# The Carbon Advocate.

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VOL. V., No. 9.

LEHIGHTON, GARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1877.

Subscribers out of County, \$1.20

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etective and Insurance Company.
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TO CAPITALISTS!

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Lehighton Gas Light Co.

still remain undisposed of Shares P I PT Y DOLLARS. Subscriptions to the Stack will be resolved and unfortunion furnished on ap-plication at this office. Lehighton April 22, 1878.

### Railroad Guide.

# NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.

Passengers for Philadolphia will leave Lehlish in as follows: Passengers ver A.

Con as follows:

S.Ta. m. ves G. V. arrive at Phila, at 6:55 a. m.

S.Ta. m. ves G. V. arrive at Phila, at 6:55 a. m.

11:5 a. m.

11:5 p. m. via L. V. " 2:10 p. m.

7:2 b. m. via L. & S. " 5:50 p. m.

6:9 p. m. via L. V. " 5:50 p. m.

6:9 p. m. via L. V. " 5:50 p. m. 6.9 p. m. vm L. V 155 p. 1 Returning, have depot at 1 orks and Amer can St., Phila, at all and 9.35 a.m.; 2.15, p. m Jan. 1. 1877. ELIA's CLARK, Agent,

CENTRAL R. R. OP N. J. All Rail Route to Long Branch. PASSENGER STATIONS IN NEW YORK FOOT OF LIBERTY ST. AND FOOT OF CLARKSON ST., UP TOWN.

Time Table of January 10, 1877.

Time 1500 of January 10, 1872.

Trains Leave LEHIGHTON as follows:
For Paston. New York, Philadelphia and all Intermediate Stations at 250 p. m.
For Manch chunk, Wilkes Larre, Scranton and all Intermediate Stations at 113 p. m.
Kehrraips—Leave New York, 1901 of Liberty
Street, at 8.35 a. m.
Leave Philadelphia, from Depot North Penn'a
B. R., Third and Herka St., at 9.45 a. m.
Leave Maston at 11: 3a. m.
Leave Maston at 11: 3a. m.
Leave Maston at 11: 3a. m.
For further particulars, see Time Tables at the
Stations.

Stations.

PASSENGERS FOR LONG BRANCH CHANGE CAUS AT PLIZABETH.

H. P. PALDWIN, Gen. Passenger Agent.

July 4, 1874.

### PHILA. & BEADING RAILROAD. Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

Trains teave ALGENTOWN as follows:—
(VIA PERSONNES SHANGEL)

For Philadelphia, at 0.54 10.00, a.m., \*3.15 and 0.55 p. m. SUNDAYS

505 p.m.

SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia at 3.10 p.m.

IVIA RAFF FENNA. BRANCH.)

For Reiding, 12.00, 2.50, 2.50 a.m., 12.10, 2.10, 4.30

and 2.00 p.m.

For Harrisourg, † 2.00, 5.50, 8.55 n.m., 12.15, 4.30

and 2.00 p.m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, 5.50, 5.55 a.m. and
4.30 p.m.

For Reading, 2.20 a.m. and 9.00 p.m.

For Reading, 2.20 a.m. and 9.00 p.m.

Trains FOR ALLE. TOWN have as follows:

IVIA PERGROMEN PLANCH.)

Leave Philadelphia, 7.3 a.m., 1.00, 1.50 and 5.15

p. m.

Leave Philodelphia, 8.15 a. m.

EUNDAYS.
Leave Philodelphia. 8.15 a. m.
(Via Last PENNA BRANCH.)
Leave Heading 7.4°, 7.4°, 1.45 a. m., 4.00, 5.10 and
10.30 p.m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5.2), 8.10 a. m., 2.00, 2.57 and
7.5a p. m.
Leave Lancaster, 8.10 a.m., 1.255 and 3.45 p.m.
Leave Commbit 8.00 a. m. 1.90 and 8.25 p.m.
Leave Rhading 7.20 n.m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5.20 a.m.
Trains macket tima.\*) run to and from depot
sin and dreen streets. Philascophia. other
trains to a. d from Broad street depot.
Tree 5.9 a. m. and 3.5 p. m. trains from Allentown, and the 7.25 n. m. and 5.15 p. m. trains
from Philadelphia.
J. E. WOOTIEN.
Dec. 24, 1870.

