The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Proprietor. INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live." $1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. IV., No 7. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 8, 1876 Subscribers out of County, $1.20

CARDS.

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

Boot and Shoe Makers.
Clinton Keiper, in Lesan's building, Bank street. Orders promptly filled—work warranted.

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

ED. R. SWEHEARN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.
Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. [July 24, 1875.

W. A. DERKAMER, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd sts., Lehighton, Pa. April 3, 1875.

DR. N. S. REBER,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, BANK Street, next door above the Postoffice, Lehighton, Pa. Office Hours—Parryville each day from 10 to 12 o'clock; remainder of day at office in Lehighton Nov 23, '72

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

JNO. D. BERTOLETTE JAS S. LOOSE
BERTOLETTE & LOOSE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Office—First National Bank Building, 2nd Floor.
MAUCH CHUNK, PENNA.
May be consulted in German. [July 24 187

P. J. MEEHAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Next Door to First National Bank,
MAUCH CHUNK, PA
Can be consulted in German. [jan9.

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 Risks of all kinds taken on the most liberal terms Jan. 9, 1875.

W. M. RAPSHER,
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 Decedents a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. Nov. 22.

THOMAS KEMERER,
CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE,
READING MUTUAL FIRE,
WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE,
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Detective and Insurance Company.
March 20, 1875. THOS. KEMERER.

THOMAS A. WILLIAMS.
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
Fashionable
Boot and Shoe Maker,
Next to Leuckel's Block.
BANK STREET, Lehighton, Pa.
Having commenced business, as above, I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Lehighton 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 trial is solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
at lowest prices. July 4, 1874.

J. P. BELTZ,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Upper Main street,
SLATINGTON, PA.,
In the GALLERY recently occupied by S. S. DENGLER.
PICTURES TAKEN IN ANY WEATHER.
CHILDREN'S LIKENESSES A Specialty.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED,
And Satisfaction Guaranteed June19-75y1

CENTENNIAL SALOON,
SUSQUEHANNA ST., MAUCH CHUNK.
FRANK INKMANN, Prop'r.
Fresh Philadelphia Lager Beer always on tap. Cigars of Choicest flavors, and all other kinds of Refreshments to be found in a first-class Saloon. FREE LUNCH every Morning at 10 o'clock. Call when you go to Mauch Chunk.
July 10, 1875-y1

Truss and Surgical Bandage Stand.
W. J. EVERETT, No. 55 North seventh St., below Arch St. Philadelphia. Latest improved Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Elastic Stockings, Belts, Suspensories, Urinches, Deformity Instruments, &c. Also Mrs. Everett's Fitch's self adjusting and other celebrated Female Supporters. Lady Attendant. Large stock and low prices. Hernia successfully treated.
July 31, 1875-1y.

PITY HIM! NO!—That ELECTRIC LINIMENT, like I got at DURLING'S DRUG STORE, will cure him or any other man of RHEUMATISM and all other PAINS May 9

W. R. REX
BUILDER & CONTRACTOR
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
Respectfully announces to the citizens of Lehighton and vicinity that he is now prepared to CONTRACT for the ERECTION of DWELLING HOUSES, CHURCHES, SCHOOL HOUSES, and OTHER BUILDINGS. Also that he keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of every description of SEASONED
Lumber!
Consisting of FLOORING, SIDING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, SHUTTERS, MOLDINGS, &c., which he is prepared to furnish at the very Lowest Market Prices.
Patronage respectfully solicited.
May 17. WM. R. REX.

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.
7:47 a. m. via L. & S.	"	"	11:15 a. m.
7:39 a. m. via L. V.	"	"	11:15 a. m.
11:07 p. m. via L. & S.	"	"	2:20 p. m.
11:02 p. m. via L. V.	"	"	2:20 p. m.
2:22 p. m. via L. & S.	"	"	5:40 p. m.
4:47 p. m. via L. & S.	"	"	8:20 p. m.
4:44 p. m. via L. V.	"	"	8:20 p. m.
7:38 p. m. via L. V.	"	"	10:30 p. m.

