

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. III., No. 32.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 24, 1875.

Subscribers out of County, \$1.25.

CARDS.

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

Best and Shoe Makers.
Clinton Bretney, on Lehigh's building, Bank street. All orders promptly filled—work warranted.

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

P. J. MEBIAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 4, Dolon's Block,
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.
Can be consulted in German. (Jan. 9, 1875.)

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

JNO. D. BERTOLETTE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Office—First National Bank Bldg. 2nd Floor
MAUCH CHUNK, PENN'A.
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 Lehigh, Pa.
N.B.—Sales of every description attended to at reasonable charges. The patronage of the public respectfully solicited. Jan. 24, '74.

W. A. DERHAMER, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd Sts., Lehigh, Pa. April 9, 1875.

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

J. BOYD HENRI,
ARCHITECT,
No. 310 Lackawanna Ave.,
P.O. Lock Box No. 309,
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. Jels

DAVID EBBERT'S
Livery & Sale Stables,

BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, 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.
Rev. 22, 1875. DAVID EBBERT.

THOMAS A. WILLIAMS,
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
Fashionable
Boot and Shoe Maker,
Next to Lehigh's Block,
BANK STREET, Lehigh, Pa.
Having commenced business, as above, I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Lehigh and vicinity that I surpassed 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 always on hand. A trial is solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
July 4, 1874.

BEATTY Piano!
COMBINES EVERY IMPROVEMENT KNOWN. Send stamp for Circular. Address D. F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

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 Com-
pany. March 20, 1873.

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

Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.
Passengers for Philadelphia will leave Lehighton as follows:
5:30 a. m. via L. V. arrive at Phila. at 9:00 a. m.
7:30 a. m. via L. & S. " " 11:10 a. m.
7:30 a. m. via L. V. " " 11:10 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. " " 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 Street, Phila., at 7:00, 8:30 and 9:45 a. m.; 2:10, 3:20 and 5:15 p. m.
Fare from Lehighton 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 Lehighton as follows:
For New York, Philadelphia, Easton, &c., 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 9:07 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, 5th Liberty street, North River, at 5:15, 9:00 a. m., 12:45, 4:00 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, from Depot North Penna's R. R., at 7:50, 9:14 a. m., 2:10, 5:15 p. m.
Leave Easton at 8:30, 11:48 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 R. DIVISION.
Summer Time Table.
On and after SUNDAY, JUN 22nd, 1874, the trains on the Phila. & Erie R. R. Division will run as follows:
WESTWARD.
FAST LEAVE leaves Philadelphia 12:55 p. m.
" " Harrisburg 5:00 p. m.
" " Sunbury 6:55 p. m.
" " Williamsport 8:50 p. m.
" " Lock Haven 10:00 p. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia 11:05 p. m.
" " Sunbury 1:00 a. m.
" " Williamsport 2:55 a. m.
" " Lock Haven 4:05 a. m.
" " Renova 5:15 a. m.
" " arr. at Erie 6:05 a. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia 8:00 a. m.
" " Harrisburg 10:00 a. m.
" " Sunbury 11:55 a. m.
" " Williamsport 1:50 p. m.
" " Lock Haven 3:00 p. m.
" " Renova 4:10 p. m.
" " arr. at Erie 5:00 p. m.
N. Y. EXPRESS leaves Philadelphia 6:20 a. m.
" " Harrisburg 8:20 a. m.
" " Sunbury 10:15 a. m.
" " Williamsport 12:10 p. m.
" " Lock Haven 1:20 p. m.
" " Renova 2:30 p. m.
" " arr. at Erie 3:20 p. m.
NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Philadelphia 12:20 p. m.
" " Harrisburg 2:20 p. m.
" " Sunbury 4:15 p. m.
" " Williamsport 6:10 p. m.
" " Lock Haven 7:20 p. m.
" " Renova 8:30 p. m.
" " arr. at Erie 9:20 p. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie 9:20 p. m.
" " Lock Haven 9:55 p. m.
" " Williamsport 10:50 a. m.
" " Sunbury 12:45 a. m.
" " Harrisburg 2:40 a. m.
" " Philadelphia 4:40 a. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves Lock Haven 9:45 a. m.
" " Williamsport 11:40 a. m.
" " Sunbury 1:35 p. m.
" " Philadelphia 3:35 p. m.
NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Erie 9:00 a. m.
" " Renova 1:05 p. m.
" " Lock Haven 2:25 p. m.
" " Williamsport 4:20 p. m.
" " Sunbury 6:15 p. m.
" " Harrisburg 8:10 p. m.
" " Philadelphia 10:10 p. m.
" " arr. at Erie 11:00 p. m.
Mail East connects east and west at Erie with L. & E. M. S. R. W. and at Irwin with O. R. C. and Erie with N. Y. & P. R. W.
Mail West with east and west trains on L. & E. M. S. R. W. and at Corry and Irwin with O. R. C. and Allegheny R. R. W.
Erie Mail and Buffalo Express make close connections at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. train north, and at Harrisburg with N. C. R. W. train south.
WM. A. BALDWIN, Gen'l Supt.