General Superintendent.

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I bought a box or a wall to a short lines mad a perfect care. I can know sleep undisturies and I would advect a liven know sleep undisturies and I would advect a liven are auffering within distressing complaint to procure 'Swayne Continuent's at once. I had their prescription stances insumerable, without finding any perganeut relief.

Firm of Resiel & Christye Boot and shoe House, 34 North Scondistree Boot and shoe House, 34 North Scondistree Philadelphia. NOTE HEADS, STATEMENTS. PROGRAMMES. BAND BILLS.

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Tar and Sarsaparilla Pills.

53 HEADACHE, Langour and Melan-chovy generally spring from a disordered stom-sch, controlly spring from a disordered stom-scheduly removed by Dr. Braynara Tar 1918, which situatiate the liver and stomach to a heading action in removing all bill-desires, and producing regular evacuations of the lowers.

LIVER COMPLAINT, that dreaded disease from which so many per sons -uner, is frequently the cause of Headache, ladigestion and Dyspepsia, is speedily relieved, and are often permanently curred by their use. Fevers are often prevented by the use of these Sarssparile Piffa, as they often of the sarssparile Piffa, as they often of through the blood, the impurities from which they arise. For CONTIVEN Less there is nothing as offencions in

Swayne's Tar and Sarsaparilla Pills. They are purely vogetable, and art specially on the laver as Blue Mass or Unionel, without any bad tests as Blue Mass of Calomo, without any bad tests in from failure. Deserting a providence at all communications, and ordinary leading to the SWAYNE & SUN Parameters of the SWAYNE & Canal a box 1 were the sea the \$1

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THEM.

New Advertisements.

# THE LUNGS! CONSUMPTION

This districting and dangerous complaint and is prehenderly symptoms, perfected cough up to sweats, housewess, wasting it sh, fever-transcally cared by 'Dr. Swayne's Compound Tyrub of Wild Cherry'. Symbol Wild II. A premorator of Pulmonay TUON CHINES A premorator of Pulmonay Consumption is characterized by catarril or in flamination of the microst simultrate of the international consumption and consequences with couple and expectoration, short breath, hourseeines pures in the chest. For horse, and adoctors, see throat, loss of voice

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND

Syrup & Wild Cherry IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY. Hemoryhoge, or spatting blood, may proceed from the larynx, trachine brouchin or lining and arise from various causes, as undue physica exercises, pictions, or follows of the vessels weak lines, overstanning of the volce suppressed executation, obstruction of the spicen or ily

Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry

strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blend, restoring the invertible diseases the healthy section, invigorating the invivous system.

The only standard remedy for hemorrhage breights and all palmonary complaints. Consumptives or those predisposed to weak lungs should not fail to use this great vegetable remedy.

should not fail to use this great vegetable remedy.

Its marvelous power, not only over consumption but over every chronic disease where cradual alterative action is needed. Under it use the cough is obserted, the night sweats distantiated to pair subsides, the pulse returns to the natural standard, the steinach is improved in its news to digest and assumilate the tool and every organ has a marriand better quality blood supplied to it, out of which now recreative and issuic material is made.

# SAVED HIS LIFE.

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Was that of Edward B. Hannen, Engineer at cleorice sweem's Pottery, 13th Ridge Avenue, Philade phia. He had a violent court, might sweats nore throat, great weatness, such at different time, a plut of violed, gave up all hope of recovery. Through the use of "Dr. Swagne's Wittenberry String" became a samind and healthy man, and remains so to this day, although over twenty years have elapsed since he was cured. Philos ONE BOLLAR. Six pottles E. If your druggest or stoyickeeper does not sell it, we will forward half doesn, fruight paid, to any address, ou record of three. PREPARED ONLY BY

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I was sorely afflicted with one of the most dis-ressing of all diseases Prurities or Fruings, or sore combinally known as Itahing Piles. The chains at times was simost intelerable, increase doy sersiching, and not unfrequently become untersore. quite sore.
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# SKIN DISEASES.

