

AN HOUR OF HORROR.

The doctor was aroused by a sharp ringing of the bell, and a call to the house of the superintendent of the mill. After seating himself again for a moment of rest and reflection, his mind was soon at work. It being but a short distance to his patient's home, he did not order his carriage, but, wrapping up and grasping his umbrella—for it was raining—he sallied forth, so tired after his hard day's labor with the epidemic that it was with difficulty his limbs performed their duty. To reach his destination the railroad track must be crossed, and as he was stepping over the track his foot slipped and slid in between the rail and the planking, wedging him so firmly that, with his greatest exertions he could not stir. He pulled and twisted, pulled and strained, but without avail—the foot was fast. The next thought was to remove his foot from the boot, but that, too, was impossible. It was not the boot only, but the foot also which was immovable. It would not do to abandon his efforts, however, so he redoubled them, but the result was simply severe pain and no release.

Just then his ear caught the sound of a far off whistle. The cold p repiration gathered on his brow as he remembered that the express train was due, and but a few moments would elapse before it would rush over the very spot where he was so firmly fixed. It seemed terrible to be doomed to such a death. Again he tried to free himself, and again and again, but with no better success.

Soon in the distance could be seen the light of the engine. O, the agony of those moments, with death literally staring him in the face! In his torture he shrieked, screamed and cried like a veritable madman, but no one heard the voice. Then his past life flashed before him; everything was mirrored in his mind. Incidents long since forgotten were pictured as vividly as though they had but just occurred.

The calmness of despair succeeded the intense agony of those few moments, and, with no more writhings and groanings, he turned to look at the rapidly-nearing engine of destruction. Fastened like the bird just ready to fall into the hungry jaws of the serpent—eyes glaring, and head bent forward, while bearing his fate—

He had lost all fear, and with supernatural curiosity, watched the light grow larger and larger, speculating as to the length of time he had to live, thinking calmly of how they would lift his remains and bear them to the warm, bright fireside he had lately left, and wondering what the travelers who would pour out from the cars in surprise and anxiety at the detention might say, as they looked upon the nondescript mass, but a second before so full of life and vigor, and shiver as they turned away with the thought of the peril all about every one, made so evident by this accident; guessing with strange indifference the number of cars which would pass over him, whether they would be jarred as they met the obstruction; meditating upon the result of his not seeing the patient for whom he was called, and whether the epidemic had at last stalked into the house of wealth and luxury as well as that of poverty, and who was the victim. Then back again to his own situation in life, thanking God that he had no wife and children to mourn his death, and perhaps suffer want for a protector, then asking himself what would be his portion after death—whether peace or woe, happiness or misery.

His mind flew from one subject to another like the lightning on a summer's eve, flashing here and there, quick y appearing and as rapidly vanishing. Its action was almost instantaneous, and as nearer and nearer approached the time for death the less he thought, and his whole being seemed to centre through his eyes on that light increasing in brightness so fast. He could hear the rumble and roar, could see the swaying of the ponderous locomotive, but without feeling.

Suddenly, as the engineer with his keen eyes caught sight of the poor man, the whistle screamed sharply its warning. But though the brakes were applied, and the lever reversed, the momentum was too great to be checked at once, and on they swept with irresistible force, making certain the doom and crushing even the slightest hope that could have fawned place.

The sound of the whistle broke the spell, and the terror returned with redoubled force. Drops of cold perspiration again stood on his forehead, and with a last despairing, frenzied effort, he strove to free himself once more. He failed. The warm breath of the destroy er came upon his cheek, as with one last prayer, his arms outstretched, he looked toward Heaven, and prepared to meet his doom. With a crash he was felled to the ground, and the fiery mass rolled over him.

He awoke. His arm-chair had fallen over, and he was lying beneath it, his head toward the roaring fire. With a convulsive start he jumped up, while on his forehead were the great drops of perspiration that seemed so natural in his fearful death. He glanced at the clock. It had just struck the hour of nine, and remembering his call to the house of the superintendent, after which, so utterly fatigued was he, he had fallen asleep, he started up with long strides for the neglected sick-room.

