

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. NORTHER, Editor and Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT... "LIVE AND LET LIVE."

TERMS: One Dollar a Year in Advance

VOL. II, No. 13.

LEIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 14, 1874

SINGLE COPIES, THREE CENTS

Leighton Directory

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

Barber.
R. B. WIDE, *Shaving, Hair Cutting and Shampooing*, under E. H. Snyder's, Bank street.

Boot and Shoe Makers.
Charles Yeager, *nearby opposite the post-office, Bank street*; also, *dealer in Boots and Shoes*.
Clinton Brodway, *in Lewis's building, Bank street*. All orders promptly filled—work warranted.

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

Dry Goods and Groceries.
Z. H. Long, *opp. J. & S. Depot, Bank street*; *dealer in Hardware, Queensware, Ladies' Dress Goods, etc.*
H. A. Belts, *Bank street*; *dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Carpets, Oil Cloths & Coal*.
E. H. Snyder, *Bank street*; *dry goods, notions, dress goods, groceries, queensware, hardware, etc.*

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

Hardware.
F. P. Semmel, *nearly opp. Exchange Hotel, Bank street*; *Culicott's, Oil, Paints, Glass, etc.*

Hotel.
Thomas Hart, "Exchange," opp. Public Square, Bank street. *Patronage solicited.*

Furniture Warehouse.
F. Schwartz, *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, Huts, Caps, etc.*
Thomas S. Beck, P. O. building, *Bank street*; *Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, School Books, etc.*

Milliner.
Mrs. E. Path, *Bank street*; *2nd 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. N. R. Kuhn, *next door to P. O., Bank street*; *Consultation in English and German*.

Provisions.
Jos. Ober, *Bank st., Flouring, Carrying and Smoking Establishments*. *All orders promptly filled.*
J. Patzinger & Son, *Bank st., dealers in Flour and Feed, Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables*.

Watchmaker and Jeweler.
A. O. Dehnmayer, *South street, above Bank st.*; *Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Rings, etc.*

Railroad Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Fast Time and Sure Connections!

Five Express Trains Daily from Harrisburg to the West.

Pullman Palace Cars through from Harrisburg to Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis.

The number of miles operated and controlled by this Company enable it to run cars through with fewer changes than by any other line.

Passengers will find this, in all respects,

The Safest, Quickest & most Comfortable Route!

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH

For Rates, Tickets and all Information, apply at all Principal Offices on Line of Lehigh Valley and Lehigh & Susquehanna Railroads, and at P. R. R. Depot, Harrisburg, Pa.

A. J. CASSATT, General Manager.
D. M. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.
J. N. ABBY, Eastern Traveling Agent.
Mar. 18, 1873. 901 Chestnut St., Philad'a.

CENTRAL R. R. OF N. J.

LEHIGH & SUSQUEHANNA DIVISION.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
Commencing Dec. 15, 1873.

DOWN TRAINS.			
No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 7.
Lehigh	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Green Ridge	7:30	10:25	1:25
Seranton	7:35	10:30	1:30
Pittston	8:02	10:57	1:53
Wilkes-Barre	8:30	11:25	2:20
White Haven	9:55	12:5	3:40
Penn. Hav. June	10:37	1:39	4:19
Mauch Chunk	7:30	11:00	4:40
Catskill	8:35	11:58	5:39
Allentown	8:43	12:06	5:47
Bethlehem	9:00	12:17	5:59
Arrive Easton	9:27	12:43	6:25

UP TRAINS.			
No. 10.	No. 4.	No. 6.	No. 14.
Lehigh	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Easton	8:30	11:00	7:15
Bethlehem	8:55	12:13	7:45
Allentown	9:16	12:25	7:57
Catskill	9:44	12:32	8:45
Mauch Chunk	10:25	13:45	9:00
Penn. Hav. June	10:45	14:05	9:20
White Haven	11:55	15:40	9:50
Wilkes-Barre	12:40	16:30	10:00
Pittston	1:03	17:05	10:55
Seranton	1:30	17:35	11:25
Arr. Green Ridge	1:35	18:00	11:30

Nequehoning Valley R. R.—Down trains Nos. 3 & 7, and up trains Nos. 10 & 4 connect at Mauch Chunk.

North Penn. 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, Pittston, 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 3:30 p. m. for Easton and 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 to and from Tamaqua.

Lehigh & Lockman's R. R.—Down trains Nos. 1 & 7, and up trains Nos. 10 & 4 connect at Bethlehem for Easton and Chapman Quarries. Returning leave Chapman's at 7:15 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.

Bethlehem Delaware R. R.—Down trains Nos. 3 & 5, and up trains Nos. 4 & 14 connect at Philadelphia with Bel-Del. R. R. to and from Trenton, Philadelphia and Belvidere.

