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LEIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 17, 1876.

Subscribers out of County, \$1.20.

VOL. III, No. 21.

CARDS.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office: First National Bank Building, 2nd Floor,
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DANIEL KALBFUS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd sts., Leighton, Pa.

DR. N. S. REBER,
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office: Bank Street, next door above the Postoffice,
Leighton, Pa. Office Hours—Parryville each day
from 10 to 12 o'clock; remainder of day at
Leighton. Nov. 25, '75.

J. ROYD HENRI,
ARCHITECT,
No. 310 Lackawanna Ave.,
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Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.
Passengers for Philadelphia will leave Leighton as follows:
7:30 a. m. via L. Y. arrival Philadelphia at 9:30 a. m.
7:37 a. m. via L. Y. " " " " 11:10 a. m.
7:39 a. m. via L. Y. " " " " 11:10 a. m.
11:07 p. m. via L. Y. " " " " 2:15 p. m.
11:09 p. m. via L. Y. " " " " 2:15 p. m.
2:27 p. m. via L. Y. " " " " 5:35 p. m.
4:44 p. m. via L. Y. " " " " 8:30 p. m.
7:38 p. m. via L. Y. " " " " 10:40 p. m.

CENTRAL R. R. OF N. J.,
LEHIGH & SUSQUEHANNA DIVISION.
Time Table of Dec. 7, 1874.
Trains leave Leighton as follows:
For New York, Philadelphia, Easton, etc., at 7:37, 11:07 a. m., 2:27, 4:47 p. m.
For March Chunk at 10:15 a. m., 1:14, 5:24, and 9:23 p. m.
For Wilkes-Barre and Scranton at 10:15 a. m., 1:14, 5:24, and 9:23 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., 12:45, 4:00 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia from Depot North Penna's Railroad at 7:05, 9:45 a. m., 1:10, 3:35 p. m.
Leave Easton at 8:30, 11:45 a. m., 2:55, and 7:15 p. m.
Leave March Chunk at 7:50, 11:00 a. m., 2:30 and 6:45 p. m.
For further particulars, see Time Tables at the Stations.
H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Passenger Agent,
July 4, 1874.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. DIVISION.

Summer Time Table.
On and after SUNDAY, JUNE 28th, 1874, the trains on the Philad. & Erie R. Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.
Fast Line leaves Philadelphia 12:25 p. m.
" " Harrisburg 6:09 p. m.
" " Sunbury 6:55 p. m.
" " Williamsport 7:50 p. m.
" " Lock Haven 10:00 p. m.
Erie Mail leaves Philadelphia 11:55 a. m.
" " Harrisburg 4:35 a. m.
" " Sunbury 5:20 a. m.
" " Williamsport 6:15 a. m.
" " Lock Haven 8:25 a. m.
" " Renova 9:45 a. m.
" " Erie 11:10 a. m.
" " Harrisburg 8:05 p. m.
" " Philadelphia 8:40 a. m.

PHILA. EXPRESS leaves Philadelphia 7:00 a. m.
" " Harrisburg 1:30 p. m.
" " Sunbury 2:15 p. m.
" " Williamsport 3:10 p. m.
" " Lock Haven 5:20 p. m.
" " Renova 6:40 p. m.
" " Erie 8:10 p. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie 11:30 a. m.
" " Renova 9:50 a. m.
" " Lock Haven 8:20 p. m.
" " Williamsport 7:25 p. m.
" " Harrisburg 6:40 p. m.
" " Philadelphia 5:55 p. m.
NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Erie 9:00 a. m.
" " Renova 7:15 a. m.
" " Lock Haven 5:30 p. m.
" " Williamsport 4:35 p. m.
" " Harrisburg 3:50 p. m.
" " Philadelphia 3:05 p. m.
MAIL East connects east and west at Erie with O. & N. Y. R. W. and at Irwin with O. & N. Y. R. W. and at Leighton with O. & N. Y. R. W. and at Harrisburg with N. C. & W. R. W. W. A. BALDWIN, Gen'l Supt.

Miss Melton's Codicil.

Miss Rebecca Melton, a valiant woman of sixty, lay dying at her house in town. She had held so tenacious a grip upon life that it was difficult for the two young people to realize the end was so near. These two young people were Gerald Melton, her nephew, and Miss Amy Williams, her companion and nurse.

