

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. III, No. 19.

LEIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1875

Subscribers out of County, \$1.30.

CARDS.

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

W. H. RAPSHER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
BANK STREET, LEIGHTON, Pa.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Deceased, a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. Nov. 22.

P. J. KEENEHAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 4, Dolon's Block,
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.
Can be consulted in German. [Jan. 9]

THOMAS S. BECK,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
BANK STREET, LEIGHTON, Pa.
Collecting and all business connected with the office promptly attended to. Agent for first-class Insurance Companies, and Risks of all kinds taken on the most liberal terms. Jan. 9, 1875.

J. D. BERTOLETTE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Opposite First National Bank Building, 2nd Floor
MAUCH CHUNK, PENN.
May be consulted in German. [Apr 18, 1874]

DANIEL KALBFUS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Mauch Chunk, Pa.
Office, above Dolon's Jewelry Store, Broadway

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

D. S. B. REBER,
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, Bank Street, next door above the Postoffice, Leighton, Pa. Office Hours—Ferryville each day from 10 to 12 o'clock; remainder of day at office in Leighton. Nov. 23, '72

E. A. G. HOFF,
KLOTZ, PROPRIETOR,
Summit Hill, Carbon Co., Pa.
Best of accommodations. Excellent restaurant underneath. Good stabling attached. Terms moderate.

J. ROYD HENRI,
ARCHITECT,
No. 310 Lackawanna Ave.,
P. O. Lock Box No. 263,
SCRANTON, Pa.
Will furnish Plans, Specifications and Estimates giving exact cost of public and private buildings, from the plainest to the most elaborate; also Drawings for Stairs, Hand-Rails, &c. J. 13

DAVID EBBERT'S
Livery & Sale Stables,
BANK STREET, LEIGHTON, Pa.
FAST TROTTER HORSES,
ELEGANT CARRIAGES,
And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Livery in the County.
Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral purposes and Weddings.
Nov. 12, 1873. DAVID EBBERT.

THOMAS A. WILLIAMS,
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
Fashionable
Boot and Shoe Maker,
BANK STREET, Leighton, Pa.
Having commenced business, as above, I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Leighton and vicinity that I am prepared to do all work in my line in the neatest 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 guaranteed on hand. A trial is solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
at lowest prices. July 4, 1874.

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

FOR Chapped Hands, Face or Lips,
call at Leutz's Drug Store.

BEATTY Piano!
AGENTS WANTED! (Male or Female) to take orders. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

BEATTY Piano!
Send stamp for full information! Price List, &c., &c. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.
Passengers for Philadelphia will leave Leighton as follows:
6:00 a. m. via L. V. arrive at Phila. at 9:00 a. m.
7:37 a. m. via L. & S. " " 11:10 a. m.
7:50 a. m. via L. V. " " 11:24 a. m.
11:07 p. m. via L. & S. " " 2:15 p. m.
11:02 p. m. via L. V. " " 2:15 p. m.
2:27 p. m. via L. & S. " " 4:30 p. m.
2:37 p. m. via L. V. " " 4:30 p. m.
4:44 p. m. via L. V. " " 6:50 p. m.
7:38 p. m. via L. V. " " 10:00 p. m.
Returning, leave depot at Berks and American Street, Phila., at 7:00, 8:30 and 9:45 a. m.; 2:10, 3:30 and 4:15 p. m.
Fare from Leighton to Philadelphia, \$2.55.
Feb. 1, 1874. ELLIS CALK, Agent