A WILD GIRL HUNT.

It is a tale of Idaho. There are romantic youngsters in the West as well as in the East, and two of them, who are fond of the chase, have had a romantic adventure. They were out repairing their limes near Idaho City. Near by a hardy old miner had squatted upon a quartz lead, but he was rarely seen, and the youngsters were not aware that within that old man's tunnel resided a sylvan-like creature, the joy of the old miner. Looking over toward the old tunnel, on the hillside, they saw a sight that thrilled them with rapture. A young girl, about fifteen years of age, beautiful as a Cleopatra, barefooted and bareheaded, with a wealth of rich auburn hair dropping about her like a silken robe, stood sunning herself on a grassy knoll in the bright morning. Such a novelty had never been seen in the wilds of Idaho before, and they supposed she was a wild girl. She was gazing that must be begged alive. Cautiously they crept through the tangled thickets toward the spot where the beautiful Nannetta drank in the glorious beauty of the morning. All at once, from under cover, the hunters made a dash for the wild beauty. But she was off like a frightened fawn at the approach of the sportsmen. Suddenly she disappeared, and "though lost to

gent to memory dear," the chase was not abandoned. Into the dark tunnel, a the likeliest place of refuge, the keen hunters plunged, only to stand aghast at the sight that met their gaze. When their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, they beheld their beautiful wild girl swooning in the arms of the rough old miner. The burly miner had seen the poor frightened fawn chased to the tunnel and saw the keen hunters at bay before him. He disengaged his arms from the inanimate beauty. He advanced a few paces, made a little oration of the words: "Ruffians!" then lifted a heavy boot, drew it back a few feet, scowled with it a little in the air and sent hem back to their saws and hammers at the flames. That entire day the flames were neglected. The young wild girl hunters were busy repairing the canvas seats of their trowsers and reducing swellings. They have no longer a desire to hunt wild girls in the Idaho thickets. Moral—Never go wild girl hunting without the permission of her papa, if you would avoid pantaloons rents and tailors' bills.

TWO LITTLE HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE.

The Worcester Spy says: "Children are generally credited with originality, but it is seldom that they attempt an elopement, and the adventures of a boy and a girl, each about five years of age, living in the southern part of the city, are now furnishing considerable amusement for those who have heard the story. The other afternoon the little boy, who poorly developed ideas of the cost of travelling, asked his father for six cents, stating that he wished to set himself up in the newspaper business. The request was not complied with, and the boy visited his father's place of business, and was given a few cents by those employed at the same establishment. He then went to his home, and donning his best clothes quietly left the house. Meanwhile the little girl, who is the constant companion of the boy, visited her home in the absence of her mother and donned her best clothes, not forgetting to place several articles of clothing in a carpet-bag which she by some means secured. Thus equipped the young couple proceeded hand in hand to the depot, and like old travellers got upon the cars, asking questions of no one and keeping their own counsel as to where they were going. But their carefully laid plans were soon frustrated by a cruel railroad official, who, devoid of all sentiment and with a desire to perform his duties without fear or favor, put them off the cars and sent them home. Disconsolate and discouraged the youthful couple carried their carpet bag to the building in which the boy's father is engaged and deposited it in the entry leading to his office. They then returned to their home disappointed and unhappy, but said nothing of their attempted elopement. The next day, however, the story leaked out, and created considerable amusement among the parents and friends of the children. Where they were going or what they intended to do they are unable to tell, their only desire being to escape from the control of their lawful guardians and together fight the battle of life free from all restrictions."

THE QUAKER AND THE HACK-MAN.
"The Boston Bulletin gives the following ludicrous account of the experience of a Quaker with New York hackmen: "A tall, portly, dignified citizen of the Quaker persuasion, well known in Philadelphia, arrived in New York the other day, and, having no baggage but a light travelling satchel, was utterly oblivious to the appeals of the hackmen as he emerged from the railway station."

