The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Proprietor. | INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live." | $1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. VI., No. 30. | LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1878. | Single Copies, 3 cts.

Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.

Passengers for Philadelphia leave Lehighton as follows:

6:47 a. m.,	via. L. V.	arrive at Phila.	at 6:40 a. m.
7:55 a. m.	via L. V.	" "	11:00 a. m.
11:00 a. m.	via L. V.	" "	2:05 p. m.
6:44 p. m.,	via L. V.	" "	6:15 p. m.
9:47 a. m.,	via L. & S.,	" "	11:00 a. m.
11:07 a. m.,	via L. & S.,	" "	2:05 p. m.
5:24 p.m.	via L. & S.	" "	5:40 p. m.
4:57 p.m.		" "	8: 5 p. m.
7:57 p. m.	via L. V.	" "	10:00 p. m.

Returning, leave depot at Berks and American St., Phila., at 8:15 and 9:45 a. m.; 2:30, 5:30, and 8:00 p. m. ELLIS CLARK, Agent.

June 3, 1878.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

MAY 12TH, 1878.

Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—

(VIA PERKIOMEN BRANCH.)

For Philadelphia, at 4:25, 6.50, 11.05, a.m., and 6.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia at 4.25 a. m., 3.35 p. m.

(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

For Reading, † 2.30, 5.50, 9.05 a m., 12.15, 2.10, 4.30 and 9 05 p.m.

For Harrisburg, 2.30 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 9.05 p. m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, 5.50, 9.05 a.m. and 4.30 p. m.

† Does not run on Mondays.

SUNDAYS.

For Reading, 2.30 a.m. and 4:30 and 9.05 p.m.

For Harrisburg, 2.30 a. m. and 9 05 p. m.

Trains FOR ALLENTOWN leave as follows:

(VIA PERKIOMEN BRANCH.)

Leave Philadelphia, 7.30 a. m., 1.00, *1.30 and 5.30 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Philadelphia, 8.00 a. m. and 3 15 p. m.

(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

Leave Reading, 7.40, 7.42, 10.35 a.m., 4.00, 6.15 and 10.30 p.m

Leave Harrisburg, 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 2.00, 3.57 and 7.35 p. m.

Leave Lancaster, 8.10 a. m., 12.55 and 3.45 p. m.

Leave Columbia, 8.00 a. m., 1.00 and 3.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading, 7.20 and 9.40 a. m.

Leave Harrisburg, 5.20 a.m.

Trains marked thus (*) run to and from depot 8th and Green streets, Philadelphia, other trains to and from Broad street depot.

The 6.50 a. m and 5.55 p. m. trains from Allentown, and the 7.30 a. m. and 4.30 p. m. trains from Philadelphia, have through cars to and from Philadelphia.

J. E. WOOTTEN, *General Manager.*

G. G. HANCOCK, *Gen'l Ticket Agent.*

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

GREAT TRUNK LINE

AND

United States Mail Route.

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in use on this line well illustrate the far-seeing and liberal policy of its management, in accordance with which the utility only of an improvement and not its cost has been the question of consideration. Among many may be noticed the

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Janney Coupler, Buffer & Platform,

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AND THE

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april 6 y1

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May be consulted in German. may25-1y*

F. P. LONGSTREET,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Next door to the "Carbon House,"

BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.

December 16-6m.

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May 27, 1y.

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Can be consulted in German. [jan9.

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LEHIGHTON, PENN'A.

N.B.—Special attention given to the Cure of Salt Rheum, &c. jan. 12-y

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OFFICE: Next door to the Union Church,

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PATENT MEDICINES—all $1 Preparations 85 cents such as Vinegar Bitters, Hostetter's, Drake's Plantation, Mishler's Herb, German Bitters and all others formerly $1, now 85 cts. 50c. preparations 40c. and 25c. preparations 20c.

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LINIMENTS—Laubach's, Low's Magnetic, Donnelly's Electric, Samson Oil, Radway's Relief, Magic Oil, Gargling Oil, Wildfire Liniment, and all others formerly 50c. now 40c.

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BOOK 33 newest and most popular songs, with writings of instruction and amusement also, a list of all the battles, when and where fought, during the war, for 2 cent stamp. Address, DESMOND & CO., 816 Race st., Philadelphia. 8m6 1y

In Memory of Henry Geisel.