CENTRAL R. R. OF N. J.
LEHIGH & SUSQUEHANNA DIVISION.
Time Table of Dec. 7, 1874.
Trains leave Leighton as follows:
For New York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c., 7:37, 11:07 a. m., 2:27, 4:47 p. m.
For Mauch Chunk at 10:15 a. m., 1:34, 5:38, and 9:03 p. m.
For Wilkes-Barre and Scranton at 10:45 a. m., 1:14, 5:08 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., 12:40, 4:00 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, from Depot North Penna. R. R., at 7:00, 9:45 a. m., 2:10, 5:15 p. m.
Leave Easton at 8:30, 11:45 a. m., 3:55 and 7:15 p. m.
Leave Mauch Chunk at 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 2:30 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 28th, 1874, the trains on the Phila. & Erie R.R. Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.	
Fast Line leaves Philadelphia	12:55 p. m.
" " Harrisburg	5:00 p. m.
" " Sunbury	6:50 p. m.
" " Williamsport	8:50 p. m.
" " Lehigh	10:00 p. m.
Erie Mail leaves Philadelphia	11:55 p. m.
" " Harrisburg	4:25 a. m.
" " Sunbury	6:30 a. m.
" " Williamsport	8:35 a. m.
" " Lock Haven	9:45 a. m.
" " Renova	11:10 a. m.
" " arr. at Erie	8:50 p. m.
ELMIRA MAIL leaves Philadelphia	5:50 a. m.
" " Harrisburg	7:50 p. m.
" " Sunbury	9:50 p. m.
" " Williamsport	11:50 p. m.
NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Philadelphia	7:30 a. m.
" " Harrisburg	10:40 a. m.
" " Sunbury	12:30 p. m.
" " Williamsport	2:30 p. m.
" " Lock Haven	3:40 p. m.
" " Renova	4:50 p. m.
" " arr. at Erie	9:50 a. m.
EASTWARD.	
PHILA. EXPRESS leaves Lock Haven	6:20 a. m.
" " Sunbury	8:20 a. m.
" " Williamsport	9:45 a. m.
" " Harrisburg	11:45 a. m.
" " Philadelphia	3:30 p. m.
Erie Mail leaves Erie	11:20 p. m.
" " Renova	9:20 p. m.
" " Lock Haven	8:10 p. m.
" " Williamsport	7:00 p. m.
" " Sunbury	5:50 p. m.
" " Harrisburg	4:40 p. m.
" " arr. at Philadelphia	2:40 a. m.
ELMIRA MAIL leaves Lock Haven	9:45 a. m.
" " Williamsport	11:40 a. m.
" " Sunbury	12:40 p. m.
" " Harrisburg	3:00 p. m.
" " Philadelphia	6:30 p. m.
NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Erie	9:00 a. m.
" " Renova	8:00 p. m.
" " Williamsport	6:50 p. m.
" " Sunbury	5:40 p. m.
" " Harrisburg	4:30 p. m.
" " Philadelphia	2:50 a. m.
Mail East connects east and west at Erie with L. & S. R. R. and at Irvinston with Oil Creek and Allegheny R. R.	
Mail West with east and west trains on L. & S. R. R. and at Corry and Irvinston with Oil Creek and Allegheny R. R.	
Mail and Buffalo Express make close connections at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north, and at Harrisburg with N. C. R. W. trains south.	
WM. A. BALDWIN, Gen'l Supt.	

\$1000 REWARD for an incurable case of Catarrh. After having suffered, delirious, galled, hawked, spit and gagged to your entire satisfaction in your wildest endeavors to get relief from catarrh, use Briggs' Aleviator according to directions. The fifty mass of mucus will be immediately expelled, and the inflamed surface soothed, the eyes sparkle with delight, the head feels natural again, hope revives, for a cure is sure to follow the use of this agreeable, scientific and reliable remedy.

Coughs! MUCH has been said and written, and many remedies have been offered for the relief and cure of throat and lung disease, but nothing has been so consistently successful, or obtained such a wide celebrity, as Briggs' Throat and Lung Healer.

Corns! The excruciating pain produced by corns, the unceasing twinging from Bunions, the piercing, distressing pain from Ingrowing Nails, cannot be described. Thousands suffer, not knowing there is a cure. Briggs' corn and Bunion remedies are no acid or potash compounds, but are reliable, soothing, and effectual, and justify merit the success they have earned from an appreciative public. The Curative is a healing ointment; immediate relief is obtained by its application, and it will positively cure the worst cases of footed corns, inflamed and ulcerated bunions, the sorest blisters, the most extensive callouses on the sides or heels of the feet, unequalled in the cure of chilblains or frost-bite. The Aleviator for ordinary corns and preventing their formation is absolutely unequalled by anything ever known. Ask for Briggs' Remedies. Take no other.

Piles! IT'S ALL VERY WELL, those not troubled to think it is nothing to have Piles. But this venereal, the unfortunate sufferer gets very little sympathy. The agony of Piles is not as common as much worse than the tortures endured by millions who are troubled with Internal Hemorrhoids, external and itching piles, Glad Tidings for sufferers. Briggs' Pile Remedies are mild, safe and cure.

Corns! ARE THE MOST PLEASANT. Every one has a supply, from the three year old child to the grand old veteran on a hundred; stylish, handsome young ladies, who usually promenade fashionable resorts; middle aged matrons; old maids, dressed up to appear young and gay; soldiers, with their potent soldiers, and innkeepers, who attend the drowsy, marchant, clerk, artisan and mechanic, of all ages and stations, have a full supply of corns, bunions, bad nails, and other blemishes of the feet, all of which are banished and cured by the use of Briggs' Corn and Bunion Remedies, Aleviator and Curative. Sold by A. J. DURLING, Druggist, Leighton, Pa. May 9.—1874 ly.

