

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. V., No. 81.

LEIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1877.

Subscribers out of County, \$1.90

CARDS.

Furniture Warehouse.
V. Schwartz, Bank street, dealer in all kinds of
Furniture. Call on Monday order.

Next door to the "Carbon House."
Ottawa Building, in front of the bank street.
All orders promptly filled—work warranted.

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
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Can be consulted in German. July 24 187

P. J. KEHEAN,
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Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd sts., Le-
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Office, Bank Street, next door above the Postoffice,
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Next to E. H. Snyder's store, BANK ST.,
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N. B.—Special attention given to the Cure of
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The following Companies are Represented:
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GALLERY NEAR THE LEHIGH VALLEY HOUSE,
Bankway, Leighton, Pa.,
Is prepared to make LIKESIZE PORTRAITS
OF PERSONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS in the
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ENLARGING PORTRAITS OF DECEASED
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DAVID EBBERT'S
Livery & Sale Stables
EVERY STABLE
FAST TROTTER HORSES,
ELEGANT CARRIAGES,
And positively LOWER PRICES than any
other livery in the county.
Large and handsome Carriages for Federal
purposes and Weddings. DAVID EBBERT.
Nov. 22, 1872.

BUREAU MEN AND OTHERS
IN WANT OF JOB PRINTING
OF ANY DESCRIPTION WILL
SEND THE CARBON ADVOCATE
OFFICE THE BEST AND CHEAP-
EST PLACE IN THE COUNTY.
GIVE US A TRIAL AND BE
CONVINCED.

EVERY SOLDIER who was wounded
or contracted per-
manently disabled in
writing to JOHN KIRKPATRICK, Cambridge
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New Advertisements.

THE LUNGS! CONSUMPTION!

This distressing and dangerous complaint and its pulmonary symptoms, hoarse cough, night sweats, loss of weight, fever, permanently cured by Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND Syrup of Wild Cherry
IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

Hemorrhage, by spitting blood, may proceed from the lungs, trachea, bronchus or lungs, and arise from various causes, as undue physical exertion, plethora, or tension of the vessels, weak lung, overstraining of the voice, suppressed evacuation, obstruction of the spleen or liver, &c.

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, bronchitis and all pulmonary troubles. Coughs, consumptive or those predisposed to weak lungs should not fail to use this great vegetable remedy.

In marvelous power, not only over consumption, but over every chronic disease where a gradual alternative action is needed. Under its use the cough is checked, the night sweats diminish, the pain subsides, the pulse 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, out of which new restorative and plastic material is made.

DR. SWAYNE & SON,
330 N. Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
Sold by all Prominent Druggists.

SAVED HIS LIFE.

A REMARKABLE CURE!
Was that of Edward H. Hammond, Engineer at George Sweney's Pottery, 134 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia. He had a violent cough, night sweats, sore throat, great weakness, spit at different times, a pint of blood, gave up all hope of recovery. Through the use of Dr. Swayne's Wild Cherry Syrup 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 \$5. If your druggist or storekeeper does not sell it, we will forward half dozen, freight paid, to any address, 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 distressing of all diseases, Piles or Hemorrhoids, or more commonly known as Itching Piles. The itching and burning was almost intolerable, increased by scratching, and not unfrequently became quite sore.

I bought a box of "Swayne's Ointment," its use gave quick relief, and in a short time made a 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 tried prescriptions almost innumerable, without any permanent relief.

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SWAYNE'S ALL HEALING OINTMENT IS THE SPECIFIC FOR ITCHING, ITCH, SCALD RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, ECZEMA, BARKER'S ITCH, ITCH BLOTCHES, ALL KINDS OF CHURCHY, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, Perfectly safe and harmless, even on the most tender infant. Price 50 cents. 3 boxes for \$1.25. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

Sold by all the leading Druggists.
Prepared only by
DR. SWAYNE & SON,
330 North Sixth-st., Philadelphia.

USE 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 H. Garrigue, one of the most competent Druggists and Chemists in Philadelphia, a man whose veracity none can doubt:

"I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the London Hair Color Restorer, which restored my hair to its original dark color, and the hair appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that this preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Dr. H. Garrigue, druggist, Tenth and Center-sts., who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use."

MRS. MILLER,
No. 78 N. Ninth-st., Philadelphia.
I have the pleasure to inform you that a lady of my acquaintance, Mrs. Miller, is delighted with the success of your "London Hair Color Restorer." Her hair was falling rapidly and quite gray. The color has been restored, and the falling out entirely stopped by its use.

