The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. VII., No. 2. | LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1878. | If not paid in advance, $1.25.

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Conveyancing, Collecting and all other business connected with the office promptly attended to. Agent for the best Fire and Life Insurance Companies: Rents collected at reasonable charges, &c. April 17-y1

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Conveyancing, Collecting and all business connected with the office promptly attended to. Agent for first-class Insurance Companies, and Risks of all kinds taken on the most liberal terms. jan. 9, 1875.

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CONVEYANCER,
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GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEHIGH MUTUAL FIRE,
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POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Detective and Insurance Company.
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W. W. REBER, M. D.,
OFFICE—Reber's Block, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, Penna.
HOURS { Residence....from 7 a. m. to 10 a. m., and 12 noon to 10 p. m. / Parrville ..from 10 a.m. to 12 noon.
May be consulted in the German Language. November 30, 1878-y1

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General practice attended to, and SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO DISEASES OF WOMEN. mar 23, 1878-y1

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Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
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Next to E. H. Snyder's store, BANK ST.,
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DAVID EBBERT'S
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FAST TROTTING HORSES,
ELEGANT CARRIAGES.
And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Livery in the County.
Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral purposes and Weddings. DAVID EBBERT
Nov. 23, 1878.

BAYARD TAYLOR
Says: "I take great pleasure in recommending to parents the Academy of Mr. S. C. Northridge." Hon. Fernando Wood: "a patron says: "I cheerfully consent to the use of my name as reference." $30 per qr. full cost for young men and boys. No Extra Charges. Special attention to both advanced and backward pupils. Recommended by Judge Van Hossen, Rev. Drs. Hill and Peabody. Address SWINTHIAN C. SHORTRIDGE (Harvard A. M.) Media, Pa. Media has 7 churches and a temperance charter. Aug. 17, 1878—w-4

LIVE AGENTS WANTED
To sell Dr. Chase's Recipes; or Information for Everybody, in every county in the United States and Canadas. Enlarged by the sub teams to 648 pages. It contains over 2000 household recipes and is suited to all classes and conditions of society. A wonderful book and a household necessity. It sells at sight. Greatest inducements ever offered to book agents. Sample copies sent by mail. Postpaid, for $2.00. Exclusive territory given. Agents make more than double their money. Address Dr. Chase's Steam Printing House, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Oct. 19—w13.

DAVID ENGLAND,
Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.
Oct. 26, w6.

Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.

Passengers for Philadelphia leave Lehighton as follows:

8:20 a. m.	via L. V.	arrive at Phila.	at 6:40 a. m.
7:12 a. m.	via L. V.	" "	11:05 a. m.
1:05 a. m.	via L. V.	" "	2:05 p. m.
4:42 a. m.	via L. V.	" "	7:15 p. m.
7:57 a. m.	via L. V.	" "	12:00 a. m.
7:47 a. m.	via L. & S.	" "	11:00 a. m.
11:7 a. m.	via L. & S.	" "	2:05 p. m.
2:26 p. m.	via L. & S.	" "	5:40 p. m.
1:07 p. m.		" "	8:15 p. m.

Returning, leave depot at Berks and American sts., Phila., at 7:00, 8:15 and 12:5 a. m.; 2:30, 5:30 and 6 p. m. ELIAS CLARK, Agent. Nov. 25, 1878.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

NOVEMBER 10TH, 1878.
Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—
(VIA PERKIOMEN BRANCH.)
For Philadelphia, at 6:25, 8.50, 11.40, 3.[illegible] and 5.55 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
For Philadelphia at 8.25 a. m., 3.25 p. m.
(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)
For Reading, 6.20, 8.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 2.40, 4.30 and 9.05 p.m.
For Harrisburg, 6.20, 8.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30, 9.05 p. m.
For Lancaster and Columbia, 8.50, 9.05 a.m. and 4.30 p. m.
Trains not run on Mondays.
SUNDAYS.
For Reading, 2.30 p.m. and 9.05 p m.
For Harrisburg, 2.30 p. m. and 9.05 p. m.
Trains FOR ALLENTOWN leave as follows:
(VIA PERKIOMEN BRANCH.)
Leave Philadelphia, 7. 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, 7.45, 10.35 a. m., 4.05, 6.15 and 10.45 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 2.00, 4.00 and 7.55 p. m.
Leave Lancaster, 8.10 a. m., 12.55 and 3.45 p. m.
Leave Columbia 8.40 a. m., 1.10 and 3.35 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
Leave Reading, 7.30 a. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 3.2 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 5.55 p. m. trains from Allentown, and the 7.45 a. m. and 4.30 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 traveling 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. Its

