

# The Carbon Advocate.

INDEPENDENT---"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

TERMS: One Dollar a Year in Advance

VOL. II., No. 10.

LEIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24, 1874.

SINGLE COPIES, THREE CENTS

## Leighton Directory.

**Agent.**  
W. C. Fretwell, Singer Sewing Machine and Insurance, next to E. H. Snyder's, Bank street.

**Barber.**  
R. B. WIDDOS, Shaving, Hair Cutting and Shampooing, under Exchange Hotel, Bank street.

**Boot and Shoe Makers.**  
Charles Venzor, nearly opposite the post-office, Bank street; also, dealer in Confectionery.  
Clinton Bretney, in Levan's building, Bank street. All orders promptly filled--work warranted.

**Confectioners.**  
Hansman & Kuhns, opposite Ober's store, Bank street. All orders promptly filled.

**Dry Goods and Groceries.**  
Z. H. Long, opp. L. & S. Depot, Bank st., dealer in Hardware, Queensware, Laces, Bank Goods, etc.  
H. A. Bells, Levan's Block, Bank st., Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Carpets, Oil Cloths & Oil.  
E. H. Snyder, Bank street, Dry Goods, Notions, Dress Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, etc.

**Drugs and Medicines.**  
A. J. Durling, next door above P. O., Bank street. Oils, Paints, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, etc.

**Hardware.**  
E. P. Semmel, next opp. Exchange Hotel, Bank street, Cutlery, Oils, Paints, Glass, etc.

**Hotel.**  
Thomas Jantz, "Exchange," opp. Public Squ. & Bank st. Patronage solicited.

**Furniture Warehouse.**  
F. Schwarz, Bank street, dealer in all kinds of Furniture. Office made to order.

**Merchant Tailors.**  
Claus & Bro., Bank street, and dealers in Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Shoes, Hats, Caps, etc.  
Thomas S. Beck, P. O. building, Bank st., Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, School Books, etc.

**Milliner.**  
Mrs. E. Fath, Bank street, next door below the M. E. Church. Notions and Trimmings.

**Physicians and Surgeons.**  
Dr. C. S. German, corner of Bank and Iron streets. Consultation in English and German.  
Dr. S. B. Haber, next door to P. O., Bank street. Consultation in English and German.

**Provisions.**  
Jos. Ober, Bank st., Packing, Curing and Smoking Establishment. All orders promptly filled.  
J. Fatzinger & Son, Bank st., dealers in Flour and Feed, Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables.

**Watchmaker and Jeweler.**  
A. G. Dollemeyer, South street, above Bank st. Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Rings, etc.

## Railroad Guide.

**CENTRAL R. OF N. J.**  
LEHIGH & SUSQUEHANNA DIVISION.  
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.  
Commencing Dec. 15, 1873.

**DOWN TRAINS.**

Letter	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 7.
Green Hills	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Seranton	7:30	10:25	1:25	4:20	7:15	10:10
Pittston	8:02	10:57	1:57	4:52	7:47	10:42
White Haven	8:30	11:25	2:25	5:20	8:15	11:10
Penn. Ha's Junc.	9:00	12:00	3:00	5:55	8:50	11:45
Mauch Chunk	7:30	11:00	4:20	7:45	11:15	4:40
Catskill	8:25	11:54	5:14	8:39	12:09	5:39
Allentown	8:43	12:06	5:26	8:51	12:21	5:51
Bethlehem	9:00	12:17	5:37	9:09	12:39	6:09
Arrive Easton	9:27	12:43	6:03	9:36	13:06	6:36

**UP TRAINS.**

Letter	No. 10.	No. 4.	No. 6.	No. 14.
Easton	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Bethlehem	8:30	11:56	5:55	7:15
Allentown	9:16	12:25	6:42	7:57
Catskill	9:44	12:52	7:10	8:25
Mauch Chunk	1:25	4:45	8:05	9:10
Penn. Haven J'n.	10:45	2:22	5:25	6:30
White Haven	11:25	2:40	5:40	6:45
Wilkes-Barre	12:40	4:00	6:50	7:55
Fittston	1:03	4:20	7:10	8:15
Seranton	1:30	4:55	7:45	8:50
Arr. Green Hills	1:35	5:00	7:50	9:00

