The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. VII., No 42. | LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1879. | If not paid in advance, $1.25.

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JOHN KLINE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office: Corner Susquehanna and Race streets
MAUCH CHUNK, PA. july29-ly

JOHN D. BERTOLETTE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office: Room 2, Ground Floor Mansion House
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.
May be consulted in German. may25-ly*

F. P. LONGSTREET,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Levan's Building.
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
December 16-6m.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office:—2d floor of Rhoad's Hall,
Mauch Chunk, Pa.
All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. May 27, 1y.

P. J. MEEHAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE, No. 3, Second Floor, OAK HALL,
MAUCH CHUNK, PENNA.
Can be consulted in German. jan9

Justices and Insurance.

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CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEHIGH MUTUAL FIRE,
READING 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.
March 29, 1879 THOS. KEMERER.

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COUNTY BUILDING, MAUCH CHUNK, Pa.
Fire Insurance Agent.
POLICIES in SAFE Companies only, at Reasonable Rates. Aug. 23-yl

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Business transacted in English and German. Aug. 23 yl

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Persons ordering a Set of Teeth, and residing at Lehighton, Weissport or vicinity, or any point within 25 miles from Slatington, will RECEIVE AN
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May be consulted in the German Language
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W. A. DERHAMER, M.D.,
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Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
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General practice attended to, and SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO DISEASES OF WOMEN mar 22 -yl

N. B. REBER, M. D.
U. S Examining Surgeon,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE: Bank Street, REBER'S BLOCK, Lehighton, Pa.
May be consulted in the German Language. Nov. 25,

Railroad Guide.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.
Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

JULY 28TH, 1879.
Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—
(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD).
For Philadelphia, at 4.25, 8.05, 11.40, a.m., and 5.55 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
For Philadelphia at 4.25 a. m., 3.35 p. m.
(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)
For Reading, 5.40, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m
For Harrisburg 5.40, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.
For Lancaster and Columbia, 5.40, 9.05 a.m. and 4.30 p. m
SUNDAYS.
For Reading, 4.30 and 9.05 p m.
For Harrisburg, 9.05 p. m.
Trains FOR ALLENTOWN leave as follows:
(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.)
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 7.20, 10.35 a. m., 4.00 and 6.15 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5.15, 8.10 a. m., and 2.00, and 4.00 p. m.
Leave Lancaster, 8.10 a. m., 12.55 and 3.45 p. m.
Leave Columbia 8.00 a. m., 12.0 and 3.35 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
Leave Reading, 7.20 and 9.05 a. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5.15 a.m.
Trains marked thus (*) run to and from depot 8th and Green streets, Philadelphia other trains to & from Broad street depot.
The 6.30 a. m and 5.55 p. m. trains from Allentown, and the 7.45 a. m and 5.30 p. m. trains from Philadelphia, have through cars to and from Philadelphia.
J. E. WOOTTEN, General Manager.
G. G. HANCOCK, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

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Free Lunch every Saturday Night.
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On the European Plan.
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Among the new features for this winter are a series of
A ndersonville Prison Sketches,
by one who was there. A new Serial Story was commenced Nov. 16th. Another one will commence in January.
TERMS—Single copy, per year $2.00; five copies, $1.75 each; ten or more copies $1.50 each and an extra copy with every club of ten. Specimen copies sent free. Send for one. Address TOLEDO BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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Cures Headache, Burns, Sprains, Wounds, Cuts, Rheumatism, Toothache, Earache, etc., etc. Warranted equal in quality to any made, at half the price.
6 oz Bottles 25c. Pint Bottles 50c
Have your druggist order, if he has not in stock, of
CHARLES F. RISLEY,
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Manufacturer of and Dealer in
STOVES, RANGES AND HEATERS,
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ROOFING and SPOUTING done at short notice and at Lowest Cash Prices.
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THE LIGHTHOUSE COOK,
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Every kind of STOVE GRATES and FIRE BRICKS kept constantly on hand.
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Patronage solicited—Satisfaction guaranteed. Oct. 5-yl A. D. MOSSER.