Returning, leave depot at Perkiomen and American Sts., Phila., at 7:00, 8:30 and 9:45 a. m.; 2:10, 3:45 and 5:15 p. m.

Fare from Lehighton to Phila., $2.55.

Excursion Tickets, $4.00

June 5, 1875 ELLIS CLARK, Agent.

CENTRAL R. R. OF N. J.
LEHIGH & SUSQUEHANNA DIVISION.
All Rail Route to Long Branch.
PASSENGER STATION IN NEW YORK FOOT OF LIBERTY ST., N. R.

Time Table of Dec. 27, 1875.

Trains leave Lehighton as follows:

For New York, Easton, &c., at 5.22, 7.47, 11.12 a. m., 2.26, 4.47 p. m.

For Philadelphia, 5.22, 7.47, 11.12 a. m., 2.26, 4.47.

For Mauch Chunk at 10.20 a. m., 1.09, 5.38, 7.04 and 9.43 p. m.

For Wilkes-Barre and Scranton at 10.20 a. m., 1.09 7.04 p. m.

Returning—Leave New York, from station Central Railroad of New Jersey, foot of Liberty street, North River, at 5.30, 9.00 a. m., 1.00, 2.45 and 5.15 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia, from Depot North Penn'a R. R., at 7.00, 9.45 a. m., 2.10, 3.45 p. m.

Leave Easton at 9.35, 11.40 a. m., 3.55, 5.35 and 8.10 p. m.

Leave Mauch Chunk at 5.15, 7.40, 11.05 a. m., 2.20 and 4.40, p. m.

For further particulars, see Time Tables at the Stations.

PASSENGERS FOR LONG BRANCH CHANGE CARS AT ELIZABETH.

H. P. BALDWIN, *Gen. Passenger Agent.*

July 4, 1874.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

NOVEMBER 1st 1875.

Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—

(VIA PERKIOMEN BRANCH.)

For Philadelphia, Bridgeport and Perkiomen Junction, at 6.45, *8.50 a.m and 5.05 p.m

SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia, Bridgeport and Perkiomen Junction, at 3.10 p.m.

(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

For Reading, † 2.30, 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.25, 2.10, 4.30 and 5.45 p.m

For Harrisburg, † 2.30, 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.25, 4.30 and 5.45 p.m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, 5.50, 8.55 a.m. and 4.30 p.m

† Does not run on Mondays.

SUNDAYS.

For Reading, 2.30 a.m and 5.45 p.m.

For Harrisburg, 2.30 a.m, and 5.45 p.m.

Trains FOR ALLENTOWN leave as follows:

(VIA PERKIOMEN BRANCH.)

Leave Philadelphia 7.30 a.m., 5.30 and *5.30 p.m.

Leave Bridgeport 8.30 a.m., 6.06 and 6.26 p.m.

Leave Perkiomen Junc., 9.05 a.m., 6.19 and 6.45 p.m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Philadelphia, 8.00 a.m., Bridgeport, 9.01 a.m., Perkiomen Junction, 9.25 a.m.

(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

Leave Reading, 7.45, † 11.35 a.m., 4.00, 6.10 and 10.30 p.m

Leave Harrisburg, 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 2.00, 3.50 and 7.40 p.m.

Leave Lancaster, 8.10 a.m., 12.55 and 3.45 p.m.

Leave Columbia, 8.00 a.m., 1.00 and 3.25 p.m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading, 7.20 a.m

Leave Harrisburg, 5.20 a.m.

Trains marked thus (*) run via G. & N. Branch, (depot 9th and Green streets,) and have through cars from and to Mauch Chunk. All other trains to and from Philadelphia arrive at and leave Broad street depot.

J. E. WOOTTEN,
General Superintendent.

Nov. 6, 1875.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RR. DIVISION.

Summer Time Table.

