

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. V., No. 12.

LEIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1877.

Subscribers out of County, \$1.20

CARDS.

Furniture Warehouse.
V. Schwartz, Bank Street, dealer in all kinds of Furniture. Call on me in order.

Shoe and Shoe Makers.
Clinton Bristow, in Lehigh Building, Bank Street. All orders promptly filled—work guaranteed.

P. P. LONGSTREET,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Next door to the "Carbon House"

BANK STREET, LEIGHTON, PA.
December 16th.

W. M. RAPSBERG,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
BANK STREET, LEIGHTON, PA.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will buy and sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Call on me promptly made. Settling Estates of deceased a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. Nov. 22.

JAS. R. STRUTHERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
221 Office—21 floor of Broad Street,
Mauch Chunk, Pa.
All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. May 27, 1876.

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

JNO. D. BERTOLLETTI, JAS. S. LOONER

BERTOLLETTI & LOONER,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Office—Corner of Faxonville and Broadway,
Mauch Chunk, Penna.
Can be consulted in German. July 24 1877

P. J. MEEHAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Next door to First National Bank,
Mauch Chunk, Pa.
Can be consulted in German. Jan. 9.

H. A. BELTZ,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Ober's Building, BANK-ST., LEIGHTON.

Conveyancing, Collecting and all other business connected with the office promptly attended to. Also, Agent for the Insurance and Sale of Real Estate. April 15-71

THOMAS S. BECK,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
BANK STREET, LEIGHTON, PA.

Conveyancing, Collecting and all other business connected with the office promptly attended to. Agent for first-class Insurance Companies, and Sale of all kinds taken on the most liberal terms. Jan. 9, 1875.

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

D. N. B. REBER,
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, Bank Street, next door above the Postoffice, Leighton, Pa. Office Hours—every day from 10 to 12 o'clock; remainder of day at my residence in Leighton. Nov. 29, 1872

THOMAS KEMMER,
CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT

The following Companies are Represented:
LEHIGH MUTUAL FIRE,
READING MUTUAL FIRE,
WYOMING FIRE,
PORT-VENUE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE,
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Home Title Guaranty and Insurance Company.
March 20, 1872. THOMAS KEMMER.

"76."
Wanted to be the best business, at very low prices. We are prepared to do any work that can be done at a profit, and we are prepared to do it at a profit. We are prepared to do it at a profit. We are prepared to do it at a profit.

BRADY'S CENTENNIAL OIL AND COBACCO EMPORIUM AND BIRDLAND CORN, one door above Hank's Bakery.

Bank St., Leighton.
Also, GENERAL NEWS AGENCY. Daily and Weekly Papers and Lakeside Library regularly supplied. April 1, 1875.

DAVID EBBERT'S
Livery & Sale Stables

Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral purposes and Weddings. DAVID EBBERT, Nov. 22, 1872.

TO CAPITALISTS!
A LIMITED NUMBER OF SHARES OF THE CAPITAL STOCK OF THE

Leighton Gas Light Co.
All remain undivided of Shares FIVE DOLLARS. Applications to the stock will be received and information furnished on application at this office. H. V. MORTIMER, Leighton, April 2, 1876.

Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.
Passengers for Philadelphia will leave Leighton on the following trains:
1. For Philadelphia, via Lehigh Valley, at 7:30 a. m.
2. For Philadelphia, via Lehigh Valley, at 11:30 a. m.
3. For Philadelphia, via Lehigh Valley, at 3:30 p. m.
4. For Philadelphia, via Lehigh Valley, at 7:30 p. m.
5. For Philadelphia, via Lehigh Valley, at 11:30 p. m.