**CONNECTING.**  
Newburgh Valley R. R.--Down trains Nos. 3 and 7, and Up trains Nos. 10 and 4 connect at Mauch Chunk.  
North Penn's R. R.--Down trains Nos. 1, 3, 5, & 7 connect at Bethlehem for Philadelphia. Up trains Nos. 10 & 4 connect at Bethlehem for Philadelphia. Returning leave Philadelphia at 7:10 a. m. for Easton, Mauch Chunk, Beth., Wilkes-Barre, Tamaqua, Seranton, Shamokin, etc. at 9:45 a. m. for Easton, Mauch Chunk, Tamaqua, Williamsport, Wilkes-Barre and Seranton; at 2:10 p. m. for Seranton, Wilkes-Barre and intermediate stations; at 2:30 p. m. for Beth. and Easton; at 5:15 p. m. for Mauch Chunk.  
Tamaqua Branch--Up trains Nos. 10 & 4, and Down trains Nos. 3, 5 & 7 connect at Mauch Chunk.  
Lehigh & Lackawanna R. R.--Down trains Nos. 1 & 7, and Up trains Nos. 10 & 4 connect at Bethlehem for both and Chapman Quarries. Returning leave Chapman's at 7:40 a. m. and 2:15 p. m. Central Railroad of New Jersey--All trains make close connection at Easton with trains on Central Railroad of New Jersey.  
Delaware, Delaware, & R.--Down trains Nos. 3, 5, & 7, and Up trains Nos. 4 & 14 connect at Philadelphia with Del.-Del. R. R. to and from Trenton, Philadelphia and Bividers.  
Philadelphia & Reading Railroad--The Depots of the East Penn. R. R. and the L. & S. Division are connected by Street Cars.  
H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Passenger Agent.  
Nov. 22, 1873.

## THE LABOR SAVER!

The undersigned respectfully announces that he has been appointed Agent for the

## Universal Wringer AND Doty's Clothes Washer.

I would also announce to my friends and the public in general, that I have opened a first-class

## Livery Stable

and that I can furnish Horses, Buggies and Carriages of the best description, for Pleasure, Business or Funeral purposes, at every Reasonable Charge. Also, that having engaged a Reliable Driver, I am prepared to do HAULING of every kind on short notice. In connection therewith I shall continue my

## Carriage Manufactory

where the people can get their Carriages, Wagons, etc., REPAIRED on short notice and at reasonable prices.

## L. F. Kleppinger, Cor. BANK and IRON Streets, Feb. 22, 1873.] Leighton, Pa.

## T. D. CLAUS, Merchant Tailor, And Dealer in Gent's Furnishing Goods, LEIGHTON, PA.

Constantly on hand a splendid stock of

## NEW GOODS, Consisting of Plain and Fancy Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, for Men's and Boys' Wear, which I am prepared to Make up to Order in the most Fashionable Styles, at short notice.

## Ladies', Misses and Children's Boots & Shoes

A well selected stock of French and Turkey Morocco, Glove Kid, Lasting, Kid, Pebble and Grain Leather Boots and Shoes on hand, or Made to Order.

## Hats, Caps and Furs, Of the Latest Styles always on hand, at the Lowest Price.

## American & Grover & Baker Sewing Machines.

Only One Price for Everybody. January 11, 1873-yl

## J. FATZINGER & SON, Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Flour and Feed, Canned Fruits, Notions, Toy, &c., &c., &c.

Country Produce Bought and Sold.

## THOMAS KEMERER, CONVEYANCER, AND GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT

The following Companies are Represented: Lebanon Mutual Fire, Reading Mutual Fire, Wyoming Fire, Pottsville Fire, Lehigh Fire, and the Travelers' Accident Insurance, Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Detective and Insurance Company. March 29, 1873.

## LEIGHTON ACADEMY, Leighton, Pa. An Institution for Both Sexes.

**FACULTY:**  
Rev. C. KESSLER, Principal and Professor of Classics and the Higher English Branches.  
MRS. M. C. KESSLER, Preceptress and Teacher of Painting and Drawing.  
MR. JOHN M. KESSLER, A. B. Professor of Latin and Greek.  
MISS E. C. NEAD, Teacher of Music.  
WILSON REHRIG Assistant.  
For Particulars apply to C. KESSLER, Leighton, Pa. Oct. 17, 1873.