On and after SUNDAY, MAY 23rd, 1875, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

FAST LINE leaves	New York	8.2 a.m.
	Philadelphia	12.5 p.m.
	Baltimore	1.20 p.m.
	Harrisburg	5.00 p.m.
	arr. at Williamsport	8.35 p.m
	Lock Haven	10.20 p.m
	Belefonte	11.50 p.m.
ERIE MAIL leaves	New York	8.00 a.m.
	Philadelphia	11.50 p.m.
	Baltimore	1.55 p.m.
	Harrisburg	4.25 a.m.
	Williamsport	8.35 a.m.
	Lock Haven	9.45 a.m.
	Renova	11.05 a.m.
	arr. at Erie	7.00 p.m.
NIAGARA EX. leaves	Philadelphia	7.40 a.m.
	Baltimore	7.35 a.m.
	Harrisburg	10.55 a.m.
	arr. at Williamsport	1.55 p.m.
	Lock Haven	3.15 p.m.
	Renova	4.30 p.m.
ELMIRA MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	8.00 a.m.
	Baltimore	8.30 a.m.
	Harrisburg	1.25 p.m.
	arr. at Williamsport	6.10 p.m.
	Lock Haven	7.30 p.m.

EASTWARD.

PHILAD'A EX. leaves	Lock Haven	6.40 a.m.
	Williamsport	7.55 a.m.
	arr. at Harrisburg	11.45 a.m.
	Baltimore	6.15 p.m.
	Philadelphia	3.35 p.m.
	New York	6.40 p.m.
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Renova	9.10 a.m.
	Lock Haven	10.25 a.m.
	Williamsport	10.50 a.m.
	arr. at Harrisburg	3.00 p.m.
	Philadelphia	6.20 p.m.
	New York	9.15 p.m.
	Baltimore	7.05 p.m.
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	1.20 a.m.
	Renova	8.25 p.m.
	Lock Haven	9.45 p.m.
	Williamsport	10.50 a.m.
	arr. at Harrisburg	2.25 a.m.
	Baltimore	7.35 a.m.
	Philadelphia	6.45 a.m.
	New York	10.10 a.m.
FAST LINE leaves	Williamsport	12.35 a.m.
	arr. at Harrisburg	8.55 a.m.
	Baltimore	7.35 a.m.
	Philadelphia	7.35 a.m.
	New York	10.25 a.m.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, Elmira Mail West and Day Express East make close connection at Northumberland with L. & B. RR. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Elmira Mail West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Erie Mail East and West, Niagara Express West, Fast Line West and Day Express make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. RR. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. RR., at Corry with O. C. & A. V. RR., at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. RR., and at Driftwood with A. V. RR.

Parlor Cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West, Fast Line West, Philadelphia Express East and Day Express East. Sleeping Cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, Gen'l Supt.

$1,200 PROFIT ON $100

Made this month by *Puts* and *Calls*. Invest according to your means. $10, $50 or $100, in STOCK PRIVILEGES, has brought a small fortune to the careful investor. We advise when and how to OPERATE SAFELY. Books with full information sent free. Address orders by mail and telegraph to

BAXTER & CO.,
Bankers and Brokers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

Plotts' Star Organs

Are as perfect parlor organs as are manufactured. Correspondence solicited with organists, musicians and the trade. Address, EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

LOOK BEAUTIFUL—LOOK ROSY!—A bottle of DURLING'S ROSE GLYCERINE for Roughness of the SKIN, CHAPPED HANDS, &c., only 25 cents a bottle. May 9.

Plotts' Star Organs

Combine beauty, durability and worth. Send for illustrated catalogue before buying. Address the manufacturer, EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

WHY, OH WHY will you suffer with that COUGH or COLD! when you may be immediately relieved by using DURLING'S COMPOUND SYRUP of TAR WILD CHERRY and HORE HOUND. May 9

THE PEOPLE OF LEHIGHTON and vicinity 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.