The Cynocephalus.

A MIDNIGHT HORROR.

BY JAMES HASTINGS.

Twenty-five years ago one of the most famous private collections of wild animals was the one possessed by the Earl of Derby, at Knowsley, Lancashire, England. This gentleman was the grandfather of the present distinguished statesman, and father of the late and more famous man, Macaulay's "Rupert of Debate." The zoological collection was fostered and sustained with wonderful care and at a large annual outlay. Emissaries were employed in all parts of the world to procure rare specimens, and so perfect were the arrangements for their reception at Knowsley that the animals seemed to forget utterly their lost liberty when the rather eccentric Earl became their possessor.

Among this varied and valuable collection was a magnificent specimen of the orang-outang, or cynocephalus. Its height when standing erect was nearly five feet six inches; its limbs were enormous, and its breadth across the shoulders indicated prodigious strength. Long, coarse, black hair covered its huge frame from head to foot, and when anything occurred to excite its ill-temper its features became terribly fierce and repulsive.

Not far from the Earl's beautiful residence there dwelt at that time a well-to-do farmer, who had acted for some years as one of the assistant stewards to Lord Derby. He had recently become a widower, his wife having died in her confinement. The farmer's household consisted of himself, the baby aged four months, and an old woman who did general duty as nurse and housekeeper. The house occupied a lonely position, there being no other dwelling within half a mile or so, and a long and severe winter had set in, covering the entire country round about with a carpet of snow.

One dark and memorable night the widowed farmer had retired to rest, having partaken of his supper, in his bedroom on account of the comfortable fire which the chamber boasted, and because it was his custom to have his child's cradle in that room. Whenever the nurse was required at night-time the father rang a bell which communicated with her apartment immediately above, access to which was obtained by a narrow flight of stairs. On the night in question the young infant lay in blissful unconsciousness in its warm cot near the cheerful fire, and the father, lying in bed "between sleep and wake." Presently he heard his chamber door open slowly, and he roused himself slightly to see what the faithful old nurse required, for he concluded it was she who was about to enter. But she did not enter. The door remained open, and the farmer was on the eve of speaking softly to the nurse, when, gently and with a cautious, noiseless tread, the monstrous orang-outang glided into the room. The farmer sank back in his bed dismayed, and his dismay probably saved his life, for the visitor—a fitting envoy from "Night's platanus shore"—continued to be ignorant of his presence. The creature then proceeded to the neighborhood of the fire-place, near which in its cradle the child lay, happily unaware of the grisly intruder's existence. The bright flames in the old dark wainscoted chamber gave it a rich Rembrandt touch. On a small table were the remains of the farmer's supper, which had consisted of a fowl. These the animal desecrated, and for a few minutes they afforded it considerable interest, its thoughts and reflections being seemingly concentrated upon the anatomical arrangements of the deceased bird.

After toying with the bones and other remnants of the repast the brute's attention was suddenly attracted to the cradle. To walk nearly erect was the normal habit of this ill-favored beast. He quietly approached the sleeping child and squatted down at its side. It is probable that among the select visitors to Lord Derby's museum the baboon had never seen an infant anyway so frail and young. The sight was therefore very novel, and he gazed upon the unconscious creature with manifested interest as he removed the coverlet from its sleeping form. The father, from out of the curtains of his bed, beheld the entire proceedings with indescribable agony. It was not presence of mind which prevented him leaping

out to the rescue, but a feeling of spell-bound helplessness. The poor farmer was not deficient in ordinary courage, and would have faced a dozen of his own species without a particle of fear had circumstances demanded it, but he felt bitterly incapable of wrestling with such a foe as the one now sitting before the ruddy chamber fire. After a little while the creature lifted the infant from the cradle and placed it with infinite tenderness upon the hearth-rug. It then proceeded to make a rigid examination of the child's limbs, so soft and plump, and so devoid of all hirsute decoration. It was this fact that probably amazed and staggered the examiner most. He no doubt retained some recollection of the young progeny of his own kind and kin in the days of his liberty in the distant African forests, but never before had he gazed upon a little alabaster form like this. So gently had he removed the baby from its cot, and so considerate did he conduct his researches, that its sleep survived the process. Apparently satisfied in the extreme with his investigation, the monster—monster with touch so delicate—transferred his attentions to a general scrutiny of the chamber in which he now found himself, without invitation, and possibly with greater emotions of surprise than those experienced by the farmer, if that could be.

