

# The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. V., No. 18.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1877.

Subscribers out of County, \$1.20

## CARDS.

**Furniture Warehouse.**  
V. Schwartz, Bank street, dealer in all kinds of Furniture. Orders made to order.

**Boot and Shoe Makers.**  
Clinton Bristow, in Leach's building, Bank street. All orders promptly filled—work warranted.

**F. P. LONGSTREET,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Next door to the "Carbon House,"  
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.  
December 16th.

**W. M. RAPHER,**  
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 Deceaseds a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. Ncv. 22.

**JAS. R. STRUTHERS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office—24 floor of Rhoads' Hall,  
Nashua Chuk, Pa.  
All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. May 27, 17.

**DANIEL KALBFUS,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Nashua Chuk, Pa.  
Office, above Dech's Jewelry Store, Broadway

**JAS. B. BERTOLLETTI,** JAS. S. LOOSE  
**BERTOLLETTI & LOOSE,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
Office—Corner of Susquehanna and Broadway,  
MAUCH CHUK, PENN'A.  
Can be consulted in German. [July 24 187]

**P. J. KEHRAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Next Door to First National Bank,  
MAUCH CHUK, PA.  
Can be consulted in German. [Jan. 9]

**H. A. BELTZ,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Ober's Building, BANK-ST., LEHIGHTON.  
Conveyancing, Collecting and all other business connected with the office promptly attended to. Also, Agent for the Purchase and Sale of Real Estate. [Apr. 15-17]

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

**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. S. B. REBER,**  
PRACTISING 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

**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 TRAV  
ELERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE,  
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief  
Detective and Insurance Company.  
March 29, 1873. THOS. KEMERER.

**"76."**  
BRADY'S CENTENNIAL CIGAR AND  
TOBACCO EMPORIUM and HILLIARD  
ROCK, one door above Hawk's Bakery,  
Bank St., Lehighton.

Also, GENERAL NEWS AGENCY. Daily  
and Weekly Papers and Lakeside Library regu  
arly supplied. April 1, 1875.

**DAVID EBBERT'S**  
Livery & Sale Stables  
Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral  
purposes and Weddings. DAVID EBBERT.  
Nov. 22, 1875.

**TO THE CAPITALISTS!**  
A LIMITED NUMBER OF SHARES OF  
THE CAPITAL STOCK OF THE  
Lehigh Gas Light Co.  
will remain undivided of Shares FIFTY  
DOLLARS. Subscriptions to the Stock will  
be received and information furnished on ap  
plication at this office. H. V. MORTIMER.  
Lehigh, April 22, 1876.

## Railroad Guide.

**NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.**  
Passengers for Philadelphia will leave Lehigh-  
ton as follows:  
3:17 p. m. via L. V. arrive at Phila. at 6:45 a. m.  
11:07 p. m. via L. V. " " 11:55 a. m.  
11:07 p. m. via L. V. " " 2:40 p. m.  
2:22 p. m. via L. & S. " " 4:30 p. m.  
6:22 p. m. via L. & S. " " 8:30 p. m.  
Jan. 1, 1877. KELLS & LAMAR, Agents.

**PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.**  
Arrangement of Passenger Trains.  
DEC. 15th 1876.  
Trains leave ALLEN TOWN as follows—  
VIA PERKOREN BRANCH.)  
For Philadelphia, at 5:50, 11:00, a. m., 7:15 and  
8:55 p. m.  
For Philadelphia at 8:10 p. m.  
VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)  
For Reading, at 2:30, 5:50, 9:50 a. m., 12:10, 4:30  
and 9:00 p. m.  
For Harrisburg, at 2:30, 5:50, 9:50 a. m., 12:35, 4:30  
and 9:00 p. m.  
For Lancaster and Columbia, at 3:00, 8:55 a. m. and  
4:30 p. m.  
Does not run on Mondays.