Construction & Equipment
THE
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 eminently safe and substantial, are at the same time made subservient to comfort and elegance.

The Safety Appliances

in use on this line well illustrate the far-seeing and liberal policy of its management, in according with which the utility of any 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, and both a combination of safeguards against accidents which have rendered them practically impossible

Pullman Palace Cars

Are run on all Express Trains
FROM NEW YORK, PHILADA., BALTIMORE and WASHINGTON,
To CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, INDIANAPOLIS and ST. LOUIS,
WITHOUT CHANGE,

and to all principal points in the far West and South with but one change of cars. Connections are made in Union Depots, and are assured to all important points.

THE SCENERY
Of the Pennsylvania Route

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

Pleasing and Memorable Experience.

Tickets for sale at the lowest rates at the Ticket Offices of the Company in all important cities and towns.

FRANK THOMPSON, Gen. Manager. L. P. FARMER, Gen. Pass. Agent.
J. K. SHOEMAKER, Pass. Agt. Middle Dist., 12 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.

THE SUN FOR 1879.

THE SUN will be printed every day during the year to come. Its purpose and method will be the same as in the past: To present all the news in a reliable shape, and to tell the truth though the heavens fall.

THE SUN has been, is, and will continue to be independent of everybody and everything save the Truth and its own convictions of duty. This is the only policy which an honest newspaper need have. That is the policy which has won for this newspaper the confidence and friendship of a wider constituency than was ever enjoyed by any other American Journal.

THE SUN is the newspaper for the people. It is not for the rich man against the poor man, or for the poor man against the rich man, but it seeks to do equal justice to all interests in the community. It is not the organ of any person, class, sect or party. There need be no mystery about its loves and hates. It is for the honest man against the rascal every time. It is for the honest Democrat as against the dishonest Republican, and for the honest Republican as against the dishonest Democrat. It does not take its cue from the utterances of any politician or political organization. It gives its support unreservedly when measures are in accordance with the Constitution and with the principles upon which this Republic was founded for the people. Whenever the Constitution and constitutional principles are violated—as in the outrageous cheat-purpose of 1876, by which a man not elected was placed in the President's office, where he still remains—it speaks out for the right. That is THE SUN'S idea of independence. In this respect there will be no change in its programme for 1879.

THE SUN has fairly earned the hearty hatred of rascals, frauds and humbugs of all sorts and sizes. It hopes to deserve that hatred not less in the year 1879, than in 1878, 1877, or any year gone by. THE SUN will continue to shine on the wicked with unmitigated brightness.

While the lessons of the past should be constantly kept before the people, THE SUN does not propose to make itself into a magazine of ancient history. It is printed for the men and women of to-day, whose concern is chiefly with the affairs of to-day. It has but the disposition and the ability to afford its readers the promptest, fullest and most accurate intelligence of whatever in the wide world is worth attention. To this end the resources belonging to well-established prosperity will be liberally employed.

The present disjointed condition of parties in this country, and the uncertainty of the future, lend an extraordinary significance to the events of the coming year. The discussions of the press, the debates and acts of Congress, and the movements of the leaders in every section of the Republic will have a direct bearing on the Presidential election of 1880—an event which must be regarded with the most anxious interest by every patriotic American, whatever his political ideas or affiliations. To these elements of interest may be added the probability that the Democrats will control both houses of Congress, the total absence of any issue of finance, and the almost and strange being everywhere of a healthier tone of trade in any time.

To present with accuracy and clearness the exact situation in each of its varying phases, and to expound according to its well-known methods the principles that should guide us through the labyrinth, will be an important part of THE SUN'S work for 1879.