Plotts' Star Organs

Agents supplied at figures that defy competition for the same class of instruments. Try one. Address, EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J

SAMUEL GRAVER,

Opposite the Public Square, SOUTH STREET
LEHIGHTON, Pa.,
Manufacturer of
Tin & Sheet Iron Ware
And Dealer in all kinds of
STOVES!!
ROOFING, SPOUTING and JOBBING promptly attended to at reasonable charges.
Nov. 30. SAMUEL GRAVER.

A. W. EACHES,
Contractor & Builder,
LEHIGHTON, PENN'A.
Plans and Specifications
FOR ALL KINDS OF BUILDINGS MADE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.
NO CHARGES
Made for PLANS and SPECIFICATIONS when the contract is awarded to the undersigned.
June 14, 1873-y1. A. W. EACHES.

THEODORE KEMERER,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds of HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN
FURNITURE.
Next to Romig & Hofford's Carriage Manufactory,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.
Elegant Parlor Suits,
Handsome Bedroom Sets,
Selling very Cheap for Cash.
Examine before purchasing elsewhere.
Having had an experience of twenty years in the
UNDERTAKING
Business, I am prepared to furnish all kinds of COFFINS and CASKETS on short notice, and attend to all business in this line in such a manner as will give entire satisfaction, on very reasonable terms. Patronage solicited.
March 27,-y1. THEO. KEMERER

DRESSED AND LIVE
HOGS!
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Carbon and adjoining counties, that he is again prepared to supply them with
Dressed or Live Hogs
at prices fully as low as they can be bought for elsewhere. Also, Smoked Hams, Bologne and Sausage, at Wholesale and Retail.
Orders will be promptly filled, and Hogs shipped to any point at the shortest notice.
JOSEPH OBERT,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.
Nov. 6, y1

JOB PRINTING at the very lowest prices THE CARBON ADVOCATE OFFICE.

1875 FALL 1875
Mrs. M. Guth
Respectfully announces to the LADIES OF WEISSPORT AND VICINITY that she has just returned from the CITY, and is now receiving one of the LARGEST STOCKS of FALL
Millinery Goods
COMPRISING,
Hats, Bonnets,
And Trimmings
ever before brought into this section, and that she is prepared to do them up in the
Very Latest Fashion,
AT PRICES BELOW ANY OTHER ESTABLISHMENT IN THE COUNTY.
Also, AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF SWITCHES, in Real and Imitation Hair, NOTIONS, and ALL other Goods usually kept in a First-Class Millinery Store.
Ladies' own Hair made up to order
Call and inspect Goods and learn Prices before purchasing elsewhere.
MRS. M. GUTH, Weissport, Pa.
April 3-y1

Ye Ancient Melodies.

A darling old poet was Grandmother Goose,
Who constructed the rhymes that our infancy
knew.
And she did her best work when she let herself
loose
On the famous "old woman who lived in her
shoe."

A remarkable subject as sure as you'r born—
An improbable one, you may probably say;
But never mind turning your nose up in scorn;
For centuries after you've flitted away,
Young people, and probably old people too,
Will discuss the "old woman who lived in her
shoe."

There are those who declare it a ludicrous tale,
And insist that the bard didn't title with
facts:
Perhaps they don't believe Jonah swallowed a
whale,
Or that old Mrs. Lot turned to salt in her
tracks.
They resemble the skeptic who laughs in his
sleeve
At the time-honored tales of old Crockett and
Boone—
Who sneers at the story of Adam and Eve,
And doubts that a cow ever straddled the
moon.
Such noodles as he I imagine, won'd sneeze
At the popular fact that the moon is cheese!

Very well—very well. Sally, reach me my snuff
(I am fond of the weed in a pulverized state;)
Those skeptics will run against trouble enough
In their efforts to pilfer the crowns of the
great.
I never mingle in the cereal juice,
Nor moisten my lips in the brew of the hop;
But I'll cheerfully sneeze to your health, Mother
Goose,
As I wipe from my eyes the emotional drop:
Achoo! While I live I'll insist that it's true—
There was an old woman who lived in—ash-
shoo!

FRONTIER LIFE.

