

# The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. III., No. 25.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 15, 1875.

Subscribers out of County, \$1.20.

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Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.  
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P. O. Lock Box No. 629,  
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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. July 3

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And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Livery in the County.

Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral purposes and Weddings.  
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Having commenced business, as above, I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Lehighton and vicinity that I prepared to do all work in my line in the neatest and most substantial manner, at prices fully as low as any 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. At lowest prices. July 4, 1874.

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Reading Mutual Fire,  
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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:  
5:00 a. m. via L. V. arrive at Phila. at 9:00 a. m.  
7:30 a. m. via L. V. " " 11:10 a. m.  
7:30 a. m. via L. V. " " 11:30 a. m.  
11:00 p. m. via L. V. " " 2:15 p. m.  
11:00 p. m. via L. V. " " 2:15 p. m.  
2:27 p. m. via L. V. " " 5:30 p. m.  
4:47 p. m. via L. V. " " 8:30 p. m.  
4:44 p. m. via L. V. " " 8:30 p. m.  
7:38 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, 3:30 and 5:15 p. m.  
Fare from Lehighton to Philadelphia, \$2.55.  
Sept. 1, 1874. ELLIS GALE, 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, A. S., 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 9:03 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., 12:4, 4:30 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, 11:48 a. m., 3:05 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 Station.  
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 Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division will run as follows:

**WESTWARD.**  
FAST LINE 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 11:55 p. m.  
" " Harrisburg 4:25 a. m.  
" " Sunbury 6:30 a. m.  
" " Williamsport 8:35 a. m.  
" " Lock Haven 9:45 a. m.  
" " Renovo 11:10 a. m.  
" " Sunbury 12:05 p. m.  
" " Williamsport 1:50 p. m.  
" " Lock Haven 3:00 p. m.  
" " Renovo 4:20 p. m.  
" " Erie 5:50 a. m.  
" " KATY AND.

PHILA. EXPRESS leaves Lock Haven 9:50 a. m.  
" " Sunbury 11:45 a. m.  
" " Williamsport 1:40 p. m.  
" " Philadelphia 3:38 p. m.  
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie 11:20 a. m.  
" " Renovo 9:50 p. m.  
" " Lock Haven 10:55 p. m.  
" " Williamsport 12:40 p. m.  
" " Sunbury 2:40 a. m.  
" " Philadelphia 4:30 a. m.  
ELMIRA MAIL leaves Lock Haven 11:00 a. m.  
" " Sunbury 12:40 p. m.  
" " Williamsport 2:35 p. m.  
" " Philadelphia 4:30 p. m.  
NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Erie 9:00 a. m.  
" " Renovo 4:05 p. m.  
" " Lock Haven 5:25 p. m.  
" " Williamsport 7:20 p. m.  
" " Sunbury 8:40 p. m.  
" " Philadelphia 10:55 p. m.  
Mail East connects east and west at Erie with L. S. & M. R. W. and at Irvinston with O. H. Creek and Allegheny R. R. W.  
Mail West with east and west trains on L. S. & M. R. W. and at Harrisburg with N. C. R. W. trains south.  
W. M. A. BALDWIN, Gen'l Supt.

**Auditor's Notice.**  
In the Orphans' Court of Carbon county, account of James Weeks, Guardian of Pudence Greenleaf, minor child of Chas. Dougherty, dec'd. The Auditor appointed to audit, examine and if necessary rescind and restate the account, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office, in the borough of Mauch Chunk, on THURSDAY, MAY 27th, 1875, at 10 o'clock a. m.  
P. J. MEEHAN, Auditor.  
May 1st, 1875-4t

**BEATTY** PIANO!  
NO OTHER PIANO-FORTE has attained the same popularity. Send stamp for Circular. D. F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

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Would respectfully announce to his friends and the public in general, that he has opened a first-class  
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L. F. KLEPPINGER,  
Corner of Bank and Iron Street,  
Lehighton, Pa.  
Jan. 9, 1875.

## VOE, THE GIPSY;

OR,  
The Burning of Storms' Mills.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Among the men who emigrated to one of our now popular Western States was Elias Storms, a miller, and a surly, unbending, close-fisted man. He left many enemies and few friends in the Pennsylvania valley that he vacated, and numbers expressed the wish that the lordly Mississippi might roll forever between them and the miller. But while they rejoiced to see Elias Storms depart, there was not a person who wanted to see his daughter go.

