The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. VI., No 42. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1878. Single Copies, 3 cts.

Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.

Passengers for Philadelphia leave Lehighton as follows:

2:47a. m.,	via. L. V.	arrive at Phila.	at 6:10 a. m.
7:35 a. m.	via L. V.	" "	11:00 a. m.
11:00 a. m.	via L. V.	" "	2:05 p. m.
4:41 p. m.,	via L. V.	" "	8:15 p. m.
7:47 a. m.	via L. & S.,	" "	11:00 a. m.
11:07 a. m.,	via L. & S.,	" "	2:45 p. m.
2:27 p.m.	via L. & S.	" "	5:40 p. m.
4:57 p.m.	*	" "	8:50 p. m.
7:3 p. m.	via L. V.	" "	1:00 p. m.

Returning, leave depot at Perks 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, 6.55, 11.05, a.m., and 6.55 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia at 4.25 a. m., 5.35 p. m.

(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

For Reading, † 2.20, 5.50, 9.05 a m., 12.15, 2.10, 4.30 and 9.05 p.m.

For Harrisburg, 2.20 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 2.20 a.m. and 4.30 and 9.05 p m.

For Harrisburg, 2.20 a. m and 9.05 p. m.

Trains FOR ALLENTOWN leave as follows:

(VIA PERKIOMEN BRANCH.)

Leave Philadelphia, 7.30 a. m., 1.00, *4.30 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, 7.45, 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 9th and Green streets, Philadelphia other trains to and from Broad street depot.

The 6.30 a. m and 3.55 p. m. trains from Allentown, and the 7.20 a. m and 3.31 p. m. trains from Philadelphia, have through cars to and from Philadelphia.

J. E. WOOTTEN, *General Manager.*

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

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

GREAT TRUNK LINE

AND

United States Mail Route.

The attention of the travelling public is respectfully invited to some of the merits of this great highway, in the confident assertion and belief that no other line can offer equal inducements as a route of through travel. In

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Pennsylvania Railroad

stands confessedly at the head of American railways. The track is double the entire length of the line, of steel rails laid on heavy oak ties, which are embedded in a foundation of rock ballast eighteen inches in depth. All bridges are of iron or stone, and built upon the most approved plans. Its passenger cars, while exhibiting safe and substantial work at the same time model s of comfort and elegance.

The Safety Appliances

in use on this line well illustrate the farseeing 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

Block System of Safety Signals,

Janney Coupler, Buffer & Platform,

THE WHARTON PATENT SWITCH,

AND THE

Westinghouse Air-Brake,

forming in conjunction with a perfect double track road bed a combination of safeguards against accidents which have rendered them practically impossible

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and to all principal points in the Far West and South with Sleeping Cars of easy connections are made in Union Depots, and are assured to all important points.

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is admitted to be unsurpassed in the world for grandeur, beauty and variety, superior refreshment facilities are provided. Employees are courteous and attentive, and it is an inevitable result that a trip by the Pennsylvania Railroad must form a

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Sugar, Raisin, Cocoa-nut Scotch, Drop, Cream and other CAKES, only

Ten Cents per Dozen.

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Broadway and Susquehanna Streets. Opposite Court House,

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May be consulted in German. may25-1y*

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PURE DRUGS and CHEMICALS,

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March 23, '78-y1

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PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED. CALL AND EXAMINE.

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April 6, '78

THE GRANDEST

Exposition of Clothing

Ever made in LEHIGHTON is at the Post Office Building of

H. H. PETERS, Agent,

on BANK STREET, and the people know it. He keeps everything wanted in

Men's and Boy's Clothing, at the most Moderate Prices FOR CASH.

He never yet wasted time in selling High Priced Goods. His Prices are so LOW, that people are wondering how it can be done. But it IS done. Those in need of

Fall or Winter Suits!

will find it to their advantage to consult H. H. PETERS, agent, about the matter. aug 24tf

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BOOK 33 newest and most popular songs with writings of interest and amusement also, a list of all the battles, when and where fought, during the war, for 3 cent stamp. Address, DESMOND & CO., 915 Race St., Philadelphia. feb23-1y

FOUND WANTING.