We have the means to make THE SUN, as a political, literary and general newspaper, more entertaining and more useful than ever before; and we mean to apply them freely.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For the DAILY SUN a four page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, postpaid, is 65 cents a month, or $6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 85 cents a month, or $7.70 a year, postage paid.

The Sunday edition of THE SUN is also furnished separately at $1.20 a year, postage paid.

The price of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is $1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending $10 we will send an extra copy free. Address

I. W. ENGLAND,
Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.
Oct. 26, w6.

A. D. Mosser,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
STOVES, RANGES AND HEATERS,
Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware and General House Furnishing Goods.

ROOFING and SPOUTING done at short notice and at Lowest Cash Prices.

I am the authorized agent for the Sale of the following FIRST-CLASS STOVES—
THE SILVER & GOLD MEDAL COOK,
THE LIGHTHOUSE COOK,
THE MAYFLOWER RANGE,
THE SUNSHINE RANGE and
The NEW ANCHOR HEATER,
and am Selling them VERY CHEAP for Cash.

Every kind of STOVE GRATES and FIRE BRICKS kept constantly on hand.

STORE on SOUTH Street,
A few doors above Bank St., LEHIGHTON.
Patronage solicited—Satisfaction guaranteed.
Oct. 5-y1 A. D. MOSSER.

The Grandest Exposition
Of Ladies', Gents', and Children's
Boots, Shoes AND Gaiters
Ever offered in this vicinity, is at
J. M. FRITZINGER'S,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

I have just received a full line of FALL and WINTER BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS, which I am Selling to the people of Lehighton and the surrounding neighborhood CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE Sold in this County. Also, all classes of

Boots & Shoes Made to Order

at Astonishingly Low Prices, and MENDING Neatly done at Prices to suit the times.

I invite the public to call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere, and be convinced of the above facts.

BOUND TO SATISFY.—Ready-made Boots and Shoes bought of me that rip will be repaired without charge.

Thankful for past patronage, I respectfully ask a continuance thereof.

J. M. FRITZINGER,
Two doors below Romig & Helford's Carriage Works, Bank street. Oct. 5-y1

Boots AND Shoes
An Immense Stock at
HENRY CAMPBELL'S
East Weissport, Pa.,

at a GREAT REDUCTION on former Prices. My Stock is Manufactured to my Especial Order for the Trade of this Locality, and is GUARANTEED to give Perfect Satisfaction in every particular.

The Price of Boots and Shoes has been veryconderably REDUCED by the Manufacturers, and I am determined to give my Patrons the full benefit thereof, and therefore invite an inspection of my Goods and Prices before purchasing elsewhere. I have the "Stoddy" article which I can supply at very low Prices to those who wish them. I also keep in connection, a full line of Choicest

Groceries and Provisions,

Which I am SELLING AT THE LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.

HENRY CAMPBELL.
East Weissport, Oct. 5-m2

Fall Styles! Low Prices!

MRS. M. GUTH,
Fashionable Milliner!
White St., Weissport, Pa.,

Respectfully announces to the ladies of Weissport and the surrounding country, that she has just returned from the city, and is now receiving an immense stock of

FALL AND WINTER
MILLINERY GOODS
—COMPRISING—
Hats, Bonnets, Trimmings, Notions, &c.,

Of the Latest Styles, and which she is prepared to sell to her patrons and friends at PRICES CHEAPER THAN EVER!

Also, a full assortment of

—SWITCHES—

And all other goods usually kept in a first-class Millinery store.

LADIES' OWN HAIR MADE UP TO ORDER at the very lowest possible prices.

Call and examine Goods and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

MRS M. GUTH,
Oct. 5, 1878—m3. Weissport, Pa.

Prime Home Made Bread!

WHY GO HUNGRY? When you can Buy 6½ pounds of First Class Bread—

FIVE LOAVES FOR 25 CENTS!

J. W. O'NEAL, the popular Bread and Cake Baker, of Lehighton, in order to meet the wants of the times, has Reduced the Price of his celebrated Home Made BREAD to

Five Loaves for Twenty-five Cts. Cash.