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Bank St., Lehighton, Pa.,
Are prepared to Manufacture
Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs, Spring Wagon, &c.,
Of every description, in the most substantial manner, and at Lowest Cash Prices.
Repairing Promptly Attended to.
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Every description of Printing, from a
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STATEMENTS,
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Done in the best manner, at very Lowest Prices.
We are prepared to do work at as cheap rates as any office in the State that deals honestly with its customers.
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Cheap, Prompt & Reliable.
Orders by mail recive prompt attention.

MRS. A. C. PETER,
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H. A. Peter's Central Drug Store.
LEUCKER'S BLOCK, LEHIGHTON, PA.,
Respectfully announces to the people of Lehighton and vicinity, that she will continue the business, as heretofore and thanking them for past favors, asks a continuance thereof. You will always find a full line of
PURE DRUGS and CHEMICALS,

PATENT MEDICINES, HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS, TOILET ARTICLES, SPONGES, CHAMOIS SKINS, PERFUMERY AND FANCY STATIONERY, latest styles of PLAIN and FANCY WALL PAPERS, at prices to suit the times. PURE WINES and LIQUORS for medicinal use, &c., at Lowest Prices. Physician's prescriptions compounded by Dr. C. T. Horn, at all hours of the day and night, Sunday included. MRS A. C. PETER.
March 29, '78-yl

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WHY GO HUNGRY! When you can buy 64 pounds of First-Class Bread—
FIVE LOAVES FOR 25 CENTS!
J. W. O'NEAL, the popular Bread and Cake Baker, of Lehighton is now able to meet the wants of the times, has Reduced 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,
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I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple VEGETABLE Balm that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 5c. stamp, Ben. Vandoff & Co., 29 Ann Street, N. Y.

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JOHN BALLIET, Propr.,
Deals in all kinds and sizes of Pine, Hemlock Oak and Hard Wood Lumber, and is now prepared to execute any amount of orders for
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Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Shutters, Mouldings, Cabinet Ware, &c.,
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The Machinery is all new and of the best and most improved kinds. I employ none but the best workmen, use well seasoned and good material, and am therefore able to guarantee entire satisfaction to all who may favor me with a call.
Orders by mail promptly attended to. My charges are moderate; terms cash, or interest charged after thirty days.
GIVE ME A CALL.
Those engaged in Building will find it to their advantage to have Siding, Floor Boards Doors, Sashes, Shutters, &c., &c., made at the Factory.
May 10-yl JOHN BALLIET.

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Mrs. C. DeTschirschky,
Respectfully invites the attention of her lady friends and the public generally to her New Large and Elegant stock of
Notions and Fancy Goods,
comprising UNDERWEAR, BERLIN AND GERMANTOWN WOOL, HOSIERY, Imported and Domestic EMBROIDERY, RIBBONS, GLOVES, and a large variety of the Newest Designs in
Fancy Goods.
Also, in addition with the above, I keep a full and complete stock of
GERMAN FRUITS,
LIMBURGER and SWITZER CHEESE,
CANDIES and CONFECTIONS,
together with a variety of Goods not generally kept in any other store in town. If you do not see what you want, ask for it and I will get it.
A share of public patronage is solicited, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed in price and quality of goods.
Nearly Opposite Durling's Drug Store.
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa
November 30.

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HANDSOME GOODS!
AND WHAT A
SPLENDID VARIETY!
Is the Universal Verdict of all who Examine the New, Fresh Spring Stock of
Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings & Suitings,
For MEN'S, BOY'S and YOUTH'S WEAR, just received at the MERCHANT TAILORING STORE OF
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Every Department is full and complete with the Latest Novelties.
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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. 22 1878.

THE REAL MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller worked at raking hay,
And cleared her forty cents a day;
Her clothes were coarse, her health was fine,
And so she worked in the sweet sunshine!
She often glanced at the far off town,
And wondered if eggs were up or down;
And her sweet song died of strange disease,
Leaving a phantom taste of cheese,
And an appetite and a nameless ache
For soda-water and ginger-cake!
The Judge rode slowly into view,
Stopped his horse in the shade and threw
His fine-cut cut; while blushing Maud
Marveled much at the kind he "chawed."
"I am dry as a fish," he said with a wink;
"And kind o' think that a good drink
Will brace me up." So the cup was filled
With the chrystal wine the old spring spilled;
And she gave it him with a sun-browned hand.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, in accents bland—
"A thousand thanks! For a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand"—but there he laughed;
And the sweet girl stood in the sun that day,
And raked the Judge instead of the hay!