Several years since, when I was quite a young man—and gray is now silvering my hair—I had occasion to visit the far West in Government employ, with a party of surveyors. The nature of our errand, our numbers, and the elaborate preparations we had made against any hostile, demonstrations, insured us from any molestation, save in a few rare instances; yet in that wild country it was impossible that we should remain long without witnessing many scenes not familiar in law-abiding and cultivated districts. To be sure we were not beyond the pale of law—that is, there were certain officers, widely scattered, who occasionally shot down some drunken desperado, if his friends were not too numerous, but beyond such heroic acts they seldom exercised the powers they were supposed to possess. Generally, each separate community had a recognized leader, some man more muscular and reckless than his fellows, and who by virtue of these qualities had a certain number of followers, who were ready to see that his will was the ruling power in that vicinity. Of course such men were the real law-makers, and they were very seldom opposed or molested.

Such a one was Jack Dunlaw. Jack's headquarters were at the station on the Overland Mail route where we chanced to be located for a few weeks, while surveying in that vicinity, and we had a good opportunity to witness a most interesting incident in his experience, which transpired while we were there. In appearance he was formidable enough, as we saw him on the morning after our arrival. Fully six feet six inches in height, with long arms and legs, slightly stooping, with a ponderous frame, immense masses of hair and beard, clothing in keeping with his general appearance, and neither over-cleanly or attractive, a bowie knife and revolver thrust into his belt as he walked about the station, Jack was certainly the man to intimidate any person of moderate nerves.

For many years he had been recognized as the leading spirit in that vicinity, and from that position he had grown independent of all retraint save his own will. He had a chosen band of followers who were ready to support him in every villainous undertaking. We were not long kept in waiting before some of his peculiarities were brought to our notice.

The keeper of the station, Frank Russell, was a medium sized man, some forty years of age, who had recently come to the place, bringing with him a family consisting of one daughter, his wife, and a young man who had been in his employ several years, and who was the accepted lover of the daughter Cora. Stephen Ranney was his name, a very quiet, gentlemanly appearing young man, some five feet nine inches high, and weighing at a moderate estimate a hundred and fifty pounds. He seldom spoke unless addressed, when his words were brief and to the point.

On the morning following our arrival, while the chief engineer of our corps was preparing the work for the day, the remainder of the party, after examining their instruments and putting everything in readiness for service, disposed ourselves about the station to smoke and wait for orders. While wreathing ourselves in vapor, and longing for a day or two of rest, in strode Jack Dunlaw, and demanded a dram of whiskey. The barkeeper produced the beverage, and Jack, who was already more than excited by the potations of vile liquor which he had swallowed, turned it down with a gargle. Just as he lowered the tin cup which served instead of a tumbler, Cora Russell entered the room, looking for her father.

"Here, gal, give us a kiss!" Jack exclaimed, as he caught sight of her.

Alarmed at his brutal manner, the girl turned to leave the room, but before she could do so the bully had caught and kissed her repeatedly with his liquor-fumed and tobacco stained lips.

As she broke from his grasp and escaped at length, he turned to the bar again, and with some beastly remarks, threw down a coin and sauntered out, those of his admirers present laughing heartily as he left the place.

As the scene progressed I sprang from my seat and took a step toward the ruffian, but a surveyor pulled me back, and with a diffidence and cowardice of which I ever since have been ashamed, I did not make a second movement.

I saw the father turn slightly pale, but he made no protest, only following his daughter from the room, and returning several minutes afterwards as calm as ever.

No one seemed to resent this fearful insult, which, perhaps, no where else in the civilized world would have been permitted to go unpunished, and in a day or two we almost ceased to think of it, as other brutal acts on the part of Dunlaw came under our notice.

The third day after the above incidents took place we were off duty. It had threatened rain during the morning, and the day proved dark and cloudy. Shortly after noon one of our party, anxious to see some specimens of the famed rifle shooting of the West, took from his baggage a finely-mounted powder flask, which he offered as a prize to the best shot.