## I KNOW.

BY CALIE DUNK.  
I know That true love never dies; For like the star in summer skies, That brightest shines, it never can fade, And in the house of death be laid.

I know That faith in all things pure Is faith that ever shall endure; Beyond the river it shall see Its bright hopes bloom eternally.

I know That friendship shall abide The heaviest storms, and wind and tide, And grandest be when at the helm It stands, where waves would overwhelm.

I know That truth shall ever be The symbol of Eternity-- That it was made, by his own hand, The soul's guide to the Better Land.

I know That peace will come at last, When o'er death's stream we shall have And reached that better shore Where Love shall rule for evermore.

## "MISEY 92."

BY MARY L. SHERMAN.

He was a newsboy who stood on the sunny side of the Astor House, to screen himself from the wind of one of the coldest, brightest December afternoons that ever shone, a bundle of papers thrust under his left arm, his hands thrust deep down into his pockets. Between the sharp yells of "extra," he jumped and clattered the frozen leather scuffs on his feet in a demoniacal kind of dance, in which the tufts of matted flaxen hair hanging about his face or protruding through his hat seemed to join. Over his cotton shirt flapped a summer coat, which, flying open at every gust of wind, displayed a narrow chest crossed by a single suspender, from which depended a pair of pantaloons many sizes too large. That there were legs in them was probable, since the cracks in his shoes, one of which was a man's boot, showed red feet guileless of stockings. His eyes, as nearly as one could tell through his matted hair, were of two shades of blue, small and watery. His weakened face, pale and pinched, had a funny trick of vanishing in every direction, when he opened his mouth as only a newsboy can, with the cry: "Yere's yer mornin' paper."

It was an odd one among all the boys of the Rivington Newsboy's Lodging House; he never treated at the peanut stand nor lemonade fountain, never went to the Bowery Theatre, even when the play of Buffalo Bill was at its height of popularity, though he was a prosperous newsboy, though at the monthly opening of the Lodging House Bank, of all the little heaps of nickel and currency that had been shoved through its slots, box 92, his box, had always the biggest pile. For his real name, which but few knew, the boys substituted Misy, which shortly became, from the number of his bank box, "Misy 92," until, as time went on, he was known only by that name. He never resented that or anything else, though taunted and bullied for months, till at length the boys, respecting the strength that endures, as well as that which conquers, ceased to annoy him, and when it was accidentally discovered that he was boarding and educating a little sister, volunteer champions appeared by the score to fight his battles; he was allowed to break over any of the self-constituted obligations of newsboys, and new-comers were informed that "Misy 92 was a queer cove, and it wasn't safe to tag him."

Yet with all this license he never trespassed on the other boys' beats; though the "Extra" was ever so exciting and consequently salable, he never shoved forward when buying his papers, but often allowed himself to be jostled down in the long column of boys who in the early morning crowded the saleroom of the publishing house. Often last, he was sure to clean out well, as the boys termed it, perhaps because the watery blue eyes always carried some half-understood appeal, that men answered by buying a paper.

Misy 92 was still keeping up his stamping dance when two other newsboys came trotting briskly around the corner; doubtless the keen wind compelled their briskness, as it did Misy's dancing.

"Hello, Misy!" called the younger, "heard you was going to leave Rivington Lodgings and take rooms at the Astor. So?"

"Half so," Misy shouted back; "Astor ain't high enough. Call up, Joe."

"All right," shouted Joe, as he with his companion, a large, ill-looking boy, trotted out of sight.

"Misy 92 is a cute one, Hod," said Joe to his companion. "He won't partner with no one. He draws today, the first in two months; he's goin' to change beat and board with his sister on the 'Rocks,' and go to school nights."

"What d'ye think would panic him?" said Hod.

"Not less than twenty-five dollars," "Crackee!"

"I bet you."

Half an hour after the two boys came back to the corner, Joe looking angry and Hod sullen.