"And you really fancy yourself in love with this fair-haired liter shop girl?"

Mr. Meredith, a tall, noble-featured man of fifty, looked rather sadly at his enthusiastic young nephew.

"Fancy, uncle? That is hardly an appropriate word to use. I am quite certain of that fact."

"I consider you will think me a very bad judge of the human character, if I tell you that I like her little cousin's demure face best. Believe me, Harry, there is more real stamina in Ruth Durr than in her pretty cousin Rachel."

"There, sir," answered Harry, resolutely, "is where I must beg leave to differ with you."

"Well, my boy; you must choose for yourself. Remember, it is no question of a partner for a waltz, or a pair of bright eyes whose glitter is to amuse you for one or two evenings. The woman whom you now select for your wife must necessarily exert a more or less potent influence over your whole life."

"I know it, sir," and Harry's mirthful face became for the moment almost grave.

"That she earns her own living behind the counter of a fancy store—that they both do, is no drawback in my eyes. Independence and self-reliance are to me cardinal virtues, and even though your wife will be raised into an atmosphere of comparative wealth, a few lessons taken beforehand in the impartial school of worldly experience will be of incalculable use to her."

Harry Meredith sat long, that night, before the snug bright fire in his snug little bachelor apartment, musing over his uncle's words.

He had met the two cousins, Rachel and Ruth Durr at a quiet little birth day gathering at the house of a friend, and had instantaneously felt drawn toward the elder one, elder by eighteen months. She was a beautiful blonde, while the other was rather of the brunette type.

During the three months which had followed upon his first introduction, Harry Meredith had contrived to see the cousins several times a week, and consequently fell deeper in love with the golden-haired lassie, even while he was quite conscious of Ruth's deeper character and stronger intellect.

Sometimes he was almost tempted to waver in his allegiance toward the older, and then betook himself with very unnecessary sternness to talk.

To-night, however, he passed the whole of the last few weeks in review before his memory, and decided that inaction was the very worst policy in the world.

"This suspense must be put an end to," ejaculated our hero half aloud, and then he smiled mischievously to himself, as an idea came into his head.

"I'll do it" he thought, biting his lip. "Of course it's merely for the fun of the thing. I have not the shadow of a doubt that she is all she seems, but still—"

He was silent for a few minutes, and then arose to prepare for slumber.

"They are polite enough to me as the favored child of luxury. Now I will take measure to learn whether this courtesy is genuinely from the heart, or merely born of empty form an adulation to wealth."

So our hero, laying his head on his pillow, dreamed of private masquerade parties all night long.

Rachel Durr and her cousin Ruth were shop girls in Savery and St. Clair's great fancy store.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Rachel, one morning as she took off her bonnet in the little dressing-room at the back of the store and shook down her golden shower of curls, "how tired I am of this horrid drudgery. How I wish Harry Meredith would propose if he's going to."

Ruth laughed as she smoothed down her satin-brown hair, and tied the bow of crimson ribbon at he throat.

"And what do you think of me, Rachel?" I, who have no such brilliant hopes of matrimony to light upon the monotony of my daily toil?"

Rachel shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't see how you bear it so patiently. I should die with vexation and "ennui" if I did not hope for something better."

"Hush!" said Ruth, "there is Mrs. Wicks, the forewoman calling us."

"How I hate the old vixen!" Rachel ejaculated, slowly following Ruth into the store.

"Really, Miss Rachel Durr, you must be a little more punctual," said Mrs. Wicks, pursing up her mouth prim ly, "you are full five minutes behind time, and it was just so yesterday."

Rachel pouted, and went to work labeling a box of newly-arrived ribbons. She and Mrs. Wicks had never agreed very harmoniously, nor did she affiliate with the shop girls. "A stuck up, impertinent thing," they called her; while she from the serene heights of the possibility of her one day becoming Mrs. Harry Meredith, treated them with disdain which was anything in the world but agreeable.

In vain were Ruth's remonstrances. Rachel had always been wilful and inclined to superciliousness, nor would she listen to her cousin's mildly proffered advice now.

"It's all very well for you, Ruth, you've got to spend all your days in toil," but, she said, curling her pretty lips, "but I shall soon be lifted out of this groveling atmosphere."

