you are welcome to all the comfort you can derive therefrom.

"If I were called upon to name that section of a city where this great vice abounds I could not do better justice to its fifth and wallow than to call it a piggery, though I fear that if I were arraigned before a tribunal of pigs I should be convicted of doing their home injustice in the comparison. If you have any respect for yourselves as Christians and as Catholics abandon all drunkenness, lest you fall to a level lower than the brutes—lest you would be less true to your instincts than they to theirs—and your ambitions become too degraded to rank with those of animals.

"The saloonist who says he does not sell to drunkards lies, for it is only when a man is drunk that he can rob him. Yet they will go before a Judge and perjure themselves to obtain a license to sell the hellish stuff, and men who know that the law is being violated by them for a little money or political popularity will go upon their bonds and thus abet their crimes. And they call themselves Catholic men who violate the laws of God and the State, dare thus to profane their holy title and to bring into disrepute our sacred Church. I here declare and promulgate that they are no more true Catholics than the devil's own."—Pittsburg *Commercial-Gazette.*

May 5

ALL the JOURNAL has time to say this week anent the Lonaconing *Review's* frenzy is that its style of "good citizen" is very fortunately largely in the minority in this county. We can enjoy the forfeiture of their respect and still carry on the good work of making them subjects "meet for repentance" and finally of salvation. It was with this spirit and this object that the Mighty One said to a better organization—"O, ye generation of vipers!"

—The JOURNAL does not get the Pittsburg "Labor" *Tribune*, but it is credibly informed by last mail from the Creek that the last sentence used by the *Review* is a true copy of part of an article published in a recent number of the *Tribune*. Not content with importing villainous *law* from Pennsylvania for the goverment of Maryland institutions, it appears we must also meet in the arena of discussion the invasion of Pennsylvania literature. But the JOURNAL defies all the myrmidons of heretic labor from Powderly down to Rose. It does this with no vaunt of courage, for the Order is on the wane. The same sun which measures with reluctance the length of its impious reign over the minds and hearts of deluded men, at the expense of innocent women and children, will at no distant period pour his undecaying beams amid the ruins of an organization which had never foundation in the moral stability of justice, was never watered by the dew or irradiated by a beam from heaven—an Order unblessed by the humble prayer of man and unworshipped by the patriot heart—the dark and shapeless form, like the vision which appalled the King of Babylon—the alien to our institutions, the exotic growth of lands fertile in nothing but revolutions—to that Order the dread hand is visibly writing on the walls of civilization the doom of the nations which forget God. From its fate Americans, baptized into the liberty of His children, cannot save it and would not if they could. Let it go, the sooner the better, and let the fruitful earth, so long overshadowed by the prophecy of complete subjection to the dominion of evil, from every jubilant hill and laughing valley renew the primal promise of brighter seed-time and richer harvests to those only who live on legitimate returns from their own labor.

THE committee of five, appointed by the anti-administration Knights of Labor at Chicago last October, Wednesday night issued a circular to the Order declaring that the membership has dwindled from 702,000 down to 240,000; that Powderly's special call for funds for lecturers was really to keep the Order out of bankruptcy, and calling on the Knights to join the opposition.

Allowing Mr. Schonfarber's report of 27,000 members at one time to stand unimpeached, the same ratio of falling off would bring the numerical strength of the Order down to 923.

But here, as in every section where the organization has proven wholly unequal to the administration of its self-assured trust, the percentage of decrease has been found to be nearly 53½ *per cent.* below the average throughout the country. Now deduct 53½ *per cent.* from 923 and we have 429.2 men, or one-fifth of a member more than Mr. Mayer credited the Order with in Committee Room No. 8.

There is no doubt about it, gentlemen, the Noble Order of North America is on the "down grade," and Mr. Powderly may reverse motion and whistle "down brakes" as much as he pleases, the momentum is up—the great and guilty Order is hell-bent, and there is nothing on land, or in the sea, in the sky that can, or in heaven that is willing to save it from a wreck which shall crash louder on human hearing than any plunge of bestial empire that ever reeled from the loftiest pinnacle of monumental grandeur into the deepest perdition.

AMONG the reasons assigned by the Lonaconing *Review* for the defeat of incorporation is the following:

Not a few stated in uncertain tones that they had lived for twenty-five years in the mud and filth of Lonaconing and they could pass the remainder of their days in the same state.

The "mud and filth" are all over the place and run right up to the doors, into the houses and on the carpets, and even into the beds, to mould and fester and poison the breathing air of the house.

In the unusual name of uncommon sense, what use have such people for ventilation in mines?

If they can afford to sleep in an atmosphere pregnant with the baleful dust and deathly vapors generated by "mud and filth," what do they want with pure air currents where they are harder to get, and when the senses are least susceptible to insalubrious impressions?