**SUNDAYS.**  
For Reading, 2:30 a. m. and 9:00 p. m.  
For Harrisburg, 2:30 a. m. and 9:00 p. m.  
Trains FOR ALLEN TOWN leave as follows:  
VIA PERKOREN BRANCH.)  
Leave Philadelphia, 7:31 a. m., 1:00, 1:30 and 5:15  
p. m.  
SUNDAYS,  
Leave Philadelphia, 8:15 a. m.  
VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)  
Leave Reading, 7:45, 7:45, 10:30 a. m., 4:05, 5:10 and  
10:30 p. m.  
Leave Harrisburg, 5:21, 5:10 a. m., 5:00, 5:47 and  
7:50 p. m.  
Leave Lancaster, 8:10 a. m., 12:55 and 2:45 p. m.  
Leave Columbia, 8:50 a. m., 1:00 and 3:35 p. m.

**SUNDAYS.**  
Leave Reading, 7:31 a. m.  
Leave Harrisburg, 5:21, 5:10 a. m.  
Trains make direct runs to and from depot  
9th and Green streets, Philadelphia, other  
trains to and from Broad street depot.  
Trains at 6:30 a. m. and 5:55 p. m. trains from Allen-  
town, and the 7:30 a. m. and 5:15 p. m. trains  
from Philadelphia, have through cars to and  
from Philadelphia. J. E. WOOLFE,  
General Manager.  
C. G. HANCOCK, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

**CHEAP**  
**JOB PRINTING OFFICE,**  
LEHIGHTON, PA.  
Every description of Printing, from a  
Visiting Card to a Poster.

**Bill Heads,**  
Letter Heads,  
Note Heads,  
Statements,  
Programmes,  
Hand Bills,  
Dodgers,  
Circulars,  
Shipping Tags,  
Envelopes,  
Pamphlets,  
By-Laws, &c., &c.

Done in the best manner, at very lowest prices.  
We are prepared to do work at as cheap rates as  
any office in the State that deals honestly  
with its customers.

**OUR MOTTO IS**  
**Cheap, Prompt & Reliable.**  
Orders by mail receive prompt attention.

**Manhattan Oil Company,**  
OF NEW YORK.  
Lubricating and Illuminating Oils.

W. M. MARCUS, Room 21, Merchants' Ex-  
change, PHILA. and WALNUT STS., PHILA.  
deposits. Pa. Nov. 23, 1876.

WANTED the business men to know that they  
can get JOB PRINTING done cheaper at  
CARBON ADVOCATE Office than at any other  
place in the county. Try us.

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE,**  
Notice is hereby given, That Letters Testa-  
mentary upon the last will and testament of  
Thomas Brown, late of Lehighville, Carbon  
County, Pa. dec'd, were granted on the 24th  
day of January last, by the Register of Wills,  
&c. of Carbon County, to the undersigned. All  
persons knowing themselves to be indebted to  
said deceased, will please make immediate pay-  
ment, and those having claims will present them duly  
authenticated, for settlement to  
or DANIEL WENTZ, Agent, Parryville,  
March 3, 1877-78

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.**  
Notice is hereby given, That Letters Testa-  
mentary upon the last will and testament of  
John S. Johnson, late of East Penn Township,  
Carbon County, Pa. dec'd, were granted on the 24th  
day of January last, by the Register of Wills,  
&c. of Carbon County, to the undersigned. All  
persons knowing themselves to be indebted to  
said deceased, will please make immediate pay-  
ment, and those having claims will present them duly  
authenticated, for settlement to  
BENJ. NORTHSTINE, Lehighton,  
February 17, 1877-78

**A Good Family Medicine**  
**SWAYNE'S**  
Tar and Sarsaparilla Pills.  
HEADACHE, Languor and Melan-  
choly generally spring from a disordered stom-  
ach, or a morbid liver. Each may be  
speedily removed by Dr. Swayne's Tar Pills,  
which stimulate the liver and stomach to a  
healthy action, in removing all humors, and  
producing regular evacuations of the bowels.

**LIVER COMPLAINT,**  
that dreaded disease from which so many per-  
sons suffer, is frequently the cause of  
Headache, Indigestion and Dyspepsia,  
is speedily relieved, and is often permanently  
cured by their use. They are often prevented  
by the use of these Sarsaparilla Pills, as they  
carry off, through the blood, the impurities  
from which they arise. For CONSTITUTIONS  
there is nothing so efficacious as  
Swayne's Tar and Sarsaparilla Pills.