Georgie Storms had not inherited a single one of her father's foibles. She was loving and gentle to every one, and it was her face that brought much custom to the mills. She was Elias Storms' only child, and he guarded her vigilantly, least some forbidden lover might come and steal the hand which he intended should bring a fortune to his coffers.

The girl did not want to leave the beautiful valley where she had passed the halcyon period of her life, but her father was immovable.

'I'm going to a country where neighbor does not hate his neighbor!' said Elias Storms, compressing his lips. 'Everybody hates me here, and never in my life have I harmed a single man. I believe I was born to be hated; the evillest star in the heavens first shone on the child called Elias Storms.'

Georgie, who was standing at the window that faced the mills, did not turn to her father sitting in the arm-chair, with a paper in his lap, and a long silence followed the last words.

'I shall leave men, parting from whom will be accompanied with no regrets,' at last Elias Storms continued, in the intensely bitter tone of which he was the completest master we ever knew, and he fastened his eyes on his child, as if to note the effect his words would produce.

But she did not seek the names of the parties referred to by her father. Her silence rather plied him.

'I had some hot words with a young man last night,' he went on, 'and I struck him. My blow brought blood; but he was so cowardly to resent it!'

Then Georgie turned from the window. 'Father, with whom did you quarrel?' she asked, 'and what was the nature of the difficulty? Won't you tell me?'

She came forward with a face slightly pale, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

'I will tell you, though your look tells me that you could guess his name. Georgie, you are as white as ashes, and you tremble like a leaf. You have cruelly deceived me! I never dreamed that you could act thus. What would your mother say were she alive this day? You know she always hated me. Poor wife! she feared affairs were drifting to the pass they have reached. Georgie, tell me without one particle of equivocation if you love Luke Colby.' He was on his feet, and faced his pale child while the last words dropped from his lips.

'Then you quarreled with him?'  
'Yes, and my hand brought blood to his lips.'  
She grew paler than ever.

'Oh, do not fear, I did not maim the dog. I struck him for a challenge, that was all; but he was too cowardly to resent.'

'Cowardly? no!' cried Georgie. 'He would not strike you because I am your child.'

'How chivalrous! We do not live in the middle ages. This is the nineteenth century. Georgie Storms.'

'I know it.'  
'But you have not answered my question. Do you love Luke Colby?'

'I do!'

Elias Storms ground his teeth. 'You may as well dismiss this foolish affection first as last,' he said. 'Last night he came down to the mill and asked for your hand. Ah! you knew he was going to do this. I told him no, and when he sought my reasons, I gave them.'

'What were they?' asked Georgie, meekly.

'I need not repeat them here, but I told him that my child should never become the wife of a suicide's son.'

'Father, you were unfeeling!' cried Georgie, with rising indignation. 'It has been pretty clearly established that David Colby was murdered. Such a

man as he was would not put the pistol to his own head. You insulted the memory of his father.'

'And I told him to keep his distance hereafter. I told him that I was going West to build new mills, and I gave him to understand that if I caught him within sound of my burrs I would shoot him.'

'The words, darting like serpents from between Elias Storms' teeth, made Georgie shrink away.'

'That would be murder, father.'

He laughed.

'Well, let it be murder! The blood of such men as he does not stain; it is like water. When you see him again, request him to remain this side of the Mississippi.'

'She did not speak for a moment.'

'Already he has hidden in good-bye.'

'Ha!'

'Your answer last night drove him from Chesney. He would be here now if you had not quarreled.'

'Then will you write him. Tell him to keep his distance. You shall never become his wife. Do not feast yourself on such hopes. Tell him to keep beyond the shadows that my new mills shall throw.'

Then Elias Storms left the room, and Georgie was alone.

She knew that the morrow would witness her departure for her new home beyond the 'father of waters,' and recollected that some of her young friends were coming that night to say farewell.

Suddenly she went up to her boudoir where the great trunks were already packed, and lifted the lid of one. She drew forth a packet of note paper, and with a pencil wrote these lines:

'DEAR LUKE.—I have just heard all from father. With the memories of the past I shall try to beautify the future. This heart shall ever beat for you, Luke. The great river shall not separate us long. Do not risk the life I love for me. Father says that the shadows of the new mills is as the shadows of death to you, and he warns you not to enter it. Luke, keep back! keep back! You do not know him as I do. Good-bye. GEORGIE.'