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For Sale by all Druggists. July to, lafe-y1

# Essie Danton's Choice.

BY LIZZIE M. MULHERN.

"Marty ! Marty ! Marty !" Essie Danton's clear, young voice, rang out on the summer air, and Martin Holmesby laid down his rake and turned in the direction of the farm-house.

Essie was standing at the door, pretty, blue-eyed Essie, whom the stalwart ung farmer loved better than his own

life.
"Marty," she said, running down
the path to meet him. "my mother is here, my own mother, Marty, and I am going to the city with her. Oh, Marty, wait till you see her; she is so beauti-ful, that you will wonder she could be

my mother or anybody's mother. Come into the sitting-room; she is there."

Before he had time to speak, Marty found himself in the sitting-room, and heard Essie's voice saying, "Mother, this is Marty—Marty, this is my mother," and then he became conscious of a tiny white hand being laid in his, and of a cold yet sweet voice, saying:

"You are another friend of my little girl's; let me thank you for the kindness I know you have shewn her."

As her low, cultivated tones fell on his ears, he knew that Essie's mother

was a lady -- a lady by birth and education. Essie was like her and unlike herlike her in face and form, in her deep blue eyes and wavy nut-brown hair, but their expresssions were very different. for Essie's face was sweetly, softly innocent, while her mother was simply a cold, fashionable woman, with a proud, determined air, and a slight hauteur in her manner, though then she tried to

be gracious.

Twelve years before a stranger had brought little Essie to the farm house. He said he was her father and that

her mother was dead, that he was going abroad, and he asked them to take care of his little one till his return; and the farmer being very fond of children, and having none but Martin, then a boy of ten, gladly took the little girl to his heart and home. So the years went on, and Essie lived

in her country home till she grew to be a slender maiden of seventeen, and then they received a letter telling that her mother was not dead, but that slie and her husband had been estranged, and that he had left her, and in his anger took her baby girl with him, leav-The letter was not from him, for he

was dead, but from a friend to whom he had told the story; he also said that he had written to Essie's mother, and that he had no doubt sho would claim her,

There was a deep pain at Martin's heart as he stood in the little sitting-room, and saw with what evident de-light Essie spoke of going with her

"She longs to be away from us, now that a brighter life opens before her, she will soon forget us, and all the love we have given her;" he thought bitter-ly, and then looking at her sweet, girl-ish face again, he felt he had wronged

her.
"No, she would never forget the friends of her childhood; it was simply innocent gladness at the thought of

Essie raising her eyes, caught his

glance, and read it aright.
"You think I should not show so much joy at going, Marty?" she said:
"but think, it is only for awhile. I will
surely come back, Marty, you know I
will; do you think I love you all the less, because I wish to go with my mother, wish to see the world she lives in. Do you blame me for this, Marty?'

"Pardon me, Essie, I ought to have known our little girl better than to think that new friends would make forget the old ones."

That evening Essle and Marty stood beneath the silvery moonlight, the last time, perhaps, for many years.
Pretty Essle looked and enough now, and Marty, well, Marty's boyish heart

seemed breaking.
"You will not forget us entirely?" he said; 'you will not forget me?'
"What a question, Marty; I will
never forget any of you, and will always remember you in particular. Marty, do you think I could ever forget

Words of love were trembling on Martin Holmeby's lips, but he firmly repressed them.

Trammel that childish heart with vows she might regret, bind her with promises she might weep for having

made, never, never.

She would go forth to her new life free, and then let her make her choice.

If the old love were the strongest, she would return to them; If a nearer she would return to them; If a nearer life her choice. love, deeper and dearer, came into her life, no memory of the past would pre-

So Essie went away, and entered her new life as an heiress and a beauty, and before she had been one season in society, she was known to be one of Boston's fairest belies. Ob, what a beautiful life it was to

Essie; nothing she had ever dreamed of equated this. Lovers, such as she had read of, wooed ber, men so different from those she had known in her country home; but the handsomest, as well as most eligible

among them was Victor Dana. Victor Dana was certainly a handsome man, and it was scarcely to be wondered at, that Essie's head was turned by his attentions; scarcely to be wondered at that she mistook fascination for love, and never awoke to the

truth till Victor Dana's ring encircled

her finger.