They are purely vegetable, and act speedily on  
the Liver as Bile Mass or Calomel, without  
any bad result in taking.  
Describe the symptoms in all communications,  
and address letters to DR. SWAYNE & SON,  
Philadelphia. No charge for advice. Sent by  
mail on receipt of price. Price 25 cents a box; 5  
boxes for \$1.

**ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THEM.**

## New Advertisements.

**THE LUNGS!**  
**CONSUMPTION!**  
This distressing and dangerous complaint and  
the preliminary symptoms, neglected cough,  
night sweats, hoarseness, wasting flesh, fever—  
permanently cured by "Dr. Swayne's Compound  
Syrup of Wild Cherry."  
BROSCHEITIS—A precursor of Pulmonary  
Consumption, is characterized by catarrh or in-  
flammation of the mucous membrane of the air  
passages, with cough and expectoration, short  
breath, hoarseness, pain in the chest. For all  
chronic affections, such as throat, loss of voice,  
coughs.

**DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND**  
**Syrup of Wild Cherry**  
IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.  
Hemorrhage, or spitting blood, may proceed  
from the LUNGS, trachea, bronchia or lungs,  
and arise from various causes, as an acute inflam-  
mation, or from weakness or rupture of the  
arteries, with cough and expectoration, short  
breath, hoarseness, pain in the chest. For all  
chronic affections, such as throat, loss of voice,  
coughs.

**Dr. Swayne's Compound**  
**Syrup of Wild Cherry**  
strikes at the root of disease by purifying the  
blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy  
action, invigorating the nervous system.  
The only standard remedy for hemorrhage,  
hoarseness and all pulmonary complaints. Con-  
sumption, or those who wish to keep their  
lungs, should not fail to use this great vegetable re-  
medy.

**It is marvelous power, not only over consump-  
tion but over every chronic disease where a  
radical curative action is needed. Under its  
use the cough is arrested, the night sweats dis-  
appear, the pain subsides, the appetite returns to  
its natural standard, the stomach is improved  
in its power to digest and assimilate the food,  
and every organ has a purer and better quality  
blood supplied to it, than when new recrea-  
tive and tonic material is used.**

**SAVED HIS LIFE.**  
**A REMARKABLE CURE!**  
Was that of Edward H. Hanson, Engineer at  
George's Swamp, Pottsville, Lehigh Avenue,  
Philadelphia. He had a violent cough, night  
sweats, sore throat, great weakness, spit at dif-  
ferent times, a thin, watery, greenish mucus, and  
recovery. Through the use of "Dr. Swayne's  
Syrup of Wild Cherry" became a sound and healthy  
man, and remains so to this day, although over  
twenty years have elapsed since he was cured.  
PRICE ONE DOLLAR. Six bottles for \$5. If  
your druggist or storekeeper does not sell it, we  
will forward it to you, freight paid, to any ad-  
dress, on receipt of price.

PREPARED ONLY BY  
**DR. SWAYNE & SON,**  
330 N. Sixth Street, Philadelphia.  
Sold by all prominent Druggists.

**Itching Piles!**  
PILES, PILES, ITCHING PILES,  
Positively Cured by the use of  
**SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.**  
HOME TESTIMONY:  
I was sorely afflicted with one of the most dis-  
tressing of all diseases, PILES or Hemorrhoids,  
and after using all the remedies I could procure,  
I was at times almost intolerable, increased  
by scratching, and not infrequently became  
quite sore.

I bought a box of "Swayne's Ointment" and  
in five or six quick relief, and in a short time made  
perfect cure. I can now sleep undisturbed,  
and I would advise all who are suffering with  
this distressing complaint, to procure Swayne's  
Ointment at once. I had used prescription pills  
almost innumerable, without finding any perma-  
nent relief.  
JOS. W. CHURCH,  
Shoemaker and Boot and Shoe House, 54 North Second-st.,  
Philadelphia.

