

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. II., No. 42.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 5, 1874

SINGLE COPIES, THREE CENTS.

CARDS.

Furniture Warehouse.
V. Schwartz, Bank street, dealer in all kinds of Furniture. Orders made to order.

Boot and Shoe Makers.
Clinton Bretney, to Leran's building, Bank street. All orders promptly filled—work warranted.

W. M. RAPSHER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will buy and sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents, a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. Nov. 22.

J. NO. D. BERTOLLETTI,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office—First National Bank Building, 2nd Floor
MAUCH CHUNK, PENN.
May be consulted in German. (Apr 18, 1874)

E. D. C. DIMMICK,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office on Broadway, first door below American Hotel, Mauch Chunk, Penn'a. Collections promptly made. Nov. 23.

E. M. MULHERN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.
Oct 18, 1873.

J. R. DIMMICK,
AUCTIONEER,
East Wyalusing, Pa.
N.B.—Sales of every description attended to at reasonable charges. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Jan. 24, '74.

DR. N. B. REBER,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, Bank Street, next door above the Postoffice, Lehigh, Pa. Office hours—Barryville each day from 10 to 12 o'clock; remainder of day office at Lehigh. Nov. 23, '72

EAGLE HOTEL,
N. KLOTZ, PROP.,
Summit Hill, Carbon Co., Pa.
Best of accommodations. Excellent restaurant underneath. Good stabling attached. Terms moderate.

J. BOYD HENRI,
ARCHITECT,
122 S. 9th St., Allentown, Pa.
Will furnish Plans, Specifications and Estimates giving exact cost of public and private buildings, from the plan to the most elaborate, also drawings for Stairs, Hand-Rails, &c. jell

TOBACCONIST.
OLIVER CRILLEY, dealer in Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, &c., next door to Box's Grocery Store, Susquehanna St., Mauch Chunk, respectfully asks the people of Lehigh and vicinity, when visiting that place, to call in and try his **FRAGRANT CIGARS**, the very best in the market. Every article in his line warranted as represented and at lowest prices. Mar 28

THOMAS A. WILLIAMS,
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S Fashionable
Boot and Shoe Maker,
Nearly opposite the Post-office
BANK STREET, Lehigh, Pa.
Having commenced business, as above, I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Lehigh and vicinity that I am prepared to do all work in my line in the best and most substantial manner, at prices fully as low as the same work can be obtained in Philadelphia. A splendid assortment of CHILDREN'S and MISSES' WEAR of the best make always on hand. A trial is solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

The trade supplied with all kinds of **SHOE FINDINGS**, at lowest prices. July 4, 1874.

THOMAS KEMERER,
CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
Lebanon Mutual Fire,
Reading Mutual Fire,
Wyalusing Fire,
Pottsville Fire,
Lehigh Fire, and the
Travelers' Accident Insurance,
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Detective and Insurance Company. March 29, 1873.

JOS. M. FRITZINGER,
Fashionable
Boot and Shoe Maker,
Opposite T. D. Clauss's Store,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, Pa.,
respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has just received a new and excellent assortment of Men's Women's and Children's Ready-Made

Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,
Which he will sell at the Lowest Prices.
Boots and Shoes made to order, and repairing neatly and substantially done at short notice. [Apr 25-'71]

The undersigned respectfully announces that he is better prepared than ever to Buy and Sell **Hides,**
Calf and Sheep Skins,
Tallow and
Plastering Hair,
at his Old Stand, nearly opposite the post office, Bank Street, Lehigh, Pa.
The highest cash prices paid for Hides and Skins. C. E. GREENAWALD, Nov. 23.

WONDERFUL, BUT TRUE!
Whenever I get a Bottle of Bloom of Youth or Magnolia Balm, Rose Tint, a Box of Lilly White, or anything in that line to beautify the complexion, at Durling's Drug Store, it seems to be nicer and better than I can get anywhere else.

Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.
Passengers for Philadelphia will leave Lehighton as follows:
5:07 a. m. via L. V. arrive at Phila at 9:00 a. m.
7:37 a. m. via L. & S. " " 11:10 a. m.
7:39 a. m. via L. V. " " 11:10 p. m.
11:07 p. m. via L. & S. " " 2:15 p. m.
11:52 p. m. via L. V. " " 2:15 p. m.
2:27 p. m. via L. & S. " " 5:35 p. m.
4:47 p. m. via L. & S. " " 8:20 p. m.
4:44 p. m. via L. V. " " 8:20 p. m.
7:28 p. m. via L. V. " " 10:30 p. m.
Returning, leave depot at Berks and American Streets, Phila, at 7:00, 8:30 and 9:45 a. m. 2:10, 3:20, and 4:15 p. m.
Fare from Lehighton to Philadelphia, \$2.55.
Feb. 1, 1874. MILLS CLARK, Agent

CENTRAL R. OF N. J.
LEHIGH & SUSQUEHANNA DIVISION.
Time Table of June 29, 1874.
Trains leave Lehighton as follows:
For New York, Philadelphia, Easton, &c., at 7:37, 11:07 a. m., 2:27, 4:47 p. m.
For Mauch Chunk at 10:15 a. m., 1:14, 5:38, and 9:32 p. m.
For Wilkes Barre and Scranton at 10:15 a. m., 1:14, 5:38 p. m.
Returning—Leave New York, from station Central Railroad of New Jersey, foot of Liberty street, North River, at 5:15, 9:00 a. m., 12:49, 4:00 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, from Depot North Penn'a R. R., at 7:00, 10:30 a. m., 2:10, 5:15 p. m.
Leave Easton at 8:30, 10:55, 11:45 a. m., 5:55 and 7:15 p. m.
Leave Mauch Chunk at 7:30, 11:09 a. m., 2:20 and 4:40 p. m.
For further particulars, see Time Tables at the Stations.
H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Passenger Agent, July 4, 1874.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,
PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RR. DIVISION.
Summer Time Table.
On and after SUNDAY, JUNE 29th, 1874, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie R.R. Division will run as follows:
WESTWARD.
Fast Line leaves Philadelphia 12:55 p. m.
" " Harrisburg 5:49 p. m.
" " Sunbury 7:55 p. m.
" " Williamsport 8:50 p. m.
" " arr. at Lock Haven 10:00 p. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia 11:55 p. m.
" " Harrisburg 4:35 a. m.
" " Sunbury 6:30 a. m.
" " Williamsport 8:35 a. m.
" " Lock Haven 9:45 a. m.
" " Renovo 11:10 a. m.
" " arr. at Erie 8:05 p. m.
ELMIRA MAIL leaves Philadelphia 8:05 a. m.
" " Harrisburg 1:20 p. m.
" " Sunbury 3:20 p. m.
" " Williamsport 4:20 p. m.
" " arr. at Lock Haven 7:30 p. m.

NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Philadelphia 7:20 a. m.
" " Harrisburg 10:40 a. m.
" " Sunbury 12:30 p. m.
" " Williamsport 2:05 p. m.
" " Lock Haven 3:10 p. m.
" " Renovo 4:20 p. m.
" " arr. at Erie 9:50 a. m.
EASTWARD.
PHILA. EXPRESS leaves Lock Haven 6:25 a. m.
" " Sunbury 9:25 a. m.
" " Williamsport 10:55 a. m.
" " arr. at Harrisburg 11:45 a. m.
" " Philadelphia 3:35 p. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie 11:25 a. m.
" " Lock Haven 9:20 p. m.
" " Harrisburg 9:55 p. m.
" " Williamsport 10:50 a. m.
" " Sunbury 12:40 p. m.
" " arr. at Harrisburg 2:40 p. m.
" " Philadelphia 4:40 a. m.
ELMIRA MAIL leaves Lock Haven 9:45 a. m.
" " Williamsport 11:00 a. m.
" " Sunbury 12:40 p. m.
" " Harrisburg 3:05 p. m.
" " Philadelphia 6:35 p. m.

NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Renovo 4:05 a. m.
" " Lock Haven 5:25 p. m.
" " Williamsport 6:50 p. m.
" " Sunbury 8:40 p. m.
" " arr. at Harrisburg 10:55 p. m.
" " Philadelphia 2:50 p. m.
Mail Post connects east and west at Erie with L. & S. R. W. and at Irvinston with Oil Creek and Allegheny R. W.
Mail West with east and west trains on L. & S. R. W. and at Oley and Irvinston with Oil Creek and Allegheny R. W.
Kinds Mail and Buffalo Express make close connections at Williamsport with N. C. & W. V. north, and at Harrisburg with N. C. & W. V. south. WM. A. BALDWIN, Gen'l Supt.

AT PRIVATE SALE.

The Lehighton School Board now offer, at Private Sale, the following described valuable REAL ESTATE, being a portion of the Public School Property of the Borough of Lehighton, to wit:

One Lot and Building,
situated on the corner of Iron and Pine streets, and bounded and described as follows: On the north by Iron street; west by a common alley; south by a lot owned by Joseph Ober, and east by Pine street. The lot is 66 feet front by 189 feet 9 inches in depth. Also,

TWO LOTS,
Numbered 153 and 154, situated on Pine street, in said borough, bounded and described as follows: On the west by Pine street; south by lot No. 155; east by West alley, and north by Cedar alley. said lots being each 66 feet front by 189 feet 9 inches in depth. Also,

One Lot and Building,
Situated on Northampton street, and known as the South Lehighton School Property. Also,

For terms and further particulars, apply to either of the under-signed.
A. J. DURLING, Secretary.
DR. N. B. REBER, Treasurer.
Lehighton, May 2, 1874.

SAMUEL GRAVER,
Opposite the Public Square,
SOUTH ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.,
Manufacturer of

Tin & Sheet Iron Ware
And Dealer in all kinds of

STOVES!!
Roofing, Spouting and Jobbing promptly attended to. Nov. 30

Uncle John's Indian Story.

Uncle John, as he was familiarly known, was considered one of the best story tellers extant. His stories always had a touch of the marvelous in them, and his listeners generally ended his sentences with exclamations about as follows: 'Indeed!' 'Strange!' 'Wonderful!' and sometimes with a prolonged hal ha! hal that rent the air with its noisy vibration.

Once upon a time a party of us were seated around a red-hot stove, in a certain State, telling jokes and relating adventures. Our conversation was beginning to flag, when we were suddenly enlivened by the appearance of Uncle John. He came forward and took a seat, and after being duly catechised about his health, was requested to tell a story.

'Tell us a new story, Uncle John,' implored a dozen voices at once.

'Hold on, all of you!' said Uncle John, with assumed indignation. 'Allow me to say that I am not a story-teller; that I never was a story-teller; and that, in all probability, I never shall be a story-teller. But, gentlemen,' said he, 'ask me to relate a reality, something with a foundation, something indubitably indisputable, unquestionably true. Remember, gentlemen, that if I tell you anything, it will be something real, something to be relied upon,' said Uncle John, whose face had now assumed a ludicrous appearance.

'Tell us about something that really occurred, Uncle John, said one of the party.

'Well, boys,' said Uncle John, 'I've an idea in my head that I don't think I've ever told you about. It is a little incident that occurred in the land of romance, the 'Far West.' I am going to tell you,' he continued, 'about a scrape that I got into among those red devils yclept Indians. The West had been my home from early childhood. My father and mother had moved from one of the Middle States when they were first married, and had chosen the West as the field in which they would find their wealth or woe. Well, as soon as I was old enough, I was taught the use of firearms; and often, when my father was at work in the field, I would saddle and bridle one of our powerful horses and ride forth on the plains, very frequently securing enough small game to supply the family with meat. I used to pride myself on being a first-rate shot, though the long, heavy rifle that I was taught to use would have been a burden for an ordinary youth; to me long practice had made it so familiar that I could carry it all day with as much ease as a Kentucky boy would a common shot gun.