THE People of Leighton and vicinity by all unite in testifying that at A. J. DURLING'S Drug and Family Medicine Store, PURE, FRESH and UNADULTERATED MEDICINES can always be found. May 9.

The Lost Mine.

'Let us go back.'
'To the States?'
'Yes.'
'To Buena Vista?'
'Of course. Where else should we go?'

'The last speaker was a dark faced, brigandish-looking man of five and forty; his companion was a handsome fellow at least fifteen years his junior. They sat in the light of a small fire in one of the famous gulches of New Mexico, and seemed to be alone. The carbines rested on the ground aside them, and the twain looked fatigued.

The words of the elder caused a sneer to ruffle the lips of the other, and determination flashed in his dark eyes.

'I am not going back to the States, much less to Buena Vista, before I have found the treasure.'

'Then, by George! some sun will find you in a gulch with a dozen feathered sticks in your body. Where's Davis?'

'Dead!'
'And Angerbright?'

'Dead!'
'Yes and if you'll go up the Rio Grande you'll find poor Knight's anatomy, and in the best heart that ever lived in Ohio is an Apache arrowhead. There were five of us when we left Buena Vista; you and I are all that the Indians have spared. And Heaven knows that they are after us now!'

'You can go back if you like, Kyle. I am going to find the treasure.'
'What! go back and leave you here? Come Ross, you don't know Kyle Bains. I never more'n half believed the story of the lost silver mine, and we have been upon a wild-goose chase.'

'I believe we are near the treasure,' responded the younger adventurer, confidently. 'I do not think that the information gathered in Taos is altogether deceptive. But we will talk while we hunt to-morrow. Kyle, I guard to-night. Lie down and go to sleep.'

Obedient the bearded man drew a blanket about his person, and threw himself upon the ground. A moment later he was asleep, and it seemed that his guard, Chalbert Ross, was not far from the land of dreams. He seemed worn out with traveling; but there was a fire in his eye, and his ear was on the alert for admonitions of danger.

Perhaps he thought of the three Ohio boys who in high spirits had crossed the Arkansas at his side a short time prior to the date of his present encampment. Brave fellows and full of adventure they were; but there were Indian arrows in their bodies, and on the banks of the unexplored streams they slept the sleep of the dead. Now but two of the little band of five men who left the Buckeye State to rediscover one of the many hidden silver mines of New Mexico remained, and they had hunted many weeks with the shadow of death's wing behind them, and dark mystery before them.

The ignis fatuus, invented perhaps by some imaginative writer, had lured them to the gulches and chasms of the, to them, terra incognita of America. Would they ever escape? It was a question they could not answer.

Chalbert Ross felt that sleep was stealing over him while he watched his prostrate companion, and coveted the refreshing slumber that closed his heavy lids. He rose and paced up and down the canyon in the light of the fire. Far above him glittered the stars; on each side, dull, gray rocks, on which his giant-like shadow fell. Once he paused and drew a medallion portrait from his bosom, and looked at it.

He saw the beautiful features of girlhood, bright blue eyes, and a wealth of radiant hair, as aurate as the sunbeams.

'She wouldn't know me now,' he murmured. 'I look so old. I wonder if all silver-hunters get so haggard. I ought to go back to her; but not without the treasure. No! no! no!'

He repeated the monosyllable with determination, and the giant, talking in his dreams, seemed to respond prophetically, for he said:

'Then we've got to die; there's no help for it!'

Ross laughed when he saw that his bury companion had spoken in his slumber, and a minute later, having seated himself before the fire, he was asleep himself.

He did not hear the stealthy footsteps in the canyon; he did not see the figure that came from the gloom; his eyes had failed to penetrate.

It was the figure of an Indian girl,

who carried a bow, to the string of which was fitted an exquisitely-shaped arrow. She saw the sleeping men, and never took her eyes from them.

Had she marked them for her shafts? We shall see.

Stealthily approaching she stooped over Chalbert Ross, and touched his shoulder with her bow. The touch roused him, and he looked into her eyes astonished. She touched her lips indicative of silence, and, stepping back, motioned him to rise. He glanced at Bains.

The giant still slept, and confident that he would not awake for a while, the younger hunter arose and followed the Apache girl.

Without a word, she led him down the canyon until she began to ascend. He followed her up the rough path to the country above, and on the edge of the gulch—the precipice—she paused.