THE STORY OF A MARRIAGE-EVE.

BY KARL DRURY.

"To-morrow is my wedding-day," said Viola Clayson softly to herself. "It seems so strange. And yet how happy the thought makes me!"

She was seated in the sumptuous drawing room of her father's handsome country mansion as these words left her lips.

It was still early evening, and the lamps had just been lighted. Their mellow luster played richly on Viola's starry-eyed, olive beauty.

Never had her face worn so charming a look as to-night, because never had the future seemed to her so deliciously full of promise.

Roy Melford, the brilliant young New York lawyer, was a match worthy of even Oscar Clayson's precious only child, whose days had been made thus far enviable by every fond indulgence.

But meditation does not always increase contentment. Some famous writer once said that to think is to become miserable.

A shade of care certainly darkened Viola's lovely face, as she now moved forth upon the broad moon lighted piazza, where fragrance of June honeysuckles perfumed the silvery dimness.

"Poor Mark Sinclair!" her thoughts presently ran. "I know he is wretched to-night; I can't help but pity him. Surely it was not my fault that I could *only* give him pity in return for his deep, unconquerable love. And how odd that he should be Roy's intimate friend, and yet that Roy has never suspected his secret. Well, it is better as it is, perhaps. Mark is a noble fellow. He suffers still. I saw it in his eyes when he called with Roy yesterday. And to-morrow he will be his friend's best man at the wedding, and no one will dream of what an ordeal he is passing through—but, pshaw! I must not think of these gloomy things; time will bring Mark consolation. And after Roy and I are married I shall make it my sacred duty to find him some lovely, true woman for a wife. He deserves it, if ever man did!"

Shortly after making these rather girlish and impulsive reflections Viola clipped down across the lawn, passed out of its front gate, and entered the grounds of a fine estate lying opposite, where dwelt her friend, Kate Chatsfield.

Kate was to be one of Viola's bridesmaids on the morrow, and naturally the two friends would not be at a loss for a vivacious chat together.

Roy Melford had sent Viola a note that afternoon saying that he would call at nine o'clock this same evening for his farewell visit in the capacity of her tutor.

There were still two hours and a half before that hour, and Viola's restless mood needed some kind of occupation during the intervening period.

Meanwhile, about half a mile away, in one of the lower chambers of that comfortable, old fashioned homestead which Mark Sinclair had recently inherited from his dead father, a very different scene was being enacted.

Two men sat here together—Mark, the host, and his friend, Roy Melford, to-morrow's prospective bridegroom.

Mark's grave, rugged, manly face looked unusually serious. Roy, who was speaking, wore on his delicate, fine-cut features an expression of melancholy distress.

"Mark," he was saying, "the woman who now waits outside on the porch is inflexible. She says that she will show those very letters to Oscar Clayson this very night. You know what a high-strung, honorable he is. He once said to me, just after my engagement to Viola: "Roy Melford, if there were the least stain upon your name you should never have my daughter. I give her to you only because I believe your record to be absolutely flawless.' When the sister of that dead girl shows him the ardent love-letters which I once wrote her, and which, as she says, are the proof of my gross infidelity to poor Sara Wilmot, I should not be surprised if Viola's father wrathfully forbade our marriage, even at this late hour. Oh, Mark, can nothing be done to prevent this unhappy scandal?"

Mark Sinclair was silent. Roy had covered his face with both hands. The big old clock in the corner ticked solemnly.

Presently Mark spoke:

"You treated Sara Wilmot shamefully Roy," he said. "I never knew about those letters till now; but I remember that summer very well, when we both went together to D—— for the shooting. Poor Sara was a simple country-girl, living in that lonely little cottage with her aged mother. You made her believe that you meant to marry her. And afterward you kept up the deception. Oh, it was base, unmanly!"

Roy sprang to his feet.