**SKIN DISEASES.**  
SWAYNE'S ALL HEALING OINTMENT  
is a specific for "FETTER, ITCH, SALT  
RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, HEMORRHOIDS,  
ITCHING, CRUSTY, CRUP, CANCER, EUP-  
TIONS, Pimples, safe and harmless, even on  
the most sensitive infant. Price 25 cents a box,  
for \$1.25 sent or in 10 to any address, on receipt  
of price.  
Sold by all the leading Druggists.

Prepared only by  
**DR. SWAYNE & SON,**  
330 North Sixth-st., Philadelphia.

**ADORN YOUR HAIR.**  
**LONDON Hair Color Restorer**  
FOR RESTORING  
**GRAY HAIR**  
To its Natural Vitality and Color.

**HERE IS THE PROOF**  
Of its Superior Excellence.  
Read this Home Certificate testified to by  
Edward B. Garriques, one of the most compe-  
tent business men in Philadelphia, a  
man whose veracity none can doubt.  
I am happy to add my testimony to the great  
benefit of the "London Hair Color Restorer,"  
which restored my hair to its original color,  
and the hue appears to be permanent. I am  
satisfied in this preparation is nothing like a  
dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is  
also a beautiful hair dressing, and restores the  
hair to its natural color and restores it  
who can also testify my hair was very gray  
when I commenced its use.

**MRS. MILLER,**  
No. 728 N. Ninth-st., Philadelphia.  
DR. SWAYNE & SON, Respected Friends: I  
have the pleasure to inform you that a copy of my  
acquaintance, Mrs. Miller, delighted with  
the use of your "London Hair Color Restor-  
er." Her hair was falling rapidly and quite  
gray. The color has been restored, and the fall-  
ing out entirely stopped by its use.

**DRUGGIST, Cor. Tenth and Center-sts., Phila.**  
All that can be accomplished in beautifying  
streaked hair, thickening and coloring the hair  
is effected by using "London Hair Color Restor-  
er." It stimulates and forces new growth: it  
dyes, restores the natural color and restores it  
shiny and beautiful; cures dandruff; keeps the  
scalp clean, cool and healthy. All druggists  
and H. Price is 25 cents a bottle. Sent by  
express to any address.

**SWAYNE & SON, 330 N. Sixth-st., Phila.,**  
SOLE PROPRIETORS.  
**For Sale by All Druggists.**  
July 10, 1876-77

## THE FAIRY TOOTH.

"One afternoon I was hurrying along  
the street as fast as the snow and ice  
would let me toward the residence of  
Miss Constance Howard, and had ar-  
rived within a few doors of the house,  
when I saw a small, plainly dressed  
young woman cautiously descending the  
steps, and then as cautiously, with eyes  
fixed on the ground, advancing in my  
direction. She wore no veil, and as she  
drew near to me I studied her face with  
pleasure. It was such a bright, brown,  
honest, innocent face.

"Well, sir, I was looking so earnestly  
at this bright, brown, innocent face,  
and not minding my steps at all, that I  
never saw a large lump of ice directly  
in my pathway, and tumbling over it  
in the most awkward manner, was pre-  
cipitated into the very arms of the small  
woman, my tail striking her full in  
the face and then bounding off into the  
street. I regained my perpendicular in  
time to hear a half-dressed, half-sharp  
little voice exclaim: "Oh, my tooth!"  
and see a pair of peculiar gray eyes  
raised reproachfully to my face, as a  
pair of wooden gloves had been put  
into a pair of charming crimson lips. Before  
I could utter a word of apology and  
regret she had glided, slipped or  
skated away, and I stood looking like  
a fool, and wondering whether I'd bet-  
ter glide, slide or skate after her, when  
I saw something glittering on the ice at  
my feet. I stooped and picked it up—  
a fairy tooth! You needn't look so hor-  
ror-stricken, Earl, it wasn't a real one,  
of course.