E. R. GARRIGUE,
Druggist, Cor. Tenth and Center-sts., Phila.
I have the pleasure to inform you that a lady of my acquaintance, Mrs. Miller, is delighted with the success of your "London Hair Color Restorer." Her hair was falling rapidly and quite gray. The color has been restored, and the falling out entirely stopped by its use.

DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 N. Sixth-st., Phila'da.
SOLE PROPRIETORS.
For Sale by all Druggists,
July 15, 1877

THE PROPOSAL.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The Lady Blanche was a beauty and a belle. But more than this—she was an heiress.—Need we wonder, therefore, that old barons, as grim as their ancestors' effigies—gay knights, who sported retainers in cloth of gold—and princes of thirty quarters, from Germany, thronged her castle, and sighed by turns at the feet of the obdurate fair? For the Lady Blanche, though she flatly refused none, was indifferent to all. She treated every suitor, indeed, alike. She had a smile for one, a gay word for another, a look for a third, and for each and all the same tantalizing succession of hopes and fears with which beauties have managed to torment their lovers from time immemorial. To tell the truth, the Lady Blanche was a bit of a flirt. And Claude Marston found this out to his cost!

As gallant a warrior, as courteous a knight, and withal as poor a gentleman—God help him!—was not to be found in the realm. His ancestors, on one side, had come over with the Conqueror, and, on the other, were lost in the clouds of Saxon and British fable. Their war cry had rung and their banners flaunted in every battle-field from Hastings to Agincourt. But time had stripped them of their possessions, as a sea-slipstream wastes away some majestic rock, so that Claude Marston, the last of his line, could only claim a solitary tower, with a few roods of land, for his inheritance.

A distant relationship existed between his family and that of the Lady Blanche, and when he won his spurs, in fulfillment of a long standing promise, he visited Delancy Castle. Little had Claude thought of love; indeed, he boasted that glory should ever be his sole mistress. Yet he had rare endowments for a lady's bowyer, he had clerical skill as well as renown at arms; could tune a gittern as well as couch a lance, and was a minstrel withal. The Lady Blanche, who was accomplished beyond her sex, could not fail to be delighted with the arrival of such a Crichton; and it was not long, in consequence, before she engrossed the chief portion of the young knight's time. Perhaps she hoped to revenge herself on him for his declared indifference to her sex. They read together, rode together, and seemed, indeed, as her jealous suitors said, to be always together!

The ravishing beauty of Lady Blanche, her playful humor, the grace of her person, and the winning sweetness of her manner, soon made a captive of Claude, most of whose life had been spent in camps, and to whom female society was as new as it was winning. Night and day he thought only of the fair heiress. At first he fancied his affection not otherwise than a cousin's should be; and when he awoke from his delusion, it was to despair. The Lady Blanche was rich and courted; he poor and unnoticed. She never could be his. Too proud to betray a hopeless passion, he resolved to depart from the castle as soon as possible, and while he remained to set a guard on his looks and tongue, to assume a gayety he did not feel, and even to jest on the folly of love, lest he should be suspected of his secret passion. Once, indeed, he was nearly surprised into betraying himself; for, at times, there was that in the looks or words of Lady Blanche which almost bade him hope. On one of these occasions he made bold to give her a bunch of rose buds, tied with a ribbon that he had found on her table; and he thought he detected a consciousness in her manner. He took up her splendidly illuminated Petrarch and opened at one of the sonnets to Laura. It spoke of undying love.

"Heigho!" she said, with a pretty toss of the head, "You do not believe in love? Love's but innuendo under another name; a juggle to cheat maidens out of their freedom. It's an enchantment's lute that lulls us to sleep; but we wake up to find ourselves decked with the cap and bells of the fool. I'll have none of it!"

"You cannot think so," said Claude, earnestly. "Surely, Petrarch loved Laura?"

"Loved her! He loved himself! He loved fame! and wanting a theme to hang his verses on, he took poor Laura for a better. Good honest man! I warrant he thought more of his library than of her charms, and dreaded a fit of rheumatism far worse than her frowns."

"But—"

"But me no buts," said she, stamping her foot with pouting obstinacy. "Men marry to get estates, and women to have husbands. 'Tis well enough for the crowd. But I would be a free falcon, or—"

she hesitated, and then added, looking at Claude with a merry laugh—"or be chained in royal mews."

