The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. VII., No 48. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1879. If not paid in advance, $1.25.

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JOHN KLINE,
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Office: Corner Susquehanna and Race streets
MAUCH CHUNK, PA. July2-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

W. M. RAPSHEE,
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BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
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JAS. R. STRUTHERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
☞ Office:—2d floor of Hosed's Hall,
Mauch Chunk, Pa.
All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. May 27. 1y.

P. J. MEEHAN,
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OFFICE No. 3, Second Floor, OAK HALL,
MAUCH CHUNK, PENNA.
☞ Can be consulted in German. 'Jan9.

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CONVEYANCER,
AND
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POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
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COUNTY BUILDING, MAUCH CHUNK, Pa.
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☞ 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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Slatington Dental Office,
[ESTABLISHED 1870.]

Artificial Teeth Made to Restore the Original Contour of Lips & Cheeks.
DR. L. CAMPBELL.
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Fresh Laughing Gas always on hand. All work guaranteed satisfactory. aug2-yl

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HOURS { Residence ...from 7 a. m. to 9 a. m. and 12 m to 10 p. m. / Parryville ...from 1 a.m. to 12 noon.
May be consulted in the German Language
P. O. Address—Lehighton. Nov. 3, y1

W. A. DERHAMER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
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CHAS. T. HORN, M. D.,
OFFICE: OVER H. A. PETER'S DRUG STORE, BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.
General practice attended to, and SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO DISEASES OF WOMEN mar22-y1

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. 2.

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Railroad Guide.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

OCTOBER 6TH, 1879.
Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—
(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD).
For Philadelphia, at *6.20, 8.30, 11.40, a.m., and 5.45 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
For Philadelphia at *1.00 a. m., 3.35 p. m.
(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)
For Reading, 8.55, 9.05 & m., 12.10, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.
For Harrisburg, 8.55, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.
For Lancaster and Columbia, 8.55, 9.05 a.m. and 4.30 p. m
SUNDAYS
For Reading, Harrisburg, and way points, 9.05 a. m.
Trains FOR ALLENTOWN leave as follows:
(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.)
Leave Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m., 4.00, *1.30 and 6.00 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
Leave Philadelphia 8.00 a. m and 3 15 p. m.
(VIA EAST PENNA BRANCH.)
Leave Reading 7.30 10.30 a. m., 2.00, 3.55, and 8.15 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5.50, 8.15 and 9.55 a. m., 1.45 and 7.00 p. m.
Leave Lancaster, 8.00 a. m., 1.00 and 5.50 p. m.
Leave Columbia 7.55 a. m., 1.05 and 5.40 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
Leave Reading, 7.20 a. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 8.2 a.m.
Trains marked thus (*) run to and from depot 8th and Green streets, Philadelphia other trains to and from Broad street depot.
The 6.30 a.m and 4.55 p. m. trains from Allentown, and the 7.45 a.m and 8.00 p. m. trains from Philadelphia, have through cars to and from Palladelphia.
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C. G. HANCOCK, *Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.*

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Berliner & Engler's Philadelphia Beer always on Tap. Choice Cigars, and all kinds of Refreshments in Season.
Free Lunch every Saturday Night.
Patronage solicited. May 17 1879-1y

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Best Location in the City. Elevated Railroad and five other lines pass the door.
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HOTCHKISS & POND, Proprietors.
On the European Plan.
The Restaurant Cafe and Lunch Room attached are unsurpassed for cleanness and excellence of service. Rooms 50 cts to $2 per day, $1 to $10 per week. Convenient to all Ferries and City Railroads. NEW FURNITURE, NEW MANAGEMENT. jan18-y1

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Aug. 2, 1879.-1y. Lehighton, Pa.

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Among the new features for this winter are a series of
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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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THE WEEKLY CAPITAL is a first-class Newspaper, giving latest and most reliable State news. Sent many address, postage paid, six months for 50 cents. One year for $1.00. Sample copy free. HUDSON & EWING, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

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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
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I am the authorized agent for the Sale of the following FIRST-CLASS STOVES—
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STORE on SOUTH Street,
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Bank St., Lehighton, Pa.,
Are prepared to Manufacture
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Of every description, in the most substantial manner, and at Lowest Cash Prices.
Repairing Promptly Attended to.
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April 26, 1879 y1 Proprietors.

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CHEAP
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CARDS,
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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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WHY GO HUNGRY? When you can Buy 6½ pounds of First Class Bread—
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J. W. O'NEAL, the popular Bread and Cake Baker, of Lehighton has opened a store in the rooms he formerly occupied as a Grocery, and is now prepared to supply his celebrated Home Made Bread to
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Sugar, Raisin Cake, 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 VICINITY, every Afternoon except Friday.
TERMS STRICTLY CASH!
Patronage solicited. J. W. O'NEAL.
STORE: Opposite First National Bank, April 26 Bank Street, Lehighton Pa.

