The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. VII., No 14. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879. If not paid in advance, $1.25.

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MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

May be consulted in German. may25-1y*

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ATTORNEY AT LAW

Leven's Building,

BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.

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May 27, 1y.

P. J. MEEHAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Next Door to First National Bank,

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Can be consulted in German. [jan9.

Justices and Insurance

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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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WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Detective and Insurance Company.

March 29, 1879 THOS. KEMERER.

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OFFICE—Reber's Block, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, Penna.

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OFFICE: OVER H. A. PETER'S DRUG STORE, BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.

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

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Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.

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Livery & Sale Stables

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ELEGANT CARRIAGES,

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Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral purposes and Weddings. DAVID EBBERT Nov. 22, 1872.

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Best Fam'y Flour $2.75 a sack

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Railroad Guide.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

NOVEMBER 10TH, 1878.

Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—

(VIA PERKIOMEN BRANCH.)

For Philadelphia, at 4.25, 6.40, 11.40, a.m., and 5.21 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

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

(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

For Reading, † 7.30, 5.50, 9.05 a m., 12.15, 2 10, 4.30 and 9 05 p.m.

For Harrisburg, 7.30 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, 7.30 a.m. and 9 05 p m.

For Harrisburg, 7.30 a. m. and 9 05 p. m.

Trains FOR ALLENTOWN leave as follows:

(VIA PERKIOMEN BRANCH.)

Leave Philadelphia, 7.40 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 2.20, 4.00 and 7 55 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 a. m.

Leave Harrisburg, 5.2 a.m.

Trains marked thus (*) run to and from depot 9th and Green streets, Philadelphia other trains to and from Broad street depot.

The 5.50 a. m and 3.35 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.*

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32 COLUMN PAPER!!!

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Lehighton, Pa.

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Among the new features for this winter are a series of

A Andersonville Prison Sketches,

by one who was there. A new Serial Story was commenced Nov. 14th. Another one will commence in January.

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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.

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

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At MAUCH CHUNK, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Mornings.
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Is now highly recommended and extensively used for Rheumatism, Frosted Feet, Aches, Pains, Sores, Stiffness, Swellings, Sprains, &c. It is of the greatest value in curing Cuts, Galls, Strains and swelling in horses.

It acts quickly and surely. It at once soothes and relieves the stiff joints, the Lame Muscles and the Aching Nerves. The money will be paid back to any one not satisfied with its effects. Price 25 cents, 5 bottles for $1. Prepared by Levi Oberholtzer, M. D.

The Phœnix Pectoral.

Has proved itself to be peculiarly adapted to old persons, consumptive and children. It breaks a cold, it stops a cough, it aids expectoration, it gives instant relief, it gives strength, it brings rest. It has made more cures than any other medicine. Thousands of the citizens of Eastern Pennsylvania have used it for years great and testify to the relief given and cures effected. Price, 25 cents & 50 cents a bottle for $1. Prepared by Levi Oberholtzer M. D., and for Sale by A. J. BURKING, Lehighton. Nov. 23.6m.

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I am now supplying the very Best LATTIMER COAL at the following Low Prices, viz:

No. 1 Chestnut by the Car,..... $3 30 per ton
No. 1 Chestnut, single ton, ... 3 50 per ton
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DELIVERED. Stove and Egg Sizes at equally Low Prices.

J. L. GABEL,

Dealer in

GENERAL HARDWARE, &c.,

Opposite the Public Square, BANK STREET LEHIGHTON, Pa. Nov. 9, '87

THE SECRET OF THE WHITE CHEST.

It was just the house I wanted. In size and situation it suited me exactly, as the phrase goes, literally down to the ground. Facing Hyde Park, and placed back from the high road, with nothing in front of it but the broad strip of garden belonging to the terrace in which it stood, and the open stretch of turf and trees, it was the very abode for a London season. Its rent, too, was extremely moderate; it was in sound repair: drainage without a flaw; fixtures, furniture and decorations in the best taste; the owner only desiring to let it occasionally, because he went away from town each spring. Why then did I hesitate to take it? Why did everybody hesitate to take it? For the last seven years and more it had never been let. All the house agents at West End had had it in hand one after another. The terms had been reduced each season that it came into the market, and still there was no finding a tenant for it. Everybody who went over the house was charmed with it. The entrance being in the rear, all the best rooms had a delightful southern aspect; and going up from floor to floor on their first visit of inspection, everybody grew more delighted the higher they got. The apartments increasing in cheerfulness, if not in size, the outlook from the windows became more extensive and airy, while, when one reached the top story, and ascended by a narrow stair onto a leaded flat roof, with a high balustrade running round it, the view was, as the house-agent expressed it, "quite unique."