CENTRAL R. OF N. Y.
LEHIGH & SUSQUEHANNA DIVISION.
All Rail Route to Long Branch, N. J.
Passenger Stations in NEW YORK FOOT OF LIBERTY ST., AND FOOT OF CLARKSON ST., N. Y. TOWN.
Time Table of January 10, 1877.
Trains leave LEIGHTON as follows:
For Easton, New York, Philadelphia and all intermediate stations at 7:30 a. m.
For Mauch Chunk, White Plains, Scranton and all intermediate stations at 11:30 a. m.
For Lehigh Valley, at 3:30 p. m.
For Lehigh Valley, at 7:30 p. m.
For Lehigh Valley, at 11:30 p. m.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.
Arrangement of Passenger Trains.
DEC. 24, 1876.
Trains leave LEIGHTON as follows—
Via Lehigh Valley, at 7:30 a. m.
Via Lehigh Valley, at 11:30 a. m.
Via Lehigh Valley, at 3:30 p. m.
Via Lehigh Valley, at 7:30 p. m.
Via Lehigh Valley, at 11:30 p. m.

New Advertisements.

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.
For Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all other Affections of the Throat and Lungs.

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A Perilous Journey.

"There is a time in the affairs of men, which takes on the flood, and on to fortune." So says the sage, and it is not to be gossiped by any man whom forty winters have chilled into wisdom. Ability and opportunity are fortune. Opportunity is not fortune; otherwise all were fortunate. Ability is not fortune, else why does genius starve? Why? But because it missed the opportunity that fitted it.

What I have—wife, position, independence—these are the opportunity for exercising the very simple and unpretending combination of qualities that goes by the name of ability. But to my story.

My father was a wealthy country gentleman, of somewhat more than the average of intelligence, and somewhat more than the average of generosity and extravagance. His younger brother, a solicitor in large practice in London, would in vain remonstrate as to the imprudence of his course. Giving freely, spending freely, must come to an end. It did; and at twenty I was a well-educated, gentlemanly pauper.

The investigation of my father's affairs showed that there was one shilling and sixpence in the pound for the whole of his creditors, and of course nothing for me.

The position was painful. I was half engaged to—that is, I had gloves, flowers, a ringlet, a carte de visite of Alice Morton. That, of course, must be stopped.

Mr. Sias Morton was not ill-pleased at the prospect of an alliance with his neighbor Westwood's son while there was an expectation of a provision for the young couple in the union of estates as well as persons; but now, when the estate was gone, when I, Guy Westwood, was shillingless in the world, it would be folly indeed. Nevertheless I must take my leave.

"Well, Guy, my lad, bad job this; very bad job; thought he was as safe as the bank. Would not have believed it from any one—not from any one. Of course all that nonsense about you and Alice must be stopped now; I'm not a hard man, but I can't allow Alice to throw away her life in the poverty she would have to bear as your wife; can't you? wouldn't be the part of a father if I did."

"I suggested I might in time." "Time, sir! time! How much? She's nineteen now. You're brought up to nothing; know nothing that will earn you a sixpence for the next six months, and you talk about time. Time, indeed! Keep her waiting till she's thirty, and then break her heart by finding it a folly to marry at all!"

"Ah! Alice, my dear, Guy's come to say 'Good bye,' he sees, with me, that his altered position compels him, as an honorable man, to give up any hopes he may have formed as to the future." "He left us alone to say 'Farewell!'" —a word too hard to say at our ages. Of course we consulted what should be done. To give each other up, to tarry the delicious past, that was not to be thought of. We would be constant, spite of all. I must gain a position, and papa would then help us.

Two ways were open: a commission in India, a place in my uncle's office. Which? I was for the commission; Alice for the office. A respectable influential solicitor; a position not to be despised, nothing but cleverness wanted; and my uncle's name, and one to wait for; no liver complaints; no Sepoys; no sea voyages; and no long separation.

"Oh, I'm sure it is the best thing." "I agreed, not unconditionally, that that was the best." "Now, my young people, you've had time enough to say 'Good bye,' so be off, Guy. Here my lad, you'll need something to start with," and the old gentleman put into my hands a note for fifty pounds.

