

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. V., No. 46.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 13, 1877.

Subscribers out of County, \$1.20

Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.
Passengers for Philadelphia will leave Lehigh- ton as follows:
7:45 a. m. via L. V. arrive at Phila. at 6:45 a. m.
11:45 a. m. via L. V. " " 11:45 a. m.
1:45 p. m. via L. V. " " 1:45 p. m.
3:45 p. m. via L. V. " " 3:45 p. m.
5:45 p. m. via L. V. " " 5:45 p. m.
Returning, leave depot at Berks and Ameri- can St., Phila. at 8:15 and 9:45 a. m.; 2:15, p. m.
Jan. 1, 1877. ELLIS CLARK, Agent.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

AUGUST 2ND, 1877.
Trains leave ALLEN TOWN as follows:—
(VIA PERKINS BRANCH)
For Philadelphia, at 6:50, 11:00, a. m., 2:15 and 4:45 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
For Philadelphia at 2:25 p. m.
(VIA EARLY PENNA. BRANCH)
For Reading, 1:20, 5:50, 8:50 a. m., 12:10, 4:30 and 9:05 p. m.
For Harrisburg, 5:50, 8:55 a. m., 12:10, 4:30 p. m.
For Lancaster and Columbia, 2:50, a. m. and 4:30 p. m.
Trains not run on Mondays.
SUNDAYS.
For Reading, 2:30 a. m. and 9:05 p. m.
For Harrisburg, 9:05 a. m.
Trains FOR ALLEN TOWN leave as follows:
(VIA PERKINS BRANCH)
Leave Philadelphia, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 1:30 and 6:15 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
Leave Philadelphia, 8:00 a. m.
(VIA EARLY PENNA. BRANCH)
Leave Reading, 7:45, 10:45 a. m., 4:00, 6:10 and 10:30 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5:00, 7:30 a. m., and 1:40, 2:30 p. m.
Leave Lancaster, 7:30 a. m., and 2:25 p. m.
Leave Columbia, 1:20 a. m., and 2:15 p. m.
Leave Reading, 7:35 a. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5:00 a. m.
Trains marked with (*) run to and from depot 8th and Green streets, Philadelphia, other trains to and from Broad street depot.
Trains 6:50 a. m. and 5:50 p. m. trains from Allen- town, and the 7:30 a. m. and 6:15 p. m. trains from Philadelphia, have through cars to and from Philadelphia.
J. E. WOOLLEN,
General Manager.
C. G. HANCOCK, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

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March 24, 1877.

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Aug. 15, 1877-1878.

DR. EDWARD BROWN,

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phia, has opened an office in LEHIGHTON, on

BROAD STREET, next door to Snyder's store.

All work warranted satisfactory.

LAUGHING GAS used for the painless ex-

traction of Teeth. Aug. 15, 1877-78

The Course of True Love.

BY HOLLY JOY.

One beautiful evening in September, just as the sun was setting behind the hills that encircled the pretty little town of N—, a man's tall figure might have been seen entering the gate of the little garden that surrounded a pretty, vine-clad cottage. As he closed the gate he glanced at the rustic arbor at the end of the garden, and following the direction of his gaze, one might have seen what had been the object of the rich Elmo St. Clare's visit to the humble dwelling. Standing at the entrance of the arbor, with the western sun lighting up her wealth of golden hair, was a young girl of seventeen summers. As the click of the gate fell upon her ear, she raised her dark violet eyes, shaded by long, black lashes, and as her gaze rested upon the approaching form a deep blush suffused her fair face, and a low exclamation of joy burst from her rosy lips. St. Clare sprang forward.

"Beryl are you really glad to see me?"

"Oh, yes," she murmured, "so glad, for I thought you had gone. You will stay now, Elmo?"

"I cannot, Beryl, darling. I have come to say good-bye. My mother is very ill, and I must hasten to New York. But you will not forget me, will you?"

"No indeed," she answered; "how could I?"

"Will you grant me one favor, Beryl? Wear this ring until we meet again," at the same time slipping a ring of curious device on her delicate finger. The ring was a serpent with its tail in its mouth, and studded with tur-

quoise; inside was engraved, "Forget me not."

"There," he said, "I do not think anyone who is faithless should wear this, for you see, dear, the serpent is for eternity, and blue is the color of truth; so unless I fully trusted my life to the girl I should not ask her to wear it. And now, darling, as I leave in an hour, I must say farewell."

At the same time he clasped her in his arms, pressed a kiss on her lips, and walked quickly away.

She gazed after his retreating form until it was lost to sight, then, burying her face in her hands, sank upon the rustic seat, till being roused by a foot-step, she fled to the house.

Elmo St. Clare had gone to Europe with his mother as she had been dangerously ill; and since the day he parted with Beryl many changes had taken place in both their lives.