Nevertheless, everybody having reached the roof, and having looked round for a minute or two, descended with a firm determination not to take the house. Now what was the reason? It was not haunted, no ghosts had ever been seen, or mysterious noises heard—such things were never hinted at. There was nothing about it in appearance like the gloomy forbidding mansion in Severn Square, concerning which so many queer stories are told, and which, like the house in question, no one will take. No, it was the very reverse, in all respects, of that long (and still) untenanted abode. I had heard the rumors about the Hyde Park house often when I had been in London, and my curiosity had always been piqued, so that now, when I wanted just such a house for the season, I determined to go and look at it for myself.

Finding all satisfactory, and just as I expected from bottom to top, I was stepping out on the roof with Mr. Crumble, the agent, and was saying to him:

"Well, I can't conceive why people won't live here," when my eye fell upon a curious object erected upon the leads at the rear and surrounded by a high railing. It looked like a huge sky light or glass lantern, about ten feet long, three high and three broad. But instead of forming a light for a stair case or room beneath, it seemed to have been built for the purpose of covering another curious object, which occupying nearly the whole of the space under the glass, was plainly visible through it. This was a long white box, resembling a seamen's chest more than anything, only much larger. It rested up on four legs or feet, which raised it about a foot from the flat surface of the roof. It was painted a creamy white and varnished, and, apparently not being intended to open, any more than its glass covering, had no hinges or lock to its top or lid.

"What the deuce is that?" said I to Mr. Crumble.

"Ah!" replied the functionary with an odd expression in his face, "that's it, sir!"

"What's it, pray?"

"Why, the secret, sir."

"The secret? how is it a secret? what do you mean?

"Well, sir, what it is, what it's meant for, what's inside of it."

"Don't you know?"

"No, sir."

"Doesn't anyone know?"

"I suppose somebody does, sir, but we don't; we are forbidden to inquire, or to attempt to find out; if we knew we should be able to let the house perhaps."

"How long has it been there?"

"A long while I believe, sir—ten or twelve years. Before my time."

"But who put it up?"

"Well, Mr. Gayling, we suppose; nobody seems to know exactly when it first appeared there."

"But the servants," I protested, "they must know."

"Oh! I have heard there were none in the house at the time! they were all dismissed just before it was put up. Mr. Gayling never keeps many servants sometimes he has only one, sometimes none. Nobody lives in the house when he's away; but he always leaves the keys with us. He is always changing his servants, Mr. Gayling is; I have often heard him say that he likes new brooms."

"What is he or what was he?"

"A gentleman in the naval line, I believe; sir: they are rather rum 'uns, I'm told."

"Humph!" I said, "very odd. But do you mean to tell me that nobody will live here because they don't know what's in that box?"

"That is partly the reason, sir."

"Absurd," I was going on when the man continued:

"But there's a clause in the agreement about it; that's what does it, sir."

"Explain," I said.

"Well, sir, here is the clause," and he produced the document; perhaps you would like to read it yourself?"

Thus it ran:

"And in taking the house, at the rental, and for the term specified as above, I hereby solemnly pledge my oath never directly, or indirectly, through my own agency, or that of others, to attempt to meddle with, or disturb the white chest under the glass case of the roof, or to seek in any way to discover for what purpose it has been placed there, or what it contains; and I further guaranty that no person in my employ, nor anyone entering the house during my tenancy thereof, shall make any such attempt, and I hereby undertake that in the event of their being detected in doing so, or of my doing so, to forfeit the sum of one thousand pounds, and in accordance with this agreement have, in proper legal form, lodged the said sum with the bankers of Thomas Gayling Esq., the lessor as a guaranty of my good faith."