"I must beg, sir, that you will not do so." "God bless the boy! 'Insult!' Why I've dined you on my knee hundreds of times. Look you, Guy—and the old fellow came and put his hand on my shoulder—"It gives me pain to do what I am doing. I believe, for both your sakes, it is best you should part. Let us part friends. Come now, Guy, you'll need this; and if you need a little more, let me know."

"But, sir, you cut me off from all hope; you render my life a burden to me. Give me some definite task; say how much you think I ought to have to keep Alice—I mean, Miss Morton—in such a position as you would wish." Alice added her entreaties, and the result of the conference was an understanding that if within five years from that date I could show I was worth 5000 a year, the old gentleman would add another 5000; and on that he thought we might live for a few years comfortably.

There was to be no correspondence whatever; no meetings, no letters—ages. We protested and pleaded, and finally he said— "Well, well, Guy; I always liked you, and liked your father before you. Come to us on Christmas Day, and you shall find a vacant chair beside Alice. There, now; say 'Good bye,' and be off."

I went off. I came to London, to one of the little lanes leading out of Cannon Street. Five hundred a year in five years! I must work hard. My uncle took little notice of me; I tramped with me harder than the street, and paid me the same. Seventy-five pounds a year is not a large sum; I had spent it in a month before now, after the fashion of my father; now, I hoarded; made clothes last; ate no stoutry,

cheap, little cookshops; and kept my enjoying facilities from absolute rust by a weekly half-price to the theatres—the pit.

The year passed. I went down at Christmas, and for twenty-four hours was alive; came back, and had a rise of twenty pounds in salary for the next year. I waited for opportunity, and it came not.

This jog-trot routine of office-work continued for two years more, and at the end of that time I was worth but my salary of 1850, per year—1850, a long way from 5000. Oh, for opportunity! I must quit the desk, and become a merchant; all successful men have been merchants; money begets money. But to oppose all these thoughts of change came the memory of Alice's last words at Christmas, "Wait and hope, Guy; wait and hope." Certainly; it is so easy to.

"Governor wants you, Westwood. He's sharp this morning—very sharp; so look out, my dear reply." "You understand a little Italian?" "I will start to-night for Florence, in the mail train. Get there as rapidly as possible, and find whether a Colonel Wilson is residing there, and what lady he is residing with. Learn all you can as to his position and means, and the terms on which he lives with that lady. Write to me, and wait there for further instructions. Mr. Williams will give you a check for 1000; you can get circular notes for 500; and the rest cash. If you have any thing to say, come in here at five o'clock; if not good-morning. By-the-by, say nothing in the office."

I need not say that hope made me believe my opportunity was come. I hurried to Florence, and discharged my mission; sent home a careful letter, full of facts without comment or opinion, and in three weeks' time was summoned to return. I had done little or nothing that could help me, and in a disappointed state of mind I packed up and went to the railway station at St. Domingo. A little row with a peasant as to his demand for carrying my baggage caused me to lose the last train that night, and so the steamer at Leghorn. The station-master, seeing my vexation, endeavored to console me.

"There will be a special through train to Leghorn at nine o'clock, ordered for Count Spezzato; he is good natured, and will probably let you go in that."

It was worth the chance, and I hung about the station till I was tired, and then walked back towards the village. Passing a small wine-shop, I entered, and asked for wine in English. I don't know what whim possessed me when I did it, for they were unable to understand me without dumb motions. I at length got wine by these means, and sat down to write away the time over a railway volume.

I had been seated about half an hour, when a courier entered, accompanied by a railway guard. Two more different examples of human race it would be difficult to describe.

The guard was a dark, savage-looking Italian, with "rascal" and "bully" written all over him; big, black, burly, with bloodshot eyes, and thick, heavy, sensual lips, the man was utterly repulsive.

The courier was a little, neatly dressed man, of no age in particular; pale, blue-eyed, straight-lipped, his face was a compound of fox and rabbit that only a fool or a patriot would have trusted out of arm's-length.

