The Carbon Advocate.

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VOL. VI., No. 36.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878.

Single Copies, 3 cts.

Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD. Passengers for Philadelphia loave Lehighton as follows: as follows:
5.72 m., via. f. V. arrive at Phila. at 6:40 s. m.
7.25 s. m. via L. V.
11:70 s. m.
11:70 s. m. via L. V.
11:70 s. m. via L. V.
11:74 s. m. via L. & 8.
11:75 s. m. via L. & 8. 255 p.m. via L. V. 215 p.m. via L. V. 215 p.m. via L. V. 2100 p.m. Returning, leaved opet at Berke and American St., Palla., at 8:15 and 8:45 a.m.; 2:39, 5:30, and 8:09 p.m. ELLIS CLARK. Agent. Jme J. 1876.

PHILA, & READING RAILROAD. Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

Trains loave ALLENTO WN as follows: [VIA PREKIOMEN BRANCH.]
Por Philadelphis, at 4:25, 5:50, 11:05, s.m., and
6:55 p.m.

5.55 p. m. SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia at 4.2a s. m. 3.55 p. m. (VIA HASC PENNA. BRANCH.)

For Revelus, † 2.20, 5.50, 9.05 m., 12.15, 2.10, 4.30 mid 985 p.m. p. 22.55, 5.05, 8.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 9.05 p. m. p. 22.55 p. 25 a. m. and 4.30 p. m. an

430 p. m.

Does not run on Monday

*UNDAYS.

Por Readint, 230 a.m. and 437 and 9.05 p.m.

For Harrisburg, 231 a.m. and 9.05 u.m.

Trains FOR ALLE NTOWN leave as follows:

(VIA PERKOMEN BRANCH.)

Leave Philadelphia, 7.31 a.m., 1.00, *1.30 and 6.30 a.m.

Leave Philadelphia, 7.33 a. m., 1.00, *1.30 and 5.30 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Philadelphia, 5.03 a. m. and 3 15 p. m.

(VIA EAST PENNA BRANCH)

Leave Reading, 7.49, 7.45, 10.35 a. m., and 1.00, 3.57 and 1.630 p.m.

Leave Harrisburg, 5.73, 8.10 a. m., and 1.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m.

Leave Lancaster, 5.10 a. m., 1.00 and 2.35 p. m.

Geave Columbia, 5.00 a. m., 1.00 and 2.35 p. m.

Leave Reading, 7.30 and 9.40 a. m.

Leave Harrisburg, 5.70 a.m.

Trains may ked thus (5) run to and from deput of the and Green streets, Philadelphia, other trains to and from Broad street depot.

Tice, 50 a. m. and 5.55 p. m. trains from Allentown, and the 7.30 a. m. and 9.31 p.m. trains from Philadelphia, have through cars to and from Philadelphia, have through cars to and from Philadelphia, have through cars to and from Philadelphia.

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MASTER JOHN.

OR, THE GHOST OF VIVIEN VALE.

BY MAJOR A. P. GRANT.

CHAPTER I.

THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

A number of years ago a very elegant, though old-fashioned mansion, stood on the left bank of the lovely Passaie, not many miles from its head waters. Its surroundings were romantically picturesque, and some of the stirring scenes of the Revolution were enacted on the ground that belonged to the antique dwelling. During the struggle for liberty, the place, quite ancient then, was inhabited by the Leytons, a proud family, who allied themselves to the British interest, and served the king's cause whenever a secret opportunity offered itself. Shortly after the war, the last of the Leytons died, and the property fell into the hands of a man named John Clymer, whese mother had been the sister of the last Leyton.

But where was the young beir to Drearincor? The executors of Leyton's will hunted near and far for him, and did not give up the search until they learned that he had entered the service of the King of Sweden some years prior to the death of his uncle. And with the information, came the news that he had been fatally wounded in a duel, and might die at any moment.