"But for that clause," went on the agent, as I finished reading it with some surprise, "we should have no difficulty in letting the house."

"Pray, is the owner out of his mind?" I asked in a minute.

"Not that I am aware of, sir; he is a very pleasant, affable gentleman, Mr. Gayling is, only, as I say, a little rum on some points; nothing will induce him to strike out that clause, for instance. Lor' bless you, sir, parties never entertain it for a moment when they come to that part of the business, they drop it like a hot potato."

"Humph!" said I again, "it's queer certainly, but I don't see why one shouldn't acquiesce; it doesn't matter a rap to me what's inside the chest, I should never want to meddle with or disturb it, and I'd take very good care no one else did; I would padlock the trap-door on to the roof, and that would settle that. Ah!" I continued, after walking round the structure and looking about me a bit—"ah! I see precautions have been taken to prevent any access to this roof from others on either side, by this iron chevaux-de-frise; yes, no one can get over this. Well, it's an odd freak, but I am not sure that I am going to be balked by it; I'll think about it, Mr. Crumble.

And the result of my thinking was, that I signed the agreement two days afterward, having conformed to the peculiar stipulation regarding the deposit. I had no fear of losing the thousand pounds; the interest on it was a mere addition of the rent, and the house was so exactly what I wanted that it would even then be cheap to me, with my large family of motherless children.

Nevertheless, I do not deny, that after all was signed, sealed and settled, I was conscious of a lurking curiosity and suspicion regarding that mysterious erection. What could it be? What could it contain? I was constantly saying to myself. What strange freak could possess the man to take such strong measures to guard against any penetration into the secret—measures, by the by, which in themselves were rather calculated to provoke investigation, to draw attention to the very thing he wished one to overlook? Was Mr. Gayling a miser, hoarding up some unknown treasure in this strange fashion? Probably that was it. Well, if it was, it was no business of mine after all. My parliamentary duties would be too urgent, I hoped to let me dwell upon much else, so I would dismiss it, and beyond putting the padlock on the trap-door of the roof as was threatened, I took no measures to prevent any of my household indulging in speculations. I at least would not direct attention to the matter, as Mr. Gayling did, and contented my family and domestics by saying that I didn't consider it safe for people to go on the roof.

Now, in spite of my resolution, I found myself perpetually recurring to the strange chest. For the sake of quiet and air, I had appropriated the two large back and front rooms at the top of the house for my bedroom and study, and thus slept every night beneath the white chest.

Before I had been in the house a month, it began to act as a nightmare on me, an incubus I could not shake off. I was oppressed and depressed by it, in a way quite unaccountable. I was puzzled at myself; I could not have believed four weeks before that I should ever have become so affected by such contemptible restlessness, disquiet and distrust. These feelings at last reached such a pitch that I finally changed my bedroom, I would not sleep any longer directly underneath this accursed fabric.

Another month passed, during which more than once, I was tempted to go secretly on to the roof and look at the thing again; there was no harm in that that was not forbidden in the bond, and I need hardly say, I saw nothing to provoke any new comment.

About a week after my last visit to the roof, a lengthy debate kept me late at the House of Commons and walking home for the sake of fresh air, I found the midsummer dawn breaking, as I struck into park Lane. Reaching Oxford street I was startled by observing in the western sky a strong light not due to reflected sunrise. At the moment I saw it a fire engine passed me at full speed, and presently the first sign of the commotion which a conflagration causes in the streets became evident. No man undergoes this experience, when he has been away from home many hours, and sees the red glare rising in the direction of his own home, without a pang of anxiety, if not of terror. How well-founded was this sensation in the present case was made evident ere I had walked another two hundred yards; yes, merciful powers! it was my house that was on fire!

I can scarcely record what followed; I only know that somehow I found myself in the midst of the police and firemen. That I explained to the superintendent who I was, and that under his escort I soon ascertained that all the inmates of my house, my children, their governess, and the servants, were in safety, and had been taken into a neighbor's at the rear; that as soon as I found this to be the case, I accompanied still by the superintendent, mounted to the top of an adjacent residence, whence the firemen were directing the hose upon the flames.

