The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTHIMER.
Editor and Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT---"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

TERMS:
One Dollar a Year in Advance

VOL. II., No. 11. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 31, 1874 SINGLE COPIES, THREE CENTS

Lehighton Directory.

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100 CASH GIFTS,	400 each	40,000
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Address JAMES VICK,
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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Abraham Abner, deceased, late of the borough of Lehighton.

Whereas, letters testamentary on the estate of Abraham Abner, late of the borough of Lehighton, Carbon county, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them authenticated for settlement to

THOMAS KEMERER,
Lehighton, Jan. 10, 1874.—6w* Executor.

THE MISER'S WILL.

"What!" muttered Noah Brennan, gazing into Walter Adams' face, "do you mean that you'll give me a home too—that you will provide for me and help me?"

"Yes," returned the youth hopefully. "I could never be happy with Agnes, much as I love her, if I thought her dear old father had no home. Come, we will live together, and be as happy as the days are long."

"But your salary?"

"Is sufficient for us. I have five hundred dollars a year. We can live on that, and lay up something, too."

"Well, well—take her—love her—be good to her—make her happy—don't never—"

When the old man saw the joyous tears streaming from his child's eyes, he turned away and walked quickly from the house, but he was not so quick but that he heard the blessing that followed him. And when he walked alone beneath the starry heavens, he wiped his eyes as though something troubled him.

Gay as a lark was gentle, beautiful Agnes, when she became the wife of Walter Adams. The rose bloomed again upon her cheek, and the smiles were upon her happy face like sunshine all the day long.

"Do you pray God to help you to love me now?" the old man asked, after he had lived with Walter some two months.

"Why, what do you mean?" Agnes asked, in surprise.

"You used to pray so, for I heard you," returned Noah.

A moment the young wife gazed into her parent's face, and then she answered, while she threw her arms about his neck:

"Oh, I pray that you may be spared to us for long years in peace and happiness. But—love you? Oh, I could not help it if I should try. And Walter loves you, father—he loves you very much, for he has told me so many times."

There was something more than usual in the old man's eyes now.

One evening, as the happy trio sat at the tea table, Walter looked more sober than was his wont.

"What is it, love?" Agnes asked.

"Oh, nothing," the husband said, with a smile, "I was only thinking."

"But of what?"

"Only castle building, that's all."

"In the air, Walter?" said Noah.

"Yes, very high in the air," the young man replied, with a laugh.

"But tell us what it is."

"Well, I'd as lief tell you as not. Mr. Osgood is to retire from our firm in a few days. He is well advanced in years, and has made a fortune in the business, and will now live for comfort and health alone. He has not been very well of late years."

"And is that all?"

"No. I am to be advanced to the post of head book-keeper, with a salary of twelve hundred dollars."

"And is that all?"

"Yes."

"But what castle in the air is there about that?"

"Oh, that isn't the castle."

"Then what is the castle?" urged the old man.

"Why, simply this," said Walter, laughing, but yet almost ashamed to tell it. "This noon Mr. Osgood patted me on the shoulder, and said, in a playful way, 'Walter, I'll sell you all my interest here for fifty thousand dollars.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Noah Brennan, "and you thought he was in earnest?"

"No, no," quickly returned the young man, "I did not think that, though I knew that the two other partners would willingly have me for an associate."

"But it seems to me that Osgood holds his share in the concern at a high price."

"Oh, no; it's a very low one. There is a clear capital of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the business at this moment; and think of all the standing and good will, which goes for nothing."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old man again.

Then Walter laughed, and then Agnes laughed, and then they finished their supper.

On the next evening Walter Adams came in and sat down on the sofa without speaking. He was pale and agitated, and his eyes had a vacant, wandering stare.

"Walter!" cried Agnes, in terror, "what has happened?"

"He's sick," muttered Noah Brennan, without looking around.

"No, no; not sick," returned the young man, starting up, "but I am the victim of a miserable trifling."

"Eh, how?" asked old Noah, now turning in his chair.

"I'll tell you," said Walter, with a spasmodic effort. "I had some long entries to post this evening, so I remained in the counting room after the rest had gone. I was still at work when Mr. Osgood came in and placed some papers on my desk, saying, as he did so: 'Here, Walter, these are yours.' And then he went out. When I had finished my work I opened the papers. The first was a sort of inventory of what Osgood had owned in the business, and footed up, in round numbers, forty-nine thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars. The next paper was a deed conveying the whole vast property to me, and making me a partner in the concern upon equal footing with the other two."

"Well," said the old man, thumping his foot upon the carpet and keeping time with his hands, "I don't see anything very bad in that."

"But I do," said Walter. "It is cruel to trifle with me thus."

"There was something in Noah's eye again, but he managed to get it out, and he spoke thus:

"Walter Adams, when young men used to hover about my child, I believed the same of you. I knew of nothing but this love of money that could underlie human action. My heart had become hardened by it, and my soul darkened It was for my child to pour the warmth and light into my bosom. It was for her to keep before me the image of the gentle wife whom I had loved and lost, but, alas! who occupied a place in that love second to my gold. It was for my child to open gradually, but surely, the fount of feeling which had been for a life-time closed up. I heard her pray for me—pray that she might love me—that she might have help from God to love me; and that was after I had refused to let her be your wife. I saw her grow pale and sorrowful, and I knew I had done it—and she loved me still. Still she prayed to God to help her—help her what? Help her love her father! I was killing her, and she tried to smile upon me. One evening I heard you both conversing in the old hut. My child chose misery and duty to her father, rather than break that duty in a union with a man she loved. And you uttered a prayer. You prayed that I might be penniless. Stop! hear me through! You would then show your disinterestedness. I walked away and pondered. Could it be that I had found a man who would love an old wreck like myself, with no money. If it were so, then that would break the layer of crust from my soul. I determined to test you. I had gained a glimmering of light, my heart had begun to grow warm, and I prayed frequently that I might not be disappointed.