You may be sure, reader, that the executors did not inquire further into the condition of the heir, found at last. They looked about for another person through whose veins flowed Leyton blood; and finally settled the old property upon Vivien Vale, a beautiful girl, who had just entered her eighteenth

Vivien Vale, was John Clymer's second ousin, and she brought much grace and goodness to the old-time dwelling, and soon won the love and esteem of the many servants whom she retained. She would often converse about Cousin John, as she called the man in Sweden, and became so solicitous concerning his welfare, that she wrote to Stockholm to ascertain if he still lived. But no letter was received in reply, and so she concluded that he was dead, and had

filled a duellist's grave.

It was near the close of a delightful September day, that a strange man, with a foreign air, and long, dark beard, came to Drearimoor, and surprised its young mistress, who had just parted with her lover. He said that he was from Stockholm, and the agent of John Clymer, the first heir to the estate, and, moreover, affirmed that he was empowered to examine into affairs, and report to his master, who was not dead.

Vivien, startled by the unexpected visit, received the man courteously, and asked many questions concerning her cousin, in

whom she really took deep interest. "He intends to take possession of Drearmoor so soon as he can settle his affairs in Sweden," the men said, "for you know he

is the first heir." "But he may not have read the will." the young mistress answered with a smile.

"True he has not, but he has heard of its conditions."

"Then I am surprised that he thinks of coming to Drearimoor. He may have been misinformed, for, by the conditions of Hugh Leyton's will, Cousin John has forfeited all claims to the estate."

The agent started, and asked for the will. which with a little hesitation, Vivien placed in his hands.

"That is true," he said, after reading the rude, but binding document. My master, by six months absence after the death of Hugh Leyton, forfeits his first claim to the estate. But," and the Swede bowed to Vivien, "but should the angels call you away from earth, John Clymer becomes master of Drearimoor."

"Even so," said Vivien.

"Well, he will not grumble when I make my report," the man said. He is quite wealthy in Stockholm, and is anxious that his uncle's old place should not go to rack."

"Tell Cousin John that I will keep it in good repair, and that, should it ever fall into his hands he will find it a fit place in which to end his peaceful days."

After some more conversation, the man who called himself John Dreski, took his departure, and rode away at a brisk gallop. Vivien had given him a kindly letter to John Clymer; but when he had put three hills between him and the old house he drew it from his bosom, and perused it with cunning smile.

"There is no use in taking this letter to Sweden, when John Clymer is so near," murmured the man, as he tore the letter in twain, and threw it into the Passaic, near whose calm and beautiful waters he was riding. Master John is very near you, old Drearimoor, and before morning you will have a master, not a mistress."

The horseman halted before he reached the village of Passaic, from which he had emerged a few hours before. It was now moonlight, and not a cloud was in the sky; the pleasant breeze warmed the man's face, as he sat in the saddle, apparently buried in deep thought.

"She is very beautiful, but she must not

was prepared for the reception I received, the river. and it cut my heart-the sight of a flaxenhaired girl ruling in the place of my Uncle Hugh. Why, she will live to a green old age, for the Leytons and their kin never die young, unless-unless-they die before they get old."

He smiled at his own words, then struck his steed with the spurs, and galloped on to

Passaic. At the inn he paid the landlord some money then said good-bye, and rode away never to return as John Dreski, the Swede and agent of John Clymer, or Master John.

Drearimoor that a young man came to the mansion, and sought Vivien, who started when she saw him. " Vivien, who was that man?" he saked,

in an excited manner.

It was not long after his departure from

What man, Kirk ?" "Why, the one who just left Drearimoor. He was riding down the hill as I left a short time ago, and I tarried to see how long he would tarry here. th, Vivien, pardon my inquisitiveness, but I did not like his bearing though I saw it from a distance. He rode just as old Hugh Leyton used to ride up and down the Passaic, on his chestnut horse, and for a moment I thought it was Hugh's ghost."

