

The Carbon Advocate.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

H. V. MORRIMER, Proprietor.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 22, 1875.

Subscribers out of County, \$1.20.

VOL. III., No. 28.

CARDS.

Furniture Warehouse.
Y. Schwartz, Bank Street, dealer in all kinds of Furniture. Coffins made to order.

Boat and Shoe Makers.
Clinton Bratney, in Lewis's building, Bank Street. All orders promptly filled—work warranted.

W. M. KAPPEL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, 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. MEEHAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 4, DeLoe's Block,
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.
Can be consulted in German. [Jan. 6]

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 fire and Marine Insurance Companies, and risks of all kinds taken on the most liberal terms. Jan. 9, 1875.

JNO. D. BERTOLETTI,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Office—First National Bank Building, 2nd Floor
MAUCH CHUNK, PENN.
May be consulted in German. [Apr. 15, 1874]

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

J. R. DIMMICK,
AUCTIONEER,
East Weisport, 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 3, 1875.

DR. A. B. REBER,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, Bank Street, next door above the Postoffice, Lehigh, Pa. Office Hours—Parryville 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. Box No. 109,
SCHANTON, PA.
Will furnish Plans, Specifications and Estimates giving exact cost of public and private buildings, from the plans to the most elaborate; also Drawings for Stairs, Hand-Rails, &c. July 1, 1874.

THOMAS A. WILLIAMS,
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
Fashionable
Boot and Shoe Maker,
Next to Leuch's Block,
BANK STREET, Lehigh, Pa.
Having commenced business, as above, I would respectfully announce to the friends of Lehigh and vicinity that I am prepared to do all work in my line in the most and most substantial manner, at prices that are as low as can be had in any place in Lehigh. 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.

THOMAS KEMMERER,
GENERAL INVESTOR,
The following companies are under my management:
LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.
READING MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.
WYOMING FIRE INSURANCE CO.
POTSDAM FIRE INSURANCE CO.
LEHIGH FIRE INSURANCE CO.
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Marine Trade Insurance and Insurance Company.
March 28, 1874. THOS. KEMMERER.

G. NADEN HUTTEN TANNERY
LEHIGHTON, PA.
B. J. KUNTZ, Prop'r,
Respectfully announces to the public that he has just RECEIVED THE TANNERY, formerly of Daniel Oberlin, and put in all the best and most approved machinery for the
Manufacture of Leather,
such as HEMLOCK and OAK SOLE LEATHERS, UPPER, KIP, CALF and SHEEP, which he will supply at the very lowest prices. PLASTERING HAIR supplied in large or small quantities very low. HIDES and SKINS bought at highest cash prices. Patronage solicited. Aug. 8-71

FLOUR AND FEED.
Charles Trainer
Respectfully announces to the people of Lehigh that he keeps a full stock of Excellent
Flour for Sale;
Also GOOD FEED of all kinds and STRAW in the market. He is also prepared to do all kinds of
Hauling and Plowing
on short notice and at LOW PRICES.
LEIGH (2d) STREET,
LEHIGHTON, Pa. March 23
BEATTY Piano
Send stamp for full information, Price List, &c. 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.
7:37 a. m. via L. V. S. " " 11:10 a. m.
7:39 a. m. via L. V. " " 11:10 a. m.
11:07 p. m. via L. V. S. " " 2:15 p. m.
11:02 p. m. via L. V. " " 2:15 p. m.
2:27 p. m. via L. V. S. " " 5:25 p. m.
4:47 p. m. via L. V. 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.; 1:10, 3:20 and 5:15 p. m.
Fare from Lehighton to Philadelphia, \$2.55.
ELLIS G. L. K., Agent
Lehigh 1874.

