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# MINING JOURNAL.

J. B. ODER, Editor. AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. $1.50 per annum—IN ADVANCE.

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**HITCHINS BROS.**

TIES AND NECKWEAR!

We have just received a full and choice line of NECKWEAR in all styles. Our TIES are ALL MADE to ORDER and of the very best material. We have the NEWEST patterns and LATEST shapes.

Call and see them!

**HITCHINS BROS,**
**Frostburg, Md.**

Aug. 3


OUR esteemed contemporary, the Cumberland *Courier*, published an exceedingly interesting chapter last week exhibiting the startling fact that the republican sheriffs of this county had been allowed since 1872 an average of about $4,818.72 *per annum* more than the democratic sheriffs. That is to say, $85,038.58 have been paid five republican and $48,755.90 to four democratic sheriffs.

The *Courier* is good at figures. Whenever it wants to show up anything statistical it cannot be beaten. The fact is, the *Courier* turns to figures as "the hart panteth after the water brooks."

Which makes the JOURNAL yearn for a *Courier* statement showing exactly how much more registration printing costs the county under the democratic registration officers' syndicate and *Times-Courier* trust than under the old system when every registrar was his own man and got the people's work done at home.

The *Courier* does not know a whit more about the sheriff's pay than about the compensation it and the *Times* are getting for their monopoly of all the registration work, including the only work that out-of-city papers ever had any chance to get. Hence, we expect to see the new system compared with the old.

In order to prepare the minds of JOURNAL readers for the *Courier's* showing we want to state that under the ante-combine system the Lonaconing *Review* and *Star* and this paper did quite all the registration printing for the creek districts—*the only county printing*, remember, that we had any show to get. All the rest being in Cumberland was gobbled up by Cumberland printers.

But a bright idea struck deep into into two Cumberland heads—"why allow those fellows up there *anything?*" So the poor registrars were got together under a pretense that "*organization*" was necessary to their existence. At the magic word the whole kettle of fish tumbled headlong into the skillet spread for them. But for their lives some of the registrars could not tell what "organization" meant to them beyond a dollar, a dollar and a half, or two dollars out of pocket for going to Cumberland to be bamboozled by proposals that had no relevancy whatever to the real purpose.

The JOURNAL has often heard of Georges Creek gullibility when under the spell of our enchantress at the Narrows, but the instance narrated "caps the climax."

And then the work turned out by the combination is a positive disgrace to the county. Hardly a type has been set or an impression made that has justified the circulation or posting of a single bill. We could not impose such work on the poorest judge of printing in the county.

However, we are too fast. The "organization" does pay the registrars after all. The charges were raised to the highest notch, and then some, and all are uniform.

The scheme, in short, is a right good thing for the officers and two papers, but awful bad for the three out-of-town papers and the taxpayers all over the county.

"More anon."

THE JOURNAL would not reflect upon Mr. Miller in the slighest degree in commending to politicians the remarks of "Philo" upon the "non-factional" claims of candidates for public office.

But it is certain as fate that whoever poses in these days of political competition and factional friction as the friend of all rivalries and the partisan of all interests makes a mistake. "No man can serve two masters" is as true now in all spheres of action as when, divinely uttered, it stripped Pharisaic logic of all its sophistry and laid its hypocrisy bare to the bone.

So that it is probably Mr. Miller's friend, not Mr. Miller himself, who committed the error of making the plea that he is a total abstainer from factional competition.

To be so absolved Mr. Miller has probably neglected attending the primary meetings of his party—the fountain-head of all political movements—and thus omitted the most vital of all his duties as a suffragist.

But if he has regularly attended these means of political grace, how he has managed to avoid entanglement in faction is a mystery, for only something like the Australian method conceals a sovereign's *ipse dixit*.

Having so succeeded in masking his likes and dislikes it is a wonder Mr. Miller's friend wants him to go to the Legislature, where he *must* "show his hand" in every vote taken, or flunk, which is worse morally than voting on the wrong side.