Gerald had seen the young woman every day for the three years she had lived with his aunt, but never until that moment had bestowed a serious thought upon her. He did not even know the color of her eyes, till his aunt gasped out a sentence that caused him to look at her attentively. Then he found them shining luminously in the sombre gloom of the sick chamber.

"If you expect to pay for that horse for Emily Thorpe to ride with the money you get by my death," said the dying woman, "you're mistaken."
"You don't understand," began Gerald.
"It was an infamous transaction," said the old lady. I found out enough about it to make me put a codicil to my will I've left every penny to Amy Williams."

It was then that Gerald looked at Amy; but his aunt suddenly stretched out her hand to him pleadingly, and finding a grey pallor spreading over her face, he knelt down by the bedside and took her cold withered hand in his own.

"If the horse had been for any one but that Emily Thorpe!" faltered the poor old lady.
"Oh, aunt," said Gerald. "If you'd let me explain—"
"I would if I had time," she said; "but I must die now."

In ten minutes it was all over, and Gerald went out of the house with a great ache at his heart. He was very sorry for his aunt; she had been kind to him—too kind, for she had reared him for the useless life of a drone, when now it appeared he must work for his living like all the rest of the bees. It had hitherto been something of a bore to him merely to spend money, and the fact began to dawn unpleasantly upon his mind that to earn it must be infinitely more wearisome.

Walking aimlessly on, his feet took mechanically a familiar direction, and he found himself pausing before a fine house in a fashionable quarter of the city, from whence shambled a somewhat bent and awkward figure that presently disappeared in a brougham before the door.

Gerald recognized the man as Mr. Badger, the millionaire, and involuntarily contrasted his own condition with that of the fortunate soap dealer. He was, however, so absorbed with the direful news he had to tell Emily that before she came into the parlor he had forgotten Badger's existence.

It was singular that her remarkable beauty and brilliant talent did not appeal to Gerald at that moment, that the fact of his no longer being able to grace that lovely hand with befitting gems did not prevent him from seizing it in both his own and kissing it rapturously. For that enchanting moment he was allowed to forget the gloomy chamber where his aunt lay dead, and the woman that waited there for the money he had been taught to consider his own.

"It seems to me that you are very beautiful this morning," was all that he could say.
Emily drew her hand gently away from his caress.
"Gerald," she said: "I have something to tell you."

Her accent was cold. There was something in her manner that caused him to step back and look at her with a dim premonition of what was to come.
"You know," she continued, "how bitterly opposed your aunt is to your affection to me. She has told me herself that she will never consent to our happiness. Gerald, I am too fond of you to wreck your whole life. There is but one way to end it all—"

She paused. He leaned forward and still kept his eyes, low and haggard upon her face. Then she sank, pale and trembling into a chair, and covered her eyes with her hands. She was moved with pity, perhaps or a vague regret. At last she spoke.
"I have just accepted an offer of marriage."
"From Badger," cried Gerald, and walked to the door. "Your prudence,"

he added, standing upon the threshold "has served you well. You have just got rid of me in time. My aunt died this morning, and has left everything she had to her nurse and companion."

Then he got out into the street, and walked along with a faltering staggering step. His eyes were wild—his face lividly pale.

He went home and stood by the body of his aunt. There was a singular fascination about this death—something mysterious and absolute rest. Suddenly he became master of himself, of the bitterness and despair of the moment. He walked firmly to the door; but a step followed him, and turning he saw the pale perturbed face of Miss Williams. Then he remembered her presence in the room but his madness and grief had prevented him from realizing it.

"Just one word, Mr. Melton," she said. "Of course you know that I will not touch a penny of this money!"
"It doesn't matter now," he replied. "It might as well be yours as any body's!"
"But it is yours," she said.

"Oh, as for me," said Gerald, "I shall not want it." He walked on through the hall. Miss Williams followed him stealthily. He entered his room, but when the door shut him in, Amy remained haggard and trembling. A grin silence reigned about her. She could hear the clock tick in the dead woman's room below. Suddenly she put both her hands about the knob and opened the door. Gerald turned quickly; there was an ominous click; the pistol fell a little as it went off. The blood soaked through his coat and trickled about upon the floor. Just as Amy was about sinking at his feet, Gerald put out his hand to her.

"An accident, Miss Williams," he said. "Please send Adams for the doctor, and then help me off with my coat."