Once on this vantage point my mind reverted to the white chest. Was it still there? Yes; the flames, though bursting out from all the windows of the upper stories, back and front, had not yet done more than wrench and crack the glass case. For a time it seemed as if this would be the most that might happen. The water seemed to be getting the upper hand, and as it fell in torrents on the hot roof, such clouds of steam were thrown up with the smoke as would have completely hidden everything from view, but that our position had been skillfully selected and was well to windward of the burning mass. But presently, amid the roar of the flames, there came a dull heavy rumble for a moment, and then with a tremulous crash the roof fell in. With it of course went the fragments and framework of the glass case, and the now charred and blackeded chest itself. I had my eyes upon it at the moment, and down it went deep into the utter obscurity of the dense smoke and steam which always succeeds to this climax of a conflagration. For several minutes noting was to be discerned through the overwhelming wreathes of black-gray fumes. But presently, though the light from the fire had been quenched, there began to be visible, by the aid of the increasing light of the morning, the depth of this pit of Acheron. Yet it was not so very deep after all, for the fire having originated on the second floor, the falling roof had only crashed down as yet as far as the drawing-room, and there, when my eyes had become accustomed to the spectacle of the indistinguishable debris, I plainly beheld resting slantways across the stubborn remnant of wall, what had been the white chest; It was now split and smashed and its contents were revealed.

Good heavens! what was it that I looked down upon? I turned my face away for a moment with a shudder, for there, protruding through the splintered fragments of its once creamy white wooden case, was a huge leaden coffin, which in its turn melting and bursting with the heat, displayed within the unmistakable form of a shrouded corpse; I was in the act of drawing my companion's attention to it in horror, when suddenly there flew up around it with redoubled fury, such a mass of flame and smoke, that it was entirely hidden and soon the fire had so spread and burst out again, that the horrible spectacle of this unintentional incremation was shut from sight, and the house was finally burned to the ground!

I passed over what immediately followed after I had made my way back to the friendly abode where the members of my family were sheltered. In a few days they were snugly settled again in another home, fortunately not very much the worse for the terrible scare. In due course the time arrived for looking into my losses, and while I was doing so, I received a letter from Mr. Gayling, who had come to town requesting an interview. I was glad of this, for I foresaw it must lead to some explanation of the strange circumstances surrounding the agreement I had signed. My curiosily as to the contents of the white chest had been rudely satisfied, it was true, but what had been the reason for placing such an object in such a place? and this I was determined to find out Unexpectedly Mr. Gayling disclosed it to me immediately we met.

"I have asked for this interview, sir," he said abruptly, "because I am a ruined man."

"But," I interposed "I am told you were fully insured."

"That has nothing to do with it," he answered; "no insurance can restore the three thousand a year which I lose by what has happened. I am simply going to tell you certain facts; because, when you have heard them, I shall put it to you whether you will not, out of your ample means, feel that some compensation is due to me. The fact is, that it has been during your tenancy of my house, and through accident, or negligence, on the part of some one for whom you are responsible, that my ruin has been brought about."

"I don't understand you."

"Listen; sir," he went on, "and you will: I was brought up to the sea and followed it till mid-life, for I was entirely dependent on my earnings. My only relative at this time was an old uncle, also a sailor, and a most eccentric man, as you will presently see. Fifteen years ago he suddenly came into a large sum of money; I never knew how, but he retired and took that house. He had only been in it three years when a mortal sickness overtook him; he sent for me.

"Tom," said he, "I am dying, and I don't like it; I am terrified, not so much at the thought of death, as at the thought of burial; a sailor's grave I would not mind, but to be boxed up and thrust into the earth, no, Tom, I won't stand it. I look to you to see that it doesn't happen; and I have taken measures to make sure that you do see that it doesn't happen. I've made my will, Tom, I've left you all I possess, but on one condition, and it is, that you are my heir so long as I am well above ground, and no longer—mark the words, 'well above ground.'" Directly I am buried, or my remains are allowed to mingle with mother-earth, as she is called—she was no mother to me, the sea was my mother, for I was born at sea—all my money, mind, goes straight to the Seamen's Hospital, every penny of it.

"But what am I to do?" I asked of my uncle; "how shall I be able to carry out such a strange condition? Have you so expressed it in you your will?"