Still, with all Mr. Miller's confessed innocence of bad political associations; with all his apparent lack of interest at the vital moment in his party affairs, he is a type of that large class of voters who, if they had been at the right place at the right time the Hon. James A. Cunningham might never have gone to the Legislature.

For if the JOURNAL had not known something of Mr. Cunningham's value as a legislator for all the people "Philo's" confession for him would have answered.

We have it stated that he—

—sacrificed his all in a vain attempt to conscientiously carry out the instructions of his constituents.

Now, if Mr. Miller be too modest for a legislator, was not Mr. Cunningham too bold in mistaking the *dictum* of a faction for "the instructions of his constituents?" Was he not straining things when he avowedly represented nobody but the miners of George's Creek? As a class legislator was he not a factionist run mad?

It is very certain that had Mr. Cunningham's "instructions" been in issue at the polls he would not have gone to the Legislature. Even the blindness of "voting for party" would not have saved him.

"Philo" and his friends, it is hoped, will look out for somebody who will go to Annapolis and represent *all* interests, for the county does not belong to any class. The people want no martyrs nor martyrdom without the kind of blood which becomes the seed of the church.

IN our present school curriculum the tree of knowledge has so many branches that the teacher needs a saw more than he needs a spade.—Baltimore *American*.

True as the gospel.

It is also true according to the law, for the latter never contemplated more than a mastery of the elements of a good common school education.

For this there are plenty good teachers to earn good pay.

For the embroidery introduced by crochetists there is no provision and ought to be no employment.

It was this consideration that induced those who enacted the school law to say to the people:

We lay the foundation and uprear the structure of a goodly education. None may subtract therefrom but whosoever will, let him add thereto according to *his own* ability.

THE flimsy claims of New York to the World's Fair in 1892 have been a source of encouragement to, and an invitation for other cities to enter the race with quite as good if not decidedly better inducements than Gotham can offer. Chicago now comes in with her "abundant room" story, St. Louis, San Francisco and Bro. Oder's "city on the hill" yet to hear from.—Cumberland *Times*.

Yes, sir, Frostburg has more room for a show of that size than the *Times* can shake a stick at.

But why is Cumberland silent? Why the chastened spirit of reserve which beclouds her own super-eminent claims to all the distinctions *en route* to a happy land?

Is it a blessed paralytic stroke of distressing virtue?

Or is the Lord more in love than usual with one of His peevish, greedy children?

THE Oakland papers contain letters eulogistic of H. P. Tasker as a proper candidate for the House of Delegates.

Outside of all political considerations, but solely from a business point of view it would seem to be a good thing for both Garrett and Allegany counties for the former to send him to Annapolis next winter. No other man is half so well equipped to draft a measure to fix the boundary absolutely and thus save to both counties assessments of properties that are now playing "hide and seek" across an uncertain line.

AFTER an absence of several weeks the JOURNAL returns a little rusty in county politics.

But a little insight to a little game that is playing persuades the great paper that for our esteemed friends, the Knights of Labor, things look a little Kilkainsh.

IN eleven years from this time we shall be living in the 20th century of the Christian era.—Lonaconing *Star*.

The JOURNAL hopes so. Rather than have the *Star* take any risk we would say at least 12 instead of "11."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### IN THE NORTHWEST.

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, July 9, 1889.

To the MINING JOURNAL.

The rapids and falls of The Dalles, extending several miles, are a series of rock ledges of igneous origin. Reckoning up stream, they are sub-divided into The Dalles and The Little Dalles. On the former the long ledges, which for a considerable distance confine the channel, suddenly concentrate the great current into a volume one-third the river's width. The tops of the perpendicular walls, on either side, 500 feet apart, are 20 feet above water level, and so great is the weight of the water which plunges between them that possibly no plummet-line can fathom its depth.