She posted the letter quite early the following morning, and then, with her father and several apprentices, left the valley of her birth and childhood.

Two days afterward Luke Colby received Georgie's letter, and read it twice.

He was a manly, handsome fellow, with strong limbs and much learning, and his love for the miller's daughter was steadfast and true. When firmly settled to a purpose nothing could turn him aside; and when he finished reading the letter for the second time, he looked up as if to reveal the smile that played with his lips.

'What do I care for the shadow of Elias Storms' mills?' he said. Georgie, your father's threats cannot keep me from crossing the Mississippi—they cannot frighten me. So soon as Storms' mills cast a shadow I will enter it. I have entered the shadow of the upas tree! I know your father, Georgie Storms. I know that he makes no idle threats.'

Knowing this, Luke Colby waited for Storms' mills to cast a shadow, that he might enter it.

By and by a report came to Chesney concerning Elias Storms.

On the bank of a beautiful river, whose lucid waves lost themselves in the turbid Missouri, the miller had erected commodious mills, and was rapidly growing rich. His industry had ever been commendable, and people had said that Elias Storms could make money in a desert. Certain it was, that he had notions of returning to Chesney, where many had parted from him with no regrets.

Coupled with this report, was a piece of information that caused a flutter of surprise in the valley. It said that Georgie had found a lover beyond the lordly river, and that she would soon be a bride. I say that this report surprised many who knew that she had pledged undying love to Luke Colby, who had disappeared from Chesney shortly after her departure, nor had returned, for one day to the town. To a few particular friends, he had confided his quarrel with the miller, and the contents of Georgie's letter, and they feared that he had found his death in the shadows of Storms' new mills.

One day a young man left the rude hotel of an Iowa town, and directed

his steps toward a belt of timber visible from the suburbs. He was clad in the garb of a sportsman, and he wore the look of an amateur in the exhilarating profession of gunning. He crossed several rich pastures without rousing a grouse, and gained the summit of a pretty knoll that commanded a view of the surrounding country.

Near the farther edge of the valley that lay at his feet, he beheld a little corral, consisting of several wagons and a number of animals.

'A gipsy camp,' he murmured. 'I wonder if this is the band that has such a pretty queen. I will go down and let some dusky soothsayer lift the veil of my fate.'

A moment later he was leisurely descending the knoll, and having skirted a clear pond that lay in his path, he halted beneath an umbrageous tree, and fastened his eyes upon a woman who was approaching from the gipsy camp.

She did not pause when she saw that he noticed her, but quickened her gait, and when he saw the dark eyes that burned passionately beneath drooping lashes, an ejaculation fell from his lips:

'Tis Voe, the gipsy queen—the girl I have lately heard so much about! Her people have turned their faces to the Mississippi again. I wonder why they are going back. The settlers have no time to listen to the revealing of the future. The red man with the tomahawk is the prophet that speaks to them now!'

The gipsy girl halted before the young man, and made a formal courtesy.

She was quite beautiful, and her simple garments, fancifully arranged, made her look the wildwood queen she was. For several moments she gazed into the hunter's hand, and then, with a faint smile released it.

'Sir, I know you not,' she said; 'but I can tell you much,' and then she touched the 'line of life' on her own delicate hand. 'Your line of life suddenly loses itself,' she continued. 'It runs through a dark shadow, so dark that I cannot see it. You are standing in the shadow that the gallows cast!'

The young man smiled, and drew some coin from his pocket; but Voe the gipsy, started back when she beheld the money.

'I do not reveal death for money!' she said.

'Are you traveling towards the setting sun?'

'I am,' answered the hunter.

'Go back! Go back!' she said, fearfully, 'the shadow is yonder,' and she pointed to the west. 'There is a rope with a noose in it. Keep back, for the love of the lass who thinks of you.'

'Where is the lass?'

'On the edge of the shadow—the condemning shadow. Will you not keep back?'

No! I am going to walk into that shadow, an—I am going to walk out again.'

The gipsy slowly shook her head, murmuring faintly, sorrowfully, never!