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., 7:07, 11:07 a. m., 3:27, 4:47 p. m.
For Mauch Chunk at 10:15 a. m., 1:14, 5:33, and 9:03 p. m.
For Wilkes-Barre and Scranton at 10:15 a. m., 1:14, 5:33 p. m.
Returning—Leave New York, from station Central Railroad of New Jersey, foot of Liberty Street, North River, at 6:15, 9:00 a. m., 12:45, 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 6:30, 11:45 a. m., 5:30 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 28, 1874, the trains on the Phila. & Erie RR. Division will run as follows:
WESTWARD.
FAST LINE leaves Philadelphia 12:15 p. m.
" " " Harrisburg 5:00 p. m.
" " " Sunbury 6:50 p. m.
" " " Williamsport 8:50 p. m.
" " " arr. at Lock Haven 10:50 p. m.
EMERSON MAIL leaves Philadelphia 11:50 p. m.
" " " Harrisburg 4:25 a. m.
" " " Sunbury 6:10 a. m.
" " " Williamsport 8:10 a. m.
" " " Lock Haven 9:45 a. m.
" " " Renova 11:10 a. m.
" " " arr. at Erie 8:05 p. m.
EMERSON MAIL leaves Philadelphia 8:00 a. m.
" " " Harrisburg 1:30 p. m.
" " " Sunbury 3:20 p. m.
" " " Williamsport 5:20 p. m.
" " " arr. at Lock Haven 7:20 p. m.
NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Philadelphia 7:20 a. m.
" " " Harrisburg 10:40 a. m.
" " " Sunbury 12:30 p. m.
" " " Williamsport 2:45 p. m.
" " " Lock Haven 4:10 p. m.
" " " Renova 5:40 p. m.
" " " arr. at Kane 9:20 a. m.
EASTWARD.
PIPER EXPRESS leaves Lock Haven 6:20 a. m.
" " " Sunbury 7:45 a. m.
" " " Williamsport 9:45 a. m.
" " " Philadelphia 11:25 a. m.
EMERSON MAIL leaves Erie 11:25 a. m.
" " " Sunbury 1:10 p. m.
" " " Williamsport 3:10 p. m.
" " " Lock Haven 4:35 p. m.
" " " Renova 6:05 p. m.
" " " arr. at Kane 9:40 a. m.
NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Kane 9:00 a. m.
" " " Renova 10:05 p. m.
" " " Lock Haven 11:40 p. m.
" " " Williamsport 1:40 p. m.
" " " Philadelphia 3:40 p. m.
EMERSON MAIL leaves Erie 9:45 a. m.
" " " Williamsport 11:50 a. m.
" " " Sunbury 1:40 p. m.
" " " Harrisburg 3:40 p. m.
" " " Philadelphia 5:40 p. m.
NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Erie 9:00 a. m.
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" " " Lock Haven 11:40 p. m.
" " " Williamsport 1:40 p. m.
" " " Philadelphia 3:40 p. m.

A Charming Woman.

A charming woman I've heard it said
By other women as light as they
But all in vain I puzzle my head
To find where the charm may be.
Her face, indeed, is pretty enough,
And her form is quite as good as the best.
Where nature has given the bow staff,
And a clever milliner all the rest.

Intelligent! Yes—in a certain way.
With the fougasse gift of ready speech,
And knows very well what not to say.
Whoever the temptress transgress her reach,
But turn to the topic on things to wear.
From an open cloak to a robe de nuit—
Hats, basques or bouquets, 'twill make you stare
To see how fluent the lady can be.

Her laugh is hardly a thing to please:
For an honest laugh must always start
From a genuine mood, like a sudden breeze,
And here is a purely matter of art.
A muscular effort made to show
What nature designs to be beneath
The finer mouth, but what can she do,
If that is meant to show the teeth?

To her seat in church—a good half mile—
When the day is fine she is sure to go,
Arrived of course, in the latest style
La mode de Paris has got to show.
And she put her hands on the velvet pew
(Can't thank so white have a taint of sin)
But thank—how her peyer-brook's hat of blue
Must harmonize with her millinery!

And what shall we say of one who walks
To tickle of flowers to close the window?
Bends among those of whom she never talks,
And treads of numbers she never reads?
She's a charming woman, I've heard it said,
By other women as light as she:
But all in vain I puzzle my head
To find where the charm may be.