July 6, Butte, 74 miles southwest of Helena, *via* the Montana Central railroad, was visited. Butte is a city of perhaps 28,000 people, of whom 4,700 men are engaged underground.

To the kind courtesy of J. E. Dawson, general manager of the Montana Central railroad, the JOURNAL is indebted for the pleasure derived from an exploration of the works of the "Alice" mine. From the main lode here the branches spring as the fingers from the human hand. The former is 58 feet wide at the 1,000 foot level; at the top over 100. Four parallel veins of gold and silver are worked. The shaft is 1,000 feet deep. Sunk vertically through ledges with an inclination of 72°, it diverges at bottom into a corresponding inclinal 250 feet from that in which it began. The hoisting equipment is an array of massive machinery, erected to work a depth of three times 1,000 feet. The timbers in the frame which forms the fulcrum for the tremendous weight handled are 24x24 inches, and 60 feet long. An engine of 250-horse power is employed in hoisting from the present working level, while a colossal Corliss "pumper," capable of raising 500 gallons a minute from a depth of 1,500 feet, keeps the mine free of water. In the same building is an immense air-compressor for running the mine drill. W. E. Hall, evidently a competent man, is the clever superintendent of these great works.

A single mine is in general a type of all in the same line of development. There are no differences in essentials, and but few in "dispensables." So with smelters, and Mr. Dawson kindly obtained permission to pilot the JOURNAL through the "Parrot," where we watched the processes of eliminating copper from the ore from the sledge to the "poured pig," all of which involved an immense series of heavy machines, much fuel, and hot work for the men engaged. This work is continuous—day and night, Sunday included. The wages are good and men contented.

Butte miners make from $3.50 to $4.50 per day, and expenses of living may be rated upon the price of board for single men, which ranges from $35 to $45 per month.

These people are mainly Cornishmen and Irishmen, very many of whom own the dwellings they occupy. In cleanliness and neatness their premises excel those of any miners we have ever seen.

Butte ought to be a haven for unmarried ladies, the ratio of men to respectable women being reported at 10 to 1.

Butte is 5,482 feet above tide, nearly twice as high as Dan's Rock, hence, while many days are warm, the sleeper at night always finds luxury in a heavy blanket. The name of the city is pronounced like "beauty," *minus* the "y."

We should return and say that the route of the Montana Central railroad from Helena is one of the most picturesque in the West. Shortly after leaving Helena the locomotive labors up the gradual ascent of 1,512 feet to the "Continental Divide." Later it tunnels a ridge and traverses a long curve 7 miles to Butte, 868 feet below the summit level.

Boulder is a pretty town *en route*.

The hills are being rapidly denuded of pine, which is consumed by the Anaconda smelter at "Andy Condy," as a solid citizen informed the JOURNAL, at the rate of 130,000 cords annually, besides 40,000 tons of coal.

On the train was a young Methodist minister who had doubtless attended the conference at Helena, then in session, Bishop Goodsell presiding. Like nearly all his brothers that we saw, he wore a clean linen "duster." With an appointment to fill next day, perhaps, he rehearsed the manuscript sermon in his hands so earnestly that many portions were audible, and not devoid of experimental gesture.

Arriving at Butte, the JOURNAL set out on its own account to find a hotel. The first man met—a young, stalwart fellow—at the time mistaking the great paper for an individual, said:

"Stranger, I'm in hard luck; no work and no bread has about played me down to slag. Your assessment is 25 cents cents, and I'm sorry for you, but I must be rebuilt; so out with a "shiner" for an elegant collation rated at 1 for a dollar!"

This was said very rapidly, but not too rapidly for us to take it down shorthand on the tablet of memory. The JOURNAL "shook" the saucy mendicant with a piece of impudence which turned out not to be a misfit. Adopting literally the language of Dan. Lewis on a similar occasion, it said:

"Well, if you are hungry and have nothing to buy no bread with, why in the mischief don't you eat cakes?"