She came home one evening from a musicale, with a diamond sollture glittering on her finger, but somehow she

turned her head away, when her moth-er congrulated her on her conquest. "I do not know that I really love him, mother," she said, "and I should not have taken his ring till I was sure."

She went silently up to her own room, her thoughts lingering for awhile with Victor Dana, then straying away to Martin Holmseby.
The friends, and the lover, of her

new life, were not only wealthy, but aristocratic, and the pleasures of the life she then led, were very dear to her, and she felt she ought to be happy happier far than she knew she was As she thought of her old friends, the

kind old farmer and his wife, and Mar-ty, the words of an old song ran in her They had not the wealth of her later

friends, but she knew "Truer, nor pur-er hearts, ne'er could be found." Next day she came down stairs, pale and thoughtful, a shadow on her usually

sunny face.

"Are you not happy, darling," her mother asked: "if not you ought to be," she continued, "for Victor Dana is one of the richest, as well as handsomest men in the city."

Essie made no answer, for her thoughts had strayed away to green was a snaw meadows.

ficids and sunny meadows.

She was not happy and she knew it, but she would not acknowledge it.

There was a strange, longing pain at her heart; that she scarcely understood; but she knew what it meant before the day was over, for when the evening shadows began to fall, Martin Holmescame to her home She came into the parlor where he

waited, her pale blue robe sweeping in sliken folds behind her; all her wavy nut-brown hair, fastened back from her low white brow, with a sweet red rose nestling among its siken mestes, while the same sweet flower clustered at her rounded throat. is it? He noticed all as she came forward,

and his heart sauk within him.

This was not the Essie of old; this stately, self possessed girl, was not the winsome little malden who had won his He was the Marty of old, in Essie's

eyes; a little graver, a little more sun-burned, perhaps, but still the Marty, who had loved her all his life. "She is not the Essle of old," his heart cried, as she swept forward; but as she came closer, a glad thrill passed through his heart, for he saw the old love gleaming in her eyes, the old long-

ing smile on her lips.
"Marty! Marty!" she cried, "why did you not come before?" and she raised her sweet red lips to his, and kissed him as she had done at parting. He had not intended to tell his love

even then, but the touch of her tremul-ous lips made it impossible for him to repress the passion burning within him. "My darling I my darling !" he said, "I would have come before had I known you longed for my presence. Essie! Essie! my darling, my love, tell

me no one has taken my place in your heart." In that instant, Essle Danton knew the truth, knew that she loved Martin Holmesby as she could never love an-other, she knew he was the only man on earth to whom her heart went out

with perfect love and faith The glittering solitare on her finger seemed to blind her with its sparkling She was bound in honor to one man.

while her whole soul turned to another. She felt she dare not break her en-It is too late," her heart cried,

"Martin," she cried, holding out her hand, "congratulate me, for I am going to make the wealthiest marriage of the mason. Her face, eyen her lips were white

s she spoke. Martin drew back as if he had received a blow. "Essie!" he cried, all the passion in his heart echoing through his words, his tace white as her own, "tell

me it is not true."5

come between us

"It is true, too true, God help me," she said. "God help you! You mean by that that you do not love him. Essie! Esste darling, you love me, and no one will

they were spoken.
"I have promised to be his wife." she said, "and I will keep my prom-

"Essle | Essle, how can I live without you? Oh! my darling, my darling, did you ?""Hush," she said, "you never told

me of your lové before; now is not the "Not the time ! Essie, I have loved you from your childhood, and I thought you knew it; all my life you have been my idol, but I would not send you forth to your new life, trammeled with prom-

ises from the old "If you loved the man you are going to marry, I would try to bear my pain in silence, knowing you were hap-py; but you do not love this man. Oh! my darling, do not sell your self for wealth or position; it is not too late, even

"It is too late," the girl cried: "have pity on me, Marty, and do not make my burden heavier." He saw how white her face was, and

his heart ached with a bitter pain.
"I cannot break my engagement,"

she said, piteously, "and I did not know you loved me." "May God help us to do right," he said; "but, Essie, I fear you are doing