"I went to the bank and drew out fifty thousand dollars in bills. That night my miserable old hut was set on on fire—or—a—caught fire. I shall always think 'twas my candle did it. But the old shell burnt down, and room was made for a better building. I came out with the wrong trunk, and the other trunk was burnt up. But the money wasn't in it. No, no. I had that stuffed into my bosom and deep pockets, and all buttoned up, and the next day I carried it back to the bank, and had it put with a few thousands more which I had not disturbed. And so my experiment commenced, and I found the full sunshine at last. Aye, Walter, I found you the noble, true man I had prayed for. You took me into your home and loved me when you thought me penniless, and you took my child to your bosom for just what God had made her. And, now, my boy, I've paid Mr. Osgood fifty thousand dollars cash for his share of the business, and it is all yours. And let me tell you one thing, my boy, if your two partners can raise fifty thousand more to invest, just tell 'em you can put in five-and-twenty thousand more at twelve hours' notice. Tell 'em old Noah ain't quite ashore yet. Tell 'em he has found a heart, my boy. Come here, Agnes. Come here, Walter. God bless you as you have blessed me."

Nobody pretended that they had motes in their eyes now, for the occasion of the weeping was too plain.

FAIR BUT FLEETING.

I saw a little bird that was singing on a tree,
And said, "You sing so sweetly, will you come and sing for me?"
But he spread his dusky plumage and he sped across the sea.
For the ditty that he warbled was never sung for me.

I saw the dainty blossom of a white and fragile flower,
And I said, "Come bloom for me in the centre of my bower."
But a white hand, bright as sunshine, came and plucked it from the stem,
And I trow that it was culled to grace a princely diadem

I met a kindred heart, and that heart to me said, "Come!"
And mine went out to meet it, but was lost in sudden gloom.
Whither wander all these fair things? To some land beyond Time's sea?
Is there nothing glad and lasting in this shadow-world for me?

HUMOROUS.

—Upon the arrival of a train in Germantown, the other day, an old lady affectionately greeted a stylish young lady as follows: "Why, how'd do, Mariar? Why, how funny ye look! Didn't hardly know ye! Got your false teeth, ain't ye?" Maria changed the subject.

—There is a boy near the depot who is accustomed to go out on the railroad track and imitate the steam whistle so perfectly as to deceive the flagman at the station. His last attempt proved eminently successful; the depot master came out and switched him off.

—When a young lady gives herself away, does she lose her self-possession?

—A private in the army sent a letter to his sweetheart, closing with: "May heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly, John Smith."

—A captain finding an Irish boy, during the middle watch, frying some ham and eggs he had stolen from the ship's stores, called out to him, "You lubber, you, I'll have none of that." "Faith, Captain, I've none for you," said the lad.

—A negro in Virginia went to sleep with his head on a railroad track, and a hand-car came along and ran over him. He got up swearing that he couldn't get any rest anywhere without some white man would come along to bother him.

—An Irishman on his first shooting excursion shot a bird, and seeing something fall, went to the foot of the tree, and picking up a frog, supposing it to be a bird, put it in his pocket. The frog kept up such a continual hopping that his companion asked him what made the bird hop so. "Och," said Pat, "the poor thing is could; I shot all the feathers off."

—One of Jones' constituents, who had a remarkably red nose, having fallen asleep in a barber's chair, a negro boy who was waiting to get shorn of his wool, observed a mosquito hovering around his face. Quashey eyed it very attentively. At last it lit upon the said nose, and instantly flew off again. "Yah! yah!" he exclaimed, with great glee, "me bery glad to see you burn your fut dat time."

—"Emma," said a little girl to a schoolmate, "wouldn't it be awful if some one shoot our teacher?" "Yes," was the reply; "but then, wouldn't it be nice not to have any school?"

—"Ah, my dear," said the philosophic Miranda, "the arrangements of nature ever excite my admiration. The same wind which musses our crinoline blows dust in the eyes of young men who are so anxious to examine it."

—Jinks has been indulging too freely in ardent spirits. At a street corner his hat dropped into the gutter. Says Jinks: "I know if I pick you up I'll fall, an' you won't p-hic me-hic-up. Good night." And he walked off with a smile of satisfaction, describing innumerable zig-zags as he went, leaving his hat in the gutter.

—"Sympathy," says John Paul, "is something which I never withhold from those in trouble, whether they happen to be friends or not; there's nothing mean about me. I find, too, that one can go around shedding sympathy on all sides for weeks at a time, without spending a cent, or being at much personal inconvenience."

—A little boy, hearing the phrase that "Matches are made in heaven," said "he should think they could be made easier in the other place, where the brimstone is." This youngster's practical turn of mind will probably save him from becoming a gloomy sectarian.