'The country so far as the white man can see belongs to Walpau, the Apache,' she said, sweeping her hand before her. 'He owns a thousand rifles, and more horses than the two pale-faces can count. Neva is his child, and the only child he has. She has followed the pale-face for many miles, and she knows what brought him to the land of the Apaches.'

She smiled as she spoke the last sentence and Chalbert Ross started forward with eagerness.

'Tell me—tell me, Neva, where is it?' he cried.

'The lost mine of shining silver?' she asked.

'Yes! yes!'
'What will the pale-face do if Neva tells him?'

'Anything you ask!'
'Anything, he say,' she said triumphantly, in a low voice. 'He says he will do anything Neva asks if she tells him about the lost silver mine. She will try him. Neva will see if the pale-face is as good as his word.'

'Try me girl. Chalbert Ross never broke a promise.'

Then her right hand pointed to the west—away from the canyon.

'Do the eyes of the silver-hunter behold a fire?' she asked.

'They do.'
'There is a wagon train from the white man's country,' continued the Apache. 'Walpau has said that it might halt in his land, for the pale-faces do not hunt silver-mines. In one of the wagons is a pale girl.'

Chalbert Ross started again.

'Will the white man swear to obey Neva if she tells him where the silver is?' the chief's daughter suddenly asked.

'Yes.'
'Let him swear.'
'The oath was taken.'

'Now!' cried the Apache girl, in tones of triumph. 'Neva commands the silver-hunter to slay the white rose.'

With a cry of horror on his lips, Chalbert Ross started back, staring at the Apache, cursing himself for his rash promise.

'Is the silver hunter a coward!' she cried.

'No; but you have asked too much, Neva. It would be murder.'
'The Indian girl laughed.'

'Well, if the pale face's word is worthless, he will die near the lost silver; but his eyes shall never see it. Neva knows where it is. There are rocks of shining wealth; but the skeletons of the old Spaniards guard them.'

'What care I for skeletons?' cried Ross. 'I will keep my promise! Where is it?'

'In a few words the Apache girl located the lost silver mine, and swore to guide the hunters thither.

The men kept awake until the light of day dissipated the night, then, after dispatching a frugal meal, they secured their steeds, which they had turned out to graze, and gradually left the canyon.

'Yonder is the trail!' said Ross, pointing westward. 'We'll ride down and see where it hails from.'

They urged their horses into a brisk gallop, and were rapidly nearing the wagons, when Bains drew rein with an exclamation of surprise.

'I've been thinking for some time that that black mass was a party of Indians,' he said, with his eyes fixed upon a dark body approaching the wagon-train from the south-west. 'If they're Apaches, Ross, we want to keep our distance for the present.'

'Yes,' was the response. 'We'll watch them from this point.'

It was soon distinctly seen that the moving mass was a band of savages, and some consternation seemed to prevail among the emigrants. Men were seen hurrying to and fro, seeing to their steeds, families and firearms.

By-and-by the savages reached the train, and the silver hunters saw them mingle with the whites.

For a few moments the intention of the Indians seemed to be peaceful; but suddenly a yell rent the air and the uproar of firearms followed.

'Heavens! they're massacring the whites!' cried Ross. 'We must help them Kyle.'

'No!' was the response. 'They are doing the work you were to do.'

'I care not,' cried the young hunter. 'I want to see that girl. They shall not kill her.'

He unsling his carbine, and gave his steed the shining spurs.

'He is mad!' ejaculated Bains; dashing after him. 'But I'll follow him to the gates of Hades!'

He soon caught up with the excited Ohioan, and together the twain dashed among the combatants, and dealt deadly blows right and left. Several wagons were already in flames, and the emigrants were fighting for their families like tigers.

Suddenly, Chalbert Ross heard his name called in a woman's despairing tone.

He turned and beheld a white face in one of the shattered wagons.

The next instant, regardless of the lances that glittered about him, he cleared the path and was alongside.

'Kate!' he cried, 'how came you here?'

'I had hoped to find you, Chalbert,' was the weak reply. 'I left Buena Vista—My God! look for your life!'

He turned and struck the lance aside and slew the Apache whose hands clutched it madly. Then a press of foes bore him back, but again, after a minute's desperate fighting, he came to the wagon.

Kate Aylesford's face was still there; but it was so very pale.

'Kate! Kate!'
No answer. He lifted her head, and then cried:

'Dead! the devils have slain the woman I loved!'
How madly he turned, then, and how fiercely he fought, the reader can tell.

By-and-by the fortunes of battle brought him face to face with Kyle Bains.