He put his arm around her and drew her close to his heart.
''It is no harm to kiss me once, Essie, '

he said; "even he could not envy me

He bent his head, and their lips met in one long, last, farewell kiss. "May God bless you, my darling," he said; "and always remember I would have given life itself to have made you happy," and then he was gone, leaving

her white and still, but tearless. Lights flashed from the windows of one of the stateliest houses on one of Boston's most fashionable avenues.
It was Essie Danton's birthday, and

her mother was giving a party in honor Essie looks brilliantly beautiful this evening, leaning on the arm of her

handsome lover. Her cheeks are flushed, her blue eyes shining, her red lips smiling sweetly; but any one, looking close into her face, would have seen that her smiles were forced—that the flush on her cheeks was caused by excitemnt.

Yes, there was a great change in Essie Danton from the day she had given her promise to Victor Dana. Her face had grown pale and thin; there was a weary look in her eyes, and a sorrowful droop with her sweet red

lips.
Yes, she was suffering, though she made every effort to hide it from careless eyes.
She was sweeping past one the doors,

her rose crowned head bent low, listen-ing to something Victor Dana was saying, when suddenly the words, "a telegram," fell on her ears. She saw her mother pass out of the room, and quick as thought, she drew her hand from Victor's arm, and follow-

ed her.
As Essle came forward, her mother slipped the telegram into her pocket.
"alother! Mother!" she cried, "what

Where is it from? Please, mother,, let me see it?"
"You will see it in the morning,
dear."
"Marty? Is it Marty? mother? does anything all him? Mother, mother give it to me. I must know the truth."

Victor Dana had followed Essie, and he came forward now. "Mother, will you give it to me. I

Her face was white as death, as she clung to her mother's atm. "You had better let her know the worst," Victor said; "this excitement is worse than any news could be."

Without a word Mrs. Danton handed

her the paper, and pale and tearless, Essie read: "Marty is dying. Brain fever. He is calling pitcously for Essle There is little hope." little hope."
"Mother, I will go to him; I must go

to him, and at once."
"Are you mad, Essie?" her mother "Are you mad, Essie?" her mother said, glancing at Victor Dans.
"I understand you," Essie said, and then she passed over to Victor's side.
"Victor," she said, "I wronged you when I promised to be your wife, for I did not love you. See I the only mau I could over love is dying."
She shipped the diamond ring off her.

She slipped the diamond ring off her finger, and laid it in his hand. "You forgive me the wrong I would have done you." she said. "It is better to know the truth now, than years after this. I have loved you

give you up than wed you, knowing your heart was not mine. When gray morning broke, Essie knelt beside the couch of Martin Holm-What cared she for dauger. Was

very dearly, Essie, but I would rather

not her darling dying ?
"Essie! Essie! come to me. Oh my darling! life without you is worse than "Marty, I am here," she said, pressing her lips to his fevered brow.

"Essie," he cried again, "no one will over love you as I have loved you.

will you not come to me, my own, my love."
She laid her cold hand on his forehead. "I am here Marty, beside you. Do

A gleam of reason shone in his eyes.

"Essie? my Essie?" he said.

"Yours forever," she answered softly, and then he fell asleep, holding her

hand to his.
"Spare him to me, ob, father in heaven," was the cry of Essie's heart, as Essie regretted her words the moment ven," was the cry of Essie's heart, as she kneft beside him while he slept. In his mercy God heard her prayer, and Martin Holmesby was given back

from the brink of the grave.

When he awoke from his deep sleep reason shone in his eyes. The crisis

"He will live," said the doctor, and a prayer of thankfulness went up from Essie's heart. Six months later Essie and Martin were married in the old church they had attended together in their childhood. "My darling," the young husband said, as he pressed a kiss on her dainty

lips, "are you sure you will never re-gret all you have given up?"
"Never," she replied, smiling; "my world will be my husband's love," and

-Family Story Paper. —Why is a ship designated as "she"? Because she always keeps a man on the

look-out. "Letting off sleep," is a little boy's

definition of snoring.

of course her husband kissed her again.