msa_sc5130_scm12192-0444 ©Maryland State Archives

MINING JOURNAL.

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

24TH YEAR—NO. 15. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1895. WHOLE NUMBER. 1,211.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Children Cry

FOR PITCHER'S

Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. **Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

THE CENTAUR CO., 77 Murray St., N. Y.

Dec 17

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6*
p. m.	a. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
6 15	11 53	6 08	Piedmont	11 00	5 40	11 45
6 30	12 08	6 22	Barton	10 40	5 24	11 32
6 40	12 18	6 32	Lonaconing	10 32	5 14	11 22
6 52	12 29	6 43	Midland	10 19	5 03	11 09
6 55	12 32	6 45	Ocean	10 16	4 39	11 07
7 00	12 39	6 49	Borden Shaft	10 10	4 54	11 02
7 08	12 47	6 57	FROSTBURG	10 02	4 46	10 54
7 25	1 04	7 14	Morantown	9 44	4 29	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 21	Mount Savage	9 40	4 25	10 28
7 37	1 16	7 26	Barrelville	9 34	4 19	10 22
7 39	1 18	7 28	Patterson's	9 32	4 17	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 33	Kreigbaum's	9 27	4 12	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 35	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 25	4 10	10 13
8 00	1 39	7 48	Cumberland	9 15	4 00	10 00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.				*Leave.*		

In addition to above Train No. 7 leaves Piedmont at 8:45 a. m.; arrives at Frostburg at 10:35 a. m., and Train No. 8, leaving Frostburg at 1:45 p. m., reaches Piedmont at 2:28 p. m., both trains stopping at all intermediate stations.

*On theatre nights, when admission tickets are sold by Agents to performance at theatre, leave Cumberland at close of performance.

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 and 8 daily except Sunday. Nos. 5 and 6 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.

Baggage car will be hauled on trains No's 5 and 6.

L. M. HAMILTON, Superintendent.

Nov 24

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

Nov. 18, 1894

ON AND AFTER THE above date TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
11:20 p m	....No. 4 Express....	11:30 p m
9.18 a m	....No. 8 Express....	9:38 a m
8:05 a m	...No. 16 Passenger...	8:10 a m
	....No. 10 Express....	2:25 a m
7:33 a m	....No. 2 Express....	7:52 a m
12:10 p m	No. 14 Accom'odation	
	....No. 6 Express....	12:25 p m
	..No. 14 Balto. & Way.	2:50 p m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
Arrive	**WESTBOUND.**	**Leave**
12:35 p m	....No. 7 Express....	12:45 p m
1:05 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
4:47 a m	....No. 3 Express....	5.00 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
4:00 p m	....No. 5 Express....	
	...No. 15 Passenger...	4:25 p m
7:44 p m	No. 15 Grafton & Way	4:03 p m
3.45 p m	.....No. 17 Way.....	
7:44 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:04 p m

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Pittsburg Express leaves ...1:15 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday....6:30 a m
" 11—Mail leaves....2:30 p m
" 5—Chicago Limited.. " ... 4:10 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives.. 2:15 a m
" 14—Mail " ..12:50 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday.. 7: 40p m
" 6—Limited leaves..12:20 p m

All trains daily except No.'s 17, 71 and 72.

M. C. CLARKE, Ticket Agent. T. T. ALLEN, Acting Agent. [Nov 24]

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland.....	7:15 a m	1:30 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	2:15 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	2:37 p m
" " Lonaconing.	8:30 a m	2;45 p m

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	10:30 a m	44:5 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 a m	4:54 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:15 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:00 p m

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a. m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:15 p. m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND, General Manager.

Jan 6

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby warned against shooting, or trespassing for the purpose of shooting, on the meadows, pastures or cleared lands of the Consolidation Coal Company, except the rifle range of the Frostburg Rifle Association.

Persons disregarding this notice will be prosecuted. B. S. RANDOLPH, Mining Superintendent.

March 31

WITH A PROVISO.

I am resolved in ninety-five
To swear off cigarettes,
And on the track, as I have done,
I'll make no racing bets.

With poker chips I'll play no more.
I've had enough of that.
I'll take no girl to see the play
Who wears too large a hat.

I shall not look upon the wine
When it is deeply red,
But quite persistently I'll take
My Adam's ale instead.

In ninety-five I am resolved
To save a goodly sum,
And when it comes to good hard work
I'm going to make things hum.

But these resolves for ninety-five
Are made conditionally,
And that is that the girl I love
Does not go back on me.