This brought Amy to herself. She hastened to do his bidding, despatched Adams, and returning again to Gerald, staunch the blood with strips of the pillow-case from the bed. When the doctor came she held the light for him while he probed the wound and extracted the bullet.

"An inch or so higher," said the doctor, "and you would have been buried on the same day with your aunt."

"It was a lucky thing, then that Miss Williams had an errand to my room when she did," said Gerald. "As she opened the door my hand fell and the pistol went off."

"She has unconsciously saved your life," said the doctor. Then as Amy left the room he added: "She's the finest young woman I know, and would make a capital nurse in any hospital. Do you know what she thinks of doing now that your aunt is gone?"
"No," said Gerald with a grim smile; "but I fancy she will think something livelier than that."

"She has such an excellent physique and splendid nerve," said the doctor. "But I must go. Keep as quiet as you can, and have Adams within call."

That night Gerald awoke with an intolerable thirst; his temples throbbled, his eyes turned. Looking at Adams, he found that he was fast asleep. This of itself was offensive to Gerald, what business had the man to sleep when I was suffering? How horribly oppressive the stillness was, this semidarkness and loneliness! At that moment a ponderous snore resounded from the throat of the sturdy Adams, and Gerald almost leaped from his bed. It was like a stab to him; it was unendurable. He stretched out his sound arm, and reaching a pillow, threw it with all his might at the unconscious man. But in spite of the agony the movement caused him, it was a futile one. The pillow fell far short of the object, and Gerald sank back with a groan.

But suddenly the soft touch of a woman's hand fell tenderly upon his forehead, and the sweet tones of a woman's voice fell soothingly upon his ear.

"It is time for your medicine," said Amy, and put the cup to his lips. Gerald drank as if it were nectar. Then she arranged his pillows for him, and was about retreating from the room when he faintly called out for a drink. Then he thought his head was to high or perhaps a trifle low: every moment caused him intolerable agony, but he hastened to be alone with Adams again.

Besides, he was curious about this woman. She must have really divined his motive and come to him to save his life. She was again about to leave him, but he put his hand upon hers to detain her, and found that it trembled a little beneath his touch.

"Your hand didn't tremble when you held the lamp for the doctor," said Gerald. "He wants you for a hospital nurse, but I told him you'd prefer something more cheerful."

"Why, I think I'd like it," said Amy. "You know I must do something."
"I don't see the necessity," said Gerald; "you have my aunt's money, and it will occupy all your time to enjoy it."

"Your aunt's money is your own," said Amy, "and you insult me by thinking I would take advantage of the poor old lady's weakness; I will never touch a penny of it. And, Mr. Melton you must not talk."

"One word—only one," pleaded Gerald. "But for you I might have been like—like our poor old friend below." Gerald shuddered and turned pale. "I am cowardly enough," he went on, "to hate even the thought of it now. How can I thank you, Miss Williams?"

"By taking what is your own, and using it well and nobly," said Amy, and vanished from his sight.

But as she left him, he felt a sudden throb in the hand beneath his own, and saw a quick flame leap into her cheek—a glow to her eyes.

"Three long years," murmured Gerald, and I never knew her till now."

Gerald was young and strong, and the fourth day, the one appointed for the funeral, he was able to be up and dressed, and welcomed Amy warmly as she entered his room. She looked paler than ever in her black dress, but Gerald thought he had never seen so sweet and noble a face.

"How I would like to go down, Miss Williams," he said, "and enjoy the surprise of the good people below! I'd like to see them bow and smile to the heiress of my aunt's fortune. I'm as bad as the rest of them, I suppose, for I feel like making you all sorts of pretty speeches." Gerald paused and his face grew suddenly grave and tender. "Go now," he added, "and kiss my aunt good-bye for me; tell her I am quite satisfied with everything."

Amy went from the room and down the stairs. For the last three days she had been like one in a dream. It seemed awful to be warm and happy even after she had entered the dark, gloomy drawing room, even after she had bent and kissed the cold, stern face for Gerald and for herself.

"I will not take it," she whispered, hot tears raining on the dead woman's face—"I will not take a penny of it; but it has given me such a gleam of happiness. God forever bless you for it."

Then the people began to pour in, and the ceremony commenced. Amy's were the only tears that were shed; most of the guests came from civility or curiosity. Miss Melton had taken but little active part in the world for many years, and the poor old lady was very soon put away and forgotten.