"Isn't likely I could have struck the young  
creature so violent a blow as to  
knock a tooth that had grown there out  
of her mouth without knocking her  
down. It was a false one, but the truest  
I had ever seen in my life, false or  
real, I looked at it a moment and put it  
into my pocketbook. The first ques-  
tion that I asked Constance, when she  
came down into the parlor to receive me,  
was:

"Who is the small woman who left  
this house a short time ago—brown as  
a gypsy, dark arched eyebrows, nose  
retrousse, mouth like a baby's, gray  
eyes, with a queer look in them, and  
woolen gloves?"

"Pray, how long did you look at her?"  
said Constance.  
"Two minutes," answered I.  
"You saw a great deal in two min-  
utes," she rebuked, with a disagreeable  
laugh. "What a capital traveler and  
sight-seer you would make! You could  
rush through a gallery of paintings, for  
instance, and carry away as many in  
your mind's eye as those unfortunates  
who, not possessing your extraordinary  
talent—"

"Don't chaff, that's a good child," I  
interrupted. "Who is she?"  
"She," answered Constance, with a  
curl of her lip, "is a young person, one  
of my Aunt Fidelia's favorites—by-the-  
by, I'm not included among them,"  
with a shrug of the shoulders and a  
grimace—"who comes here every after-  
noon, Sundays excepted, to teach my  
little sisters their A B's."

"Well, sir, I did nothing but think  
about the brown faced governess and  
the mile of a tooth all next day, and  
the next, and at last determined to find out  
where she lived and send it back to her—  
anonymously, of course. It was such a  
ridiculous thing for a man to carry  
around with him. If it had been a  
handkerchief, or a glove, or a ribbon,  
or a flower—but it wasn't."

"How to find out where she lived be-  
came the question, solved for me by  
sheer good luck that evening, when I  
went to call on Constance.

"Miss Howard was not at home, but  
Mrs. Fairman (Aunt Fidelia) was, and  
had a message for me.  
"The very thing! I inwardly exulted,  
as I entered the room, with outward  
composure and dignity. You remem-  
ber Aunt Fidelia? A slim, keen, blue  
eyed, rather dramatic old lady, with no  
sense about her, and a very decided  
way of speaking.

"Constance has gone skating," she  
said. "Her orders are that you follow  
her. I suppose you'll obey them?"  
"Can't I stop and rest a few mo-  
ments?" asked I.  
"The old lady smiled. "I haven't  
the slightest objection," she said; "on  
the contrary, I shall be glad to have  
you. I like you as well as I like any of  
them—perhaps a little better. Have  
you any news?"

"My news was exhausted in five min-  
utes, apparently not at all to the dis-  
approbation of Aunt Fidelia, who, like  
most old ladies, delights much more in  
talking than in listening, and who in  
five minutes more (I never could tell  
how she got there, but it was through  
no questions of mine) began to hold  
forth on the subject above all others I  
would have chosen—the nursery governess.

"Such a dear little thing!" she said,  
"and so kind to her widowed mother!—  
a poor seamstress, unable on account of  
her delicate health, to sew half the  
time. I can't imagine what she would  
do if it were not for Daisy." And do  
you know, old fellow," said Douglas,  
breaking off in his narrative to take a  
long whiff at his cigar, and send a fleecy  
ring floating upward, "that if I had  
been asked to choose a name for her,  
that's the very name I'd have chosen  
—Daisy. A bright, sturdy, constant,  
frank faced little fellow, making pleas-  
ant the fields and meadows and road  
sides. Are you smiling? Beg pardon—  
thought you were; and I didn't wonder  
at it. The girl is the life and light of  
the humble place she calls her home,  
and to the eyes of her mother there is