BY WM. P. MORAN.

Friends are sitting here to-day,
Friends of one that's gone before us;
Friends have all to pass that way—
Friends in song and friends in chorus.

Friends, we've all lived here so fondly,
Friendly ate and drank our fill;
Friends still linger sad and lonely,
Friends at heart and loving still.

Friend departed, how we miss thee,
Friendship's sad without thy face;
Friends there are would fondly kiss thee,
Friend, within thy resting place.

Peletiah Perritt's Cider.

Our misfortunes are sometimes angels in disguise, but they are not always thus apareled. Tranquility under affliction cannot be commanded in every event of life, however necessary it may be on all occasions to strive after that equanimity which becomes a man or woman, no matter how severe the present trial of patience or fortitude. Listen to the unhappy story of Peletiah, son of Orrin K. Perritt, of South Littleton, as related by himself.

In the remembrance of some sorrows, whatever the duration of life, we never outgrow ourselves. Whenever I attempt to recall the incidents in my somewhat exceptional career, one particular day of my existence rises up before me, and will not be forgotten, or even lightened of its burden of pain. With shame and confusion I look back upon the past, for that one terrible day of gloom overshadows my career and obscures the sunny hours which, in the course of nature, come at intervals to every male and female descendant of Adam. I can think with calmness of many sad circumstances that have befallen my lot—circumstances full of peril and horror; but that particular disaster to which I refer has blotted out all feeling with regard to other scenes that might, disconnected from my grand catastrophe, have darkened a lifetime. Oh, that I had died young, while yet a stranger to public mortification; a mortification to "unbrace the strongest nerves and make the stoutest courage quail."

The day of my calamity, forty years ago, dawned like many another day in ripe October. The morning that ushered in the Sunday on which I was to suffer was one of radiant loveliness, and, as I walked along alone to our modest little house of worship in the country, all the trees seemed hanging out their banners of beauty. How well do I recall the scene of surpassing brilliancy on that gorgeous autumn morning! I had started early, that I might move slowly over the road, and, allured by the splendid lights and shadows, I made a detour of over a mile beyond the church, in the direction of a beautiful hillside, on one of whose slopes resided my father's lifelong friend, Colonel Bijah Peabody, as he was universally denominated in that part of the country.

The colonel was standing by his garden gate, enjoying the still security of that peaceful Sunday morning. His pipe rested between his lips and emitted only at intervals a gentle puff of smoke. Seeing me approach from the woody roadside, he looked a hearty welcome, and exclaimed:

"Glad to see you, Peletiah. How's your futher and all the folks at home?"

I answered this kind inquiry, and declined his earnest invitation to "walk in," as I was hurrying to the meeting-house for the morning service.

"Well," said the old man, "the least you can do is to take 'long a couple of bottles of my best cider to your father, who is laid up to home with roomatizum."

Now, if there was one liquid in the world that father hankered after when he did not feel "exactly right," it was the colonel's bottled cider in October, for he said, "Peabody's was better than his'n or anybody else's cider in the whole country."

At first I hesitated about taking along the delectable fluid, for I should have to convey it in my coat-tail pockets to church with me, and elude, as best I might, the vigilant eyes of Deacon Treadwell and old Miss Patience Libby, both of whom sat in full sight of our pew.

However, when the colonel, who saw my reluctant response to his invitation, exclaimed, "Don't be proud, Peletiah!" I hastily pocketed the cider, and, thinking of my father's prospective delight at dinner-time, moved with alacrity over the hillside to meeting.

The bell had ceased tolling when I arrived at the door, but I waited outside until after the "first prayer," and then glided noiselessly on my toes to our family pew. My brother and sister had taken their seats, leaving my place unoccupied against my arrival. Mother remained at home to keep our dear old father company in his suffering, and read the most comforting chapters in the Bible to him during his worst paroxysms.

My long walk had predisposed me to slumber, but I stood up as usual in "singing time," cutting in with full force when we came to "And that shall kindle ours," in the proper place for the tenor voices. I heard the minister give out the text, and followed him into his "secondly," when my mind wandered, and a prejudiced individual would probably have charged me with being asleep. I roused myself warily, however, chewed a bit of fennel; and put on a look of intense satisfaction with the discourse.