There were half-a-dozen volunteers, and the details were speedily arranged. Three shots each were to be allowed, at one hundred and fifty paces, and the man whose three shots made the shortest string, measuring from the centre of the bull's eye, was to receive the flask.

Jack Dunlaw and Stephen Ranney were among the contestants. I had been quite curious to see how these two persons would meet, but I noticed no change in the young man's deportment. He spoke but little, and when the list was arranged for the precedence, voluntarily took the last place. Then folding his arms and leaning against the doorway, he carefully watched the trial.

Jack was one of the first to try his skill, and when three shots had been fired it was found that one of his bullets had struck within an inch of the centre, while the other two were not more than half an inch farther removed.

"Four inches!" the surveyor announced, after carefully measuring the distance of the several shots.

"Yas," growled Jack, throwing himself upon a bench; "I'll wait here till you beat that, some on yer, and when yer dew it ye kin take that ther little powder-box."

The others fired in their several turns, and our party was quite surprised to find the shooting no more accurate. Indeed we began to look with distrust upon the wonderful stories of romance writers.

All had fired at last save Stephen Ranney, and Jack had made much the shortest string.

The young man took his place, and raised his rifle, which was considerably shorter than any of the others.

"Look here, youngster," growled Jack, with a wink to his admirers, "you'd better have a pop-gun; that wouldn't hurt anybody, and you'd be jist as likely tew hit the mark as yer will with that boy's playing."

Stephen made no reply, but placing his weapon in rest, bowed his cheek to the breech, and the next moment the sharp report rang out.

"In the edge of the bull's eye, half an inch from the centre!" shouted the marker. "The best shot yet."

"It's an accident! He can't hit the board next time!" cried Jack.

I saw from his manner that he was getting excited and angry; but Stephen reloaded his weapon in the most unconcerned manner imaginable. As he was about to fire, Jack walked toward the target to mark the effect of the shot.

It was given as promptly as the first, and to the surprise of every one, it struck almost exactly in the centre of the bull's-eye. But without waiting to hear the result, Stephen turned to reload his piece.

With a stride like that of an enraged elephant, Jack Dunlaw moved up to the side of his successful competitor.

"Don't ye dar' do that ag'in!" he hissed between his shut jaws. "If yer do, 'twill be a hard day for yer. Now mark what I tell yer! I ain't going to fool around no upstart like you. Ye've made a lucky hit twice; now let that end it!"

The young man made no answer; but I saw his cheeks become a shade paler, and his hand a trifle less steady, as he rammed home the bullet. Then, with lips tightly compressed, and eyes fixed upon the target, he dropped upon one knee, and leveled his rifle.

"Now don't yer make another mistake!" was Jack's last admonition, accompanied by a shake of the fist so close to the young man's face that I began to feel like grasping the bully from behind and dragging him from the scene.

The third shot sped as the others had done, and then the young man sprang to his feet, dropping his rifle to the ground in a manner which showed that patience had nearly ceased to be his ruling virtue. Still I could not anticipate the scenes which were to follow.

The last bullet had struck just outside the bull's eye, and after carefully measuring the three, Tom Tarbox, he who had offered the prize, and kept the measurements, stepped up among the crowd now gathered, and said:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Ranney has made the best record, his three shots measuring but two inches; so to him I give the flask, according to agreement."

He reached forth the prize as he spoke, but before the young man could take it, Jake snatched it from the surveyor's hand and thrust it into his pocket. No one anticipated such a movement, and it was some moments before Tarbox recovered his self-possession so as to speak.

"The flask belongs to Mr. Ranney," he said. "Please let him have it."

"The flask belongs to me," retorted Jake. "His shootin' war all accidental. He only happened to hit whar he did. But then, he ken have the flask if he can git it, or you either."

Tarbox bit his lip, and looked to the other members of the party, undecided how to act. Seeing his irresolution Ranney stepped forward, and said:

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr Tarbox, The flask is mine, and I will see to getting it."

"You will, eh?" snarled the bully, "Git away from me—out of arm's reach—or I'll smash you like a roast tater!"