Sugar, Raisin, Cocoanut Scotch, Drop, Cream and other CAKES, only

Ten Cents per Dozen.

Look Out for the Wagon!

At MAUCH CHUNK, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Mornings.
LEHIGHTON and WEISSPORT, every Afternoon except Friday.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH!

Patronage solicited. J. W. O'NEAL.
N. POLK: Opposite First National Bank, april 27-y1 Bank Street, Lehighton Pa.

FEED THE HUNGRY!!

A. K. MILLER

Respectfully announces to the citizens of Lehighton and vicinity that he has JUST OPENED an

EATING SALOON!!

in the Building next door to the "CARBON HOUSE," on

Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.,

and that he is prepared to furnish them with Edibles of all kinds on short notice.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE,
Received Fresh Every Day.

Tea, Coffee, Ham, Eggs, Bologna, &c.

Also, a Choice assortment of the Finest Brands of

Cigars, Smoking & Chewing Tobacco

Always on hand at Lowest Prices. The patronage of the public is most respectfully invited, and satisfaction guaranteed. GIVE ME A CALL. AUG. K. MILLER.
October 19, 1y.

[Written for the CARBON ADVOCATE.]

"Old Self," The Miner.

A STORY OF THE
Anthracite Coal Regions.

By W. D. HARRINGTON.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER II.

As Dr. Spencer had made every practical effort without success, during a whole year, to find the father and mother of the little boy whom fate had thrown into his hands, he had him christened with his own name—George Spencer; and, procuring the services of a capable and aimable governess, he brought the boy up as his own.

When Jacob DeCosta made his debut into the village, George had grown to be a stout, active boy, full of life, was eleven years old, proud of his prestige, and full of mischief. He was one of the first to note the old man's funny peculiarities, and was chief among those boys who would write "Old Self," the name given him by the miners, upon the fences by the roadside along which old Jacob had to pass in going to and from his work.

One day "Old Self" caught George making a caricature of him on a wall, in charcoal, and said:

"So you are the chap who makes all these funny pictures of me on the fences, eh?"

"No, it is not me who does it all," said George, proudly; "the other boys do it too."

"Now, see you, youngster," said the old man, with a significant shake of his head that exactly comported with the expression on his face, "the day will come—now mind you—when all these pictures which you have made of me will turn to ghosts and haunt you. I have watched you, and know what you do. To-day, while at work, I was thinking of you, and a blue disc gathered around the light of my lamp. Some day you will know what this means."

From that day forward George never made another caricature of old Jacob or wrote his nick-name upon the fences, but he shunned, feared and hated the old man.

If George had been old enough to have thought seriously upon this subject, instead of contemning Jacob DeCosta he would have felt a degree of sympathy with him, for he was as little liked among all the mine help as was the old man, not only because he was a proud, over-reaching boy, but because he was the son, or assumed to be so, of one of the proprietors. Had there lived in the village none other than the help who worked for the mining company, George would not have had a real friend among all his school-mates, except Minnie, the daughter of the man who, above all others, he disliked the most. But he and Minnie were good friends from their first meeting and remained so.

Even she, however, was forbidden to associate with George by her father, and their associations were limited to the hours when they knew he was at work several hundred feet underground.

In this way five years passed. "Old Self" the while growing apparently more eccentrical; Minnie, at fourteen, was merging into early womanhood, and George began to feel himself a young man. Dr. Spencer during these years was at home very little, his various business interests calling him in different directions, for he was now not only a large coal operator, but was engaged also in the iron business, and in the railroads and other means of transportation which necessity had called into the mining regions. George had, therefore, been brought up by his governess, who had shaped his disposition as it was—generous but proud, impulsive but considerate.

Dr. Spencer remained at home one Saturday, apparently with a purpose. Suiting an opportunity on the street, he met and invited Minnie into his library; and when they were seated he said:

"Well, Minnie, you are almost a young woman. I have not seen much of you for two years, although I am aware that you have, as I invited you to do, read my books, and therefore often visited my library, it has always been when I was away. You seem to avoid me. Why is it?"