Evidently they had been quarrelling, and Misy had been the subject. The "Rocks" are near the Grand Boulevard, a new street, the continuation of Broadway (New York). When it was opened, the workmen were obliged to dig down and blast through immense rocks, leaving in some places embankments many feet high. On these bare rocks the rent of lots is cheap, and they are covered with little villages of shanties. In one of these, with a poor washerwoman, Mrs. McHume, Misy boarded his little sister, who regularly attended a mission school near

Misy had run down Chambers street, sprang into an Eighth avenue car, and was soon climbing the rocks of the Grand Boulevard. That was a happy evening with his little sister. She showed the new books, how far she had read and ciphered, how beautifully she had written in the new copy-book, not making a single blot. Mrs. McHume had a splendid supper of ham and eggs, hot coffee, and baked potatoes, buckwheat cakes and molasses. Misy ate and talked fast. He should learn writing and ciphering, some day stop tramping and be somebody, would have a great house, Mamie should be a lady. Mrs. McHume be housekeeper, and they would have just such suppers as this every day. Misy laughed so that his little face, no longer weakened, vanished away from his open mouth as certainly as it did when he cried his papers in the street.

After supper he settled with Mrs. McHume. What a pile of money there was, to be sure! and there was some left. Misy winked significantly at Mrs. McHume, who instantly remembered that it was time for Mamie to wash the cups standing on the little table. Misy pointed to the little pile remaining, and whispered "Christmas."

"What?" was the whispered return. Misy looked around carefully to be sure that Mamie was not listening.

"Skates. You see she's in school or in here all the time--needs exercise," said Misy, with the air of a physician with a gold-headed cane.

Just then Mamie ran to her brother saying that some one was peeping into the window. Misy called her a little coward that saw "spooks," till he caught sight of the face himself: "O," he said, "it's Hod. He's pestering me to go partners." Then he kissed Mamie and laughed so immediately that the little girl was quite amazed, nor was her amazement lessened when he said, instead of good night, "Christmas is comin' again, and so am I."

Mrs. McHume followed him out to the door. "Don't spend money foolish, Misy."

"She never had a Christmas gift since mother died--nor me," he added stoutly, as if it were something to bear up against, and he would do it. "Skates it is, and I'm goin' to get 'em now." He gave such a decided wag to his frowzy head that Mrs. McHume did not remonstrate. "Day after tomorrow is Christmas eve. You hang up both her stockings. My eye! One apiece! Won't I get beautiful Crackee!" He thrust his hands into his thin pockets and raced off along the edge of the rocks to a footpath that ran down to the Grand Boulevard. On the highest point of the embankment, Hod suddenly darted from the shadow of a shanty and seized him.

"Off with your boot, and no noise." "Police!" screamed Misy.

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"Off with your boot, and no noise." "Police!" screamed Misy.

A single shove from Hod's strong arm sent Misy over the precipice upon the sharp, jagged rocks below.

The policeman found, lying in a pool of blood, a limp, lifeless form.

When Misy opened his eyes he was lying on a narrow white bed in St. Luke's Hospital, three or four doctors were standing over him, and at his feet stood a lady in black dress with something misty white on her head. "Bad fractures," said a big doctor with red whiskers, but the worst trouble is with his head."

"O! here you are," said a tall young doctor, first seeing that Misy had opened his eyes. "What's your name?"

"Misy 92." He was too feeble and bewildered to think of the real name.

"How did you come down on those rocks?"

"Hod--it's no matter. I fell sir."

"What makes you say it's no matter? who's Hod?"

Misy persisted in the one answer--and soon everything faded into nothing.

When he woke again he was recovered enough to look around him. On both sides of the very long room, and standing close, side by side, were little white beds; in some of them were sick children, but most of them were empty; dozens of children were playing about, some of them wearing splints or braces, some bandaged; almost all were lame or bent, but very few seemed to be in pain. There were many pictures; one opposite his bed was of a little girl learning to knit. That made him think of Mamie, and thinking of her brought back all that had happened. He looked out of the window, and saw by the color of the sky that it must be evening--where had the time gone?