Why, gentlemen, if you have escaped with your lives after twenty-five years of intimate environment by the deadliest foes of human health, your constitutions were built to last a century under the far better conditions which make these "the best ventilated mines in the world."

After this vote, and for such reasons as given, Lonaconing ought to be the last place in the region to furnish a trumpet-tongued statesman to sound hoarse criticisms of the theory and practice of mining ventilation as held and carried out here specifically and efficiently for the protection of health, life and property.

WONDER what explanation would satisfy the Lonaconing *Review?* Last week it said:

The Frostburg JOURNAL failed most signally to explain why it is so bitterly opposed to the paying of wages semi-monthly at the time when in 1880 it heartily favored the system and agreed with the *Review* that weekly payments were better than semi-monthly. If it were true in 1880 why does it not apply in 1888? The JOURNAL's inconsistency is well known, and it is a feature it will not explain.

We do not remember that in 1880 we "agreed with the *Review*" on that or any other subject.

But whether this concurrence existed or not, we do know that the miners did not then want semi-monthly payments, although the reasons were just as strong in that behalf then as now, perhaps stronger.

Now, then, when the miners explain why they did not want the system then and want it now, we will tell why we wanted it then and do not want it now.

There is little history connected with this matter with which we are familiar, and we are anxious to compare recollections with the gentlemen whose wants to-day are inconsistent with their wishes in 1880.

When it comes to the matter of "inconsistencies" there are two sides to be considered.

READ the report printed elsewhere concerning the Hoffman mine incident, sensible miners, and tell us what human law could have prevented it.

Let the men who suffered suggest an enactment that would have saved them from the danger they incurred—that would not have caught some of them sooner or later in the snap of responding to an indictment for "wilful negligence" of some sort. It is easy getting along until your own ox is gored.

Let the man who left the trap door open say what penalty would have changed his inadvertence to thoughtfulness of his co laborers.

And let every other miner make it his special business to devise a statute that will make him criminally liable for oversights, and at the same time be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Real estate is booming in this section. Prices are stiffening.—Lonaconing *Review.*

Why in the mischief, then, does not "real estate" explain? Eight years ago, like an opinion of the JOURNAL, "real estate" was "not worth a damn." Now, both "real estate" and JOURNAL opinions must be had at any price. This is a "feature" to be explained, as is a feature. It is also a side-splitting "inconsistency" of the same patent which tickles the *Review* so much that it professes to see something "amusing." Its sense of the ludicrous is keen enough to make it snort in church or chuckle at a funeral. Pope said, however, that "the laughers are a majority," and we know thereby that the *Review* was not fatally "amused." It trains with the 429.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

***Circuit Court.***—The jury in the case of Edward Dufty *vs.* the Town of Frostburg gave Mr. Dufty $205 damages.

***Council Proceedings.***—The Mayor and Council met Monday evening in special session and ordered an appeal to be taken from the Dufty damage case.

***Killed in the Mine.***—William R. Simons, miner, was killed in Eckhart slope yesterday morning by a fall of breast coal. He was about 35 years old, an esteemed resident of Eckhart, and leaves a wife and three children.

***Dialogue at Meyersdale.***—Are you Mr. A.? asked W. H. Bailey, grand, etc.

*Mr. A.*—Yes, sir.

*Mr. B.*—You live in Frostburg?

*Mr. A.*—Yes, sir.

*Mr. B.*—That was a bad job The Big 4 did.

*Mr. A.*—Well, perhaps so, but I think they can explain it.

Enter coal operator—Mr. C. O., whom Mr. B. attempts to introduce to Mr. A., but the gentlemen are acquaintances, and the Meyersdale strike becomes the next topic.

*Mr. B.*—O, give your men 50 cents a ton and put them to work on a level with the Georges Creek men.

*Mr. C. O.*—When the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company takes off the 10 cents per ton difference in freights we will agree to hand it to the men.

*Mr. B.*—Why don't you strike against the B. & O. for the 10 cents reduction in freight, then, and do justice to your men?

*Mr. C. O.*—"Strike against the B. & O.?" What do you take us for? What do you suppose a kick of the little Meyersdale region against the big B. & O. would amount to?

*Mr B.*—Well, what is the matter with the Inter-State Commerce Commission? Why can't you appeal to that body?

*Mr. C. O.*—O, now you are talking! However, we are not in that business; it is too big for us; we leave that to you, and whenever you get the Commission to compel the B. & O. to take off that 10 cents, let us know.

***Answers to Correspondents.***—"*Q.*"—Adam was the first man.

"*Citizen.*"—If the town attempts to regulate the alleys it should do so. Your neighbor has no right whatever to deposit the *debris* from his premises on your side of the alley.

"*Salmagundi.*"—The first governor of Illinois was Patrick Henry.