Minnie hung her head. She did not wish to reply to this; and the doctor continued:

"I have always found you to be a very noble and excellent girl, and I have rejoiced when I learned that you made rapid progress at school, were proud of a good name in the village, and were growing into a beautiful and amiable woman. For some time I have been anxiously studying how I could best do valuable kindness for you. But I believe that your father would object to anything which I should suggest, otherwise I would propose to send you to the Moravian Seminary, at Bethlehem, and at my own expense give you a thorough and accomplished education. Do you think he would object?"

"Yes, sir, I think he would," she replied "He does not wish me to be away from him."

"Yes, I know he would," rejoined the doctor. "Although I am away a great deal, I know the breathings of this village. I have made it a study to know it for the past ten years. You will graduate in the high school here next term, do you?"

"Yes, sir," answered the girl, whose face he had watched with the closest scrutiny.

"And by that time I shall have thought of some plan to do you a kindness."

And, after a few minutes longer, he added:

"You and George have been play-fellows and good friends since you have been here. Did he ever tell you that he is only an adopted son of mine?"

"No, sir," she answered.

"Did you ever hear of it at all?"

"Yes, sir; I have often heard of it."

"Did you ever hear any one else tell him of it?"

"I have heard the boys at school twit him of it."

"What did he say?" asked the doctor thoughtfully.

"He treated them with silent contempt," said Minnie, a shadow of resentment flashing in her face.

The doctor smiled, and said: "I am glad he did. That was right. But on account of his associations here, I shall, in a few days send him to my brother at Cambridge, Mass., where he will enter the University there and finish his education. After that he will return and I shall make him a partner in my business."

This caused a shadow of sorrow to settle upon Minnie's face which the doctor noticed for a minute, and said:

"When George is gone, Miss Von Vleck, his governess, will be lonely; I will speak to her, and arrange with the principal of the school, so that you may come every day, and let her instruct you in music and other accomplishments, which you will not learn at school. You need not let your father know of this, unless he asks you, and then tell the truth and take the consequences."

A few months after this interview, and George had been sent to Cambridge, Dr. Spencer went to the mines, and sent word down the shaft to have Jacob De Costa come up. When the old man, begrimmed with coal dust, found who his caller was, his face betrayed the emotions he felt.

"De Costa," said the doctor, in his brusk business way. "I want you to do me a favor."

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," repeated the old miner, nervously.

"As you have probably heard, some eight or ten years before you came here, some one carried away a child of mine—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the old miner, his hands and voice trembling.

"And my nursery girl was tried and sentenced to twenty-five years imprisonment. She might have been guilty, but if so, she has suffered quite enough, perhaps, and some weeks ago, I petitioned the Governor to pardon her. I received a telegram this morning from the prison keeper telling me that she would be released to day, and as she is homeless and friendless, asked what could be done for her. I telegraphed back to send her to me. I have really nothing for her to do, and it would not be just the thing for me to take her into my household. Now what I wish to say is that you will hire her say at $8 per month to do your housework and give her a chance to retreive herself. Your daughter is a bright girl, and ought to be allowed more liberty then is granted her at present. If you will do so I will have $25 per month extra added to your pay roll.

"Yes, sir—I will—send her to me," said old Jacob, his lips quivering with emotion, and a great tear making a streak through the coal dust that covered his face.

"All right," said the doctor, and as the old man turned away to go to his cottage, and take the preliminary steps for the change, the doctor said to himself, "Well, after all there is more soul in old DeCosta then people think." And stepping into the company's office, he instructed the paymaster's clerk to add $40 extra every month till further orders, to Jacob DeCosta's pay, and charge it to his account, commencing with the one upon which the clerk was then at work.

One evening soon after, while Dr. Spencer sat at his desk in his library looking over a large account book and comparing a number of papers spread out before him, he felt an arm wind softly around his neck, and raising his head he met the happy, laughing face and sparkling eyes of Minnie.

"Ah, Minnie," he said, good-humoredly were you trying to frighten me?"