The most important part of the proceedings was when they returned from the burial to hear the reading of the will.

Amy trembled when the pompous lawyer unrolled the parchment, and began in a sonorous voice—"In the name of God, amen!"

What would they think of her—what would they say of her? Oh, how glad she was that the only one she cared for in the world knew all about it! how innocent she was, and how ignorant.

But even while she thought thus she heard the lawyer read, "To my beloved nephew, Gerald Melton, I give and bequeath, all my property, personal and otherwise." Amy could hardly believe her ears. She listened to the end and heard at last, "To my faithful nurse, Amy Williams, I give a mourning ring, and the sum of fifty pounds."

Then she went upstairs to Gerald.
"The king shall have his own!" she said.
"Only on one condition," said Gerald; "I'll take your money only on one condition."
"You'll take my money!" echoed Amy,—"my poor little fifty pounds!" Amy's face shone with a profound joy. "Your aunt left her money where it belonged, Mr. Melton. I have just heard you declared her sole surviving heir." Gerald remained stunned and bewildered.

"Where is the codicil?" he cried to the lawyer, who stood at the door. "My aunt left her money to Miss Williams. She told me so when she was dying!"

"Oh! that was when you bought that horse! I was afraid there would be trouble then, but, bless your soul! she got all over that."
"And the money is all mine?" said Gerald.

"Of course it's yours," and the lawyer went down the stairs chuckling at his incredulity.

Then Gerald held out his hands to Amy.
"I was going to be magnanimous enough to marry you despite your money," said he "now there is no obstacle to our happiness. Come, my sweet, and bless the life you have given me!"

Amy became his wife. Mrs. Grundy said that he married her to spite Emily Thorpe. But we know that it was for love and for love alone.

King Kalakaua at Home.

After the return of King Kalakaua to Hawaii his people assembled at one of the churches at noon, on February 10th, to give him a public welcome. He made them a speech, recounting briefly the course of the journey and the warm reception he had received. In conclusion he said:

"As I observed the vast wealth and prosperity of the United States I was impressed with the reflection that it was a result of the industrious habits of the people. They are never idle, day or night. The wealth and greatness of nations is created by the cultivators of the soil, and by men who toil with their hands; and thus has it ever been since the forms of governments were first instituted on earth. To these considerations let us of Hawaii now earnestly direct our attention, to the end that by our industries we may be enabled to attract foreign commerce to our ports, and freight it with the products of our country. Let us, therefore, wisely take care of ourselves; and the best way to do this is to endeavor to make such material and social progress that the powerful government whose friendship we now fortunately possess shall be convinced that we deserve their aid and support. Let us, in short, prove to the world that Hawaii is worthy of her position among the independent nations of the world."

The original greenbacks—frogs. A patient waiter—a young doctor. High living for hard times—rooms in the attic. The latest thing in front door locks—night keys.

It is estimated that every pauper in San Antonio, Texas, owns about seven dogs. Correctly don't seem like a hard word; yet they all go down because they can't spell correctly.

Rhode Island bristles with spelling matches. Some of the dictionary words reach clear across the State. Quincy, Illinois, has the latest case of Enoch Arden; but the married widow had collected the life insurance money, and a compromise will be effected on easy terms.

An Irishman went into a gin-mill in Louisville, took a drink, came out. He stood a few minutes, when "things commenced workin'." He grabbed his stomach, twisted his face out of shape, rushed back into the gin-mill and shouted to the bartender: "Say, I axed ye for whiskey, an' ye gave me the wrong bottle; hand me a barrel o' water, until I pour it down an' drown the torch light procession that's goin' through me this blessed mit." Ochi murther, I'm on fire!" and they "put him out."

London is ahead. It has more Jews than Palestine, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Irishmen than Dublin, more Catholics than Rome, and more thieves than Chicago.

The greatest discovery at Pompeii is that of a woman making a fire in a cook stove while her husband is in bed asleep. See was a noble woman.

A widow was weeping bitterly at the loss of her husband, and the parson tried to console her. "No, no," said she; "let me have my cry out, and then I shan't care anything more about it."

Edgar Poe said: "To vilify a great man is the readiest way in which a little man can himself attain greatness. The crab might never have become a constellation but for the courage it evinced in nibbling Hercules at the heel."