This ill-matched pair called for brandy, and the hostess set it before them. I then heard them ask who and what I was. She replied, I must be an Englishman, and did not understand the Italian for wine. She then left.

They evidently wanted to be alone, and my presence was decidedly disagreeable to them; and mattering that I was an Englishman, they proceeded to try my power as a linguist.

The courier commenced in Italian, with a remark on the weather. I immediately handed him the newspaper. I didn't speak Italian, that was clear to them.

The guard now struck in with a remark to French as to the fineness of the neighboring country. I struggled my shoulders, and produced my cigar-case. French was not very familiar to me, evidently.

"Those boasts of English folk their own tongue so fine they are too proud to learn another," said the guard. I sat sipping my wine and reading. "Well, my dear Michael Pautski," began the guard.

very dull; native talent was more esteemed. I was to be sent on a secret service to Warsaw; I declined for obvious reasons.

"Good! Michael—A! s'ix; good, Alexis. This fox is not to be trapped." And he slapped the courier on the shoulder, heartily.

"And," resumed the other, "I resigned. Since then I have traveled as courier with noble families, and I trust I give satisfaction."

"Good! Alexis; good, Mich—good, Alexis! To yourself you give satisfaction. You are a fine rascal! The prince of rascals! So decent; so quiet; so like the cure of a convent. Who would believe that you had sold the lives of thirty men for a few hundred roubles?"

"And who," interrupted the courier, "would believe that you, bluff, honest Conrad Ferrate, had run away with all the money those thirty men had collected during ten years of labor, for rescuing their country from the Russian?"

"That was good, Alexis, was it not? I never was so rich in my life as then; I loved—I gamed—I drank on patriot's money."

"For how long? Three years?" "More—and now have none left. Ah!—Times change, Alexis; behold me." And the guard touched his buttons and belt, the badges of his office.

"Never mind—here's my good friend the bottle—let us embrace—the only friend that is always true—if he does not gladden, he makes us to forget."

"Tell me, my good Alexis, whom do you rot now? Who pays for the best, and gets the second best? Whose money do you invest, eh! my little fox? Why are you here? Come, tell me while I drink to your success."

"I have the honor to serve His Excellency the Count Spezzato." "Ten thousands devils! My accursed cousin!" broke in the guard. "He who has robbed me from birth; whose birth itself was a vile robbery of me—of me, his cousin, child of his father's brother. May he be accursed for ever!"

I took most particular pains to appear only amused at this genuine outbreak of passion; for I saw the watchful eyes of the courier was on me all the time they were talking.

The guard drank off a tumbler of brandy. "That master of yours is the man of whom I spoke to you years ago, as the one who ruined me; and you serve him! May he be strangled on his wedding night, and cursed forever!"

"Be calm, my dearest Conrad, calm yourself; that beast of an Englishman will think you are drunk, like one of his own swinish people, if you talk so loud as this."

"How can I help it? I must talk. What he is, that I ought to be; I was brought up to it till I was eighteen; was heir to all his vast estate; there was but one life between me and power—my uncle's—and he, at fifty, married a girl, and had this son, this son of perdition, my cousin. And after that, I, who had been the pride of my family, became of no account; it was 'Julian,' 'sweet Julian!'"

"I heard," said the courier, "that some one attempted to strangle the sweet child, that was?" "Me—you fox—me. I wish I had done it; but for that wretched dog that worried me, I should have done Count Spezzato now. I killed that dog, killed him, to not suddenly; may his master die like him!"

"And you left after that little affair?" "Oh, yes! I left and became what you know."

"A clever man, my dear Conrad. I know no man who is more clever with the net than yourself, and, as to bullying to cover a mistake, you are an expert at that. If it not so, Conrad? Come, drink good health to my master, your cousin."

"You miserable viper, I'll crush you if you ask me to do that again. I'll drink—Here, give me the glass—"

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.