"*Inquirer.*"—No. There is no special impropriety in a lady who describes herself as having "baby blue eyes" advertising for a husband if there is no other way of securing one. She should by way of posteript, however, make use of the mercantile invitation—"come early and avoid the rush!"

"*Humor.*"—Mark Twain.

"*Nighthawk.*"—Several years ago the JOURNAL advised anyone finding a cow foraging at night in yard or garden to take a pocket cannon and strike out her enacting clause. A few cases of this kind would be as effective as any ordinance limiting the freedom of the cow. An ordinance, however, strictly enforced, is to be preferred.

"*A Beau.*"—Beyond all doubt the current style and expensiveness of dress is a great scarecrow to young men matrimonially disposed. It is impossible for them to learn beforehand how deep a hold dress may have upon the affections of a lady, consequently they give themselves the benefit of a doubt. In the indulgence of extravagant dress young ladies stand almost fatally in the way of their own preferment. You cannot take a safer step, therefore, than wed the obedient daughter of a good mother, care being taken also to get into a family rising in the world, not one that is declining.

"*A Miner.*"—The continuance of 50 cents a ton for this year, and most likely next, is undoubtedly due to The Big 4.

"*Epicure.*"—Artists who can cut a pie into 57 pieces of equal size are born, not made.

"*Critic.*"—The real name of "Paris" cannot, of course, be disgorged. It has been thrown up where he is nameless, his prænomen since he quit the JOURNAL having been laid on the shelf to grow rusty, like the harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed. *Requiescat in pace.*

"*Fiat Justitia.*"—No, you have no legal right to open your wife's letters. Whether she has a right to open yours depends somewhat upon the sex of the handwriting. If the superscription is of the feminine gender it is her right to—but it would be better for even her to milk the cocoanut some other way.

"*Sport.*"—Our business in weather prophecy grew too onerous for the compensation. We cannot, therefore, go into particulars, but in a general way you may be assured that it will be several weeks before you can sing with any degree of confidence:

Now let us to the picnic ground,
With pies of peach and custard,
Where divers snakes meander round
And frolic in the mustard.

"*Peacemaker.*"—Yes. Among other disagreeable men who inhabit these lowgrounds of sorrow is the private individual who is happy only when engaged in a controversy. With a newspaper it is different—for instance the JOURNAL, which is unhappy always only because it discovers now and then a man who goes wrong by expressing the belief that the laboring man is oppressed and burdened beyond the care of working out his own salvation. This sort of a reformer in our industrial system seems to be superfluous, and dangerous, too, for generally he clamors for the downfall of monopolies Fortunately, this man does not reside in Frostburg; he lives where nearly every fellow-citizen's ambition is to improve and elevate the race by chin music.

"*T-Rail.*"—That is our opinion Had the so-called ventilation bill become a law little or no coal would have been shipped from this region this year. It would have taken all the companies' time and money to comply with the law. The amendments favored by The Big 4 would have made the bill less objectionable; still, there was enough left to have the law react upon the miners with dreadful force and effect. Its defeat was a grand achievement for the region.

"*Free Lunch.*"—The author of the poem beginning as follows is supposed to be dead:

A man can write for the Piedmont *Herald*
And one can carry a banner,
But neither can keep pace with the JOURNAL
For he isn't built in that manner.

"*Patriot.*"—George Washington was the Father of His Country.

"*Pupil.*"—"Metropolis" defines the chief city of a geographical division as, for instance, Frostburg is the metropolis of Allegany county.

"*Ajax.*"—There is a great amount of pretension these days. The fact that a paper is published in the interest of labor is no proof whatever that it is what it professes. It is our solemn judgment that the JOURNAL is the best, sincerest and ablest friend of true labor in all this section of country. It is not wasting time and work upon illusive theories of what ought to be, but it is encouraging workingmen to make the most out of the facts as they exist in a field where harvest lasts all the year round.

"*Linguist.*"—"Herr" is the German equivalent for the English "Mister" For instance, our mutual friends and diplomats, Mr. Bismarck and Herr Titus A. Brick.

"*Lex.*"—The JOURNAL never entertained much opinion of itself as a poet, but the following sample is predicated upon a suggestion by this legal correspondent:

Whereas, the winter days are gone,
And divers birds are in the trees,
While sundry perfumes float along
Upon the gentle Southern breeze;
Now, therefore, let us anthems sing,
As did old David, one by one,
And make our song of current days
In praise of 50 cents a ton.

"*Farmer.*"—This year's corn should not be husked for several months yet.

"*Class Leader.*"—Our advice is—watch the brother. He will avoid church flies by a method that you would not dream of.