A MISER'S NEW YEAR.

BY M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.]

"Miser Jones"—that was what everybody called him, and the title did not displease him. Indeed it rather flattered him. To be a miser meant the possession of money, and money was his god. There were people who could remember him as a young man and a spendthrift, but they were very few. To look at him one would wonder if he

"IT IS A GOOD DAY FOR ME!"

had ever been young. He appeared to be 60 years old when people first began to call him Miser Jones, and the passage of time did not appear to affect him. He was wrinkled and skinny and white haired, and men said he would have been dim of sight but for the greed of gain which burned in his eyes till they shone like a wolf's.

Miser Jones had relatives, but for fear they might want money he cut loose from them. He owned several houses, but that he might not take from the rent he lived in a miserable room and fared little better than a dog. He had money to lend, and he exacted usury. There were no days of grace for one in his debt. Prompt payment must be made, and to the last penny, and neither words nor tears would move him. No charity, no church, no beggar, ever extracted one cent from Miser Jones. He cared nothing for the trials and misfortunes of others, and he was never affected by what men said of him except when some one observed that he could not take his money beyond the grave. That idea alone upset him and detracted from his happiness. He spent hours in wondering if it could not be done, and sometimes he was on the point of asking a lawyer to so arrange matters that his money should at least be buried with him.

The New Year dawned bleak and cold and dreary. There was a high wind, and the air was full of whirling snow, and even had it not been a holiday few people would have moved away from their firesides unless forced to.

"It is a good day for me—a fine day!" chuckled Miser Jones as he looked out on the deserted streets and up at the leaden sky. "No one will disturb me today, and I may sit down and count up my wealth. I am richer than a year ago today, much richer, but I want to know the figures to a shilling—to a penny. They call me Miser Jones, but I can laugh at their sarcasm and abuse. Now we will figure."

Miser Jones had bonds and mortgages and notes and a bank account. He knew the sum total within a dollar, but it was a keen delight for him to sit down and cast up interest again and add it to

"SEE! I HAVE BROUGHT THE BOOK."

the principal. With greedy look and trembling fingers he brought out his memoranda and pencil and soon forgot the storm and the outside world.

"So you are figuring again, Miser Jones, closing the account of the old year and opening with the new?"

The old man leaped from his chair with a shout of surprise. No one had knocked at the door. He was alone in the room. The voice had come from one seated on the opposite side of the table, but he looked and rubbed his eyes and saw only vacancy.

"Sit down, Miser Jones. Sit down while we talk together a bit," continued the voice as the windows rattled in the storm and a skurry of snow blew into the room under the door and reached almost to the old man's feet.

He looked all about him in a dazed and wondering way and sat down.

"The old year has ended, the new begun, Miser Jones. Human life is counted by days and weeks and months and years. On the tombstones of the dead you may read that they who sleep beneath lived so many years, months and days. It is meant that each and every man should sit down at the beginning of a new year and write the record of the old. You are an old man. You have lived beyond the time allotted to man. Your hand shakes as your fingers guide the pencil. You have been making figures. Let me take the pencil and help you."

"But I want no help!" protested the old man. "You have no right here! You were not asked to come! Leave me, or I will call for help!"

"You are figuring on dollars and cents," said the voice. "There is a long column of figures, and I will look them over with you and help you to find the sum total. You have first recorded the sum of $300. That is money you loaned to a hardworking mechanic and took a mortgage on his home. Misfortune had come to him and still pursues him. You hoped that more trouble would come to him, and it has. You figured from the first that you would get possession of his home for half its value, and yesterday, when he came to you with trembling lips and pleaded misfortune, your heart was like stone. Today you are figuring on your profit."

"But he came to me to borrow and was willing to pay the interest!" protested Miser Jones.

"Here is the sum of $750," continued the voice. "You lent a widow $300 on a mortgage and foreclosed it and drove her out of her home. You figure that you made $450 on that deal. She came to you and wept and prayed, but you rubbed your wrinkled hands in satisfaction."

"One must have a profit when he lends money," replied Miser Jones as he looked at the figures with satisfaction.

"Here is the sum of $600. You loaned money to the owner of a small factory to help start him again after he had been crippled by fire, but what the flames left you soon took possession of. Yes, you made a clean $600 on that transaction. I find the sum of $200 and $275 and $300, a long column of figures here to show the profits of the year just ended and add to your fortune. Miser Jones, you are a rich man."

"Yes, yes—a rich man! I like to hear you say I am rich!"