Furniture was certainly a novel spectacle, for in his recent home a dead, leafless tree was the sole decorative article, and he now roamed the room with such a look of critical acumen that he strongly resembled an auctioneer's clerk taking an inventory of the household property. The old-fashioned bed in which the farmer lay, in speechless suspense, was evidently destined to come last upon the intruder's catalogue because it did, and the terrible brute, exceeding in height the average human race, and with evidence of innate strength equally in excess, now stood at the farmer's side. The visitor remained there but a moment, yet to the farmer, who had affected to be sound asleep, it was no such brief period of time. All at once a timid cry from the tiny child, who evidently preferred the coziness of its cradle to the discomforts of the hearth rug, altered the programme instantly. The baboon immediately desisted the father and ran to the side of the awakened child.

The nurse, from her room above, had heard the cry, the doors being purposely open, and she prepared to descend the narrow stairs. But the wretched father could no longer support the awful tension, in which his nerves had been held during the last ten minutes, and he gave vent to a wild, half-fanciful shout. The monster was terrified and instantly prepared for escape. He leaped along the room to the housekeeper's staircase, where he encountered the unsuspecting old lady. More than the grim outline of the brute could not have been visible in that darkened stairway. The nurse and the brute appeared to have closed in a fixed embrace, for in that position they struggle, and fell to the foot of the staircase. Then the brute disentangled itself from the old woman's hold and effected his escape from the house.

The scene which ensued can scarcely be imagined. The nurse lay apparently dead upon the ground, and the farmer stood by her unable at the moment to render her any assistance. It seemed to him most like a horrible dream but the prostrate form of the housekeeper and the presence of the child upon the hearth-rug proved too clearly the substantial reality of the occurrences. When the farmer nerved himself sufficiently to minister to the nurse's requirements he found that her nervous system had received an irreparable shock from which she never recovered. She passed from one horror into another, and never regained enough consciousness to understand what her mysterious antagonist had been.

In the course of the following day the old woman died. On the morning after the occurrence of these events a diligent search was made for the missing brute, whose escape had soon become known when the keeper commenced his daily rounds. They had not to search far. They found the animal sporting in an adjoining wood and enjoying to the fullest extent his regained liberty. It was quite evident that he would not resign that liberty without a hard struggle for it. While the method of his capture was being debated, the news of the housekeeper's death and the events con-

cerned therewith became known, and that was sufficient to sign the death-warrant of the unwitting cause of her decease. It was a hard fate, but he was not prepared to resist it, and so he quietly obeyed the summons conveyed to him through the medium of three minnie bullets, and expired after a checkered enjoyment of twenty-four hours' freedom.

The carcass of this huge brute may now be seen in the William Brown Museum in Liverpool, most successfully stuffed and picturesquely posed upon a miniature cliff, with a stout staff in one hand and the other hanging listlessly at his side.

No one who views this magnificent specimen of the cynocephalus will ever wish that he had formed any other or closer acquaintanceship with the formidable animal when alive, yet at the same time the creature's dog-like head suggests a canine intelligence and honesty inviting some degree of human trust. Amongst the ancient Egyptians the cynocephalus (meaning the dog-faced baboon) was held in great veneration as the supposed possessor of superhuman powers, and was even selected by them as the symbol of intellect and to represent their god of letters, Thoth. Whether the above true story indicates the greater intelligence for the brute, or the human beings whom he so terrified, is for the reader to decide.—Heart and Home.

Napoleon and Masked Balls.

Great as was Napoleon's repugnance to masked balls, he was induced to attend one of them; when, for the first and last time in his imperial life, he is said to have participated in the dance. He had ordered ten different dresses to be taken to the apartment designed for him, but in each disguise he was detected. Several of his marshals often amused themselves with a good laugh at his utter failure in his attempt to unplay the emperor.

"Do you know," said Napoleon when rallied on the subject, "that I was regularly discovered by a jeune dame, who seemed to be an accomplished intriguer and yet, would you believe it, with all my efforts I could not recognize the flirt."

Josephine was present during this conversation, and unable to constrain herself any longer, fell to laughing immoderately. Thus the discovery at last came out that she had been the jeune dame herself.