An Interview with a Fortune Teller.
Mr Jay Charlton, of the Danbury "News," reports an interview with a New York fortune teller as follows:
The other day I saw on the sign of a small brick house in one of the unpretentious avenues, these words: "Madame Le Blanc, Clairvoyant and Astrologist." In the fun of the moment I went in, and was ushered into a back sitting-room. A young countryman was soon my companion, and I cheerily asked him what he was after. Said he: "I want to find out whether I'm going to win in a lawsuit in a justice's court, about a black mare with a docked tail. I come from Goshen; where do you come from?" This here woman kin see right through an oak plank." Presently the door opened, and a tall, distinguished woman, with silver-gray hair, threw open wide the door. You know how Poe did it when he wanted to see out where old Nevermore was. That's the way she did it. She looked as dignified as a big sun-downer. I stammered "Misses?" You see, I wasn't going to give myself away by being too sharp. Said she, as her head followed my movements as the afore-said sun-downer follows the sun (if it does), "Madame, if you please." What little human pride was in me waltzed out of my being as I gazed upon this elegant female woman. I unobtrusively began:
"Propriet!" said I, "thing of—whom the angels call Lenore."
Here I saw I'd put my foot into it, and I broke down. But I had to go it madly because I didn't want to burst out laughing at my learned colleague from Goshen, with the dock-tailed mare. She saved me, by sweeping grandly into the parlor, putting up her long finger, as Evans puts his up in the Beecher case. So I walked, somewhat between laughter and timidity, into the Night's Plutonian Shore. She motioned me to a chair which stood before a small table. She grandly sat in one opposite. Then drawing six thicknesses of something like a black eraser iron-holder over her eyes, she said in a grandly sepulchral monotone: "Your life will be long—with some cares. An enemy besets your path. Beware of a false friend who will try to do you a wrong. You will come out of it all right, one dollar is my charge." I put one dollar upon the table, thinking that there were ten sodas gone. But I said, "Madame, I would like to know what kind of a girl I'm going to have?" Here she rose, went behind my back to a side-board, and brought back one empty tumbler. Holding it before my eyes, she grandly said, "you are satisfied, I hope, that there is nothing in it." I said I was satisfied. Whereupon she went behind me again, and brought the tumbler past me with a parallelism of paper in it. I saw the paper was dimly white, with a little yellow smearing on it. From a half-pint bottle she poured a reddish liquid into a little water, and then poured the mixture into the tumbler. After a moment, her fingers went into the tumbler, drew out the paper and tore it up. I had it on the end of my tongue to say, "the acid didn't bring the photograph out," but that would have spoiled everything. So I meekly bowed when she said, "the face is not perfect yet, but it is very, very beautiful. I congratulate you." She tried again and waved a stick over the mixture. This time the picture came out, and she laid my wet and yellow lover upon the table with

an air of Persian triumph. Her austere magnanimity lowered itself to the earth as she said, "It is very, very beautiful. One dollar for the picture." I laid one dollar in my sadness beside my blonde, but drying, lover, thinking, "ten more sodas gone." "Two," she said. "Two?" I repeated meekly. "Yes," said she, "two." But you said one." "Oh! one was for the picture, last one for the condition I was in. It hurts me to produce so beautiful a picture of the girl you are to love." "But, madame, you don't tell me about her." Then she spoke up, in her wrinkled grandeur, with a tone of vinegar gurgling out of a bung hole. "You will marry her within a month. She will come to you." I rose to leave, and she said, "A dollar!" "What for?" The fortune. "But that goes with the picture." "For the first advice." "I paid a dollar for that." "I meant two dollars. Let that go. I hope you two will be happy together. The first one will be a little girl." I left her to my friend from Goshen. The process by which she produced the picture is a simple one. The prin's are those of photographs, unvarnished, and bought by the dozen. A little chemical mixture brings out the features. One face will serve for a dozen lovers. The one I got was that of a prominent actress, married, as I am, to "another." I have a photograph of the lady exactly like that produced by the incantation of the grand gammoner. Yet this woman probably makes a plenty of money.

Common Sense.
It has been said in another form of expression that the slightest expense over income is poverty, and the slightest excess of income over expense is wealth.—The ability to master this great problem of life is not so much depended upon what we know of our business as on the faculty to apply what we do know. Success in business is due to administration. Capacity in administration is due to that faculty power or quality, called common sense, which everybody speaks well of and nobody understands exactly. We infer its presence or its absence from the result of a man's life. We venture upon a definition of the phrase we are using, not so much for the purpose of making its meaning clearer as for the greater purpose of giving it a loftier place in our thoughts. Common sense is a degree—a high degree—in fine, the highest degree of human wisdom applied to practical things. It is not learning, it is not knowledge; it is rather the faculty of applying what we know to what we do. Other things being equal, the practical man who knows the most will do the best; but other things not being equal, a man who excels in wisdom of administration may surpass a man of greater learning, or even greater knowledge of things. But do not allow this suggestion to lead you to place a low estimation upon learning, whether general or professional; culture of every sort gives capacity to appreciate wisdom, and opportunity also for its exercise.