Suddenly I became aware of a movement in the direction of one of my coat-tails. A freezing horror chilled my person from head to foot, and I knew then that it was the cider getting ready to explode in my left-hand pocket. For a moment I tried to summon up an appearance of unconcern, as if the detonating sound came from some other locality, but its proximity could not be long disguised. Immediate expose was inevitable.

Should I instantly fly from the pew, before the cork had time to do its worst? I deliberated a moment, but it was too late. One crash,—my fate was sealed. In all my experience with corks, I never had one leave the neck of a bottle with a noise like that. The noise was terrific in its violence, and to my disordered fancy shook the meeting-house. The minister stopped short in his sermon, and looked around bewildered. Two small, disreputable boys in the gallery collapsed with delight. Anything to put an end to the sermon was "nuts" to them, and they at once effervesced with happiness aver my misery. But their effervescence was nothing to that which was going on in our immediate vicinity! With one mighty bound the "pent-up Utica" of cider, with no cork to stop it, tore into the air above our pew and leaped headlong over my shoulders, boiling and bursting into the back of my neck, and spilling over into the broad aisle. In vain I tried to restrain the impetuous liquid with my fingers—to curb its remorseless fury for a moment with my pocket-handkerchief; but no effort of mine could quell its fleet career. On it came, hissing and destroying like a wild tornado in tropic clime, terrible to contemplate and awful to experience. It was indeed a "sight to behold." My hand became saturated with cider to that extent, in the language of Prof. Holmes, it "drooped around my pallid cheek like sea-weed in a calm." My garments ran apple-juice, and I was as one steeped from crown to toe in cider. I was odorous with the foaming abomination, and fearful to look upon.

All eyes were turned upon me, evidently requiring an explanation of such an unwonted scene, while the other bottle began to give voluble signs of disturbance. At once I started up in fresh alarm, and ran out of the pew, making for the meeting-house door with all the precipitation possible to a ruined man; but, alas! I was too late. Out flew the other cork, and a second deluge wildly ensued. Miss Libby was struck twice violently in the bonnet, and screamed as I flew past her into the porch. There I sat down, overcome with shame and over-exertion, only wishing for Providential annihilation on the sacred spot I had innocently done so much to desecrate.

Reader, may it never be your fate to hear what I have heard, to see what I have seen, in an old-fashioned country meeting-house, where every body knows you, and where, down to the latest generation, nobody ever forgets a ridiculous catastrophe like mine.

For centuries to come, whenever a bottle of cider threatens to explode in South Littleton, some by-stander will be sure to observe, with a sly look at the fizzing aperture: "Stand by with a tumbler, for I guess it's going to Perrit!" And thus my ill-starred name will forever be associated with ciderial influences, any thing but pleasant, in the humble village where I was born.—*Youth's Companion.*

INCURABLE LAZINESS.

A genuine tramp is an inmate of a Missouri poorhouse. He was a doctor at one time of his life, but tired of his profession and ceased practice. Then his wife worked for him till she worked to death, and then he tramped. Believing that work wasn't healthy, he had resolved never to work any more. His mind was fully made up on that subject. He did not want to steal, and he had to live. A poorhouse was what he was looking for. The poorhouse keepers told him that if he staid there he would have to work. He thought not. No more work for him under any circumstances. They put him in a dark cell for twenty-four hours, to bring him to a sense of his loneliness and isolation, feeding him moderately. They plied him with the labor question; wouldn't work. They shut him up for twenty-four hours more. His determination remained unaltered. Ten days passed, and he still refused to work. Doctors were called in, and found the man serene, perfectly healthy in mind and body, and he moreover proved himself a physician by answering correctly all the professional questions put to him. He was a stumper. They had never before met a case of laziness where forty-eight hours of enforced idleness and darkness and silence would not bring a reaction. They took him out and put a hoe in his hand. He dropped the hoe. They tried to make him follow a plow. He dropped in the furrow. So they turned him loose among the other paupers, and find him useful in lecturing them on morals and giving them good advice. So he has his uses after all.

Grumblers.