When the sun reached its meridian, a small wagon train wound itself slowly across the rolling lands of Iowa. Seated in the foremost wagon was Voe the gipsy and an old woman reclined besides her.

'What did you tell him?' asked the gipsy hag, looking up into the queen's face.

'I warned him of the shadow that fell across his line of life; but he would not listen. I would like to save him; but I cannot.'

'If he will not believe what the future tells, he should die!' said the croon, unsympathizingly, and then the conversation ceased.

Voe felt that she had performed her duty.

The new mills erected by Elias Storms were visible from the house. They were large and commodious structures, and the settlers had aided in their building, for upon them they depended for their daily bread. They were near a thriving western town where the miller owned many eligible lots, and was counted the wealthiest man in the country.

Upon the completion of the mills a fine looking man, lately arrived from one of the Eastern States, seeing money in the venture, solicited partnership with the miller, and was accepted. Thenceforth the firm of Storms & Stanley owned the mills. Hafer Stanley was about two and thirty years of age,

quite wealthy; but cold, calculating and shrewd to a fault. Georgie Storms did not like him; but she could not escape his attentions, for he had domiciled himself under their roof.

A year passed over her head in her new home, and Luke Colby had not made his appearance. She heard from him no longer. Ah! she did not know that certain letters addressed to her had fallen into the hands of her father and Hafer Stanley.

At last, however, the Pennsylvania lover reached the Iowa town, and took up his quarters at the hotel.

More than once he passed the miller on the street, and the fire that flashed from his eyes told him that recognition had taken place.

Once Elias Storms whispered as he passed the young man:

'Keep out of the shadow of Storms' mills! That is all I ask.'

And the look that he received told him that Luke Colby was his own master.

'I wonder if she got my note,' the lover murmured one evening as he stood in the door of the public house. 'She must have received it, else why did the boy say she would be there? I will go down to the mills. I will enter the shadow, and meet on the dreaded spot the woman I love.'

The moon was obscured by clouds when Luke Colby left the door, and walked towards the great hills. About them hung the silence of death, for the burrs had ceased to grind, and the water wheel was still. Just behind the main mill stood a number of trees that the miller's axe had spared, and when the moon shone again the tiny grove was in a shadow. There were the shadows of Storms' mill.

Among the trees Luke Colby found himself, as the clouds left the moon unobscured and dazzling beautiful.

For a long while he waited there, but not a footstep fell upon his ear. He had requested Georgie, by note, to meet him in the shadows, and he had received a favorable reply by the boy who had carried the request to the miller's home. 'Something must keep her in-doors to-night,' he said, at last, disappointed, but not down-hearted. 'I will meet her when next I make an engagement,' and with this he turned on his heel to depart.

He had taken but a step forward, when he thought he heard the crackling of fire. He looked up.

The scarlet tongues of flame were leaping from the roof and windows far above him.

'Great heavens!' he exclaimed, 'the mills are on fire!'

For a moment he stood irresolute, gazing upward at the destroying flames; then he sprang from the grove. Already the conflagration had been discovered in the town, for he heard the church bells ringing wildly, and the cries and tramp of excited people.

He was hastening around the burning structures to lend assistance, when a stern voice commanded him to halt.

He obeyed.

Elias Storms faced him, with a gun in his hands.

'Incendiary, your time has come!' he cried, and the gun was leveled at Luke Colby's breast. 'This is your revenge, eh? So you journeyed a thousand miles to put the match to Storms' mills. I warned you of the shadow they would throw, you would not listen. Now, take the consequences!'

The miller's cheek dropped to the ground; his fiery eyes flashed along the glittering barrel, when the weapon was suddenly knocked from his grasp.

Hafer Stanley, his partner, stood before him.

'Of course he fired the mills! I saw him do it,' said Stanley. 'Don't murder him! Let the people administer law. They will do it impartially and satisfactorily.'

A minute later Luke Colby walked around between the miller and his partner, and faced a crowd of armed and excited people.

There he was publicly accused of applying the match to the mills, and there he calmly and emphatically denied it. But he was not believed. The bitter words of Hafer Stanley weighed heavily against him, and in the lurid light of the mills a court was improvised.

Luke Colby saw the verdict in the faces of the stern jurors who were sworn in by the mayor of the village, and his lips murmured:

'Voe, the gipsy, was right. The

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.