Our life in the West had been a very prosperous and peaceable one until I was about entering my twentieth year. The Indians had never molested us, though they used to come to our house to beg, sometimes to trade, and not unfrequently for no other purpose than to steal such articles as might be conveniently concealed among their dirty wrappers. I always detected their thefts, and sometimes would prevent them from carrying off the coveted articles by boldly declaring that they had stolen them and demanding their restitution.

'Well, as I said, all went well until I was about entering my twentieth year, when an incident occurred that was destined to prove one of the most remarkable episodes in my life's history; and this is how it came about:

'My father had given me a horse for my own use. I had spent a great deal of time in breaking and training it, and in all the great West there was not, perhaps, a finer or a nobler animal than Duke Wellington,' for that was my horse's name. Duke, as I commonly called him, and myself were fast friends. Indeed, this spirited animal seemed to be as much attached to me as I was to him; he was as docile as a lamb if I commanded, and at the same time, if I wished it, he was off over the plains like the wind. Perhaps his value was enhanced, in my estimation, by the fact that I used to spend many pleasant hours in galloping over the plains accompanied by pretty Nellie Martin, the charming daughter of 'Squire Martin, who resided just four miles west of my own home. One day I tethered Duke among a lot of fine prairie grass in sight of the house, and was taking a nap for refreshment, when my mother came and awakened me, telling me that an Indian was prowling about in the vicinity of my horse in a very suspicious

manner. Jumping up, I seized my rifle and hurried out to where I could see my horse. That the Indian designed stealing him was apparent at a glance, for even as I stepped out of the house he had cut the rope that tethered him, and was in the act of mounting. I yelled at him to stop, but he appeared not to hear me; instead of stopping, he took a northward course, and was flying like mad across the prairie. An instant I looked at him, and then raising my rifle I fired, not however, with the expectation of checking him, for he was now nearly a quarter of a mile distant from me; but, as luck or fate would have it, he fell from the horse as suddenly as if every nerve and muscle in his body had been severed.

'My horse, being thus freed of his furious rider, turned and trotted back to where I was standing. I suspected that the Indian had not ventured to accomplish his purpose alone, so retired into the house to await further developments. Presently a number of motley looking figures, companions of the dead Indian, stole up, seized their fallen comrade, and set off in the direction that he had been pursuing. For several days I stayed at home, expecting to be assailed by the friends of the Indian that I had killed, but as they manifested no such intentions I became less prudent, and on the fourth day, after being duly cautioned by father and mother to guard against danger, I mounted my horse, well armed of course, and set out to visit Nellie Martin, who, I may as well state here, was to me the most charming object to be found in the West. About half way between Nellie's house and mine was a thick belt of timber, through which I had to pass. As I entered this timber I spoke to Duke, and he quickened his gait to a lope. We were about the middle of the timber when my horse suddenly stopped, sniffed the air and attempted to turn back. Before I could command him or even comprehend his actions, there arose as if by magic, almost a multitude of lithe, shabby figures, heterogeneously made up of flesh and dirt, skins, feathers, tomahawks, scalping-knives and rifles. Almost before I was aware of it, I was a prisoner, with a lot of dirty demons brandishing tomahawks over my head and threatening to scalp me. Presently one of the Indians, who was taller and uglier than any of the rest, came forward and spoke as follows: 'Me great chief, White man kill great chief's brother, great chief kill white man.' Then he drew aside and conferred with some of his braves in a tone so low that I could only make out a word now and then. However, I comprehended enough to understand that they thought I deserved a horrid and lingering death to atone for the dead brave.

Whatever their programme was, they soon determined what to do. Then they tied me on a bare-backed horse, and the whole band, of whom there were about thirty in number, mounted and struck out over the plains, taking me with them. We had ridden about forty miles, and I was beginning to think that I had already suffered enough to pay for the blood of the entire tribe, when the whole band suddenly came to a standstill. Before us stood two trees, each about a foot in diameter and between the two trees was a space of about eight feet. I scanned these trees narrowly, for as there were no others in sight, I knew that the noble red men contemplated mischief.