The sister with the misty white cap came and spoke to him, and then passed out, all the children who could do so following her. Then he heard music and singing. He had often stood outside the door of old Trinity to listen, but this seemed more like the music of angels. There was a dim light in the room, his medicine made him dreamy and a little confused; now and then he would open his eyes and wonder if this were heaven. His bed was very near to the door opening into the chapel gallery--he could hear the prayers, and dimly see the embowed prayer time at the

Rivington Lodgings, of the Bible teaching that he had received there; then, for the first time, the thought came that he might die. "Poor Mamie," he said, half aloud, and then, "I'd hate to be in Hod's place." He heard them saying "Our Father," and hardly conscious of it joined his feeble voice--the nurse heard him--then he slept.

The children coming back roused him; they swiftly scattered, each to his place in or beside a little white bed, and the doctors came in. They stopped by Misy's bed first.

"Well," said the tall doctor, "how long must I stay here?"

"Not long--I'm afraid."

"Don't you think I'll pull through?"

"I'm afraid you will."

The tall doctor sat down on Misy's bed. His abrupt manner scared Misy at first; but before he was aware of it he was holding the little bearded hand, and had heard all of Misy's story, having faithfully promised, though reluctantly, that he wouldn't "peach on Hod." Misy had told him even about the skates. The doctor called the nurse and sent her for the boot; she returned saying she could not find it then, but would in the morning; and the doctor, shaking the little grimy hand in a way that a boy would like better than all the words that could be said, went out with his head bent down, pulling his mustache, a habit he had when in deep thought.

Early in the morning the nurse came to Misy's bed.

"There's a boy here to see you--the doctor won't let him up, but says you may send him any word you please."

"Who is it?" said Misy, thinking of Joe.

"He says, 'tell you it's Hod.' He won't say anything else."

Misy started with surprise, thought a minute, and then said slowly, "Tell him it's all right."

"Is that all?" said the nurse. Misy thought another minute; somehow his thoughts all came very slowly.

"He knows where Sissy lives, maybe he'd tell her I'm here."

The nurse went away. She forgot to tell the miserable Hod that it was all right, but she gave the second message, adding, "If they want to see him alive they'd better come to-day."

"You want your sister to have the skates, do you?"

"Don't I though?" said Misy, brightening at the thought; but presently looking graver, said, "The woman couldn't find the boot."

"Never mind the boot. Would these do?" The doctor held up a pair of silver-mounted skates. Misy with a violent effort sat up in bed; "Governor, you don't mean it?"

"See here," said the doctor, laying down the skates, and with both hands gently pushing him back on the pillow. "You do that again, and I'll not promise that you'll ever see your sister. She'll be here to-day if we can find her. Would you like to have these hang on the tree? They are bringing it into the room now."

"May she come to the tree? She never was to a Christmas tree--nor me--but that ain't no matter. You'll let her stay to it, now, will you?"

"If you'll promise not to talk nor worry till she comes."

The Doctor hung the skates where Misy could plainly see them. He lay in a perfect ecstasy, with feasting his eyes on their glitter.

The miserable Hod had heard Misy's request with dismay. He was not brutal--had not meant to hurt Misy, but to rob him. When he pushed Misy over the bank it was without thought except to escape detection. He had ventured back to the place reconnoitering, just in time to follow the stretcher to the hospital. Not daring to go back to the lodging house, remembering Joe's threat, he had slept, or waked, rather, in one of the great iron water tubes lying on the avenue, which were to be placed underground when the workmen were ready to do so. It was many hours before he summoned courage to go to the shanty. He told Mrs. McHume simply that "Misy was hurt and at St. Luke's, and that the woman said they had better come soon."

Mamie had cried a little at first on hearing the news, but as Mrs. McHume hoped that he was "not hurt much," she was soon all animation, for she, too, had planned a Christmas surprise. All the evenings for many weeks had been given to the manufacture of the most beautiful scarlet tippet for her brother. The sun was near setting when they entered the children's ward. There was a blaze of gaslight, the children were buzzing about as merry, though not quite so noisy, as well children. The nurse went before Mrs. McHume, and told Misy his sister had come. The gray-haired chaplain had been talking with him, and Misy had been thinking feebly of what he had said, his eyes all the time fixed on the splendid skates. Mamie scarcely knew the beautiful boy for her brother. The matted hair was smooth and glossy, his skin was as fair as her own, and his eyes shone like diamonds. "O Billy, what a beautiful little white bed!" was her first exclamation; then she kissed her brother.

(Continued in Fourth Page)