Presently the preacher overtook the JOURNAL. Asked he:

"How did you dispose of that fellow?"

We told him.

"Well," said he, "I'm a quarter out. From his savage manner I couldn't tell what he meant to do if he failed to get the money."

From all points south of the city the figures "311," imbedded in the hillside on which Butte is built, are visible. They were made by digging a trench for each figure 40 feet long and filling it with white stone. No stranger visits the city but inquires what they represent. The answer furnishes an advertisement of one of the most enterprising business firms whose street number is "311."

This hill is one of the richest in the world. Perforated with shafts and studded with hoisting buildings, it has realized more to its owners than was ever dreamed of that affluent river of Lydia, in Asia Minor, which was reputed to flow over countless sands of gold. About 486 miles in area, its output is 780,000 tons of ore *per annum*, worth over $16,000,000. This is not one-fourth of all that is to be said. Besides capacity to quadruple the output stated from known resources there is in sight a large expanse, unprospected, but in geologic sequence traversed by the same rich lodes.

Next day Anaconda, 26 miles west of Butte, was visited with a view of looking through the smelter and concentrator at that place, the greatest in the world. Armed with letters from Mr. Dawson, general manager of the Montana Central railroad company, and backed by Robert Law, general superintendent of the Montana Union railroad company, we confidently sought the authorities. But all argument was vain. A decree of the absent manager, Mr. Dailey, stood inexorably against us, and we missed *in toto* the prime aim of 100 miles travel. Several contraband points were picked up however. The works cover several acres and comprise the most elaborate machinery known. The ore, mined at Butte, is reduced by processes here to 90 *per cent.* copper. The product is shipped to Swansea, Wales, where all gold, silver, antimony and arsenic are boiled out. The establishment appears to be distinctively Welsh. Mostly Welshmen are employed in the works, and the heaters are furnaced with firebrick from Wales costing 55 cents apiece. "No brick made in this country," said a Welshman to the JOURNAL, "can withstand Anaconda fire." Some of the ore, assorted, running 90 *per cent.* of copper, is sent to Swansea without smelting. The matte, per ton, realizes from $11 to $15 of silver. Much of the wood, costing $3½ per cord, used here, is sent to Stewart, a shipping point, in a flume 25 miles long; thence by rail to Anaconda. The motive power of these great works is wholly invisible. Water, brought three miles in baled iron casing, deeply buried, and poured on a turbine wheel at the bottom of an 80-foot shaft, furnishes the force which propels the long lines of machinery. The waste passes from the wheel into a tunnel 1½ miles long. Hence, from the time the water enters the casing until it emerges from the tunnel it has traversed 4½ miles underground.

The town lies in a pretty little valley; is well laid out and claims from 3,000 to 4,000 inhabitants. It is far from being as large as Frostburg, however.

On the way over from Butte we met again the "solid citizen." He pointed out a solitary grave in a large field with the remark that the gentleman's death took place near by.

"What was the matter with him?" asked the eager JOURNAL, posing as an unsuspecting individual.

"Matter enough," responded the solid citizen. "He went too far in jumpin' a claim."

Back at Butte, Mr. Dawson was greatly disappointed at our failure to get into the Anaconda works. But he called the JOURNAL into the rear of his office and, pointing to a little pyramid of silver bars, asked us to lift one. We did so with that ease and grace which characterizes journalistic conduct in the presence of great values. Said he:

"Those bars are just in from the "Blue Bird"—half a week's work—and each is worth between $1,300 and $1,400, altogether between $12,000 and $14,000."

The JOURNAL will not soon forget Mr. Dawson. He is one of the most thoroughly considerate and kindly attentive gentlemen it has ever been our fortune to meet. In him both the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba and the Montana Central railroads have an invaluable representative of their interests at one of the most important of Montana centres.

Tuesday morning, July 9, Butte was given farewell, and northward took our way again.

At Boulder a drover came in and the car smelt like it had been telescoped by a cattle train.