Thus speaking the giant swung his fists about, but the young man did not move. Instead he received a blow upon the head which knocked away his hat, and seemed to change his whole nature to that of a young lion. With a strength and agility wholly unlooked for he dealt the giant a fearful bow full upon the nose, which knocked him to the ground, and deluged the uncomely face and beard with torrents of blood. There was a momentary struggle upon the ground after the bully fell, and then Stephen stepped back a pace or two.

In a moment the ruffian was upon his feet again, and with a fearful curse he placed his hand where he expected to find a revolver. But it was gone. Then he sought for his knife, but that too was missing. The young man had taken the precaution of removing them, so that now the two stood upon equal ground. But what a contrast! Nine inches in height the bully towered above his antagonist, while in actual weight he was more than twice his equal.

There was no parley or hesitation. Finding himself weaponless Jack rushed for the young man, and would have crushed him in a deadly grasp, but the young man did not wait for the process. A quick, fierce blow, falling just where the other had fallen staggered the rascal, and before he could see what had become of the man he suppose' already in his grasp, a tremendous crack in the ear brought him again to the ground. Again he scrambled to his feet, and again he was knocked down by a single reverberating blow. The third time he arose, before he could wipe the blood from his eyes sufficiently to distinguish his antagonist the hard earth again became his bed.

This time he did not rise immediately. It was patent to every one before this stage of the encounter that he was for once over-matched, and at last that fact seemed to have become clear to his own mind. Drawing the flask from his pocket he cast it upon the ground muttering savagely:

"There's yer old flask! Take it if yer want it so bad!"

Stephen stepped to the spot where the coveted prize lay and picked it up, placing it beside his rifle. Then turning again to the discomfitted bully, who had now risen to his feet, he continued.

"Jack Dunlaw, I am not done with you yet. A few days ago you brutally insulted Cora Russell. I could have shot you dead and I should have done it had I not pitied you. Now you can take your choice, go, and on your knees ask her pardon, and then quit this place forever or die where you stand! This quarrel is not of my seeking, but now that you have begun it take your choice. I give you three minutes to decide."

A half-dozen watches were produced and the attention of the party was divided between their slowly-moving hands and the excited group before us. At first it seemed as though Jack desired to renew the fight. He looked around upon those who had been his confederates, but their sympathy had gone, and it was apparent that Stephen Ranney had in a moment become the hero of the occasion. Jack's eyes, too, were nearly closed from the energetic blows he had received, and his couage, if any he had ever possessed, seemed to have gone entirely.

A nod a watch closed and returned to the pocket of its owner. Not a change of muscle or expression passed over Stephen's features as he remarked:

"The time is up, Jack Dunlaw; will you live or die?"

Jack looked around once more and plaintively asked:

"What do you say, boys?"

"Do as he tells yer," replied one who had been Jack's most devoted supporter in times past.

The last hope seemed to leave the contemptible giant. In a voice weak and wavering he said:

"I'll leave, that orter satisfy ye."

"You will do what I said, or—"

The sentence remained unspoken. Jack Dunlaw bowed his head, and walked meekly away to make the required apology. I did not follow, though many did. Five minutes later I saw him, the blood washed from his face, walking slowly away into the forest. We did not see him again, nor did he return to that station to my knowledge.

The favor which Jack lost was transferred to Stephen, and a fine village, which has since grown up there, bears to-day the stamp of his quiet energy and courage.

A single manufacturer of perfumery, Hermann, at Cannes, use annually 140,000 lbs. of orange blossoms, 120,000 lbs. of acacia-flowers, 140,000 lbs. of rose-leaves, 32,000 lbs. of jasmine-flowers, 20,000 lbs. of violets, 8,000 lbs. tuberoses, besides rosemary, mint, thyme, lemons, citrons, etc., in proportionate quantities. Nice and Cannes together consume annually over 20 tons of violets; Nice alone 190 tons of orange blossoms; Cannes over 150 tons of acacia-flowers.