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The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

VOL. VII., No. 35.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

If not paid in advance, \$1.25.

Railroad Guide.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD. Arrangement of Passenger Trains. MAY 1879. Trains leave ALLANTOWN as follows: For Philadelphia, at 6:25, 8:00, 11:40, a.m., and 5:15 p.m.

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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.

Central Carriage Works, Bank St., Lehighton, Pa.

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JOHN BALLIET, Prop., Dressed Lumber.

BRACKETS MADE TO ORDER.

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Boots, Shoes, HATS, CAPS, &c.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN TOWN!

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PURE DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.

WHAT HANDSOME GOODS!

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Coal! Coal! Coal!

J. L. GABEL, GENERAL HARDWARE, &c., Opposite the Public Square, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.

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No Patent—No Pay. PATENTS.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

KENDALL'S.

666.

PILES.

ONLY A LITTLE.

A bird has little—only a feather tucked, it may be, from a tender breast, Only a thread to bind together.

ONLY A LITTLE. A child has little—only a blossom.

TEN DAYS BURIED.

BY GRACE LEBROCK.

Pretty Julie Garcia's cheeks were flushed till they matched in color her short red petticoat.

God forbid, mademoiselle! If I knew the reason, I would cry against him, for even by saving as much as was possible, we should have had a dog for a pet.

And you, Paul and Toto, can you tell me nothing more about this? You must wait till my next attempt to explore your lair for bats and hushpuppy.

There is no danger of any stealing from us the glory of our discovery, for the bushes form a perfect screen to the door.

It was at the close of a bright October day, when Julie again stood, like a graceful statue, beside the stone wall, her trembling fingers for so many evenings.

Julie had, in the meantime turned the key, and, setting the lighted lantern on the stone floor, turned with a triumphant look toward her lover, as if to say, "was not my discovery worth all this importance I gave it?"

But the words were frozen on her tongue by the sound of a step first on the gravel yard above, and then the cry of "Help—the Germans are upon us!"

"Stay here! You will only be taken prisoner and killed, if they see you!" cried Julie, with well lighted eyes.

"Thank heaven, he is safe!" An exciting scene presented itself to the girl's eyes as she drew near the house.

Julie gazed for a moment in mute dismay and then started forward to order the intruder away, with the imperious voice of a commander, and reckless as to whether his transgression merited so severe a punishment, had first tried the group of soldiers.

Of lamentation and fright arose from the women, and Denis, peering tremblingly over the shoulder of one of them, saw what curdled his blood with horror.

Julie, his master's beloved daughter, and the light of his eyes, lay senseless in Tonette's arms, with the silky fairness of one long plait of hair matted by the blood oozing from a wound dangerously near the white throat.

Denis, in his anxious haste to defend her, had wounded, perhaps mortally, the one being in the world for whom he would have willingly laid down his life.

The hard, wayward soldier seemed dismayed and touched at the melancholy accident, and after expressing their rough sympathy, and offering no valuable advice as to what treatment the wounded girl should receive, departed quietly, leaving the farmhouse and all its belongings unattended.

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The Carbon Advocate.

And Independent Family Newspaper. Published every SATURDAY, in Lehighton, Carbon Co., Pa., by HARRY V. MORTIMER. OFFICE—HARVEY, a short distance above the Lehigh Valley R. R. Depot. TERMS: \$1.00 per Annum in Advance.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PLAIN AND FANCY Job Printing AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Julie's wound was comparatively slight, but for some hours she lay a fever which robbed her of sense and consciousness for ten long dreary days and nights.

All through the delirium, her brain teemed with the events of the unlucky day of the soldier, but the faithful attendants poulticed in vain over the possible manner of her constantly repeated words:

"Thank God, he is safe!" "The anxious watchers almost dreaded the girl's return to consciousness, for reports had come of the mysterious disappearance of Emil Garnier, her lover, and it was supposed that he had either shamefully deserted, or fallen victim to the enemy."