"*K. of L.*"—Looking at it from your standpoint it does appear discouraging. There are in this world a great many unfinished enterprises; indeed—

There are unthought thoughts
And unkissed kisses—
Sad for the boys
And sad for the misses.
But sadder than these,
It may be stated,
Is legislation
That is unlegislated.

"*Grand Bounce.*"—In the JOURNAL's judgment the young lady does not regard your suit with favor. Forget her, for there is nothing in "Love's Young Dream" so funless as unrequited affection.

"*Ventilation.*"—Take up the papers devoted to mining as a practical science and mark the inquiries for information. One publication before the JOURNAL at this moment contains discussions, questions and answers concerning "The Safety Lamp," "Atmospheric Pressure," "Ventilation," "Airways," "Setting Props," "Mechanics and Anemometer," "Setting Props and Proportion of Lifts," and "Miscellaneous Answers," and of the twenty-one topics treated not a single conundrum, or answer to one, went from the Georges Creek region. What does this circumstance prove? That there are no complications existing here to call for such learning, much less to require legislation. It is a notable fact, too, that where there is the most mining lore, the most legislation, and the most inspection, the mortality there is over three to one in this region.

"*Classic.*"—The expression is inelegant, if not wholly out of joint with *apropos.* Missouri has by some means earned the fearful appellation of "The Puke State," but to say of Lonaconing that "the dog returns to its vomit" is almost too bad for a paper that once railed at the JOURNAL as a "mud-slinger." Incorporation having been a proposed step toward godliness, it is to be greatly regretted it was not taken. But as whatever is, is right in a preponderance of cases, it would have been neater and more pious had the *Review* adopted the lines of great Massinger:

The end of my future
Devotions is—that one and the same day
May make us fit for heaven.
I'll join with you
In my vote that way.

"*Anxious.*"—The whole end, aim and purpose of the so-called ventilation bill was to place the appointment of Mine Inspector in the gift of the Knights of Labor—to levy upon the heaviest taxpayers of the county the salary of a walking delegate to be employed to annoy, harass and be-devil the aforesaid taxpayers.

"*Babbler.*"—The JOURNAL has no guage to determine the actual guilt of a thief who steals an unconstitutional bill. It is more than likely that the gentleman who took the measure out of harm's way was a public benefactor. To speak of him in terms derogatory is to picture positive evil for a probable good.

"*A Friend.*"—Wants to know our construction of the remark which completes the following notice in a Montana paper:

Mr. Charles Johnson and Miss Fanny Wes' were married by the Rev. S. Hills on Wednesday.

So far no trouble has resulted, and those best informed as to the situation say there will be none.

It would appear that a lot of pungent disapprobation of the union lurked around the happy pair, but it is more probable that the notice of the auspicious event got mixed in the make-up with that of an incipient strike inaugurated by the Knights of Labor for unavailable wages. Publishers of hotch-potch papers should be more circumspect.

"*Reminder.*"—The JOURNAL is aware that such a provision exists in the bill. It is aware also that no such thing as "wilful negligence" can exist. We might have been more careful of terms, but the hour was late when we got the information desired. The fact, however, that the bill contains provisions making certain "wilful" omissions of duty penal offences does not amount to anything. Allowing the use of the term, one of the hardest charges to prove is "wilful neglect," especially on the part of an operative. But suppose it can be established every time an injury or fatality is traceable to such cause, *the very men who want this bill are those who would themselves incur the greatest liability under it.* The company's plan at Hoffman is, therefore, better than law. A watchman has to be kept there at considerable expense to prevent some "wilful" people from tampering with the ventilation apparatus—some people who want to destroy ventilation to make excuse for the enactment of ventilation law.

"*Queen City.*"—No. One would imagine, after considering that Georges Creek, from Lonaconing down, flows into the Potomac, that the city people who drink the water would have to be dredged out monthly, or about as often as some of our boys get on their semi-monthly spree.

"*Anti-Fat.*"—The JOURNAL was guilty of a great error last week, but the people who don't know what they want, and want something they don't know what, didn't see it—ha, ha, he, he, ho, ho—whoop—ee!

"*Bildad, the Prophet.*"—Mad? We should say so. It is quivering with rage—so much so that it called its own Chicago martyrs "anarchists."

"*Remedy.*"—An excellent cure for frost bite is to get the affected part of the foot between your teeth and bite out the frost.

"*Ambition.*"—There is said to be a man living near Moscow who lies awake at night contemplating what he will do when he is elected President of the United States. He is "having a daisy time," as the boys say when and where joy goes on unconfined.

"*Paul and Virginia.*"—The sentence should now read—"whom the gods would destroy they first provide with a newspaper." The other question is still easier, though the subject is more important, and we answer in the negative. Almost any one of the guide-books, encyclopædias and lexicons is the best, but for facts concerning physics, morals, ethics and religion consult the columns of this *familien volksblatt.*