Beryl's father was dead and she had come to live with her aunt, Mrs. Stone, in New York, and during the past year had been attending a fashionable school. This winter she made her first entrance into society. Never a word of Elmo reached her through all those long months, and though she believed him false, she still loved him with all the warmth of her passionate nature, and the turquoise ring still graced the slender white finger.

More beautiful than ever, she had not a few suitors, but to none she gave an encouragement, rather to Mrs. Stone's displeasure, for her great aim was to have her niece make a good match. To-night she gave a grand ball and she had come to Beryl's room to give her some instructions.

"I don't see," she was saying "why you do not care for any of the gentlemen who are so devoted to you. Now there is Mr. P—, as nice a young man as you could meet anywhere, and wealthy, too."

"Oh, auntie," was Beryl's answer, "he does not think of nothing but his beloved moustache and his immaculate kids. You would not have me marry him?"

"Well, there are Mr. S—, and Mr. K—, and I do not know how many others, who would do anything on earth to win you. Why is it, Beryl?" she continued.

"Because—I am sure I don't know, auntie, only I care nothing for any of them. I suppose the right one will come some day."

But though the words were gay a shadow had fallen over the girl's bright face at the thought of that one who came and left her again, and her eyes fell and rested on the ring, as the memory of the words he had spoken arose.

"Well, I cannot understand it, but I am sure I hope the right one will come soon." And, so saying, Mrs. Stone arose and left the room.

"Mr. St. Clare!"

The name was announced in the crowded drawing room of Mrs. Stone, and Elmo moved forward to receive the hearty welcome of his hostess. During a pause in their conversation, his attention was attracted by the words, spoken close to him.

"Miss Starr, may I have the pleasure of this dance?"

As the quiet answer was given, he glanced toward the speakers. In one he recognized an old college chum, Laughton Stewart, while the other was a lovely girl dressed in shimmering white, forget-me-nots clustering at her bosom, and a diamond star in the coil of golden hair that crowned her stately head. Why did she start and almost forget the question Mrs. Stone had just asked?

"Can it be?" he murmured. "But no—and yet how like my lost darling! And the same name, too."

The dance was finished, and Laughton Stewart came to speak to him.

"Hallo! old fellow, how glad I am to see you! When did you return?"

"Why, Stewart, this indeed is a pleasure," and as they exchange greetings let us take a glance at our hero, and see what changes twelve months had wrought in him.

The brilliant eyes were as full of life as ever, but with a shade of sadness in them, which also expressed itself in the lines of the sensitive, though firm, mouth.

"Stewart," he said, "who is that charming girl you were dancing with?"

"She is the cousin of my affianced wife, and therefore Mrs. Stone's niece. Do you want to be introduced? Come." And before Elmo could answer he heard the words, "Miss Starr, my friend, Mr. St. Clare."

As in a dream Elmo offered his arm to Beryl. She drew her breath quietly; he glanced up and caught the glimmer of the turquoise ring. He knew her now.

"Miss Starr, will you come into the conservatory? It is very pleasant there."

As she answered in the affirmative, they entered the beautiful place and seated themselves near a fountain, amongst the orange blossoms. After a few commonplace remarks she spoke with a suddenness that startled her.

"Beryl, do you remember me? Beryl, they said you were dead. My letters were returned unanswered. Why is this? Speak?"

"Elmo, my father died suddenly after you left N—, I came here to live with my aunt; not hearing from you, could I help thinking you false? O Elmo, forgive me for that base suspicion."

"My darling, I will forgive you anything if you will tell me that you love me. Can you give me one ray of hope?"

Without a word she extended the little hand bearing the serpent he had given her so significantly years ago.

He took her answer in an instant, and clasped her in his arms as she hid her blushing face on his shoulder.

"My sweet, look up, and tell me when I may bring you home?"

"When you are ready for me to come she whispered.

Such a wedding as it was! A double wedding, for on the day that Beryl Starr gave her hand to Laughton Stewart. At last Beryl went home with Elmo to gladden the heart of his aged mother. Laughton and Hattie are now in Europe, spending the first two years of their married life.

A Boy's Composition on Babies.

There are four or five different kinds of babies. There is the big baby, the little baby, the white baby and the poodle dog, and there is the baby elephant.

Most of these babies was born in a boarding house, except the baby elephant; I think he was born on a railroad train, 'cause he alius carries his trunk with him.

A white baby is pootler nor a elephant baby, but he can't eat so much hay.

All the babies what I have ever seen were born very young, 'specially the gal babies, and they can't none of them talk the United States language.

My father had—I mean my mother had a baby once. It was not an elephant baby; it was a little white baby; it comed one day when there was no body home; it was a funny looking fellow, just like a lobster.

I asked my father was it a boy or a girl, and he say he don't know whether he was a father or a mother.

This little baby has got two legs, just like a monkey.

His name is Mariah.

He don't look like my father nor my mother, but he just looks like my uncle Tom 'cause the little baby ain't got no hair on his head.