Then at Wickes a young man rushed in and yelled—

"Does anyone in this car know whether the mine inspector is on board?"

With no time for ascertaining what was wrong, the JOURNAL reflected only upon the depths which that thrilling inquiry would have stirred in the tender memories of several citizens of this county who have survived incumbency of that office.

During the afternoon this place was reached, and hence the next of this series will be mailed.

### *A Terrific Arraignment of the Milk and Water Candidate.*

BARTON, MD., Aug. 1, 1889.

To the MINING JOURNAL.

"A Straightout Republican" in last week's Lonaconing *Star*, in presenting the name of John Miller, sr., of that place as a candidate for the next Legislature, bases Mr. Miller's claims for recognition, first, upon the fact that he is an old soldier who fought for the preservation of the Union.

If Mr. Miller's abilities for the place are equal to some other good citizen who was not a soldier, then my vote would be for Miller. If not I would vote for the other citizen and sacrifice the soldier and his record in the interest of a majority of my fellow-citizens.

I neither know Mr. Miller nor his sponsor, but I do seriously object to the latter's old chestnuts as contained in his second reason why we should accept Miller, viz: he has never been identified with factions or divisions at home or abroad, neither aiding or abetting the unjust and pernicious habit of "ring rule," &c.

According to this description of Miller by his straightout, yard-wide all-wool republican god-father, he is an exact prototype of those which are to be found in every town. They have all their lifetime considered it their full duty to their fellowmen and their party if they voted upon election day, either being too good in their own estimation, or lacking sufficient interest to get down to the level of of the hustling factions. Did you ever see a party, community, secret society, or church even in which factions did not exist? If you did, then that organization had no life in it or was dying. And the man who holds aloof from factions is too good for the struggles of this world, and generally he is a skulker sneaking to the rear while others fight his battles. He is a mere nonentity, and it is not only absurd but an imposition upon any party to take such men by the hands and drag them from their seclusion, expose them to the public gaze, and say "here, you dirty, lying, political faction fighters, is a man that never did anything but vote! Now, get down to work and give him an office."

Now, if the "S. Republican" correspondent in his third clause, alluding to some of our past representatives at Annapolis being inanimate, stolid, and silent, lacking ability to speak, attitudinizing for a sensation, and yearning to revise the Black Hole of Calcutta story, while matters of greater moment and weight to his constituents are left unattended to. We will admit, so far as "stolidity," &c., are concerned, the description is perfectly applicable to a majority of our past representatives. But the allusion to the Black Hole of Calcutta doubtless indicates a personal application to Hon. James Cunningham in his efforts to pass the mining bill at our last Legislature. If this is the proper construction, we denounce it as an ungrateful attempt to defame the character of one who sacrificed his all in a vain attempt to conscientiously carry out the instructions of his constituents. The insidious reflection can only be equaled by the act of the cowardly Italian who stabs his enemy in the dark. PHILO.

### *Question for the Authorities.*

To the MINING JOURNAL.

Have we a Sunday law?

If so, whose duty is it to see that it is enforced?

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## TOWN HAPPENINGS.

***The Mines.***—Improvements are still progressing at the Barton and Georges Creek Valley company's mine. The grade has been heightened to facilitate movement of the coal and other measures looking to economies of work and expense are under way. Outside new houses are going up so rapidly that it is only a question of time as to the need of a mayor and council for the town of Carlos.