"Fee—thavanoo Hotel Fifth Avenue—join ritup! Fifth Avenue!"
Broadbrim stalked right on without a word. Another knight of the whip charged down upon him.
"Say Nicholas! Hotel! Say Nicholas Hotel coach! This way for the S'Nicholas!"
No response from the passenger, and not a rush of a half a dozen.
"Kerridge, sir, kerridge? Wanter ride up?"
"Winsur House! Whose going up to the Winsur?"
"Astor House, sir?"
"Brevoort House? Brevoort? 'Metropolitan Hotel?' 'Right down Broadway!' 'Ere you are; kerridge, sir?'
The traveller loomed up like a ten-pin among vinegar cruets, and, with face as placid as a pan of milk, was calmly and silently moving away from the crowd of jarrives, who looked after him with something like amazement, when a sudden thought seemed to strike one, who, running after him, seized hold of one of the handles of his travelling bag—
"Deaf and Dumb Asylum, sir! Going right up!"
This was too much. Dignity relaxed into a laugh, and the driver got a fare for a down hotel."

HOW AN ENGLISH DINNER AFFECTS THE DANBURY MAN.

The English eat breakfast at eight o'clock, and have dinner at six or seven o'clock. The breakfast is light, the luncheon is similar, and the dinner is quite hearty. One English dinner in the inexperienced American stomach will produce that night, twelve cross-eyed lions, eight bears with calico tails, eleven giants with illuminated heads, one awful dog with twelve legs, an fourteen bow-legged ruffians chased by a host of practical cauliflowerers, mounted on saddles of beef roasted.
Any respectable chemist will corroborate this statement.

WHO ARE LADIES.
It is a convenient answer, says the Boston Transcript, to all articulars upon the conduct of women in public to say, "O! those were not ladies whose manners you object to." But this answer is not pertinent. Gentlemen are bound to treat all women, so far as may be, as though they were ladies. It is therefore incumbent upon women, and especially upon women reformers, to do what can be done toward the amelioration of the manners of their sex, or the sex, in stepping out into the world of action, will forfeit, it is to be feared, somewhat of that delicate defence heretofore rightfully accorded it. Neither will it help the case to say that one might do better. Let lady social moralists begin pretty high up in the social scale, and waste no time in trying to prop up the plea that the manners of women in public are already good enough or above criticism. Thoughtful people, with their eyes open, know better, though generally they are aware enough to be silent.

AT COST! YOU CAN

In order to close out present stock, the undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Lehighton and vicinity that he has
Marked Down Prices
of all kinds of Goods to about cost and will sell
For Cash Only

He has in stock a large assortment of
Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Queensware, Hardware,
and a variety of other articles too numerous to enumerate.
If you desire to secure

BARGAINS

Now is your Time—A Small Sum of Money will Buy a Large Quantity of Goods!
Store—Opposite L. & S. Depot,
BANK-street, Lehighton Penna.
Z. H. LONG, Agent.
TILGHMAN ARNER, Assaigne.
March 28, 1874.

J. K. RICKERT,

Opposite L. & S. Depot,
On the East Weissport Canal Bank.

Respectfully informs the citizens of this vicinity that he keeps constantly on hand, and is selling at the very lowest Market Prices, the very best brands of

Flour & Feed,

ALSO, DEALER IN
LUMBER

For Building and other purposes, which he guarantees to be
Thoroughly Seasoned
And to Sell at the

VERY LOWEST RATES.

Coal! Coal!!

Wholesale and Retail at the very Lowest Cash Prices.

Building Lots

He has also a number of very eligibly located
in RICKERTSTOWN, Franklin Twp., which he will sell on very Easy Terms.
aug. 9, '73-y1] J. K. RICKERT.

WILLIAM KEMERER,

Corner of
Bank & South Sts., Lehighton, Pa.
Keeps a full line of

Dry Goods,

Comprising Ladies' Dress Goods, Black and Colored Alpaccas, Ginghams, Prints, Shirtings, Sheetings, &c. of every grade and price.

CARPETS AND CLOTHS,

In great variety.

Groceries and Provisions.

Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Spices, Fruits, Hams, Shoulders, &c.

Country Produce

Bought, Sold or Exchanged

HARDWARE

For Building and other purposes in great variety of the best quality.