When two Pike county men are about to make a mule trade, the first question asked by the would-be purchaser is "What's his record?" Seller replies, "Three niggers and a couple dozen dash boards." "Here's your money," and the new owner leads his property off.

The latest style of gentleman's cravat bow has an inner elastic, which on being pulled brings down the eternal ribbon and reveals the "true inwardness" in the shape of a motto, boldly printed on a white card, "You know you lie." It is likely to prove popular with parties to the scandalous trial.

"That ar' patch of ground's mem'rible," said an Omaha man, pointing to a grave all by itself outside the town. "I reckon you'll know that, stranger, when you see it ag'in. The ockypant of that was the furst man I everus Greeley ever told to git West—likewise he was hung for stealin' a mawl."

A boy in Williamstown, Mass., became a man in this way: While hoeing corn one afternoon he turned to his father, who was working with him, and said: "What time is it, father?" "Half past 2," replied the senior farmer. Throwing down his hoe, the son graduated from his farmer life with this remark: "Twenty-one years ago, father, at half past 2 in the afternoon, I was born; you can do your own hoeing after this!"

A Cart Load of Cash.

Twenty-two years ago, as the story runs, Mr. Pendley was living at Sugar Hill, Ga., and was then engaged in gold mining with Moses Lott. Lott had heard of a very rich silver mine from John Lumpkin. Lumpkin had heard of it from a Baptist preacher, who lived near Carnesville; the preacher had heard of it from a man who had died near him, and who on his death-bed had given the preacher a minute description of the mine and its surroundings. Lott told Pendley that he and other South Carolinians had come out among the Indians hunting gold and silver ore; that they crossed the Oconee at Hurricane Shoals, proceeded along a well-known Indian trail to the Chattahoochee, went down the Chattahoochee to the mouth of a large creek, and in hunting a place to cross, went up the creek some distance, where two of the Carolinians—the stranger being one—were captured by a company of Spaniards, were carried at night some four or five miles south of the head of the creek, and were put to work in a silver mine during each night, and just before day they took the silver ore upon their backs, went due south from the mine five miles to an island covered with an immense swamp growth, and in the middle of this island, in a rude shop, they worked ore and moulded the metal into silver dollars; that when the Indians found them they filled up the mine with timber and dirt, buried as much as a wagon load of silver dollars in the middle of the shop, burned down the shop, released the two South Carolinians, and left; that one of the South Carolinians was lost, and that the dying man was on his way home with the great secret, which he revealed to the preacher on his death-bed.

With this account Mr. Pendley set out in 1853 to find the mine answering to the description received. In 1855 he found an old mine, exactly answering the description. It is situated five miles due south of Suwannee creek, in Gwinnett county, and the island is on Beaver Run creek, five miles due south of the mine. On the island Mr. P. found cinders, Indian vessels and implements, and the hole in the ground, which had been filled up by old Billy Chambee, who cleared up the island, and who testified to having found the hole open. Mr. Pendley went to work on the old mine, and continued until his small capital was spent, when he suspended. When again his means enabled him to renew his labors, the war came on and forced him to defer it. In 1871 he resumed work again alone, followed the old tunnel by sinking shafts for nearly two hundred feet, without finding anything except unmistakable evidence of the old tunnel, which was filled with leaves, brush, oak post and timber. A few weeks ago he reached the end of the old tunnel, and found a vein of mineral ore one and a half feet thick and fifteen feet wide. Above it there is a layer of white clay; beneath it there is a hard yellow rock, and on each side there is a wall of very hard, blue sandstone. The ore consists of two layers, one bluish, and the other reddish brown; is very soft—somewhat cohesive—and very heavy.

The Brevity of Life.
It was a sad cynic who said that youth passes its time in wishing that it could, and age in regretting that it didn't. But it is true that all through the first half of our lives we are thinking what will we do when once we get fairly started, and we go on pleasing ourselves with these dreams until, all of a sudden, we wake up to the fact that we have begun to go down the hill, and that now the time to hope and plan is past, and the time to remember and regret has come. Dr. Hodge is fond of talking of the irony of life. The saddest irony is its brevity—our days are but a span—our life but a "sleep and a forgetting." If it were possible to realize in the beginning that three score years and ten are not three hundred, and to say to ourselves calmly: "Such and such things are in so brief space, unattainable, let us content ourselves with striving for what we can reasonably hope to win;" we might live our short span more rationally. Then would the rich man begin in season to dispense and to enjoy his riches, remembering that he can carry nothing

with him into the next country—then would the philanthropist limit his schemes to his possibilities—then, above all, would those who love each other, beware that they give no space to estrangement or fault-finding, since our life of so few days is all too brief for bitterness.