"Not so base or unmanly as it looks, Mark," he cried. "I was almost a foolish boy at the time. For a little while I believed that I did really care for the girl. Then, when we left D——, my brief infatuation died. Pity made me write those letters. I shrank from telling her the truth. Her death actually stabbed me with remorse when chance brought me the sudden news of it. Ah! the memory of my weakness, fault, sin, or whatever name you choose to call it by, has haunted me bitterly enough ever since. And now, if I am to be so frightfully punished—if I am to lose Viola on our wedding eve—the chastisement will be harder than I can bear. Mark, it will kill me!"

The last words were hackenly uttered. Roy flung himself back into the chair, and once more covered his face, while his slender graceful frame quivered under the stress of severest emotion.

"What makes you think that Martha Williiot's exposure of your conduct to Viola's father will have so calamitous a result?"

"I know Oscar Clayson better than you do," almost groaned Roy Melford.

Mark rose. He stood for a moment as if in undecided meditation. Then he slowly left the room and walked forth upon the large, antique porch, on whose steps the summer moonlight lay pale and tranquil. A woman stood near the doorway. She was a tall, dark-featured woman, with cold black eyes. As the light from the inner hall struck her stern, aquiline face, Mark Sinclair said:

"You are Martha Wilmot?"

"Yes," was the quick, harsh answer. "I do not know you, sir, nor do I care to speak with you. I am waiting for Roy Melford to come back. I wish him to go with me to the house of the lady he will shortly marry. I wish her father and herself to hear his own admission of his villainy toward my poor dead sister. If he will go with me, well and good; I shall go alone. I have heard what sort of a man Oscar Clayson is. When he has listened to my story it may alter Mr. Roy Melford's future prospects."

A little silence followed, and then a bitter laugh broke from the woman's lips.

"Oh, I know why you are here," she went on. "It is to offer me a bribe. Roy Melford has sent you: But you can go back again and tell him that I would fling his dollars in the dirt if he proffered them to me! No! what I want is revenge for my poor dead sister—and I mean to get it this night! I only heard of the coming marriage yesterday. I wish I'd known of it sooner. But perhaps it is not yet too late!"

A silence followed. Then Mark Sinclair's calm voice said:

"I came to offer you no bribe. Roy Melford will not go with you to Mr. Clayson's; but I, his friend, will go. You shall tell your story; and then we will see just what happens?"

* * * * * * *

"You say, Martha Wilmot, that you were absent from home, in a situation as a factory-woman, when all this sad affair occurred?"

Oscar Clayson spoke. He was standing in the centre of his library, facing Martha Wilmot and Mark Sinclair, who stood near her and looking as pale as death. He was a man who had been handsome in his day, but a slow mortal malady had for several years been gradually sapping his strength.

"Yes," answered Martha, "I returned home to find my sister dying. And this man's deceit had killed her. He is the man, Mr. Clayson, who is to marry your daughter to-morrow."

Mr. Clayson now spoke somewhat hoarsely.

"You mentioned some letters," he said. "Let me see them."

Martha handed him a small packet.

"My mother could also have given her testimony," she went on, "if her death had not happened a few weeks ago. But these letters, I think, are enough proof. You will no doubt recognize their hand."

"I do recognize it."

The words left Oscar Clayson's lips a few minutes later. He had been reading several of the written pages. He sank back into his chair and the loosened sheets fell from his half-nerveless fingers.

"Poor Viola!" he murmured. "What a wedding day she will have!"

Mark Sinclair drew several steps nearer to the old gentleman, at this.

"Mr. Clayson," he said, "do you mean that you will forbid your daughter's marriage?"

"Forbid it," was the quick, imperious answer; "I would rather see Viola dead than the wife of one who could so soil himself."

"But if he has repented bitterly," urged Mark. "If——"

"Repented! If he repented a thousand times the dishonor would still be the same. No, my mind is made up. The wedding shall not take place."

A silence followed. Martha Wilmot's face was lit with a saturnine, triumphant smile.

In a moment she can commit deeds of utter baseness. And it requires but a moment also for us to decide upon our actions where the loftiest sublimity is shown.

Mark Sinclair loved Viola Clayson with a profound, overmastering love. A selfish nature might have seen in this old man's decision the chance of future personal benefit.