"O, no, only to surprise you some. O, I feel so glad and happy, doctor, I thought I'd run over and tell you. You have always been so kind to me!"

"Well, well," said the doctor encouragingly. Tell me quick. I'm glad you did come, now what has happened new?"

"Why you see, since you induced my father to take poor Mary Kerns in his house, he has changed. Dr. you don't know how much. He is more lively and talks twice as much to me as he used to."

"Oh, indeed!" said the doctor, laughing at Minnie's artless enthusiasm and communicativeness.

"Yes, and what do you think?"

"Well, what, Minnie."

"Why, when he came home this afternoon, I had the courage to tell him how kind you had always been to me, and told him what you said sometime ago about sending me away to school, and now what do you think he said?"

"I suppose," said the doctor, ironically "that he threatened to get a stick after me."

"No; he said, if you wished to send me away, he was perfectly willing. Now if you haven't changed your mind—"

"Oh, I never change my mind," said the doctor, imitating Minnie's enthusiasm, "unless I find myself in the wrong. Yes, I will send you to Bethlemen, if you will promise me one thing."

And as the doctor paused for a moment Minnie asked:

"And what is that?"

"That you will not write any more to George."

She looked the doctor curiously in the face for a moment to see if he was angry at what she heretofore believed he did not know. But she saw shades of good humor darting in his eyes.

"I am sorry," she said," because I promised to write the news from home."

"You will not be at home when you are in Bethlehem," said the doctor. "You see I don't want George to know that you have gone away from home to school. With his head to fall of knowledge that we shall all have to carry dictionaries in our pockets, in order to converse with him, it will astonish him to find that you know as much as he does."

"So it will," she said with a merry musical laugh. "Well I won't write him any more, only a few lines to tell him I received his letter to-day."

"Well, sit down and write it now, and let me read it," said the doctor; and she seated herself at the table pen in hand, and in a few moments handed him the following:

DEAR GEORGE,—They have found out that we write to each other, and I am afraid they won't let us write any more. If they do, I shall be so, so sorry. Don't forget me. I received your letter to-day. I shall not forget you.

Yours,
MINNIE.

Dr. Spencer laughed heartily over the letter as he read it; then folded it; put it in an envelope and said:

"That is good. But don't break your promise. Here, direct and seal it, and I will mail it to-morrow, with another I shall write, telling him that I have learned of his writing you, and he must do so no more.

He took out his pocket book, counted $100 and handed it to the girl.

"Here," he said, "take this, tell your whole story to Miss Von Vleck to-morrow, and ask her to help you get ready, and when your matters are all arranged, I will go myself with you to Bethlehem.

Minnie folded the roll of national bank notes, put them carefully in her pocket, and kissed her benefactor an effectionate good night.

CHAPTER III.

Three years and over have passed since George Spencer had entered the University at Cambridge, and so well had matters been managed, that he never found out that his friend Minnie, like himself, was having her mind fashioned in the academic mould.

Miss Von Vleck kept him posted on matters at home during these years, and as the doctor had told her how to direct affairs, she always sent a kind word from Minnie, telling him that she felt a great restraint in not being allowed to correspond with him. But it was now within a few months of the time when George would return to his village home. Minnie, who would return about the same time, had spent all her vacations at home, and her return would not be such a novelty to her as would that of his.

One afternoon when "Old Self" was wending his way slowly home, he stopped at the post-office expecting to get a letter from Minnie, as he usually did almost every week. Instead of realizing his expectations, however, the postmaster handed him one addressed to her. Its postmark was Cambridge, Mass. The old man put on his spectacles, cut open the envelope with his knife, and carefully read the short note it contained; and then with a mingled expression of irony and triumph, he placed the letter in his pocket, and murmured to himself:

"Ah, ah; this dagger shall never reach the poor little heart for which it was whittled. I will see to that. But there will come a change some day, and then we shall see."

About five weeks after the not, apparently important fact of Jacob DeCosta receiving the letter addressed to his daughter from George Spencer, the mining village was drapped in morning.