"But you are an old man. You cannot hope to live a great while longer."

"But I shall live for years and years. I am not so old as you think. Don't talk to me of death."

"You are an old man, and your time has almost come," continued the voice. "You have laid up treasure on earth.

SOME ONE CRIED OUT THAT MISER JONES WAS DEAD.

Let us see what is to your credit in heaven. There is no money beyond the grave. The souls of the dead are judged by past deeds and not by the amount of gold and silver left behind. Take the pencil, Miser Jones. It shall be left to you to make the record. Have you had sympathy for the ragged and shivering and hungry fellow men who passed your door?"

"But all of them were impostors!"

"Men and women have appealed to you in sickness and misfortune as one fellow man has the right to appeal to another. How have you responded to those appeals?"

"I can't always be giving and giving!"

"Without religion earth would be a desert and man a savage. All that is good and noble and beautiful comes from our faith in God. What have you done to aid the cause?"

"It costs a great lot of money to keep up so many churches!" sighed the old man.

"There are destitute widows, fatherless children and grieving orphans, whom it is our duty to assist. Even a kind word to such is placed to our record in heaven. Write down your credit, Miser Jones."

The old man had nothing to write, no word of reply.

"All around you hearts have ached. Tears of sorrow have been shed. Men have cursed their God because of the coldness of the world. Have you brought a ray of sunlight to a single one of these?"

Miser Jones had no answer.

"What has your life been made up of? Avarice, selfishness, greed. You have sinned against God and man and yourself. In your greed of gain you have throttled every noble sentiment God placed in your heart as a child. You have sacrificed every principle that makes a man respected and beloved. You have made money, but you have been pointed out as a thing instead of a man. As a human being you have lived to be hated and reviled. After death—what?"

"After death—what?" whispered Miser Jones.

"The recording angel of heaven sets apart a page in her golden book for each human being born into the world. See! I have brought the book that you might gaze upon it. Here is your page—the page on which your name was inscribed as a child. What do you see?"

The old man looked and peered and rubbed his eyes. Blindness seemed to have come to him, and in his terror he groaned aloud.

"Here is the debit—avarice, selfishness, greed, riches. Here should be your credits, but there are none. Look for them. Bend your head to bring your eyes nearer. Today brings a new year. Today you pass from earth to eternity to stand before your God and be judged. This is the record from which he will judge you! I close the book!"

The gale howled about the old house and rattled doors and windows, but Miser Jones paid no heed. Men passed and repassed, some laughing, some cursing, but he did not look out upon them. Noon came, and he sat there with pencil in his fingers and paper before him. The winter day drew to a close, and night came down, but no light shone from his window. At midnight he sat where noon found him, at daylight where the winds of midnight had blown the snow under the door and over his feet. When noon came again, some one opened his door and cried out that Miser Jones was dead!

New Year's Don'ts.

Don't fail to receive New Year's day with a smiling face.

Don't usher in that day by declaring you are growing old.

Don't sent word you are out because New Year's calls are out of fashion.

Don't neglect to send a bonbon box to your best girl.

Don't receive an old friend gloomily on that day.

Don't trust to new 1895 and slander old 1894.

Don't fail to send New Year's greetings to those far away.

Don't think you may meet your fate in 1895. Perhaps it will be better to miss him.

Don't be unfriendly. Do all the good you can, and don't slander anybody.

Don't turn over too many new leaves for 1895.

Don't be unhappy about anything. Be a philosopher.

Don't deride the new year.
Don't make the day unhappy.
Don't lose your temper.
Don't fall in love.
Don't declare you hate men.
Don't celebrate too much.

Apropos.

"He was wonderfully careful in fixing himself up before he called on Miss Lordly New Year's day."

"Why didn't he do as the storekeepers do—display the sign, 'Holiday pressure?'"

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

Thou art our God, Redeemer and Creator;
Thou art "Our Father," dearest name of all.
Great in thy power and wisdom, in love greater,
Therefore we fear not on thy name to call.

Hear us, O Father, as we come confessing
The sins and follies of the bygone year.
Grant us forgiveness and with that thy blessing
Our faith to strengthen and our hearts to cheer.

Sweeten for us each bitter cup of duty
Or strengthen us their bitterness to quaff.
Give us to see the King in all his beauty
And to behold the land which is far off.

We thank thee for our being and well being.
Give us uplifting and upholding grace
To serve thee here until, earth's shadow fleeing,
We evermore shall see thee face to face.

—Buffalo News.

The Little Stranger.

New Year's In Canada.