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.
Feb. 7, 1874.

E. H. SNYDER,

LEIGHTON, PENN'A.

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Notions,

TRIMMINGS,

Dress Goods,

GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE,

Glassware, Hardware, &c.

May 31, 1873.

DAVID EBBERT'S

Livery & Sale Stables,



BANK STREET, LEIGHTON, PA.

I always keep on hand the best horses and finest carriages, to be let at livery at the lowest prices. Conveyances can be had of me at the shortest possible notice, at any hour. I would call the attention of the public to my special facilities for supplying single or double teams for funerals, &c.

Nov. 22, 1873. DAVID EBBERT.

New Advertisements.

New York Day-Book.

A DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY. Established 1850. It supports *Waste Supremacy*, political and social. Terms, \$2 per year, specimen copies free. Address DAY-BOOK, New York City.

Wood's Household Magazine

The Best Dollar Monthly.

\$5 to \$15 Daily made by exchanging for this magazine, now in its 14th vol.—with Chromo.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, 14x20 inches, in 17 00 Colors. Magazine, 1 year, with Mounted Chromo, \$2.50. Magazine, 1 year, with Unmounted Chromo, 1.00. Magazine, 6 mos., 1 year.

Examine our Catalog and Premium Lists. Two First-Class Periodicals for the price of one. We have *Experienced* canvassers and others to send for terms and specimen Magazines. Address S. E. CHETES, Publisher, 41 Park Row, N. Y. City, or Newburgh, N. Y.

\$1,500,000.

Fourth GR AND GIFT CONCERT

For the benefit of the PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KY.

DRAWING DEFERRED TILL 31st of March Next, to complete the sale of tickets and make a FULL DRAWING!!

12,000 cash gifts will be distributed by lot among the ticket-holders.

LIST OF GIFTS.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, \$250.000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 100,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 50,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 25,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 15,000
10 CASH GIFTS, \$10,000 each, 100,000
30 CASH GIFTS, 5,000 each, 150,000
50 CASH GIFTS, 1,000 each, 50,000
80 CASH GIFTS, 500 each, 40,000
100 CASH GIFTS, 400 each, 40,000
150 CASH GIFTS, 300 each, 45,000
200 CASH GIFTS, 200 each, 40,000
325 CASH GIFTS, 100 each, 32,500
11,000 CASH GIFTS, 50 each, 550,000

Total 12,000 Gifts, all Cash, amounting to \$1,500,000.

The concert and distribution of gifts will positively and unconditionally take place on the day now fixed, whether all the tickets are sold or not, and the 12,000 gifts, all paid in proportion to the number of tickets sold.

PRICES OF TICKETS.

Whole Tickets, \$50; Halves, \$25; Tenths, or each coupon, \$5; Eleven Whole Tickets for \$500; 22½ Tickets for \$1,000; 113 Whole Tickets for \$5,650; 227 Whole Tickets for \$11,300. No discount on less than \$500 worth of tickets. Applications for agencies and orders for tickets should be addressed to

THOS. H. HAYS & CO., Agents, 609 Broadway, New York.

BUILDING FELT

(No Tax used.) For outside work and inside. Instead of plaster. For Corseting, etc. Send two 1-cent stamps for circular and samples.

C. J. FAY, Camden, N. J.

\$10 to \$100 in Wall Street

then leads to a fortune. No risk. 32-page pamphlet for stamp. VALSTAR, TUNWALKE & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 30 Wall Street, N. Y.

TO-DAY'S CHROMOS

Three of the Most Beautiful ever issued in color. Each subscribers will receive So Many "LITTLE CHROMOS," two beautiful "CHILD VICTIMS," by Mrs. Andrews, and a beautiful "CHILD VICTIM," by Mrs. Andrews, in water-color, by the celebrated BERRY ESTLIN. All these agents have on hand, and are prepared to deliver them, together with a subscription to the "TO-DAY'S CHROMOS," with the money is paid. Agents wanted everywhere, with full particulars and description of the Chromos, sent on receipt of four cents.

TO-DAY PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.,

733 Sanson St., PHILADELPHIA.

712 Broadway, N. Y. 3 School St., Boston. 115, 115 & 117 E. Madison St., Chicago.

J. FATZINGER & SON,

WEISSPORT AND LEIGHTON,

Dealers in

Groceries,

Provisions,

Flour and Feed,

Canned Fruits.

Notions, Toy, &c., &c., &c.

Country Produce Bought and Sold.

Leighton Store, three doors above the Post Office; Weissport Store, near Canal Bridge. NOV. 20

CROSS AND CROWN.

BY VERNE LEE.

Waiting so wearily, faint with its loss, Feeling its burden is nothing but loss, Bendeth my soul 'neath the weight of its cross.