Vivien, who was listening seriously, laughed when her lover had finished, and then told him all about John Dreski's visit. "And you sent by him a letter to your Cousin John ?" asked the young man, with a smile on his countenance,

"I did, and I trust he will think kindly of us, when he reads it." "Here is the letter," said the youth, draw-

ing two pieces of parchment from his bosom. "See our mail carrier has torn it, and the pieces are well soaked with water."

Vivien's face became quite pale, as she reached forth a trembling hand for the mutilated letter, which she at once recognized. "Where did you get them, Kirk?" she

asked, with engerness. "Let me tell you," he said. "I saw your visitor depart, and a strange, unconquerable curiosity made me follow him. He rode along the river's bank, and all at once he came to a halt. Then, in the light of the moon and the stars, he opened and read your letter, tore it atwain, threw the pieces into the water, and resumed his journey. I went down to the water's edge, and found your letter already flung back upon the shore by the waves. How surprised I was, Vivien, you may imagine. I watched the man as far as I could see him, and then came hither to tell you about my dis-

coveries." A minute's silence followed Kirk Gar-

dyn's last word. "Oh, Kirk, what do you think all this means?" asked Vivien, with frightened

"That man, in the first place, is not John Drieski, and, in the second, he is John Clymer.,

"Cousin John Clymer?" echoed Vivien," "Yes; and I believe him to be a bad man

-a very bad man, Vivien." "Why came he not in his true character?" she asked.

"It did not suit the hated role he is playing. As John Dreski, he can play the part of the spy, and plan according to the state of affairs at Drearimoor. Oh, Vivien, I fear something dreadful is going to happen here," and the young physician took the girl's hand, "But I will soon be nearer than ever to you, for, to-morrow, please God, in this old house, we will be made man and wife, and then let this bad man come between

us, if he dare." "Yes, yes, Kirk, let him tear Drearimoon from me then; I will possess a fortune worth to me, more than a thousand such estates."

He looked with pride into the glowing face that nestled in the hollow of his arm, and kissed Vivien's forehead before he stepped from her side.

"Where are you going," she asked. "I shall ride to Passine yet to-night," he answered. "John Clymer is there, and if he knows that we are to have a wedding here to-morrow, he will need watching."

So the twain parted, and Kirk Gardyn rode to the village to learn that the man calling himself John Dreski, had departed several hours before in the direction of Trenton

"No fear for to-night, then," said the young doctor, and so he retired to his apartments, and fell asleep. Vivien did not remain awake long after

her lover's departure. His revelations had startled her; but the events of the morrow occupied her mind, and it was not long before she had forgotten

her unexpected visitor, and was sleeping on

her couch, with the September moonbeams on her face. By-and-by clouds obscured the face of the moon, and the queen of night did not see the dark figure that entered the sleeping girl's boudoir, through the window that looked upon the lovely Passiac.

Three minutes sped away, and then the figure emerged from the house, and droped from the roof of the veranda like a cat hands had raised; it was an ominous silence,

which rightly is his," he said at last. "I that bore a burly man slong the banks of

The horseman knocked at the door of the village inn, and roused the host, who admitted him and stabled the black horse. Once in his room, the night-rider looked

in the old fishioned mirror, and saw the re-

flections of a cold, stony face, furnished with

iron-gray side-whiskers and a moustache. He soon retired; and once, after his head had pressed the pillows, a low, triumphant laugh rippled over his lips. The next morning there was terrible ex-

citement at Drearimoor, for Vivien Vale

CHAPTER II.

was dead.

THE GROST THAT MASTER JOHN SAW. Yes, the beautiful mistress of Drearimoor

was dead ! So at least the servants said, who gazed through tears upon the whitened face; and Kirk Gardyn, hastily summoned from Passaic, after numerous medical experiments, prononuced her spiritless-fit only for the vault of the Leytons.