At last the light of reason came back to Julie's eyes, and, as they had all expected, Emil was the first word on her lips; but, as she spoke his name, she started with a wild cry:

"How long have I been ill! Answer me, quickly!" "Ten days yesterday, mademoiselle, and we have been here."

"Oh, my God! Ten days! Then he is dead, and I have killed him! God be merciful, and grant me breath to explain."

Oh, Mademoiselle Julie, do calm yourself and lie down again. You will kill yourself. What thing has happened?" cried Tonette, falling on her knees before the bed, from which her mistress had half risen.

Julie, with bosom heaving, and cheeks and lips pale as lead, in sharp, quick tones, as if fearing her strength might fail:

"Take the large key that was in the bosom of my dress the day I was wounded; clear away the bushes from the bottom of the ravine, under the great tree, and unlock the door hidden there. Take lights. You need not tell me what you find—miserable wretch that I am, I know too well! Go! There is no time to lose! Oh, Emil, my darling!"

This fell like a death-lie upon her, and Tonette flew from the room for help, and the execution of her mistress' last strange command.

Not many moments elapsed before a group of frightened women and boys stood huddled together before the mysterious oaken door under the wall, waiting in breathless expectancy while Tonette turned the key.

As the door opened, a man, pale and haggard, with a rough beard and a soldier's tarnished uniform, staggered forward to the light.

"In the name of all the saints, it is Monsieur Emil!" they cried, joyfully gathering around him.

"How came you in such a dismal place? How long have you been here? We thought you were dead," echoed on every side.

"Let me go where I can stretch my legs and breathe the fresh air again. I will explain everything later. Here, Toto, your arms; I was a soldier."

The farm-servants, with whom startling events were growing to be an every day occurrence, bore the released captive back to town, when, with every expression of astonishment and concern, he heard of the misfortune that had befallen his fiancée.

When Julie again awoke to the world and its trials, it was to meet Emil's loving gaze shining down upon her.

"My darling, you had a hard struggle for our life and health," he said, pressing her hand to his lips.

"Is it you, Emil, or is my brain forever going to play me false? I had pictured to myself such a horrible vision of you dying by inches, of starvation and cold, in that dreadful den! What merciful Providence intervened to save you?"

"Later, when you are stronger, Julie, I will tell you all my adventures, but you cannot bear it now."

"Oh, yes, I am strong and well, since you are restored to me. Tell me everything."

"I confess," began Emil, "that I could not feel altogether grateful for your thoughtfulness in looking me up in that dark hole, and as time wore on and no release came, I made the place echo with muffled oaths.

To amuse myself, I carefully explored my new quarters, and found in one corner a green leather case, containing a pair of pistols, bread, and the like. Julie does not mean to condemn me to starvation, at all events; I said to myself, as my watch ticked away one hour after another. There was also a keg of cider conveniently open, and provided with a straw and with this, and the shawl you left, together with a piece of old carpet that covered the provisions, I sat down and made myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit, while I watched the candle burn out."

"Heaven bless the thief!" exclaimed Julie, fervently, "for he has saved my darling from a most dreadful death."

"To the astonishment of all present, the usually so placid Denis dropped on his knees, and losing all control of his voice, stammered:

"Mademoiselle Julie, I can keep my secret no longer. I was that thief. I thought that when the hand, time came, the others could better take care of themselves than I. My name is, you know, makes me no good at fighting. I could not run for my life, and should have been taken at home by the enemy. I found the entrance, and for fear of the world, stowed away there enough food to keep body and soul together for a few weeks."

"There was enough to feed a regiment," stammered Denis, in an undertone.

"Can you forgive me, Mademoiselle Julie?" pleaded Emil.

"Of course, the mistress of Les Tillacs could not refuse full pardon to her culprit, whose misdeeds had rescued her lover from the gallows; but, from the moment of his confession, Denis knew that his reputation for sagacity and intelligence was gone among his countrymen."

"As he had believed Adams joined into the possession of strangers, Julie left her presence, and went to take up her abode in a new country, not in the wife of Emil Garnier, but in the widow of the soldier who had lost his life."