During the carnival of that winter, the masked balls at the opera were frequented by all the upper classes, and were particularly amusing. Josephine was very anxious to have Napoleon see one, but he would not go.

"Then I shall go without you, mon ami," replied the Empress.

"Do as you like," was the response, as the Emperor rose from the breakfast table.

At the appointed time Josephine left for the ball; but the very moment she had set out, her husband sent for one of the femmes de chambres to learn exactly how she was dressed. With a game to play, the Emperor resolved to do his part well; so with Duroc, another officer, and his own favorite valet, all completely masked, he entered a carriage, and, arm in arm, entered the ball-room. Napoleon was that night to have the name of Auguste, Duroc was to be Francois, &c. They made the tour of the apartments, and not a person resembling Josephine was visible. He was about leaving, when a mask approached and rallied him so much wit, that he had to stop for a reply; but he was somewhat embarrassed, which being perceived by the mask, harder repartees fell thick and fast. The crowd mingled in the giddy and electric movements of a bal masque, but at every turn this mask whispered low in his ear a state secret of little importance in itself, but startling to Napoleon. At length he exclaimed after one of those whispers—"Comment diable! Who are you?"

And thus he was tormented for nearly an hour, till he could endure it no longer, when he entered the palace that night, he learned that Josephine had some time before retired to her room. As they met next morning, Napoleon said—

"So you were not at the ball last night?"
"Indeed I was."
"But I assure you I was there."
"And you mon ami," with a half-suppressed smile she continued, "what were you about all the evening?"

I was in my cabinet," said Napoleon "Oh, Auguste!" replied the Empress, with an arch gesture.

The whole secret was out; Josephine had donned a costume, of which her femme de chambre knew nothing, and Napoleon enjoyed and repeated the joke a thousand times. It were all in vain to hope that her husband, in any costume, could move without having his identity immediately detected by a woman of such keen perception as Josephine.

Finn was once a witness for the prosecution in a case before the Court of Common Pleas, in Boston, and his testimony was so direct and conclusive, that the counsel for the defence thought it necessary to discredit him. The following dialogue ensued:

"Mr. Finn, you live in—Street; do you not?"
"Yes, I do."
"You have lived there a great while?"
"Several years."
"Does not a female live there under your protection?"
"There does."
"Does she bear your name?"
"She is certainly known in the neighborhood by the name of Mrs. Finn."

"Is she your wife?"
"No, we were never legally married."

"That will do, sir; I have no more to ask."

"But I have something more to answer, sir," replied Finn with spirit. "The Mrs. Finn of whom you have been pleased to speak with such levity, is my mother; and I know but one man base enough to breath aught against her. You, sir, can guess who he is. True, she is under my protection. She protected me through my infancy and childhood, and it is paying but a small part I owe her, to do as much for her in old age."

The baffled lawyer had not another word to say.

The puff indirect has been given for a celebrated jeweler, a short time since, in a French Journal, in the following words: "The fashion of the day is to have imitations of insects, in colored enamel, upon jewellery. M. Moreau so thoroughly succeeded in imitating a fly, for some studs, that a spider, the other day, descended from its web and caught the fly-stud up, taking it into its domicile, and trying to get something succulent out of it. Happily, it was seen by a servant, or there would have been a second edition of the maid and the magpie when the master of the house returned home."

The other day, on a Michigan Central train going east, was an old lady who had never traveled a great deal. She wasn't used to the ways of the book agents, the peanut boys, and the prize packages nuances who passed through the train every few minutes. When the peanut boy came along and dropped a big African peanut into her lap she snuck it, opened her mouth and dropped the kernel down, instead of regarding it with silent contempt or pitching it out of the window. The book agent came along and dropped a book in her lap. She said she was 'much obliged,' and she carefully locked it up in her valise. The prize package boy came along and dropped a sample, and she wondered how the road could afford to give away so much. When he returned she had opened it and was wearing the breastpin and eating the gum drops. The book agent came back and wanted his book, and before she would give it up she called the conductor to see if it was all right. The car boy wanted pay, and she appealed to the passengers. When she understood that he was right, she handed out twenty-five cents with the remark, 'Well, if I hadn't all-fired turned round, I wish I'd staid to hum!'

The new Brooklyn hymn—adapted from Tomnyson:

'He only says, 'My life is dreary!
It endeth not,' he said;
He said, 'I am weary! weary!
And I would that I were dead.'
Trio by H. W. B., T. T., and F. D. M.
'We are all weary! weary!
And we would that we were dead!
Grand choruses by the public, singing forissimo and disgustissimo:
'We are horribly weary;
Why in thunder ain't you dead?'