Long have I watched for the coming of dawn Lonely and desolate, weary, forlorn; When shall I see the gray promise of dawn?

Fearfully shrinking 'neath Heaven's dark crown, Watching the skies bending mournfully down, Is it an angel's voice, "cross before crown?"

Now for a moment the storm clouds are riven, Now for a moment the shadows are lifted, Into the haven my frail bark hath drifted.

Wrongfully Accused.

It has been many long days since then, yet I remember it all, just as though it had occurred yesterday.

I was a carpenter, the foreman of a large establishment, and as such possessed the entire confidence of my employer, who, by the way, had been an old schoolmate of mine.

One day he called me into his office to look at some rare coins he had just purchased.

"Here," said he, placing in my hand a heavy gold piece, "is one which is worth all the rest put together. It is a great curiosity. I paid two hundred dollars for it, and consider it cheap at that. I could easily double my money in selling it, and so you see, Harvey, it is a good investment."

"No doubt it is," said I, "though it seems a large sum to have lie idle."

I breathed an involuntary sigh as I laid the coin down on the desk, for two hundred dollars would have seemed a fortune to me just then.

The severe illness of my wife and one of my children, and the death of another, made serious inroads on my purse, and it had required the utmost economy to keep myself free from debt. Nay, I had been obliged to withdraw from the bank the small sums which, besides my salary, were all I possessed of worldly treasures. Thinking of this, I laid the coin down with a sigh, and turned away to attend to my duties.

The next morning I was again summoned into the office, but this time I met with no friendly greeting as usual.

"Harvey," said my employer, abruptly, "that coin we were looking at has disappeared. I have made a thorough search, but it is not to be found. It has been carried away by some one. You alone saw or knew of it, and—"

He paused and looked significantly into my face. I finished the sentence for him, the hot blood dying my cheek and brow as I spoke.

"You mean, therefore, that I took it—?"

"What else can I think? The coin was here; you alone saw it. I cannot recall having seen it since it was in your hands. You are in need of money—you have told me that yourself. It was a great temptation, and I forgive you because of our own friendship, but I cannot retain you in my employ. Here is the salary due you."

"Very well," said I, with forced calmness, "so be it. Since you have so poor an opinion of me after years of faithful service, I shall not stop to defend myself."

Then I took the money he had laid upon the desk, and went out on his presence a well nigh broken-hearted man.

But for the tender love of my wife, I doubt not but that I would have buried my sorrows in the grave of a suicide.

Supported by that love, however, and the consciousness of my own innocence, I took fresh courage, and set resolutely to work to find a new employer.

But powerful is the breath of slander. Turn which way I might, I ever found that the story of my dismissal for theft had preceded me, and my applications for employment uniformly met with a refusal.

Time went on; piece by piece of our furniture and every spare article of clothing found its way to the pawnbroker's, until at length even this poor resource failed us, and my children cried in vain for food.

Yet I did not sit down in idle despair. I could not afford to do so. The life or death of all I loved on earth depended on my exertions, and so, turning away from home with a heavy heart, I once more set out on the weary search for work.

All in vain! Refusal after refusal

met my entreaties for employment, and I was turning homeward with a listless step, when, passing an immense church, I was attracted by a group of men at its base.

Impelled by some strange impulse I approached and mingled with them.

A workman was standing near by, looking up at the great steeple, which towered aloft some 250 feet above them, while a gentleman, evidently architect, was addressing him in earnest language, and at the same time pointing to the golden cross at the summit of the spire.

"I tell you," he exclaimed, as I drew near, "it must and can be done. The cross must be taken down, or the first heavy gale will send it down into the street, and lives will be lost. Coward! Is this the way you back out of a job after engaging to do it?"

"I didn't know the spire was so high up there. Do it yourself if you want it done."

"I would, if I were able," said the architect. "But go if you will; let it be. My honor is pledged to have it done at any price—and I can find a braver man than you to do it."

The carpenter walked away with a dogged, slouching step, and the gentleman was about to walk away also, when I stepped forward.

"What is it you want done, sir?" I asked. "I am a carpenter; perhaps I can do it."

He turned eagerly towards me.

"I will make it worth your while. Take down that cross, and I will pay you a hundred dollars. You will have to ascend the ornamental blocks, and I will you candidly they are not to be depended on; they are weak and rotten, for they have been there for years."

I looked at the spire; it was square at the base, and tapered to a sharp point, while along each angle were nailed small gilded blocks of wood.

"It's a dangerous place to work," I said, "and there will be even more peril in descending than ascending. Suppose I succeed in moving the cross, and then—"

"If any accident happens to you, my brave fellow, the money shall be paid to your family. I promise you that. Give me your address."

"Here it is," I said, "and as you value your soul keep your word with me. My wife and children are starving, or I would not attempt this work. If I die they can live on the hundred dollars for awhile until my sick wife recovers her strength."