no sunshine like Daisy's smile," said  
Aunt Fidelia; "and apropos of that, let  
me tell you something odd that hap-  
pened to Miss Russel a couple of days ago  
—unless you are sufficiently rested to  
and wish to follow the skaters."  
"I assure you, my dear madam, I am  
not sufficiently rested, and very much  
interested," I said. "Pray go on."  
"The old lady went on. "Daisy has  
the loveliest tiny teeth in the world, but  
unfortunately last week she broke one  
of the front ones. A way goes the child  
to the dentist, and had what was left of  
it pulled out, and then home to her  
mother, and smiles. "Oh, dear! oh  
dear!" cries the mother—who is, as I  
toil you before, a weak, nervous thing  
—where is your tooth? and where,  
oh! where is your smile?" You see,  
the tooth, Mr. Douglass, had taken  
Daisy's smile with it, and the poor girl  
didn't look at all like Daisy. So the  
modest little thing, who hadn't given a  
thought to her looks herself, seeing her  
mother's distress, went directly back to  
the dentist, and begged him to tell her  
what to do. "Have a false one in its  
place," said he; "but it will take some  
time to get up a permanence, and you  
say you must have something immedi-  
ately. The only thing we can do is to  
find a tooth and fasten it in with a bit  
of wax to serve as a temporary."  
"Easier said than done, Mr. Douglass.  
It took a long while—a whole  
afternoon, in fact—to match Daisy's  
pretty teeth; but at last it was done, and  
the dear little daughter went home in  
the twilight, and smiled again at her  
contented mother. Well, a day or two  
after, going from here, some stupid man  
slips on the ice, falls violently against  
the child his tall hat striking her  
straight in the mouth, and out flies the  
"temporary." And now Mrs. Russel  
is pining for sunshine again."

"Who was the man?" I asked.  
"Why, what a silly question!" said  
Aunt Fidelia, sharply. "How should  
I know? And as for Daisy, her near-  
sighted eyes didn't rest on him an in-  
stant, and she couldn't tell him from  
Adam. So, poor thing, after all her  
trouble, she's lost the tooth. Can't get  
another, because she isn't able to re-  
compense the man for the time it would  
take to find one, and is obliged to go  
about with her mouth shut. You  
needn't say how dreadful for a woman;  
I'll say it for you."

"The mother is a seamstress," said I;  
"perhaps my mother, who is kindness-  
self, could help her to some work that  
would pay her well. Can you give me  
her address?"

"You're a good boy," said the un-  
suspecting old soul; and scribbling it on  
one of her own cards, she gave it to me.  
"And now I think you'd better go.  
Good-night."

"The next day after my highly satis-  
fying interview with Mrs. Fairman  
was St. Valentine's day, and what I  
considered a happy thought flashed into  
my mind, and I instantly proceeded to  
put it into execution. I bought a pretty  
little tortoise shell box, laid the tooth  
in it on a bed of white cotton, in com-  
pany with two or three small gold  
pieces to pay for the "permanence,"  
and wrapping the box in a sheet of rose  
perfumed paper, on which I had writ-  
ten a verse or two—what a time I had  
trying to find rhymes to "mouth" and  
"tooth!"—I sent it by one of our errand  
boys, with strict injunctions not to  
answer any questions, to the residence of  
Miss Daisy Russel. Judge of my as-  
tonishment when, in less than an hour,  
the box, minus the tooth, but still con-  
taining the coins, was returned to me,  
with a note written in a hand which  
betrayed extreme agitation, and which  
read thus:

"Miss Russel thanks Mr. Douglass  
for his kindness, and, while retaining  
her own property, begs to return the  
verse and other things sent by mis-  
take."

"Imagine my feelings, my dear fel-  
low. No, you can't imagine them; it's  
impossible. My cheeks, man as I am,  
actually burned with mortification. I  
came near flinging the money, or 'the  
other things,' as she called it, out of  
the window; but, on second thought,  
pocketed it instead.

"How in the world had she found me  
out? No doubt she knew, through the  
Howard children, there was such a per-  
son, but in what manner had she dis-  
covered that the sender of the Valentine  
and Robert Douglass were identical?  
What should I do to pacify the little  
gypsy? How prove to her that what I  
had done had been in thoughtless kind-  
ness? I made up my mind to call upon  
her. The affair could not be properly  
explained by letter. Embarrassing as  
an interview might prove, I must face  
the situation like a gentleman. And in  
half an hour after the box was re-  
turned, I was ringing at the door of the  
house where dwelt Miss Daisy Russel.  
She opened the door herself, and peered  
curiously at me with her lovely near  
sighted eyes. It was evident she did  
not know me by sight.