"Yes, indeed I have;" he answered, "and legal and binding you'll find it; as expressed in the words, "so long as I am well above ground."

"But what am I to do with you?" I again asked.

"Oh, run me up aloft masthead me, anything you like, but don't bury me."

"Well," went on Mr. Gayling, "to make a long story short, I found that the conditions of the old man's will were binding, and his executors and myself hit upon the plan of hoisting the coffin to the roof of his house. Under certain conditions we found that it was possible for us legally to do that. So I dismissed my three servants, employed a country undertaker, my old ship's carpenter, and a foreign glazier, in order that the matter should not be talked of in the neighborhood, and personally saw the arrangements carried out. You can now understand my reasons for not having it meddled with; yes, sir, and you can now understand that the condition of the will must take effect. No sign of the coffin or the body even was to be discovered in the ruins of that house. I have had a rigid search made, to no purpose; the old gentleman's remains have been consumed, have mingled with mother-earth, and the money passes as a matter of course to the Seamen's Hospital. I have not a penny in the world. What can you do for me?"

It is not necessary for me to say what I did for Mr. Gayling, but finding by a visit to Doctor's Commons, and by other evidence, that his story was substantially correct, I felt his case was a hard one, certainly a strange one; and I acted, I hope, not ungenerously toward him.—[All The Year Round.

Factory Facts.

Close confinement, careful attention to all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetites, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the phosicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Hop Bitters, made of the purest and best remedies, and especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. None need suffer if they will use them freely. They cost but a trifle. See another column.

The owner of a steam sawmill in Navada was until lately a member of a Methodist church, from which he was expelled, as he says, to gratify the personal spite of the pastor. He resolved to hold religious services of his own, and, to make them effective, he obtained a powerful calliope, and attached it to the steam boiler of his mill. On Sundays, the voice of the Methodist preacher is drowned by the sound of the calliope, as it screeches "The Sweet By and By," and other Moody and Sankey tunes. The clergyman has applied to a Justice's court for relief, but the Magistrate rules that the use of the calliope on Sunday for sacred music is legal. The question has been carried to a higher court.

READING, Pa., Feb. 19.—At a public sale to-day on the premises of Joseph Faust, near Centreport, in this county, a fracas occurred between Howard Epler, aged 25 years, and a huckster named Wilson Himmelberger, about a pint of peanuts. After angry words had passed between the two, Himmelberger took a piece of wood from his table and struck Epler a murderous blow on the head, felling him senseless to the ground, fracturing his skull, and otherwise inflicting injuries from which he will not recover. Himmelberger escaped and has not been arrested.

At Kittaning, Pa., Sheriff Williams, convicted at the December term of Court of perjury, and the use of money for election purposes, was sentenced on the 10th inst., by Judge Boggs, to twenty-five months' imprisonment in the Penitentiary and the payment of a fine of $300. Williams has held office since 1877.

HOTEL DEADBEAT.

"Yes," said the affable clerk at the Palace the other day, as he lifted his stomach up on the office counter and selected another toothpick, "they are up to all sorts of dodges—these hotel beats—and we fellows have to keep a very sharp lookout for 'em; bet your life."

"Do—eh?"

"Now, for instance, about four months ago, a nice old gentleman came in with a rather fast looking man, who had just arrived from New York, he said, and who engaged a handsome suite on the fifth floor. The old man took me aside, and said he was forced to run over to Hong Kong himself on the next steamer, but that he would leave his son with us. The latter, he confidently explained, was just then sowing considerable oats by the wayside. 'In fact,' said the gentleman, with much feeling, 'he is so dissipated I dare not leave any money with him, and I especially desire that none be furnished him by your cashier—not one single cent, remember. For fear, however, he gets into any real trouble during my absence, I will deposit in your hands this package of gold notes. Use it freely, if imperatively necessary, but do not let him suppose you have any such deposit, as he would be all the more reckless and dissipated. If anything should happen we were to write to the old party, care Rothschild's Hong Kong agency.'"

"Well—and then?"

"Well, the young fellow raised merry old Ned round this edifice for about three months. He beat Smith and I out of $400 at pedro; ordered all the wine in the house; gave queer little supper-parties in his room, got drunk and tied the elevator man's head overboard, so that the next landing would cut it off; was chased round the corridors by some married man with a pistol nearly every night of his life, and, in fact, was a regular snorter in every way."