"I'll make it a hundred and fifty," exclaimed the architect, "and may God protect you. If I had the skill necessary to ascend that steeple I would ask no man to risk his life there. But come, and keep a steady hand and eye."

I followed him into the church, then up into the spire, until we paused before a narrow window. This was the point from which I must start on the perilous feat which I had undertaken.

Glancing a single glance at the people in the street below, mere specks in the distance, I reached out from the window, and grasping one of the ornamental blocks, swung myself out upon the spire.

For an instant my courage faltered, but the remembrance of my starving family came to my aid, and with a silent prayer for protection and success, I placed my hand upon the next block above my head, and clambered up.

From block to block I went, steadily and cautiously, trying each one ere I trusted my weight upon it.

Two-thirds of the space had been passed, when suddenly the block that supported me moved—gave way. Oh, heavens! Never, though I should live to see a hundred years, shall I cease to shudder at the recollection of that terrible moment. Yet even in the midst of my agony, as I felt myself slipping backward, I did not for one second lose my presence of mind.

It seemed to me that never before had my senses been so eternally acute as then, when a horrible death seemed inevitable.

Down, down I slipped, grasping at each block as I passed it by, until at length my fearful course was arrested, and then, while my head reeled with the sudden reaction, a great shout came from the people below.

"Come down! come down!" called the architect from the window; "halt! the sun shall be yours for the risk you have run. Don't try again. Come down."

But no more than ever now was I

determined to succeed. I was not one to give up after having undertaken a difficult task.

Coolly, but cautiously, I commenced the ascent once more, first seeking in vain to reach across to the next row of blocks, for I did not care to trust myself a rain on that which had proved so treacherous. This I was compelled to do, however, until the space between the angles became sufficiently small to allow me to swing across. Accomplishing my purpose at length, I went up more rapidly, carefully testing each block as I proceeded.

Ere long I reached the cross, and there I paused to rest, looking down from the dizzy height with a coolness that even then astonished me.

A few strokes with a light hatchet that the architect had swung at my back, and piece by piece the rotten cross fell to the ground.

My work was done, and as the last fragment disappeared I found a sad pleasure in the thought that should I never reach the ground alive, my dear ones would have ample means to supply their wants until my wife should obtain employment.

Steadily and cautiously I lowered myself from block to block, and at length reached the spire window, amid the cheers of those assembled in the street.

Inside the steeple the architect placed a roll of bank notes in my hand.

"You have well earned the money," he said. "It does me good to see a man with so much nerve but—bless me! what is the matter with your hair? It was black before you made the ascent, now it is gray!"

And so it was. That moment of intense agony, while slipping helplessly downward, had blanched my hair until it appeared like that of an old man. The work of years had been done in an instant.

Entering the bare, cheerless room, which was now all I called my home, I found a visitor awaiting me—my old employer.

"Harvey," said he, extending his hand, "I have done you a great wrong. It cost me a terrible pang to believe in your guilt, but circumstances were so strongly against you that I was forced to believe it. I have found the coin, Harvey; it slipped under the secret drawer in my desk. Can you forgive me, my dear old friend?"

My heart was too full to speak. I silently pressed his hand.

"I will undo the wrong I have done. All the world shall know that I have accused you unjustly, not only through my words, but through my action, too. You must be my partner, Harvey. If you refuse I shall feel that you have not forgiven me.

I did not refuse. Indeed, I thankfully accepted the offer which my friend so generously made, knowing that no surer method could have been devised to silence forever the tongue of slander, and free my name from the unmerited reproach when had of late tested on it.

Unmerited prosperity has attended my steps ever since that eventful day, but neither prosperity nor wealth can efface its memory from my heart, nor restore my withered locks to their own raven hue.

—A young gentleman who has been studying finance for some time past, wishes to know whether the day rate of gold affects the nitrate of silver.

—At prayer meeting, a few days ago, one of the members prayed: "Lord, thou knowest that Charles Tomkins has sold poor boots to some of us. Make him do the fair thing."

—Daily, of the Danbury News, commented some remarks in a prayer meeting recently, by saying, solemnly, "I would not live away; yet, when I get pretty sick, I always send for the doctor."

—Why is a new born babe like the relief of Lucknow? Because it's too long expected sucker.

—A bachelor editor, who had a pretty unmarried sister, lately wrote to another similarly circumstanced, "Please exchange."

—A loving wife in Danbury, Conn., on the decease of her husband sent the following thrilling telegram to a distant friend: "Dear John is dead. Loss fully covered by insurance."

—More than one hundred women are studying law in the United States, and the question as to who shall be Chief Justice may yet agitate the land. But for the present the fair sex should be content to bide their time.