All goods warranted as represented and prices fully as low as elsewhere.
April 5, 1874-y1

L. F. KLEPPINGER

Would respectfully announce to his friends and the public in general, that he has opened a first-class

Livery & Sale Stable,

and that he can furnish Horses, Buggies and Carriages of the best description, for Pleasure, Business or Funeral purposes, at very Reasonable Charges, and on short notice. HAULING done at short notice and on short notice. In connection he will also continue his

Carriage Manufactory

where the people can get their Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, etc., made to order, or REPAIRED on short notice and at reasonable prices.

Universal Wringer

AND
Doty's Clothes Washer.

These are undoubtedly the best Washers and Wringers in the market, and our ladies are invited to call and see them.

L. F. Kleppinger,
(Cor. BANK and IRON Streets,
Feb. 23, 1874.) Lehighton, Pa.

YOU CAN

Save 20 Per Cent.

By getting your

JOB PRINTING

Done at the Office of the

Carbon Advocate,

IN HEINTZELMAN'S BUILDING.

Ret. the P. O. and L. Y. R. R. Depot,

Lehighton, Carbon Co., Pa.

We have just received a large and elegant assortment of

NEW TYPE,

Of the latest style; together with a superior stock of

CARDS, BILLHEADS

ENVELOPES, NOTE PAPERS

And a variety of other

PRINTING MATERIAL.

and can now give our patrons first-class work at prices at least

20 Per Cent Lower

Than any other Office in this section.

Give Us a Trial, and be Convinced

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

THE CARBON ADVOCATE.

A 24-column Local Paper, and the only newspaper

Entirely Printed in the County.

Is published every Saturday morning

\$1 a Year in Advance,

Or \$1.50 if not paid in advance. The ADVOCATE, with its large and increasing circulation, is one of the very

Best Mediums for Advertising

In this Section. Rates furnished on application.

H. V. MORTIMER,

Lehighton, Carbon County, Pa.

A New Idea!

A

WILSON

SHUTTLE

Sewing Machine

FOR

50 Dollars!!

FARMERS,

MERCHANTS,

MECHANICS,

AND

EVERYBODY

Buy the World-Renowned

WILSON

Shuttle Sewing Machine!

THE

BEST IN THE WORLD!

The Highest Premium was awarded to it at

VIENNA;

Ohio State Fair;

Northern Ohio Fair;

Amer. Institute, N. Y.;

Cincinnati Exposition;

Indianapolis Exposition;

St. Louis Fair;

Louisiana State Fair;

Mississippi State Fair;

and Georgia State Fair;

FOR BEING THE

BEST SEWING MACHINES,

and doing the largest and best range of work. All other

Machines in the Market were in direct

COMPETITION!!

For Hemming, Fell-

ing, Stitching, Cording,

Binding, Braiding,

Embroidering, Quilt-

ing and Stitching fine or heavy goods it is unsurpassed.

Where we have no Agents we will deliver a Machine for the price named above, at the nearest Rail Road Station of Purchasers.

Needles for all Sewing Machines for Sale.

Old Machines taken in Exchange.

Send for Circulars, Price List, &c., and Copy of the Wilson Reflector, one of the best Periodicals of the day, devoted to Sewing Machines, Fashions, General News and Miscellany.

Agents Wanted

ADDRESS.

Wilson Sewing Machine Co.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

The Carbon Advocate,

Only One Dollar a Year.

The Cheapest Paper in the Lehigh Valley

LOOK BEAUTIFUL—LOOK ROSEY!—A Bottle of DURLING'S ROSE-GLYCERINE for Roughness of the Skin, Chapped Hands, &c., only 25 cents a bottle.

VINEGAR BITTERS



Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of WALKER'S BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of WALKER'S BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim WALKER'S BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with WALKER'S BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Ulcers, Rheumatism, Metastatic Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by "Vitiated Blood."

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Itch, Scald-head, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurf, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

W. H. MEDFORD & CO.,
Druggists & Gen. Agts. San Francisco, California, & cor. of Washington and Charter Sts., N. Y.

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