De at on her wedding-day, and a maiden

still ! The young doctor, who loved devotedly, could not but associate Vivien's sudden taking off with the visit of the pretended John Dreski to the mansion. But when he came to the conclusion, quite reluctantly, as the reader may suppose, that Vivien had died suddenly, with a disease of the heart, his belief was somewhat shaken, if not entirely

distroyed. John Clymer was now master of Drearimoor, and the servants, as they prepared for the burial on tiptoe, talked in whispers about Master John. When would be come? and what kind of a man was he? There were some who recollected him from years gone by, and those said that he was a stern man who did not care for anything save money if it could be hoarded for the feast

of the miser's vision. Kirk Gardyn returned to Passaic disconsolate and haggard looking; and it was while seated at his window almost opposite the inn, that he saw the landlord's late

guest. "There he is now !" he exclaimed,spring-ing to his feet. "John Dreski has been transmogrified into Master John." A minute later he had crossed the narrow

street, and was inquiring at the door of the inn for John Clymer. "I am the man," said the midnight guest, coming forward. "Do you wish to speak to me?" The doctor scrutinized the man as he came forward, and he knew that he was Hugh

walk and his bearing. The features did not relax when Master John was informed of affairs at Drearimoor, and he said : " Death is not a respector of persons, I believe. I regret my cousin's death-and so near her marriage, too! I shall go down before the funeral; but not to-day, for it would

look hasty in me-the new master of the property-to visit there to-day." He did not permit the doctor to enter into conversation with him, but bade him superintend the burying, and call on him for a settlement of all expenses. Kirk Gardyn left him as he had found him-s man, yet a

riddle, a sphinx. The day that found Vivien silent and still in her bondoir, was a dreary one for September. During the forenoon a mist fell from the gray clouds, and the air was chilly and for the time, exceedingly damp. John Clymer kept his room at the inn, and the loctor flitted like a sorrowful spectre between the village and Drearimoor. He could not be absent from the sweet face of the almost bride, whom the tender hands of the house maids had clad in her white robes; yet his practice compelled him to spend some time

The servants were longing to see Master John, and when it was known that he was so near the village, their curiosity increased, and it was with difficulty that they could be pursuaded to remain at their posts.

At last the dreary day closed, and the clouds broke in the south, and let the light of the moon again fall upon the earth. Master John smiled when he saw this

and ordered his horse. "I may not be back till morning," he said, to the host; " for I am going down to my estate."

"Yes, his estate; for was not the beauti-

ful Vivien dead, and he now master, of old, Revolutionary Dreammor? He spoke with new-born pride, as it were, and dashed away quite gaily, never dreaming that he was leaving the quiet village

for the last time. The moon was not far above the horizon when he left the inn, and as he rode on, it crept higher, while the clouds driven northward by a southern wind, passed like spectres across the silvery disc.

He gradually left the river, and galloped over the road that would soon land him before the great old house which he now called

He had reached a point in the road where stood a huge wooden cross, erected by an English regiment over the grave of an Irish major, when his horse suddenly pricked up his ears, and gave a snort of terror. Master There was silence beyond the window his John was startled, and looked towards the cross to behold an object that paled his face, stand between John Clymer and the estate not broken by the hoofs of the black horse and seemed to freeze the blood in his veins.

Among the bushes which had grown over the grave, and almost directly beneath the northern arm of the cross, stood what the frightened man called "The ghost of Vivien Vale." A ghostly figure it was; and the pale moonlight that fell upon it, rendering it rather indistinct, but the more phantomlike, caused Master John to tremble like a murderer suddenly confronted by his crims in ghostly shape.

But for a moment he looked upon the spectre; then he struck his steed with his spurs, and flew down the road, never casting single look behind. He seemed to believe that close upon his horse's heels followed the spectre of Vivien Vale; and no rein was drawn until his steed recking with sweat, dashed into the front vard of Drearimoor, and almost shook him from the saddle.