One of the finest openings in the county is that of the "Big Vein" by Capt. James Little, superintendent. The dump-house, built on the site of the old Midlothian dump, is a model of strength and convenience. It is 19 feet high and plenty roomy enough for its purpose. The grade thereto is just heavy enough for the car to run in easily and overturn itself, and a slight pull readjusts and sends it back on another track. This machinery is equipped with an automatic contrivance which, as the car tips over, pulls the forward gate-pin out—the only one of the kind probably in the region. The track is three rail with sidings and automatic latches. In these two respects Mr. Little has accomplished a great saving over the older and more costly and cumbersome methods of handling cars at the dump and on track. Below the dump a neat office has been erected for the superintendent. In front of this building the new C. & P. siding runs, which Mr. Little points out as a vast improvement upon the former arrangement. The railroad company has been liberal and L. M. Hamilton obtains much praise for the skill with which he has adjusted the siding. The plane is 1,700 feet long, and the cars are handled from the top by an inch steel cable. The wheel-house is a strong structure, equipped with all the appliances insuring easy and safe transit of cars. Among these are brakes for wheel and back brake for rope, the whole machinery being operated by the wheelman at head of plane. Electric bells are employed as means of communication between dump and wheel house. The mine opening, flanked by heavy stonewalls, is wide and high enough for all purposes. When Mr. Little began this work last February he started 40 feet above the Big Vein, which he struck at a depth of 360 feet, the fall being 14 feet per 100. Then the vein rises at the rate of 14 feet per 100, and so continues to the outcrop. The main heading has reached a depth of 500 feet. The plan further contemplates cross headings and rooms at easy grades, each somewhat diagonally laid out with respect to the stems from which they branch. This obtains for all excavations the benefit of the pitch for easy grades and drainage. So far he has succeeded admirably, and, of course, the plan must continue to accomplish the purposes designed. The property contains between 75 and 100 acres of coal as good as any in the best coal field in the world. The present capacity is 150 tons per day, but within a week 200 tons can be shipped. Between 30 and 40 miners are employed, and room for more will come along as the work deepens. James L. Carson is mine boss and John S. Little weighmaster and manifest clerk, both competent and industrious men. Capt. Little, superintendent, enjoys in a marked manner the confidence of his company, and it is not too much to say that he deserves it. He is also popular with his men, not that he is severely clever so much as he is cleverly severe enough to make his men anxious to pleased him.

***B. B.***—A game will be played on McCulloh's hill this afternoon between the Orioles, of this place, and a Cumberland team. The home team will play as follows:

P. Offman, p.; Jacob Porter, 2 b.; Noah Skidmore, c.; William Crow, 1 b.; Thomas Dillon, s. s.; William O Hara, 3 b.; Thomas Harvey, c. f.; Fred Crow, l. f.; W. J. Davis, r. f.

***Personal.***—A. C. Gruber, of Williamsport, Md, has been visiting his brother-in-law, Prof. A. A. Doub, this town.

Miss Phoebe Johnson, of this place, is visiting friends in Lonaconing.

Miss Bessie Franz, of Cumberland, is the guest of Miss Ray Shaffer.

John Etting, of Wheeling, West Va., is visiting Frostburg friends.

Miss Mary J. Thomas of Frostburg is visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Dr. J. T. Getzendanner, of Montgomery county, formerly of this place, was among Frostburg friends last week.

Dr. L. B. Wilson, Cumberland's best dentist, called on the JOURNAL Monday.

Dr. J. M. Porter was down stairs Thursday and walking about the house with his usual ease. His friends—their name is legion—rejoice very greatly over his restoration to health again.

John Frey, formerly of this town, but now residing in Allegheny City, Pa., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Anna Frey. He has with him his friend, William Kelley, also of Allegheny city.

David Sloan, president of the Lonaconing Savings Bank, unlike those who leave the city to recreate in the country, enjoyed himself this week by a delightful stay in the metropolis. He is the guest of his sister-in-law, Mrs. C. W. Shaw.

Misses Mamie Speaks, of Baltimore, and Bertha Somerkamp, of Cumberland, are guests of Miss Bessie Coyner.

Miss Addie Paul, of Cumberland, is among Frostburg friends.

Miss May Gunter has returned from a delightful visit to Wales.

G. T. Porter, now of the Cumberland *News* staff, was in town Thursday. He is rapidly making his mark as a journalist, and the JOURNAL hopes to chronicle the successes which his industrious effort deserves.