The young Canadian on New Year's morning, after he has taken breakfast with his father, mother, sisters and brothers, wends his way to the best looking girl in the range, and as he very well knows she can't refuse to kiss him on "le jour de l'an" presents himself at her door, there to be warmly greeted and invited to enter.

Taking off his snowshoes—it's easier and more "a la mode du Canadien" to climb over the crusty snowbanks than use a "traineau"—he accepts the invitation, and as he crosses the threshold he gives the girl, for whom he has long cherished a deep regard, a couple of smacks that cause the old folks in the kitchen to question each other as to the origin of the noise. Light drinks are served. That's what the young man does. The young girl waits.

But the old folks do not forget that the day is the first one of the year. So after the work of the household is over they put on their best bib and tucker and hitch up "Monplaisir," and they start out and begin the rounds of making calls, stopping at each house, the old man kissing the neighbor's old woman, and vice versa, rinsing it down with "a la votre" from the sideboard.

Conviviality reigns, good health is drunk, and alcoholism is unknown.

From the time the sun first casts its rays on a Canadian New Year's morning until a week and sometimes two weeks later a round of jollification exists among the French-Canadians of good standing. Every night a dinner is held at one of the "clique," and so on till each has had his "blow out," and finally all relapse into the old rut of common, everyday life, arising at the sound of the angelus in the morning and burning very few candles and still less kerosene in the evening.

To Get the Best Husband.

A very pretty custom was that of tasting the "cream of the well," the first drink from spring or well on New Year's morn. The first pail of water drawn, "the flower of the well," insured positively the best husband in the parish to the water drawer.

Twall struck—two neebour hizzies raise
An liltin gaed a sad gate.
The flower o' the well to our house gaes,
An I'll hae the bonniest lad yet.

IN THE LAND OF CAKES.

Curious Customs and Myths of New Year's Day Still Prevalent.

"Hogmanay," as the Scotch folk call their New Year's eve, is the greatest festival of the year in the "land o' cakes" and has many ancient and curious customs and superstitions connected with it. The origin of the name is uncertain, but it is pretty generally conceded to have been derived from the French words "au gui mener" (lead to the mistletoe), in allusion to the ancient Druidical custom of cutting the mistletoe from the oak on the night of the last day of the year. The sacred plant was brought by the priests into the towns and market places and given to the people as an amulet to preserve them from war and other calamities. While they had such a good old tongue as the Gaelic near at hand, it is not to be supposed that the pious Druids spoke to their votaries in the language of Johnny Crapaud. The intimate connection of Scotland and France during the middle ages will easily account for the introduction of the term "hogmanay."

The days about New Year's, which from the revelry and mummery that characterized them were called by the Scotch the "daft days," bear close resemblance to the "fetes des fous," which interfered so scandalously with the vigils in the French churches during the sixteenth century that they were finally put down by the bishop of Angres in 1598. During these "fetes des fous" bands of beggars clad in fantastic garbs broke into the churches on the eve of the New Year, and after singing their weird carols demanded alms of the worshipers.

The modern Scotch representatives of these obtrusive beggars were known as the "guisards" or "gyzars." These were harmless and entertaining maskers, who were generally admitted into the houses of the best families in the country, where, after singing their carols, they were permitted to dance with the members of the household.

Many assert that the hoghmen, or hillmen, were the good genii versus the trolls, or evil ones, who were the beings referred to; hence the ditty:

Hogmanay, Trollolay,
Gie me o' your white bread.
I'll hae nane o' your gray.

The white bread, signifying the good things of life, versus the gray, or evil ones. A very popular rhyme, with a moral, is one freely sung in the northeastern counties of Scotland:

Get up, gude wife, and binna sweir [lazy]
And deal your bread to them that's here,
For the time will come when ye'll be dead,
And then ye'll neither need ale nor bread.
My feet's cauld, my shoon's thin.
Gie's my cakes and let me rin.

Having chalked the doors with the New Year's numbers, they depart to gather coppers, cakes and fruit elsewhere.

At the stroke of midnight each member of the family party would quaff a full bumper of "hot pint" and wish the others a happy New Year and many of them. Then it was customary for the elders to sally forth with a hot kettle, bread and cheese, etc., and pay visits of greeting to the neighbors. The first party to enter a house were called the "first foot" and were warmly welcomed, as their arrival in that capacity indicated good luck. Much kindly rivalry ensued, and from midnight to 1 o'clock the streets were fairly swarming with would be "first footers." This custom was still prevalent in Scott's day.