A PARTICULAR HEN.—Capt Jacob W. Dubois has a hen of the golden pheasant breed which is very particular as to her place of laying. She always comes in the house and makes for a certain closet, where she arranges a nest, quietly deposits her egg and goes off with a happy, contented little crackle. If she finds the doors or windows closed she will walk around from one to the other until she attracts some one's attention and is admitted. When she comes to the house she behaves in the most circumspect manner, like a well-bred fowl, as she is, and never says anything to anybody or gets in any one's way. The hen has a mate in a little rooster, who accompanies her about the premises, escorts her to the house, and quietly waits for her until she makes her exit, and then wanders off happy and proud in her companionship.—Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.

A person was told that three yards of cloth, by being wet, would shrink one-quarter of a yard. "Well, then," he inquired, "if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any left?"

A little four year old woke up very early one morning, and seeing the full moon from the window, he innocently remarked: "It was about time for Dod to take that moon in."

"My dear," said a husband, in startled tones, after waking his wife in the middle of the night, "I have swallowed a dose of strychnine!" "Well, then, do for goodness sake lie still, or it may come up."

A man went into a drug store and says he: "I wish you would give me some nancy soda." "Don't you mean sal soda?" says the clerk. "Well, now, I don't know but you're right; I knew it was a gal's name," said the searcher for Sal.

A Nevada woman recently knocked down seven burglars, one after another. Her husband watched her from the top of the stairs, and felt so brimful of battle that he couldn't cool off until he had jerked his eight-year-old boy out of the bed and thrashed him soundly for not getting up and helping his mother.

The Indiana editor who took his mother-in-law on an editorial excursion is requested to announce through the columns of his paper whether he was actuated by general impulses or by fear.—Chicago Times.

The Tenor and Soprano in a Boston choir were recently married. A facetious exchange says that they met by chance, the usual way, ultimately agreed to duet. And the first additional to the family will be a trio.

When are stockings like dead men? When they are men-ded; or, perhaps, when their soles are departed; or again, when they are all in holes; or when they are in toe-toes; or when they are past healing; or, when they are no longer on their last legs.

She used to keep bits of china and crockery piled up in a convenient corner of the closet, and when asked her reason for preserving such domestic lumber, she shot a lurid glance at her husband, and merely remarked: "He knows what them's for."

"Dictionaries exchanged for caramels," says a placard in a Chicago candy store. The girls of that city will certainly participate in the spelling matches now that there is a market for the prizes.

"Captain" said a son of Erin, as the ship was nearing the coast in inclement weather, "have ye an almskin on board?" "No, I haven't." "Then, jabbers, we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

A cruel joke at the expense of ladies who are perpetually striving to gain hearing in the Press has been going through of literary circles, to the effect: "that they look much better in mull than in print."

When two young hearts that beat as one attend divine service in the evening it is bashfulness that leads them to select a seat in the most obscure pew under the gallery.

The inhabitants of Green Bay, Wis., are called green babies.

J. F. BELTZ,
THE PHOTOGRAPHER
Respectfully announces to the people of Lehigh, that he has OPENED HIS
NEW AND IMPROVED
GALLERY,
ON BANKWAY, near the Lehigh Valley R. R. Depot, LEHIGHTON, PA.
and that he is now prepared to give them PERFECT PICTURES of the MOST REASONABLE PRICES.
Particular attention paid to TAKING CHILDREN'S PORTRAITS.
A trial is solicited. June 13

DAVID EBBERT'S
Livery & Sale Stables,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
FAST TROTTING HORSES,
ELEGANT CARRIAGES,
And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Livery in the County.
Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral purposes and Weddings. DAVID EBBERT, Nov. 22, 1874.

AGAZETTEER
OF THE CENTENNIAL OF THE UNITED STATES.
A book for every American. Sold everywhere at sight. Farmers, Teachers, Students, Lawyers, Merchants, School Directors, Manufacturers, Mechanics, Shoppers, most of business, and men who own only read, old and young, will want it for everyday reference and use. Shows the grand result of the
First Hundred years of the Republic
Everybody buys it, and Agents make from \$100 to \$200 a month. Send for circular. Address, J. C. SECURDY & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. Cincinnati, Ohio; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo. April 23-75

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