Claude sighed and rose. He saw she had twisted his poor roses nearly to pieces. From that hour he grew reserved, and even haughty, at times to the Lady Blanche. He could not help it. He strove to appear indifferent, but his spirits would sometimes desert him, and was either recklessly gay or silent and brooding. He avoided the dangerous morning tete-a-tetes, at first finding some feigned excuse for doing so, but finally abandoning them without any apology. As for the Lady Blanche, she seemed to care little about this pettishness. Of his intended departure she heard with a gay jest; he was going, she said, it was currently believed, to slay the giant Gargantua. Claude was

pliqued, and grew colder than ever. They never met now but in the presence of others; and then the Lady Blanche seemed to seek for occasions to tease her lover. If he was gay she rallied him—if he was sad she pitied him—and if he was both in the same hour, as often happened, she vowed that men were fickle, but that Cousin Claude was most fickle of all.

If the willful heiress favored any suitor, it was the proud Lord of Waltham. He was still in the prime of life, and at the head of the baronage; and had long loved Lady Blanche. Every one said that the gay beauty, all along, had made up her mind, when she grew weary of flirting, to wed the Lord of Waltham. Certainly her manner toward him grew more condescending daily; he now filled the post at the bridge rein which Claude once occupied, and often during the evening the pair were left together, as if by that tacit consent on the part of the company with which lovers are avoided. Claude was jealous, though he fancied no one knew it; and his wit found vent at the expense of Waltham, who was rather dull; but, on these occasions, the Lady Blanche would fly to the aid of her suitor, and in general discomfit the assalant.

It was the night before Claude's departure. No one could be more unhappy than he had been for the preceding fortnight, against hope he had ventured to hope, and a single relenting word from his mistress would give rise to the most extravagant dreams; but the chilling indifference or merry rally of the Lady Blanche had at last cured him. On this occasion he was the gayest of the gay. They were talking of a contemplated journey of the fair heiress.

"I think of going round by the border. It is long since I saw it. What say you to it, Cousin Claude? You are as merry as a singing bird to night, and would be ready, I suppose, to advise me to rush into a lion's den."

"You surely jest," said he, with earnestness. "The border is very unquiet, and you would run great risk of being made captive."

"Why, the man's suddenly become as timorous as a monk," said Blanche, but she blushed slightly notwithstanding.—"Think you, noble gentlemen, that a lady of England may not travel in her native realm without fear of capture?—What say you?"

"I think," said the Earl of Waltham, with a haughty glance at Claude, "that the Lady Blanche may travel anywhere, if she has valiant knights for her escort; and for one I offer my poor sword to defend her."

"What think you of that, Claude?" said the lady, triumphantly.

"My Lord of Waltham is a brave gentleman," said he, with a low bow, "but I think he never spurred lances with the Scots. I have my spurs against them, and know the people; and I still adhere to my opinion that it would be dangerous for you to undertake that route at present."

The Lady Blanche hesitated, for her earnestness was not lost upon her. Indeed she had, at first, proposed the contemplated route only in jest, but feminine whim, or some hidden motive, had made her persevere in it on hearing Claude's disapprobation. She was now again in doubt. Claude saw his advantage—"Lady," he said eagerly, "I know you will not go indeed, I ask it as a farewell favor." He was surprised into speaking thus; the instant he had done so he saw his error. The Lady Blanche colored, and then said, with a slight curl of the lip—"Oh! we forgot that Sir Claude Marston was used to dictating for lady's favors. But, perhaps," she added, looking laughingly around on the rest of the group, "he thinks we may lay our injunction on him, as our cousin, to go with us, and having no taste for those Scottish broad swords, would persuade us to travel southward. But never fear—we are a knight's daughter and dread no foe. So we solve you from all duty to us, and while you go to play at silken tournaments, our Lord of Waltham, with our squire Sir John Neville, will bear us thro' the Douglas lances."

The cheek of Claude burned like fire at this gallant speech; but the speaker was a lady, and he could take no notice of it. He bowed.

"So be it," he said, with difficulty mastering his rage; and then turned on his heel and walked from the room.

The Lady Blanche had, perhaps, gone further than she had intended, for she changed color, but added quickly and gayly—

"Did you ever see such a ferocious animal? And he was once, too, as dainty and well behaved, you can all testify, as my pet greyhound. What can be the matter with Cousin Claude?"

The young knight was boiling with indignation as he reached his room. It had been the first time he had been publicly slighted for the stupid Waltham, but what else, he now asked himself, could he have expected?