'Presently they all dismounted, and then I was untied and made to stand between the two trees. Then an Indian produced some strong cord, and proceeded to tie one around each of my wrists. Having done this, an Indian was sent up each of the trees, one having hold of the cord on my right wrist, the other having the cord that was attached on my left wrist. They approached to the height of about twelve feet, and then commenced drawing me up in the air between the two trees. I yelled with pain, but it did no good. The Indians continued to hoist me up, until my feet were nearly two yards from the ground. They then made the cords fast to the two trees, and I was swinging in the air with my arms stretched at full length. Not satisfied with this, however, they tied two other cords around my ankles, and my feet were drawn apart in the same manner. There I was, suspended in the air like a big letter X, with all those red devils jeering and laughing at me. The villains next proceeded to build a fire on the ground beneath me, and for an hour

at least I was smoked and singed until I was almost unconscious.

'At last, the fire being itself burned out, these children of nature began to study up some other mode of pastime. Four of the scoundrels having rides walked away a short distance and amused themselves firing at me, to see how close they could come without actually hitting me. The bullets whistled past me, they tore through my clothes, and grazed my flesh, while the blood trickled down upon the ground beneath me.

'I thought of Nellie, my own bright-eyed Nellie, and then I determined that if ever my limbs were free again, I would escape or die. Presently the Indians raised their rifles and aimed them with more care than usual. I thought they meant to kill me, and when they fired I dropped to the ground so suddenly that I thought I was making my exit from the world. As soon as I could collect my scattered senses I found that the Indians had shot the cords in two, as a specimen of their skill, and hence my sudden descent to terra firma.

'For a minute my limbs were so numb that I could not use them; and again a vision of Nellie, of home, and friends came into my mind, and I resolved more firmly to escape. Like a flash of light an expedient occurred to me, and if I could only carry it out successfully I would be free. Calling the chief to me, I informed him that if he would let me live a day longer I would learn him a secret that would make his tribe one of the greatest and most wealthy tribes on the face of the earth. At first he appeared to doubt, but thinking that no harm would come of it, he acquiesced, and demanded my secret. I produced a pint bottle from my pocket filled with liquor. All the Indians were curious to hear what it was, and crowded around me. 'Great chief, form a line with your noble braves and you shall have the secret.' In an instant they were in a line and all attention. 'Great chief, said I, in this bottle there is a liquid, which, if you will open your hands wide and straight; and let me pour some of this liquid on your hands, and you will then press your two hands together for a little while, when you open your hands they will be full of gold. Will you and your noble braves try it?' A row of hands were extended, and I poured some of the liquid in each one, and each one of the Indians closed their hands very tightly for some minutes.

Here Uncle John paused so long, that some of us were induced to ask, 'What next?'

'What next?' said Uncle John. 'Why I mounted my horse and rode back home to Nellie and friends, leaving a sadder if not wiser band of Indians.'

'But how?' said we.

'How?' said Uncle John. 'Why, the liquid that I poured into their hands was a wonderful cement, warranted to stick anything, and to set in one minute, so I had them fast enough.

Here Uncle John arose and made his exit amid a deafening roar of applause.

A Temperance Fact.