While on his way to Cambridge, on a visit to his son, where he intended to remain until after the college commencement, Dr. Spencer, by a collision and wrecking of one of the Neptune Line of sound steamers off Point Judith, ended his life in a watery grave. Perhaps reader, you will say he deserved a better fate; and the same might be said of over two hundred others who went down with him in the fearful night disaster carrying grief to many a stricken home. Such is the inevitable—such is the end of man, and it is as well in one way as another—at one time as another, for all we know.

It took but a few days to make another singular revelation in connection with the doctor's death. It was announced in the village by Lawyer Dobson, the doctor's old confidential legal adviser and attorney—the doctor had died intestate—had neglected to sign a will. Mr. Dobson had written a will two years before, and exhibited it among his papers; but from time to time Dr. Spencer had neglected to sign it. Singular that a man of his business foresight and promptness should have neglected so important a matter, but such was the fact.

The estate, after being settled up, would be worth between two and three millions.

"And every dollar of it," said the old lawyer, with a scowl, "will fall into the hands of that hard-fisted, heartless brother of his, Thomas J. Spencer, of Cambridge; for the doctor has also neglected to legally adopt his foster son, George, who will be cut off without a shilling."

This matter had been orated through the village, and aroused a sympathy for the young man, even among those who disliked him in his boyhood. Lawyer Dobson wrote George a confidential letter, apprising him of this fact, but added that, when his uncle commenced legal proceedings he should meet him with a suit at law, and endeavor to procure some portion of his fathers estate for him as a compromise.

A few days hence brought Thos. J. Spencer to the village to look after his brother's estate, and in an interview with Mr. Dobson, who told him the whole truth of the situation. Lawyer Dobson said:

"But, this unsigned will of your brother's shows his intentions; it equally divides his estate between his son, yourself and certain specified charitable, humane and religious institutions. I think it would be but justice in you, and your brother's memory, if you could consent to a settlement of the estate upon that basis. If you refuse, it is my intention to take every possible provision of the law to secure a settlement of at least a portion of the estate upon the young man. I am not quite sure that the fact of the christening will not have some weight."

"The paper of which you speak," said Mr. Spencer with a sarcastic laugh," is no will at all. You wrote it, and there is no evidence that my brother ever saw it or had any knowledge of its existence. You may be sure, sir, that I am not a man to be dictated to. As for the young man, I shall not see him go hungry. But my brother has done well by him. He has given him a good education, and he is fully able to earn his own living. You see he is, in no way, my brother's son."

At this point, the door was softly opened, and what had never happened before, old Jacob De Costa walked into Lawyer Dobson's office. Under his right arm he carried a large, old-fashioned, square, sheet iron or black tin hand-trunk. When Jacob saw that he had intruded upon an interview, he drew back, and in his monosylbic way said:

"I want to speak to you, 'Squire, but I'll call soon."

"Oh, no," said the old lawyer, "walk into my private office, Mr. DeCosta, I will be there in a minute," and excusing himself, he left Mr. Spencer to await his return, while he went into his private office with Jacob DeCosta, and closed the door behind them. They were closeted for nearly an hour, when they returned to the reception room, and Jacob, having left the hand-trunk behind, departed without a word.

A peculiar twinkle in Lawyer Dobson's eye showed that he was in a different form of mind now than when he left Thomas Spencer, an hour before. Resuming his seat, he said:

"Well, Mr. Spencer, I suppose you are not prepared to say that you are willing to act upon this unsigned will of your brother's?"

"Do you mean to insult my judgment, sir," said Mr. Spencer, nervously rising to his feet. "I would like to ask what interest you have in my brother's affairs? What is it to you?"

"I will show you, when the time comes." returned the old lawyer, firmly. "I now give you notice that I shall put an injunction upon every step that you take, even to the administrating upon the estate."

"Let me get away from a man like you," said Mr. Spencer, "who attempts to browbeat me thus. Now, good day, sir," and he left the old lawyer's presence in a rage.

Lawyer Dobson, went to his desk and wrote a letter to George Spencer, the contents of which was.