But Mark Sinclair's nature was not merely unselfish. It was capable of splendid, heroic renunciation, of high, supreme generosity. Roy Melford, too, was his friend. He meditated for a brief space, then he acted.

"The truth must be told," he said. "I wrote those letters."

"You!" exclaimed Mr. Clayson.

"You!" echoed Martha.

Yes, I, Mark Sinclair. I confess it: they are forgeries. I have never been Roy Melford's friend. Years ago he injured me—no matter how. I vowed revenge upon him, and when we were at D—— together I saw the chance of thus harming his fair fame. I wooed Sara Wilmot under Roy Melford's name. He never went near the cottage, or very rarely. If Mrs. Wilmot were alive she could identify me as her daughter's deceiver. I afterwards forged his name and handwriting. I now tell the truth because I have a grain of conscience left, and cannot see an innocent creature like Viola Clayson suffer, even though it would bring disaster upon the man I still love."

"It is not true," gasped Martha.

But Mark had acted his part magnificently. Oscar Clayson was wholly deceived by him.

"I believe you, however," cried the old man, starting to his feet. "Never enter my door again," he went on, indignantly; "nor dare to speak to me while I live."

"As you please," said Mark, in humble, crushed tones. "But now that I have confessed the truth, at least conceal my shame, and give me those letters."

"Take them," cried Mr. Clayson, "and go!"

Mark seized the letters before Martha could re-secure them. And an instant later he had torn them into small fragments, and hurried from the room with these grasped in his hands.

But just before going he turned and spoke the following words:

"Roy Melford did not betray me when that woman to-night upbraided him with the treachery that he supposed his. He kept silent because he would not believe her accusation till my own lips had verified it."

Viola and Roy were married the next day.

Martha never credited Mark Sinclair's story, but Mr. Clayson did. Mark did not appear at the wedding. Later, when Roy heard what his friend had done for him, he almost knelt at Mark's feet in devout gratitude.

Mr. Clayson died about six months afterward of the disease to which he had been for years a victim. After his death Mark was the honored friend and frequent guest of Viola and Roy, though the former never knew of his noble falsehood.

Viola has never succeeded in finding Mark that wife whom she had hoped to secure for him.

But perhaps Mark has had his reward. Perhaps his own large, true soul has gained for him a fitting recompense. Who shall deny? Great natures are wrought in this finer way.

THIS AND THAT.

—A New England carpenter is so temperate that he refuses to touch a spirit level.

—Did you ever know a civil engineer to be guilty of a rudeness?

—A lad in one of our schools being asked "What is Rhode Island celebrated for?" replied: "It is the only one of the New England states which is the smallest."

—"How are you off for funds to-day?" asked a collector of an impecunious though classical debtor. "I am *semper idem*—always the same, emphatically 'without change!'"

—Dentisty is not new. A four-thousand year-old mummy has been discovered with a filled tooth and the unpaid bill in his pocket.

—A gentleman learned in the origin of social customs was asked the meaning of casting an old shoe after a newly-married couple as they start on their trip. He said it indicates that the chances of matrimony are very slipper-y.

—When little Washington remarked to his pa; "I cannot tell a lie," the old gentleman turned pale with astonishment and grief: "Why, you young rascal!" he exclaimed, "that's the biggest one yet."

—A gorgeous English swell, leading a dog, inquired at a railroad station: "Must—I, aw—take a ticket for a purppy?" The bewildered clerk regarded him for a moment, and then replied: "No, sir; you can go as an ordinary person."

—It is said that only ten foreigners are honored by tombs in Westminster Abbey. They are awful particular as to who is buried there. But let them keep their old tombs. If they'd offer to let us be buried there to-morrow we wouldn't accept.

—Eulalie's sweet poem, says an exchange, entitled "The Cucumber's Victim," has been received, and it is respectfully but firmly declined on the grounds that we cannot encourage a titter which makes "really gorgeous" rhyme with "cholera morbis."

—At Saratoga—She introduced Mr. Peter to all of her circle, and when her daughter Kate sweetly lisped, "Mither Peters!" he softly said, "Why don't you call me Pete?" "Oh, not so short an acquaintance," she blushingly replied. "But my name is Peet, not Peters."