One day I asked by Uncle Tom what was the reason he ain't got no hair and the little baby 'ain't got no hair. He says he don't know, 'cept that the little baby was born so, and he was a married man.

One day I pulled a feather out of the old rooster's tail and I stuck it up the baby's nose and it tickled him so, he almost died. It was only a little bit of a feather, and I didn't see what he wanted to make such a fuss about it for. My mother said I ought'er be ashamed of myself and I didn't get no bread on my butter for nor'n a week.

Mutineers in Irons.

TERRIBLE VOYAGE OF THE SCHOONER LIZZIE B. GREGG.

The brief sketch of the voyage of the schooner Lizzie B. Gregg from Bonaire to this port, which appeared in connection with the report of the preliminary examination of two of her sailors for assault upon the captain, E. B. Anderson, with intent to kill, gives but a faint idea of the trouble these sailors caused.

Captain Anderson, while in New York, before starting on the passage, shipped his crew at a shipping office. This crew consisted of three negroes and a Gray Head Indian, the latter named Charles Garver. One of the negroes behaved well throughout the voyage; a second, Andrew Jackson, caused some trouble while in the various ports, but behaved well while on the passage; the third a wonderfully powerful man, named James Morris, in connection with the Indian, made a great deal of trouble.

On the voyage to Laguayra, Venezuela, matters went smoothly enough, there being no trouble to speak of. At Laguayra, on the 4th of August, Morris and Jackson came on board drunk and disorderly, and refused to work, and the captain was obliged to send ashore for officers, and they were taken to prison. On the 7th, while still at Laguayra, Garver disobeyed the orders of the mate, and repeated his offense again on the 9th, while the vessel was under way for Porto Cabello, when he assaulted the mate and knocked him down, threatening to split his head open, and when the captain pulled him off he was trying to bite the mate's ear.

On the 10th, while taking in a cargo at Porto Cabello, Garver and Morris were again drunk and disorderly, threatening to take the life of the captain, and they were again put in prison. Next day, Jackson, while under the influence of liquor, had another of his spells of refusing to work, abusing and insulting the captain, and he too, was sent to prison. While here, the United States consul took the matter in hand, and according to official papers in Captain Anderson's possession, called to see them in prison, to see if he could bring them to sound reason, but remained convinced that it was no use, and, considering them unmanageable and dangerous, authorized the captain to keep them on board, in irons, as long as necessary.

The schooner then sailed to Bonaire, and took on a load of salt, and sailed for this port on the 17th ult. Soon after sailing he released the men on their promise of better behavior. Jackson, who, it seems was only ugly when drunk, whose offense consisted in refusing to work when in that condition, kept his word and made no further trouble, though, naturally, the captain and mate did not have the utmost confidence in him. There were signs of trouble in the air, and constant watch was necessary. On the 31, just, the Indian assaulted the steward, and upon the captain inquiring what was the matter, he replied insultingly to the captain, threatening him and the mate and every one aft, and saying he would kill some one before he would be put in irons. A severe struggle ensued, but finally the captain and mate succeeded in putting the noble red man in irons, the latter attempting to use a knife, kicking furiously, biting the captain several places, and severely kicking the captain's wife, who was holding the lantern while the husband and the mate were trying to secure him. Garver was kept in irons until the vessel arrived here.

About four o'clock last Monday morning, while Morris was at the wheel and the mate and one of the seamen were forward at work about the job, the captain passed along in front of the wheel, and as he went by Morris he happened to see out of the sides of his eyes, as he went by, the negro raise his hand as if to strike. Quick as thought he sprang away and succeeded in getting far enough from the negro so that the blow with the sheath knife, aimed in all probability at the back of his neck, struck him in the shoulder, inflicting rather a severe but not a dangerous wound. He turned and caught a second blow in the hand, cutting him somewhat, and at the same time dealt the negro a blow that knocked him down.

The mate was called aft, and an attempt was made to put him in irons. He fought like a tiger, continually threatening the captain and mate, cutting at them with his knife, but losing his knife he bounded away and went below, where he got another knife and held them at bay. The fore-castle was nailed down and Morris was a prisoner. He was kept there till eight o'clock and then invited to come up, but was as obstinate as ever, and no one dared to go down and cope with him. An attempt was made to pin him with the jaw of the boat's boom, a stick as large as a man's ankle, but such was his strength that he snapped that stick time and again with his hand, like a pipe stem. Then a board was used, with the same result, and the attempt was given up, the captain not caring to capture him by breaking his limbs or killing him. In the course of time Morris agreed to submit provided he could be ironed with his hands in front of him, and he was so ironed, though once under control he was made secure and kept so until delivered up to the authorities here.

The captain had two men he could depend on, and of one of them he was suspicious. For twenty-five days he allowed himself but two hours' sleep

out of the twenty-four, which he took lying on a lounge or desk, with his wife watching