***Social.***—A hop was tendered Harry McAllister by a number of Frostburg friends in Moat's Opera House Thursday evening of last week. A pleasant time was had by all. Bountiful refreshments were served. Those present were Misses—

| | |
|---|---|
| Nannie Blecker, | Mamie Uhl, |
| Mrs. Hooper, Baltimore, | Somerset, Pa., |
| Mrs. F. Candler, Washington, Ind., | Ella Thomas, Cumberland, |
| Mrs. O. J. Moat, | Ella Welsh, |
| " A. C. Haverstick, | Nillie Oder, |
| " J. T. H. Paul, | Blanche Oder, |
| " Clayton Furnell, | Mary Porter, |
| " H. B. Colborn, | Kate Porter, |
| " F. C. Beall, | Nannie McCulloh, |
| Mattie Thomas, | Mamie Haverstick, |
| Annie McAllister, | Aggie Price, |
| Allie Porter | Bessie McCulloh, |
| Bernie Porter, | |

And Messrs.

| | |
|---|---|
| J. L. Porter, | DeSales Porter, |
| O. J. Moat, | Frank Porter, |
| Rev. A. C. Haverstick, | Willie Jeffries, |
| J. T. H. Paul, | Harry McAllister, |
| Clayton Furnell, | R. G. Colborn, |
| H. B. Colborn, | James Thomas, |
| Alex. Haverstick, | George J. Conner. |

***Brevities.***—You can't help seeing Hitchins Bros.' advertisement. So we won't call attention to it.

Look at advertisement, "District School Teacher Wanted." It implies a humorous entertainment of rare merit. Put on your Sunday clothes and go.

The town authorities are having the street lamps overhauled and put in good condition.

Free social and musical entertainments will be given every Wednesday and Saturday evening during the summer season in Beall's Park, under the management of Charles Reichenbach. This will afford an excellent opportunity for both citizens and visitors to enjoy themselves in the grove. The park will be thoroughly lighted and good order maintained.

Hitchins Bros. have inaugurated early closing for the benefit of their salespeople and clerks. Customers ought to make it unprofitable to other stores to keep open so long.

***Summer Guests.***—The following summer visitors have arrived in Frostburg this week. Those stopping at Mrs. Dr. A. B. Price's:

*Washington, D. C.*—Mrs. J. F. Ellis, Mrs. J. F. Bridget, Misses Raphael Ellis and Blanche Brooke, Joseph E. Hayden and 2 sons.

Those stopping at the Mountain View Cottages are:

*Baltimore*—Mrs. Millie Powell and Otto d'la Camp.

*California*—Mrs. George Tilghman, George Henderson, Harry Tilghman, Miss Fannie Tilghman.

*Cumberland*—Dr. L. B. Wilson, Rev. M. T. McCormick and 2 sons and Edward Johnston.

***Picnics.***—The Protestant Episcopal Sunday school of this town will hold a picnic next Wednesday in the grove in the rear of St. Michael's cemetery, to which event the young folks of the school are looking forward with pleasant anticipations.

The proposed picnic of the Sunday school of the Frostburg M. E. church, which was to have been held in the grove on Tusday had to be held in the lecture-room of the church in consequence of unfavorable weather. Yet it is said the children had an enjoyable time.

***Religious.***—Rev. James E. Moffatt, of Cumberland, will preach in the Presbyterian church to-morrow (sun-evening at 7½ o'clock. The church being without a regular pastor we understand that arrangements have been made by which there will be preaching every other Sunday evening.

***Died.***—At Mt. Hope Retreat, Baltimore county, Thursday morning, Aug. 1, 1889, Mr. JOSIAH FROST, second son of the late Meshack Frost, in the 71st year of his age. Messrs. N. S. Frost and C. H. Hamill, brother and brother-in-law, of this place, left same day to attend the funeral, which took place at the Retreat yesterday.

***For*** county news and other matters of interest see fourth page.