"It is by no means a certainty."

"Yes it is," laughingly answered Rachel, blushing like a damask rose.

And Ruth would sigh softly, and think how bright the future was unrolling its vast map before her pretty little cousin.

Rachel Durr waited rather languidly upon one or two customers that morning. Evidently her heart was not in her work, and Mrs. Wicks, from her lurking place behind the cash box, cast several envenomed glances forward, premonitory of a coming storm.

Presently a new customer hobbled in bent and crooked, and made his way directly to the counter where Rachel and Ruth were standing. A huge cotton umbrella protruded in a warlike manner from beneath his arm, and mended cotton gloves covered his hands while a rusty red wig was half concealed by his bent and battered hat.

"My goodness! Ruth, what a figure!" ejaculated Rachel, in a very audible voice. "What can that old bundle of second-hand clothes want here?"

"Hush!" said Ruth, almost sternly, "he will hear you."

"And what if he does! What do I care?"

"He is old and infirm, Rachel, and his age should render him sacred in your eyes."

Rachel tossed her head sneeringly.

"Ruth you are too absurd for anything. I won't wait on him."

But the old man steered resolutely for Rachel herself.

"I wan't to buy some gloves, Miss," he said, in a feeble, croaking voice.

"You'd better go somewhere else," said the young lady, superciliously; "our store dosen't keep cheap goods."

"Please let me see the articles."

Rachel tossed a box down on the counter; the old man bent his spectacled eyes down to survey the goods.

"How much are these?"

"A dollar a pair."

"But I am a poor man, Miss; have you nothing cheaper?"

"No!" snapped Rachel "I told you to go elsewhere, I've no patience with paupers."

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said the old man; "I am not a pauper."

"Well," observed the girl scornfully, "you look like one!"

"Appearances are often deceitful. Did you tell me you had cheaper gloves?"

"I didn't tell you any such thing!"

"Rachel! Rachel!" remonstrated her cousin. "Let me show you what you want sir," she said, softly, turning to the old customer. "We have some very nice gloves at seventy-five cents."

"Seventy-five cents is a great deal of money to pay for a pair of gloves." said the old man looking sorrowfully down on the mended fingers of those he wore, "but the weather is getting very frosty, and I am not so young as I was."

"I should think that was quite evident," said Rachel, with a heartless titter.

Ruth bent toward the old man, saying in a low sweet voice

"Take the warm worsted gloves, sir. The price is seventy-five cents, but you shall have them for fifty. I myself will make up the difference to the store. You are an old gentleman, and I am young and able to work.

"But I am nothing to you, Miss."

Ruth folded the gloves neatly in a piece of paper, and handed them to him.

"For the sake of the dear father who died a year ago, old age can never be nothing, to me, sir. Please don't thank me; indeed I deserve no gratitude."

"And Ruth drew blushingly back, while Rachel burst into laugh.

"Upon my word, Ruth, you are the greatest fool I ever saw!" she cried, while the old gentleman hobbled out of the store. "I would have seen the old beggar in Jerrico before I would have given him anything? Why doesn't he go to the poor house.

The days crept on and one day Mr. Harry Meredith astonished little Ruth Durr very much by asking her to be his wife.

It was as if the gates of Paradise had been suddenly opened to her—the modest little girl, secretly worshipping Harry Meredith in her heart of hearts had never dreamed of the possibility of such good luck being in store for her.

That evening she told her cousin, Rachel listened in silence. The prize had been very near her grasp once, but somehow it had slipped away.

I think you must be mistaken, Ruth," she said, acrimoniously. I think Mr. Meredith never would—'

She checked herself, for at that instant the door opened, and Harry Meredith was announced.

"Well, Rachel," he said, pleasantly, 'are you ready to congratulate me upon the sweet little wife I have won?"

Rachel muttered one or two formal sentences, but she was vastly pale. Meredith observed her with a smile.

"Ruth," he said, turning with a smile, "I have something to show you."

He put a tiny parcel in her hand. She opened it, and out fell a pair of worsted gloves.

She looked wistfully into his face, then the whole tide of memory came back upon her heart.

"Harry!" were you the old man?"