"Fool, fool that I was," he said, as he strode to and fro in his apartment. "She thinks, or affects to think, I am a coward. By St. George, I only wish that dolt Waltham had dared to add a syllable, I would have made him eat his words."

He chafed thus for nearly half an hour; then his passion, in part, subsided.

"It was a dream," he said, "a dream cherished in spite of a thousand rebuffs; but it is over. Yet, Lady Blanche, I cannot see you fall a victim to your own infatuation. I too will go around by the border, secretly guarding you till

you safely reach Durham. Perhaps, some day you may hear of it, and do me justice."

The next morning, long before sunrise, Claude and his few followers were in the saddle, and without further leave-taking, had turned their backs on Delancy Castle.

It was near high noon the third day after leaving Delancy Castle, that Claude with his little troop slowly wended his way up a long hill, near the border, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. For three days he had kept unobserved between the Lady Blanche and the Scottish frontier, maintaining a constant look-out; but during the last twenty-four hours his scouts had lost sight of her cavalcade, though Claude still believed it to be on the English side of the route he was pursuing. Suddenly, however, on attaining the brow of the hill, he saw before him in the valley a thick cloud of dust, from which gleamed occasionally the glitter of helmet and arms, while the clash of weapons in a fray and the shouts of combatants rose to his ear softened by the distance. A momentary breeze that swept aside the dust revealed the banner of Lord Waltham; and the thickest of the fight appeared to be amid a group of women guarded by men-at-arms. But it was evident that the British had the worst of the conflict and must soon have given way. Even as he paused, the triumphant shouts of the Scots swelled on the air, for the banner of Lord Waltham was in the dust.

Claude ran his eye hastily over his little force, numbering not one-third that of the assailants; but he knew they would stand by him to a man.

"Have at them, my bold fellows," he said. "England to the rescue. A Marston—a Marston!" and thus shouting his war cry, at the head of his gallant band and with his lance in rest, he galloped down upon the foe.

Overpowered by numbers and worn out by a desperate resistance, the few knights and men-at-arms who remained with the Lady Blanche—for long before Lord Waltham, deeming the battle lost, had put spurs to his steed and fled from the field—were on the point of giving up the contest, when they were cheered by a well-known war-cry that rose even over the din of the conflict, and brought comfort and hope to their fainting bosoms. At the same instant looking up, they saw the young knight thundering down the hill, his long white plume streaming behind him and his followers furiously halloping in his rear.

"St. George for merry England! Stand fast awhile longer, brave gentlemen," said the knight on whom the command had devolved, "and the day will yet be ours. A Neville!" he shouted, dashing his spurs into his steed and charging into the heart of the foe, where, with his huge sword, he laid about him right manfully.

"A Douglas. For God and St. Andrew, A Douglas—a Douglas!" was the response of the foe.

But now, like a torrent sweeping down the hill, like a whirlwind careering over the plain, the little band of Claude, with fixed lances, burst full upon the foe, who, turning like a wild boar at bay, fiercely confronted the new enemy. The shock was like the meeting of two opposite waves in the mouth of a tidalway. For a moment both assailants and assailed shook in their saddles, but the impetuous charge of Claude's weighty men-at-arms, soon bore down the lighter horsemen of the Scots, whose prostrate forms were instantly ridden over by the victors as they pursued their career. Right on like an arrow, scattering ruin on this side and that—with his eyes never losing sight for a moment of the white dress of the Lady Blanche—Claude Marston kept his course; and not until he stood at her side did he look back to see the enemy flying in every direction across the plain.

"The day is yours, sir Claude," said Sir John Neville, her squire, "we had been lost but for your timely succor."

"Nay! Give the glory to God and the saints, who brought me up so opportunely. But see—your lady has fainted."

It was even so; the Lady Blanche, after bearing all the horrors of the conflict, had, in the instant of victory, suddenly fainted away.

"There is an abbey but a mile hence, over the hill. She can find shelter there," said Sir John. "Luckily we have a litter with us. You, Sir Claude, guard her thither while I see to the wounded."

"Nay, nay, let this be my task," said Claude; and notwithstanding every remonstrance, Sir John was forced to attend his mistress to the abbey.

The truth is, Claude did not desire to impose on Lady Blanche the painful task of returning him thanks, when he knew her heart must be a prey to the mortification consequent on Lord Waltham's flight. He, therefore, after he had seen the wounded carefully borne to the abbey gate, was about to pursue his journey without stopping, when a message was delivered from the Lady Blanche asking an interview.—There was now no escape, and he alighted.