"I would like to speak to you a mo-  
ment, Miss Russel," I said. "I am  
Robert Douglass."

"Her brown cheek flamed like an au-  
tumn leaf with the light of the setting  
sun on it. She answered not a word,  
but led the way into a pleasant, but  
rather circumscribed sitting-room.

"I have come to beg your pardon,"  
I began, as soon as the door was closed  
behind us. "I had no intention of  
wounding you—God forbid! I knew  
you found it hard struggling in this cold  
world, that you had a dear mother al-  
most dependent upon you" (her face  
softened a shade when I spoke of her  
mother), "and I never dreamed—"

"But the verses," she interrupted,

raising her eyes and darting a look of  
reproach at me (by-the-by, did I tell  
you she had forgotten to send them  
with the 'other things?') and Miss  
Howard? Oh, Mr. Douglass, it was  
cruel and unmanly of you!"

"Miss Howard and I are not on as  
friendly terms as formerly," I answer-  
ed; "which was true, as the count had  
made his appearance at the skating  
party."

"Still, sir, I am only a poor teacher,  
and not in your circle at all, and they  
were too—too"—And, by George I  
she burst into tears.

"Were they too—too?" asked Earle,  
with a smile.

"Oh, there was something about the  
happiness of the fairy tooth in being  
imprisoned in so lovely a prison as her  
fairy mouth, and some reference to a  
kiss—that's all!"

"And quite enough," said Earle,  
"taking into consideration that you had  
never been introduced to the young  
lady."

"Well, sir, when the little thing be-  
gan to cry, I thought I should go  
wild. "Miss Russel," I cried, "do—do forgive  
me! Upon my word and honor, I re-  
spect and esteem you with all my heart,  
and have admired you ever since the  
day I first beheld you—the day I came  
near knocking you down."

"A smile beamed through her tears  
as she held out her hand and said:  
"That's about thirty-six hours ago. But  
I'll detain you no longer, Mr. Douglass.  
I believe you are sincere in what you  
say."

"And you forgive me?" I asked.  
"I forgive you. Good-bye."  
"One moment more," I begged.  
"Pray tell me before we part how you  
discovered I wrote the valentine."  
"She looked at me in great surprise.  
"I have heard of you often from my  
pupils," she said, "and one day when  
we were waiting out they pointed out  
to me the house in which you live."

"Yes, my dear Miss Russel, but they  
knew nothing about the tooth, the box,  
or the verses."

"Still more surprised, she looked at  
me as she went to her desk and took  
from it the offending valentine, which  
in her anger and haste she had neglect-  
ed to return, and handed it to me."

"By George I old fellow, in my ab-  
sent minded way, I'd signed my name  
to it. There it was, bold and free—lit-  
tle flourish at the end of the last s,  
and all—Yours to command, Robert  
Douglass."

Earle burst out laughing. "Just what  
might have been expected of the boy  
who came to school one morning with  
a tin pie plate under his arm instead of  
his slate."

"So I did," said George; "I'd nearly for-  
gotten that," said Douglass, joining in  
the laugh. Then throwing away the  
end of his cigar as the strains of a waltz  
reached them, he added: "There's  
your dance."

"That the end of the story?"  
"You've heard the first chapter. The  
second and last is a very short one.  
Perhaps, not being entirely brat of  
brains, you may have discovered that I  
went to offer her an apology for try-  
ing to offend her. Well, sir, I came  
away wholly in love with her, and that  
in time she returned my passion may be  
inferred from the fact that we were  
married three days ago, on the anniver-  
sary of the day I found the fairy tooth  
—my in more senses than one, for it  
certainly enchanted me, and led me by  
force of that enchantment to where  
happiness and—But don't wait an  
other moment, my dear fellow. Off to  
your waltz, and when it's over, I'll in-  
troduce you to Mrs. Robert Douglass."

A Chicago playwright has produced  
"Ripe Apples"—a mellow drama. Such  
a subject should provoke lots of encores.

Prof. Proctor says the world is grow-  
ing larger, but we doubt if it will ever