If is face was white, and he started when the voice of Kirk Gardyn fell upon his ears -aye, started like the guiltiest of men. Mr. Clymer, you have been pursued?"

said the doctor, half inquisitively. Master John turned,

"Is it coming?" he cried in accents of terror.

" It? what ?" "The ghost that I saw at the major's cross -the ghost of Vivien Vale."

Kirk Gardyn caught the arm of Master "Go up stairs and see her," he said. Trembling still, John Clymer obeyed; but

the bier was empty. " She is gone !" he cried. "Gone? impossible!" The next moment the young doctor was

staring at the empty bier. Yes, the beautiful woman was gone; and the most intense excitement reigned at Drearimoor. But it was of brief duration; for one of the hunters found Vivien Vale wandering in the vicinity of the soldier's grave, and Master John glided from the sight of her, and took his black horse from the stables.

threw her last night, and glided from the house while wandering in her mind. It is no use to fight for Drearimoor longer. The next thing that I know, will be a knowledge of my arrest. Good-by, old place. Doctor, you may marry the girl that John Clymer could not kill."

"She awoke from the trance into which I

Away he rode, and when merning came

he was far away. Vivien Vale, having shaken off the effects of the subtle drug which Master John had administered to her while she slept. was watched by her lover, and the servants were talking with smiles on their faces, about the Leyton's nephew; for he had the old tory's "ghost" which had frightened the wicked

nephew of Hugh Leyton. I know that Master John returned to Sweden, where he died in the service of Churles XIV; and that Vivien, as the loving wife of Kirk Gardyn, remained mistress of Drearimoor, which to-day-though the old mansion has given place to a new oneis in possession of her descendents.

Thus I have told the "Ghost Story," which you may hear on the banks of the Passalo

Reforms. The inclination to effect reforms is one well worthy of cultivation. But, like all things else, reformation may be carried to a

ridiculous, even dangerods, extreme.

There can be no doubt that many of the croakers over the vices, follies, and injustice of the age are mainly actuated by a desire to promote their own ends. Still as there can

promote their own ends. Still as there can be no denial of the inequality and consequent misery to be found in the present form of society, nor of the necessity of removal, the only question is concerning the means and practicability.

If reform is practicable let it be effected, but too much should not be attempted at once, nor should reformers show too much disregard to the right; and opinions of others, nor puticularly pride themselves upon the fire and seal they exhibit. Overzeal excites persecution: and the age of martyrdom is passed. No man may now hope to gain his ends, or to form a party, by going through a process of tribulation, nor by even dying at the stake. Party real. going through a process of tribulation, nor by even dying at the stake. Party zeal, sectarianism, are of all things to be eschewed. It is certain that change is not allways re-form; and it may be better to suffer acknow-ledged evils, while endurable, than to risk what we have good in efforts at their re-moval. That which has stood the test of centuries, to which people have become ac-matement, and which is interwoven with the

customed, and which is interwoven with the very body of their thoughts, should not be lightly changed.

The institutions of our fathers, in which we have grown up, though tinetured some-what with evil, should be gently dealt with, and with caution and deep thoughtfulness should we substitute for them our untired experiments.

In the attempt to shun present evil, we may encounter greater—correcting the poli-tical and moral views of our ancestors, we rick accumulating evil for our amostors, we rick accumulating evil for our own posterity. The age is already too little conservative; and, although we would not lay a pebble in the road of genuine references.

the road of genuine reform, yet we feel con-strained to raise our voice in earnest opposi-tion to mere problematical schains. Civilization, as human nature, is progression, slow and gradual—one generation im-proving on another, not by rapid, head-long leaps, but with a slow and painful progress. While this constant progress indicates something yet wrong in the constitution of society, its slowness also shows amendments difficult. There are so many sources of er-ror, so many conflicting opinions, so many grades of ability, human nature is so very fallible, that the very best and wisest of reormers themselves cannot agree upon the

changes they advocate.

How, then, must it be with the masses, for whose benefits these reforms are designed when even their doctors disagree?