—Beware of the man who comes into your office while the morning is fresh, and starts off by saying: "I don't want to take up your time. I know what busy men you editors are." The chances are that he will stay untill sunset, and will only leave then because you draw a pistol on him.

—Rev. Mr. Fogsell is the father of a boy who will probably distinguish himself. The evening before the last circus the reverend gentlemen was talking to his son about the beauties of heaven, when the child suddenly observed, "Paps, let us drop heaven and talk circus."

—A man whose death is just announced, was noticeable for being very secretive in all his affairs. While sick he did not wish the fact of his illness to be made known to the public; and so, when one of his intimate friends was asked how the old gentleman was, he took the inquirer by the button-hole and whispered in his ear: "He's dead, but he doesn't want it known."

—Seven young ladies received the degree of A. B. at Northampton recently. An exchange asks: How can a girl be a bachelor? A. B. don't mean that in a lady's diploma. It means "after bachelors," and signifies that the young lady who receives the degree is qualified for matrimony.

—A gentleman who had been dining out the night before went into a barber's shop one morning to be shaved. He saw that the barber had been taking rather more than was good for him, for his hand shook very much, and naturally indignant, he began to give him a little moral advice by saying: "Bad thing, drink?" "Yes," said the barber, "it makes the skin awful tender."

—They were discussing the charms of an actress whom one gentleman of the company affected to regard as the handsomest woman on the stage. Said another, "She's not bad looking, but one of her eyes is smaller than the other." "Ah, ha!" said the other, triumphantly, "that's all you know about it! If you'd watched her closely, you'd have seen that one of her eyes is larger than the other. Smaller, indeed!"

—"Did you take the train?" "No," was the reply, "it was made in the car shops." "I mean did you catch the train?" "Of course not, it's not infectious." "Well, you darned fool, did you arrive at the depot in time?" "No, you blamed idiot, I arrived in an omnibus." "Great Scott!" shrieked the interlocutor, "did you board the cars?" "Jumping Jerusalem!" howled the questioned man, "you know I don't keep a boarding house." Glances of deep set hatred, threats of vengeance, gritting of teeth; duel in prospect.

—A terrible affair is reported in a Wabash caboose. A brakeman was observed, just before the train started, to hide away a bottle in the pocket of his coat, which hung up in the car. For nearly forty miles the rest of the crew watched their opportunity, and when he was out near the front of the train the bottle was hauled out and all hands proceeded to sample the contents. As each one drank, however, an expression of alarm and disgust appeared on his face, and the conductor sank down helpless on a seat. The fatal bottle had been filled with water.

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TREATMENT OF WITNESSES.

The manner in which attorneys question witnesses is exasperating, to the intelligent listener, beyond expression. The great purpose of the average criminal lawyer, for instance, is to draw from the witness all the facts in his possession, excepting the facts touching the case under consideration. A countryman chopping down a tree, stops his work and buries his axe up to the eye in the brain of his brother-in-law. A witness who saw the whole bloody transaction is brought into court, and his examination runs about thus:

"You say that the prisoner was chopping a tree down. Now, will you please tell the court and jury where he bought the axe? You don't know. Very well, sir, we'll see about that. Now, sir, look at the jury. Don't stare in that helpless manner at me. Now, sir, do you say, upon your oath, that you don't know that the defendant stole that axe before he left Milpitas? You say so, eh? Well, now, mark me, sir. How many feet was it from the tree the defendant was stepping to the nearest grist-mill? you can't say? Was it ten feet?

"Certainly. A good deal more."

"Well, then, was it a thousand mile?"

"Oh! certainly not."

"The court bid the jury will please observe the stubbornness of this witness. It is manifestly his purpose to keep from the jury the facts they ought to known."

"Now, sir, who owned that mill?"

The witness innocently inquires:

"What mill?" but soon repents it.

"The jury will please observe the exasperating contumaciousness of this witness, his evasiveness, and his manifest purpose to confuse your minds as to the facts involved in this terrible murder."

"Now, sir, look me in the face. You have solemnly sworn that the man was chop