"Should think so."

"Of course he never paid any board—we didn't expect that, having his governor's bundle of securities locked up all right in the safe. But one day he did something so blamed outrageous that we couldn't stand it—had a chicken fight in the ladies parlor, or something—so we wrote him a warning note."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing but 'ta-ta,' and left the hotel that very day; vamosed—disappeared. As we didn't get any remittance from Hong Kong, we opened the package last week, and what do you suppose was in it?"

"Dunno—counterfeit money?"

"Not such luck. Something can be done with real good—Ahem! Why, there was nothing in that bundle but a few old Morning Calls. Think of it, Morning Calls! Ugh! it makes me sick to think of it even now," and the genteel hotel official lifted his stomach down again, and went sadly into his fifth meal.—News Letter.

THAT COAL STOVE.

Coming down on the car the other morning they got to talk about their coal stoves, and one man said—

"Well, I don't want to brag, but I think I've got the boss stove. So far this winter I haven't burnt but three tons of coal, and the stove has kept three rooms warm,"

"You must have a poor stove," remarked the second. "I haven't burned but two tons of coal yet, and my stove heats parlor, dining room, two bedrooms and a hall."

"Well, when you come to stoves," quietly remarked the third, "I claim to have the best coal stove in Detroit. I have burned but a ton and a half of coal so far, and we have to keep all the dampers shut and a back door open all the time."

Some men looked out of the windows and some down at the straw, and no one seemed to doubt any of the assertions. At length a heavy sigh was heard from the rear end of the car, and a clerical-looking man arose and said:

"Gentlemen, there goes the fire alarm. It strikes the box in front of my house. I have no doubt that my residence is at this moment in flames and the lives of my family in peril. It is all owing to my coal stove. I set up the stove last November and put in one peck of coal. Every room has been so hot ever since that the baseboards have warpt off, and we finally had to move down into the basement. This morning the water in all the pipes of the house was boiling, the shingles on the roof hot, and I just hired four men to form a snow bank around the stove. Too late! alas, too late That stove has accomplished its fiendish purpose, and I no longer have a home. I may not, however, be too late to save the baby, good-by, gentlemen!"

He opened the door and got off the car, and not a passenger spoke again for four blocks.—Detroit Free Press.

DE SUGAR AIN'T DAR.

"Gen'len, if you see a passon rushin' roun' the world enveloped in a diamond pin an' an ulster, am dat any sign dat he pays taxes, rents a church pew an' brings his chil'n up in de way dey should go?"

Brother Gardner looked down on the 64 faces in the orchestra chairs, but not a voice responded.

"When you see a passon seated in a sky-blue cutter, pushin de lines over a fast hoss an' lookin' outer his left eye as if he had de bulge on all de corner lots in town, am dat any sign dat a single grocer would trust him for a box of sardines or a peck of carrots?"

The elder Toots heaved a deep sigh, and Huckleberry Jones very silently scratched his off leg just below the knee.

"When a man takes up fo' seats in de kyar, pushes folks aroun' on de market, elbows aroun' de City Hall, an' gits de fust place at de stamp window in de Postoffice, am dat any sign dat when it come to de pail he's give half a dollar's worth of wood to keep an orfun asylum from freezin' to death? Doan' you black folks git dust in your eyes! Jar's a heap of sand and sawdust in dis world dat passes for sugar to de man walkin by but when it comes to de pinch de sugar ain't dar. De sawdust bulges up an' de sand creeps out, an' you am dis'pinted an' disgusted. It's kinder hard to have to eat cold turnip when you know dat de family nex' door am luxuriatin' on sweet cake an' turkey; but if de turnip am paid for you needn't fear for your digestion. I expect dat de h'arafter am de biggest thing outy of us hev got to work for; an' I tole you, brudders, dat big seat rings an' pants cut 22 inches across de kuff am nowhar alongside of a kind word an' honest heart."

John Bradley of Philadelphia could not, in consequence of heart disease, lie down, nor even sit down comfortably. He had a bed made in such a way as to sustain him in an upright position, and in that contrivance he slept for nine years. He died a few days ago.

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