Irish New Year's Cakes.

In County Antrim in Ireland among the Scotch-Irish oaten bannocks, with a hole in the middle, like our doughnuts, are specially baked for gift cakes. In other Irish counties a cake is thrown outside the door on New Year's eve "to keep out hunger" the ensuing year.

In the isle of Man a curious belief and custom existed till the middle of this century. In each home the housewife smoothed the ashes over the kitchen floor just before stepping into bed. If there were found in the morning on the surface of the ashes anything resembling the print that pointed toward the door, it indicated a death in the family within the year. But if the heel of the footprint were toward the door it was a sure proof that the family would be increased.

Welcome the Coming, Speed the Parting Guest.

All Gone.

Stuffer—The Gadsbys have an elegant New Year's lunch, old man.

Dashaway—Have you been there?

Stuffer—Oh, yes!

Dashaway—Then I'll get something to eat before I go.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS

WHAT THE DAY HAS BEEN AND IS NOW.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, though not Jan. 1 always, has been celebrated religiously or socially from time immemorial. The ancient Romans consecrated it to Janus, who, it was thought, controlled all beginnings and made sacrifices to him. They exchanged gracious greetings and wishes and gave presents to friends and kindred. The church condemned its social observations and turned it into a religious festival. The Hebrews, the Chinese and other peoples, pagans and nonpagans, regard it superstitiously, attaching the utmost importance to its celebration.

We Americans in the last quarter of the nineteenth century are supposed to be wholly free from superstition. But are we? Not a few of us still imagine that there is something auspicious in New Year's day; that as we begin the year we may so close it. We are solicitous, therefore, to resolve to relinquish bad habits then, under the impression that we shall relinquish them altogether. In other words, we determine on that day to turn over a new leaf, as we have probably determined for many previous years, and there our determination and reformation end. This is exactly the way the old Romans acted more than 20 centuries since, which proves that we have not advanced much in reasonableness, despite our assumptions to the contrary. It is a problem whether men who continue in mature life to yield to their weaknesses or fail to rectify their faults are capable of correcting themselves Whether capable or incapable, they rarely do so. Their good resolutions seldom bear fruit. They terminate, for the most part, in words, in promises to themselves, in mockeries of performance. What a man is at 40 he is apt to remain. No amount of New Year's resolves will help him who is not full of virtuous endeavor. Jan. 1 dawns brightly to the mind, but the succeeding days conclude dismally as to achievement. Nevertheless its recurrence must ever be pleasant. If it does not bring accomplishment, it at least brings hope, and hope nerves us to bear our burdens, to discharge our duties. Then welcome New Year's. We dearly love to think that the cares and troubles of the old year, which so largely spring from our temperament, will not invade the new one.

Originally New Year's was intended not for a universal, miscellaneous calling day, without motive or propriety, into which it ultimately degenerated. It was intended for a day when men who had been prevented during the year by business or any condition of circumstances from keeping up their friendship or acquaintance with women they liked or esteemed should make social atonement for apparent neglect and renew their pleasant relations. The idea was excellent and commendable, as was the custom, and before this city grew to be such a Babylon the calls were agreeable, often delightful, to makers and receivers. But the city became too big, and the community that assumed to represent society in some manner, more or less remote, became too heterogeneous. The custom was grossly abused. Many men and women thought only of the number of calls, ignoring quality for quantity, and some times the scenes indoors and outdoors waxed disreputable from overindulgence.

The better sort of people, repelled by the license prevalent, refused to "receive" any longer. The smart set who had long believed calling too "common"—they declared, with their pretense of superiority, that it had grown vulgar—set themselves and their influence firmly against it. They refused to see visitors on that day and soon after shut up their houses and fled to the country, thus setting the seal of fashion on their last decision, which speedily met with social approval. The fact was that respectable folk had got tired of the extreme to which calling had been carried, and the coarse, objectionable class could not sustain it alone. So the whole thing fell to pieces here, and there is no probability of its reconstruction in the immediate future.

The custom extended long ago to other cities and is still followed. But as the metropolis makes the mode its duration is doubtful. New Year's is yet a holiday—holidays are always wholesome—and business of all kinds is suspended. Sons, husbands, fathers, now stay at home, instead of racing about town, tiring and boring themselves to little purpose, and they are gainers, along with their families, by the change. New Year's in its old guise has passed away. But New Year's with its quiet, domestic accompaniments has come to remain. The world moves. And New Year's is still New Year's, with its sense of freshness, repose and recovered hope.