"George—come home one week from to-day. Arrive here at 6 o'clock, p. m. train. Your future depends upon doing just as I say. I will have a carriage at the depot to meet you. Enclosed find check for $50. Say nothing to any one."

He signed the letter, sealed it, carried to the post office, and then went to Jacob De Casta's cottage.

A week after when George Spencer arrived at the depot, and stepped upon the platform, his thoughts during the journey from Cambridge, Mass., wondering back over the past and present, and trying to divine the future, was met by his late father's old colored coachman, Sam. As he glanced about him, he saw no other familiar face. Although it was early summer and the sun was yet lingering over the mountain tops.

"Bless de Lord, said the old coachman," grasping the young man's hand." "I did not hardly know you. You are a grown man, George. Now you just ought to see that little gal you used to beau around. I tell you, she's a beauty. She just got home yesterday. You ought to see dem fingers run over de keys of dat piano; and you ought to hear her sing, boss. De fellows is all crazy 'round here."

"Do you mean Minnie?" asked the young man, his face betraying the grief through which he had passed during the past few weeks.

"Yes, dats the gal," said the old man, with a laugh that lifted the young man's spirit from its gloomy despondency. "She asked me about you, de fust thing,"

"What do you mean, Sam," asked the young man, "when you say she has just got home? Where has she been?"

"Now look here," said Sam; "didn't you know she went away jest after you did—to Bethlehem—and's bin rubbin' her head 'ginst de college walls dar?"

"No one ever wrote me about it, ner did my father speak to me of it. It is strange that they did not," said George thoughtfully.

"But I'm not 'tending to business," said Sam, in a low voice, taking George by the arm and leading him to one side, where his carriage stood. "'Squire Dobson told me to come for you, and take you right up to de mine—to de new shaft. Dare's five of 'em, all draped in new black waterproofs gone down de shaft, and dey want you down dare!"

"Down in the mine?" asked George vaguely, some past remembrances of college "hazing," flitting through his mind.

"Yes; dat's what de Squire said, and he's got a long head," answered Sam. "Dare's some mighty queere things goin' on 'round here. Your uncle was here t'other day hobnobbing wid de ole Squire, and 'since den I've heard a good deal of whisperin' goin' on 'tween him and "Ole Self." But you want to go down in de mine, jest de same. Dey want to talk where nobody'll hear 'em. Dare's no one down dare but demselves and de ole shaft super', and he's as deaf as a mole. Here take dis wid you." And the old coachman slipped into the young man's breast pocket a time worn, double-barrel pistol, one side of the handle of which was broken off, but on the tubes under the hammers of which he glanced at two bright percussion caps. George was ushered into the carriage, and almost before he knew it, while his mind was dwelling over adventures, in which efforts, successful and unsuccessful had been made to secretly dispose of prospective heirs to large estates, he found himself under the roof over the shaft at the mine, and the deaf old superintendent silently robing in a waterproof, arming him with a miner's lamp; and then he felt his footing trenible, soon the last rays of daylight receding from his view, and he was sensible of the fact that he was sinking into the bowels of the earth.

When the carriage or elevator thudded upon the lower landing, and George was led into the dark, muddy gangway, breathed the heavy carboniferous atmosphere, and saw the carriage, by the dim lamp-lights, rise up through the long dark shaft, although fond of adventure, he was a coward, cold chills crept over him. His heart sank down to zero.

"How long is this shaft?" he asked, speaking for the first time to his only companion and guide.

"I am deaf," answered the old foreman, putting his ear close to the young man's mouth.

"How far underground are we?" roared George, his voice echoing through the dark gangways and subterranean chambers.

"That's so," said the deaf old man, beckoning him to follow; "but its none of my business."

"I believe this old scoundrel is leading me into a trap of some kind. I have a mind to shoot out his brains, blow out the lamps, hide in some nook, and wait the consequences. But white this idea was lingering in his mind, the old man turned about and said, with a smile:

"When you were a boy, they would not let you down here. We shall now turn to the left, and go up a plane a piece, where they are working a new vein. Be careful to keep on the planks. If you step off, you'll muddy your boots."

Following his guide in a few minutes, George found himself in a large chamber, the outl