'I don't like that red nose, and those bear eyes, and that stupid, downcast look. You are a drunkard. Another pint, and one pint more; a glass of gin and water, rum and milk, cider and pepper, a glass of peppermint, and all the beastly fluids which drunkards pour down their throats. It is very possible to conquer if you will but be resolute. I remember a man in Staffordshire who was drunk every day in his life. Every farthing he earned went to the alehouse. One evening he staggered home, and found at a late hour his wife sitting alone, and drowned in tears. He was a man not deficient in natural affections; he appeared to be struck with the wretchedness of the woman, and with some eagerness asked her why she was crying. 'I don't like to tell you, James,' she said; 'but I must, I must; the truth is, my children have not touched a morsel of anything this blessed day. As for me, never mind me; I must leave you to guess how it has fared with me. But not one morsel of food could I beg or buy for those children that lie on that bed before you; and I am sure, James, it is better for us all we should die and in my soul I wish we were dead.' 'Dead!' said James, starting up as if a flash of lightning had darted upon him; 'dead, Sally! You, and Mary, and the two young ones dead? Look at me, lass; you see what I am

now—like a brute. I have wasted your substance—the curse of God is upon me—I am drawing near to the pit of destruction—but there's an end; I feel there's an end. Give me that glass, wife.' She gave it to me with astonishment and fear. He turned it topsy-turvy; and striking the table with great violence, and flinging himself on his knees, made a most solemn and affecting vow to God of repentance and sobriety.

'From that moment to the day of his death he drank no fermented liquor, but confined himself entirely to tea and water. I never saw so sudden and astonishing a change. His looks became healthy, his cottage neat, his children were clad, his wife was happy; and 20 times the poor man and his wife, with tears in their eyes, have told me the story, and blessed the evening of the fourteenth of March, the day of James' restoration, and have shown me the glass he held in his hand when he made the vow of sobriety. It is nonsense about not being able to work without ale, and gin, and cider, and fermented liquors. Do lions and cart-horses drink ale? It is mere habit. If you have good, nourishing food, you can do very well without ale. Nobody works harder than the Yorkshire people, and for years together there are many Yorkshire laborers who never taste ale.'—Sydney Smith.

Paraphrastic.

'A late well-known member of the Scottish bar, when a youth, was somewhat of a dandy, and, I suppose, somewhat short and sharp in his temper. He was going to pay a visit in the country, and was making a great fuss about his preparing and putting up his habiliments. His old aunt was much annoyed at all the bustle, and stopped him by the somewhat contemptuous question, 'What's this you're gaun, Robby, that, ye mak sic a grand wark about yer cles?' The young man lost his temper, and pettishly replied, 'I'm going to the devil.' 'Deed, Robby, then,' was the quiet answer, 'ye needna be sae nice; he'll just take ye as ye are.'

—A Hartford young woman exclaimed the other day, 'I have excurted three times this summer.

—An Iowa minister was recently killed by lightning while standing on the banks of a murmuring stream and endeavoring to convince some bad boys bathing on Sunday was a sin. An awful warning.

—The State officers and Legislature of Michigan visited Chicago the other day, and struck all the people dumb but one newsboy. Said he: 'There goes a hundred men that can read and write.'

—A New York law journal argues that lawyers as a class are very poorly paid, and that it is only by the force of an indomitable will and extraordinary talents that one of them occasionally rises to wealth and fame.

—The Detroit Free Press tells about an urchin that was seated on the post-office steps, going through a watermelon, when a man halted and asked 'This is a great town for hogs, isn't it, bub?' 'Wall no,' drawled the lad, as he filled his mouth again and kept his eyes on the man; 'you'll be awful lonesome here!'

—One reason why Wisconsin hired girls get four dollars per week, is because they have to go down stairs at midnight to investigate strange noises, while the man of the house takes up a position under the bed.

—To obtain a postage stand at a Niagara hotel requires a five minute struggle with two negroes and a bald-headed book-keeper.

—When a Chicago man can't lie on his back and go to sleep without dreaming of his mother-in-law, it is considered a sufficient ground for divorce.

—Noble lords are scarce at the watering-place hotels, and a cruel Western man accounts for it on the grounds that it is not time for the barbers to take their summer vacations.

—A grandmother writing to the London Times says that base ball is not an American game, but an ancient English one, long ago discarded in favor of cricket. As proof she cites a letter of the celebrated Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey, written in 1748, in which the family of Frederik, Prince of Wales, are described as 'diverting themselves with base ball, a play that all who are or have been schoolboys are well acquainted with.'