But Claude would have given worlds to have avoided the interview. He feared for his composure. Feared that by some look or word he might betray his love, feared that the lady Blanche would feel bound to speak honeyed words of thanks when she knew and scorned his suit.

The route to her apartment led through the garden, and as Claude was

slowly pursuing his way, with his eyes bent on the ground, he thought he heard a deep sigh near him. Looking up he found himself near the cloisters; and on a seat, only separated by some rose bushes, was the Lady Blanche. She held something to her lips. Was he in a dream, or could it be the bunch of now faded flowers which he had once given her? He could not be mistaken. There was the well-known ribbon with which they were still tied. She murmured his name, too, as she kissed them. Without a second thought, carried away by the rapture of the discovery, Claude put aside the bushes and knelt before her, just as she rose from her seat, alarmed, surprised and overcome with maidenly shame.

"I have long loved you," he said passionately. "Dear Lady Blanche, you do not despise my suit!" She could not speak, but moved her hand for him to rise, and fell weeping into his arms.

We spare the blushes of the Lady Blanche; but, as her face lay hidden on the broad bosom of her lover, she confessed how long she had secretly loved him, and owned herself properly punished for her momentary flirtation; for the Lady Blanche had returned his affection even on that memorable morning when he gave her the rose-buds; women's whim had prompted her words on that occasion; but, ever since, the little bouquet had been worn next her heart. Fride had kept her, however, from coming to an explanation until Claude's altered demeanor made her fear that his affections had changed.

They were married, Claude Marston and the Lady Blanche; but the earl of Waltham was not even bidden to the wedding.

Scene in a Boarding House.

A lady, whose husband is in California, Calcutta or Chicago, suddenly awakened from her sleep the other morning at about 2 o'clock, and springing from her bed, dashed out of her room, en dishabille, screaming at the top of her voice "Murder! I help! murder! I man in my room!" &c., &c. Under the circumstance this was quite natural, inasmuch as one mistake of this kind had happened in the house recently. Now, it appears that no less than three husbands were absent when they should have been there and consequently there was more or less worried, mixed up with a species of apprehension on the part of three wives, each one wondering whether it was her husband who had thus forgotten herself or the room.

"Oh, come up quickly," shouted the terrified female, holding on the outside door knob. "I've got him in."

"If it's my Josey, said another disconsolate, "I'll learn him better. Confound these night sappers, now he's been at one of them, and has mistaken the room, and there I've been alone all night."

"Has he got whiskers? anxiously asked the wife upon reaching the landings on the upper floors.

"Yes ma'am, great big bushy whiskers, laying right along side of my cheek when I awoke. Dear me, if my Alexander was here, he'd learn him better, I'll warrant you."

"Joseph! Joseph! Josey!" shouted the wife at the door.

No answer came; not even a grunt, incident to an imprecation.

"May be he has jumped out of the window," suggested the four or five females all at once who made a splendid group of long white drapery.

"Here—help! bring a light—bring a light," shouted several of the females.

Presently a light was brought, and several of the male boarders appeared, all armed to give the thief or robber such treatment as he had justly earned for himself.

The door was opened, and in rushed the valiant squad, and sure enough the fellow was still in bed, with the top of his head just peeping above the sheets.

"Come out here you scoundrel!" said one of the men at the same time grasping him by the hair.

The tableaux was strikingly interesting and graphic.

The resolute boarder almost fell from the impetus he had given himself, for, instead of jerking out a man it was nothing more than a "frizzed chignon," which the lovely occupant of the bed had forgotten to take off when she retired for the night. It had been displaced in her sleep, and grazing her cheek, awakened her. The alarm, of course, was quite natural. The boarders had a hearty laugh, and all retired to happy dreams.

The surprise that many of the persons run over by railroad trains have been previously murdered is usually not susceptible of proof. An engineer on the Louisville and Chicago railroad, however, applied the brakes so promptly that the body that he saw ahead on the track was not struck. It was found that the man had been robbed, almost killed, and then placed where a train would be likely to obliterate all evidence of the crime.

The Rev. Adirondack Murray writes for the Christian Union about camping out, and begins with the advice: "If you wish to escape all inconvenience and deprivations, don't go at all." He adds that none but good natured people should camp out, because "a sour face at the bark table spoils the venison and takes the charm from the pancakes." He cautions against taking along too much baggage. One rifle, one fly-rod, and a small valise full of clothing are enough as a personal outfit.