"I was the old man, my dearest!"

And then Rachel knew why it was that the ship freighted with all her hopes had drifted away, when it was so near the haven.

THE THIRD SEX.

A few years ago there was a discussion afloat regarding the epicene or third sex, but there never was such an other case known as that of the Chevalier D'Fon, whose gender was a matter of doubt during his long life of eighty-two years, and the question never was settled until medical examination was made of his body after death. In his early life he wore male costume, and was an Advocate in Paris. When he was under thirty Louis XV. sent him on a secret mission to St. Petersburg. Having no beard and and an effeminate face and manner, he adopted feminine garb, and with woman's tact and cunning ingratiated himself in the favor of the Czarina Elizabeth, achieved his political object, and returned to France to announce his success. He revisited Russia soon after in masculine attire, palmed himself off on Elizabeth as the brother of her former favorite, became a subject of court scandal on account of his relations with the Empress, and once more prospered in his negotiations. He went back to his native land, served in the army and in several diplomatic missions, degenerated into a mere adventurer, and yet enjoyed a pension from the King. He lived in London for a while, and during that period heavy wagers were laid upon his sex. A lawsuit was brought before Chief Justice Mansfield to decide one of these bets and the decision was in favor of the plaintiff, who introduced witnesses to prove that D'Fon was a woman. These all swore to the Frenchman's femininity as a fact within their personal knowledge, and their testimony could not be successfully impeached. Years afterward he returned to Versailles, and Louis XVI. who had succeeded to the throne, in a freak ordered him to exchange his dragoon's uniform for petticoats. Once more he slipped over to London, and while there the French revolution broke out and he was declared exiled. He supported himself by selling his library, teaching the sword exercise and picking up a hand-to-mouth living. As he approached old age he journeyed back to France and petitioned the National Assembly, under the name of Madame D'Fon, for leave to re-enter the army, which was refused. Again he retraced his steps to England, where he died in petticoats, retaining them to the end. After his death illustrious surgeons made an examination of the body and decided that D'Fon was a man. A stranger career history hardly records.

HUMOROUS.

—A green grocer—one who trusts.

—Can a man fly? asks an exchange. Ask some bank cashier in Canada.

—Every boy has to let something off sudden near a cat, at least once in his life.

—The individual who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his duty is still very low.

—"Yes," said a mam, as he bent his elbow to raise the twentieth glass, "it is overwork that kills."

—It has been decided that the only time you are at liberty to hug another man's wife is at bathing or dancing.

—"I find your recommendations very good, Bridget." "Yes ma'am, and now I'll see yours, ma'am, if you plase."

—When a loafer enters the sanctum of a busy editor, and the editor says, "Glad to see you're back," what does he mean?

—The letter "O" is called the most charitable of all the alphabet, because it is found oftener than any other in "doing good."

—The man who leaves two-thirds of a cigar in a dark nook on the front stoop when he goes to see his girl, will make a thrifty husband.

—A Chester girl, who had a quarrel with a lover, remarked to a friend that "She wasn't on squeezing terms with that fraud any more."

—We saw a young man with two heads on his shoulders, the other day, but didn't consider it much of a curiosity. One belongs to his girl.

—The novel writers have changed the usual phrase describing their heroes to suit the times, and now say: "He was born of rich and honest parents."

—"How one thing brings up another!" said a lady, absorbed in pleasing retrospection. "Yes" replied the practical Dobbs, "an emetic, for instance."

—Dink pooty well of a man dot vill shtood by you when you was in shtormy vedder. Schwarum of inskects vill shtay around you when der sun shines out.—*Carl Pretzel.*

—What is the difference between an apothecary and a farmer who reads and knows more than his neighbor Grangers? Answer—One is a pharmaceutist and the other is the 'cutlet farmer.

—"Old" said the afflicted wife, while weeping over his remains, "he said he would take off his flannels, any way, and, poor man, he little thought how soon he would go to that place where flannels are never needed."

—The young man with the hamstrung guitar, and his boon companion with the planing-mill voice, have turned themselves loose again, and there is a marked shower of bootjacks in certain localities when the concerts are feline enough to harrow up the feelings of the neighborhood.