'Come!' he cried, 'we must escape.'

'Agreed!' said the giant, and the two men fought themselves clear of foes, and rode away like the wind.

Hotly, the Indians pursued; but they never caught the men who, for the life of Kate Aylesford, took terrible vengeance.

She was Chalbert Ross' Ohio love; her's was the face on the medallion, and it was her life that the silver hunter had promised Neva to take.

The Indian girl never met the hunter again. In their hunt for vengeance they forgot the lost mine, and years afterward a man with gray hairs entered the village of Buena Vista.

It was Chalbert Ross, and he told a tale of vengeance that chilled many a heart. Kyle Bains fell before an Apache arrow; but not until he could boast of satisfying his hatred of the red race.

Where Kate Aylesford sleeps I do not know; but there is an old man who could tell you, reader.—Star Spangle Banner.

A Catskill Love Story.
A few years ago a wealthy New Yorker named Miller purchased a country residence in the town of Hunter, on the Catskill Mountains. There he spent the summer with his family, consisting of his wife and four children. Last

year he died, leaving a large estate. Thereupon the widow and children quit the city, and took up their residence in their mountain home.

The eldest daughter, Annie, is about fifteen years of age, and very beautiful. Accustomed as she had been to the gayeties of city life, her stay in the mountain village became dull and irksome, and she longed for some excitement to break the monotony. Owing to her youth and the nature of the society surrounding her, as well as the fact that she was inclined to be giddy, her mother forbade her attending the balls, donations, singing schools, and other entertainments with which the residents of the mountains are wont to beguile the long winter evenings.

Disregarding her mother's counsels, Annie attended many of these gatherings. At one of them she made the acquaintance of an illiterate Irishman named Burns, of whom she became passionately fond. Mrs. Miller, becoming aware of her daughter's infatuation, first reasoned with the child, and finally forbade her meeting or speaking with her lover.

Thus matters stood until last Thursday, when Annie took her mother's horse and sleigh and rode to her lover's house. Inviting him to accompany her, she drove to Justice Farrell's, and they were married. After deciding to keep the fact of the marriage secret, the bride and groom returned to their respective homes.

The next morning Annie accidentally dropped the marriage certificate. Mrs. Miller found it, and a scene ensued. The mother was well nigh heart broken at the conduct of her wayward child. She implored, she remonstrated, and threatened, but all to no purpose. Annie was obdurate. She said she loved her husband, and would not give him up. Finally she quit her home, and sought his protection.

Mrs. Miller thereupon went to Saugerties, Ulster county, to take counsel. From there she went to Catskill and took out a warrant for the arrest of her daughter for disorderly conduct and disobedience. Annie was found at her husband's residence by officers Whitecomb and Martin, and taken to Catskill. He husband and some friends followed. Justice Russell gave the daughter a hearing. He gave her some good advice, but it made no impression upon her. Annie said she knew her husband was not her equal—that he was fit only to be her servant; but she was married to him, and intended to fulfill her vows. With a saucy toss of the head she added that she had managed her mother, and thought she could her husband. All the pleadings of the mother were vain; and as the Justice could not hold the daughter, she was allowed to depart with her husband.

A Great Washhouse Proprietor.
A leader reporter visited the Chinese laundry on Liberty street, near Sixth avenue, for the purpose of interviewing them to get the Celestial opinion as to the general prospect of trade. He found them busy, with the exception of one, who appeared to be the foreman.

'Is Wah Lee in?' asked the reporter, taking his cue from the sign outside. The foreman said he wasn't.

'Where is he?' asked the reporter. 'Oh!' answered the foreman, shortly, 'be anywhere—Phil'delphy, N. York, Boston.'

'Doesn't he live here, then?'

'No; he live nowhere.'
'Is this his laundry?'

'Yes; this one his. His move in Phil'delphy and New York.'

The foreman then stated that the Wah Lee was a rich Chinaman. He informed me that he owned two laundries in Philadelphia, two in New York, one in Boston, four in Chicago, and one in Indianapolis, which, with the one in Pittsburg, make nine altogether. Business was good, he said, and Wah Lee was happy. It kept him busy going from one city to another where he had laundries, so he was always on the fly. He couldn't say what his wealth was, but he knew it was immense.

'How long has Wah Lee been in America?'

'About six years.'

He further stated that the puddlers' strike didn't effect Wah's business in the least. 'Washes, washee plenty; washes all day washes.'

He couldn't tell what Wah's weekly income from all his laundries amounted to, but thought it was in the neighborhood of \$1,700.