Some people are so in the habit of grumbling that they are never happy except when doing it. Nothing is ever quite right to them unless it is just enough wrong to enable them to complain of it. It is better, however, not to finger every rose with the certainty that if you search long enough you will find the thorn. The end of such a habit is well put in the following lines:—

He finds he has sorrows more deep than his tears,
He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years;
He grumbles to think he has grumbled away
His home and his fortune, his life's little day.
But, alas! 'tis too late; it is no use to say
That his eyes are too dim and his hair is too gray.
He knows he is wretched as wretched can be;
There is no one more wretchedly wretched than he.

GRIT.

Grit is a good thing to hav; but you don't want tu much ov it. I have known folks who had so much grit that they didn't know when they were whipt. This don't pay. I like to see a man who aint afrade to fight a windmill when she is in full blast; but I don't kare to see him do it; it is a hard thing to do, and they don't know neither when they hav got enuf. Grit and Spunk are two twins, and their mother is Courage and their father is Bravery. I have seen grit and spunk and even courage, that didn't have a bit of bravery in them. Bravery always acts from principle. Grit maybe rite and it may be wrong. It ain't very certain or partikilar which. Gritty men ain't always luvly; they are too much like sand paper to handle—always ready for a scratch. I like grit in everything but my hash; there iz where I kan't bear it. Give every man you meet a big haff of the turnpike, but if he insists on the whole ov it, the religion of the Billings family is to arbitrate the case at onst. If a man smote yu on one cheek, turn him the other one if yu like, but don't let him smote that. That ain't fair.—*Josh. Billings.*

My Sarvent Dorr.

Many years ago, when there was but one church in the old town of Lyme, Conn., the people were without a pastor. They had been for a long time destitute, and now were on the point of making a unanimous call for a very acceptable preacher, when a cross-grained man, by the name of Dorr, began a violent opposition to the candidate, rallied a party and threatened to defeat the settlement. At a parish meeting, while the matter was under discussion, a half-witted fellow arose in the house and said he wanted to tell a dream he had last night. He thought he died and went away where the wicked people go, and as soon as Satan saw him he asked him where he came from.

"From Lyme, Connecticut," I told him right out.

"Ah! and what are they doing in Lyme?" he asked.

"They are trying to settle a minister," I answered.

"Settle a minister!" he cried out. "I must put a stop to that. Bring me my boots! I must go to Lyme this very night."

I then told him as he was drawing on his boots, Mr. Dorr was opposing the settlement, and very likely he he would prevent it altogether.

"My sarvent Dorr!" exclaimed his Majesty. "My sarvent Dorr! Here, take my boots; if my sarvent Dorr is at work, there is no need of my going at all."

This speech did the business. Mr. Dorr made no further opposition. The minister was settled, but his opponent carried the title, "My sarvent Dorr," with him to the grave.

—Many a Dollar formerly spent on expensive Sulphur Baths is now saved by substituting therefor GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP, which is just as beneficial but infinitely cheaper. Local diseases of the skin, rheumatism and gout are all relieved by this standard remedy. Complexional blemishes are eradicated by it, and it imparts to the cuticle a pearly whiteness and velvety softness which greatly enhance the effect of female charms. Its soothing, antiphlogistic action constitutes it a prime remedy for sores, ulcers, cuts, sprains, scalds, bruises, and in fact every abnormal condition of the cuticle attended by inflammation, swelling or itching. Ladies moving in our best society speak of its beautifying properties in enthusiastic terms, and give it a decided preference to cosmetics which merely conceal but do not, like GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP, eradicate defects of the complexion. The use of ointments for eruptive complaints is to be deprecated because of their having a tendency to clog the pores and in some cases to aggravate rather than remedy the disease. They are, besides, seldom thorough enough in their effects to prevent the recurrence of eruptions of an inveterate type, and have the disadvantage of soiling the linen of persons who use them. Glenn's Sulphur Soap, on the contrary, radically cures the diseases to which it is adapted and still further recommends itself on account of its cleanliness. It is besides, an admirable disinfectant of clothing which has been worn by persons afflicted with diseases of a contagious nature. As a specific preventive and promoter of the general health it presents advantages of the most unequivocal description. Sold by Druggists. Price 25c. per cake. 1 Box (3 cakes) 75c., sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price. C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop'r 7 Sixth Avenue, New York.

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