Important to Farmers!!
The undersigned calls the attention of Farmers and others to the fact that he is now Manufacturing, in connection with BONE MEAL, a superior article of
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Guaranteed to be Made from
PICKED RAW BONES,
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I respectfully ask that a fair and honest trial of MY PHOSPHATE be made. I do not claim that homeopathic doses will work wonders, but recommend a liberal application and a thorough test, and I am satisfied to abide by the result.
For further particulars, address
A. ARNER,
New Mahoning, Carbon Co., PA. Aug 30-m3*

$1500 TO $400 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cents to $5 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. June 7.—1y*.

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PLANING MILL
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Cabinet Ware Factory,
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With Promptness.
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GIVE ME A CALL.
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May 10y1 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
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comprising UNDERWEAR, JERSIN AND GERMANTOWN WOOL HOSIERY, Imported and Domestic EMBROIDERY, RIBBONS, GLOVES, and a large variety of the Newest Designs in
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Also, in connection 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.
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November 30.

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AND WHAT A
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Is the Universal Verdict of all who Examine the New, Fresh Spring Stock of
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aug24-tf H. H. PETERS, Agt

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Livery & Sale Stables

BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, Pa
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, 1879.

[Written for the CARBON ADVOCATE.]

'SQUIRE BLOH.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE MAHONING VALLEY.

BY W. D. HARRINGTON.

In the Mahoning Valley, in years long ago,
There liv'd a good farmer, 'Squire Kindarus Bloh;
An honest man he, many good deeds had done,
By earning and saving a fortune had won.

The hills to his right and the hills on his left
For dark shining treasures had not yet been cleft;
He dream'd not of them, but he courted the soil,
And garnered its fruits by the strong arm of toil.

The swift-gliding streamlet spring mornings he heard
Commingling its notes with the song of the bird;
The Indian war-whoop and the bear's surly growl,
The whip-poor-will's threat and the hoot of the owl,
The rattlesnake's hiss and the catamount's wowl,
The gray fox's bark and the hungry wolf's howl;

All these were familiar to Kindarus Bloh,
Of the Mahoning Valley, in years long ago

Few neighbors had he, but each to the other
Was welded together like brother to brother;
Brave men and true, in the battles of life,
Stood shoulder to shoulder in peace and in strife.

They fought with the forest, a victory won,
They defended their rights with the Minute Man's gun.

As generous as brave was Kindarus Bloh,
He had the respect both of friend and of foe
(If foes he had any), but foes he had few—
But friends he had many, devoted and true.

The Delaware Brave as he travel'd that way,
Did never neglect some due homage to pay
To pale friend Kindarus—or trinket bestow
To little Irena, only child of 'Squire Bloh—
And the pipe-of-peace smoke, and receive at the end,
Some gift of good-will from the hand of a friend.

As time glided by, in peace and good health,
It added some sorrow, but a great deal of wealth.
For aside from his farm, as the story is told,
He turn'd every whim of the savage to gold.

I have said that the 'Squire had one only child,
A sweet little girl, gentle, loving and mild;
When she was a nursling, one morning in May,
The wise hand of God took the mother away.
This shed a dark gloom o'er 'Sqr. Bloh's life,
But the love of his child took the place of a wife.
He gathered about him a worthy household
And lived like a stoic, untiring and bold;
Among them, the woman who cooked for the 'Squire,
An Iroquois maiden, old Ayrey—or Ayre—
As everyone called her—a good farmer-cook
Who a heroic interest in everything took
That belong'd to the master. She kept a strict sight
To things that were passing by day and by night.
Old Ayre had a brother, a prophet was he,
Who had his wigwam in the Cherry Valley;
His name when translated in language that's rife,
Quite sing'lar enough, is Man-with-a-Knife.
"Old Knife" was a christian, Moravia's hand
Had touch'd his crude heart; and now did he stand
As a peace mediator—and one very good—
He prevented his people from thirsting for blood.
He, with his sister, the thrifty Old Ayre,
Were sources of strength and of wealth to the 'Squire.

A man who has wealth must manage in brief
To keep it concea'd from the eye of the thief;
If bank he has none, nor iron-bound cell,
A hollow in the wall may answer as well;
If no one conjectures the door to the hole,
No place can be safer to put away gold.
In the base of his house, on a plan of his own,
Was the good farmer's bank clos'd up with stone.
It was here that he kept all his treasure-reserve,
And guarded the secret with cunning and nerve.
Nobody suspicioned this ruse of the Squire,
Not even the watchful and artful Old Ayre.
The stones of the wall were alike, and to know
Which one was the door must be counted by row—
"Nine stones from the corner and nine stones high,"
That was the sign that the 'Squire knew it by.

As year followed year, Irena had grown
To a pretty young lady, like a rose that has blown,
Many changes had come, and lucky Squire Bloh,
More ambitious, reserved and exacting did grow.
In fact, it was noticed by all now of late,
He attracted some note at the Seat of the State.
Just at this time o'er from Europe there came
A dashing young gent after fortune and fame.
He made his headquarters at the home of 'Squire Bloh,
And traded with the Redmen as a partner in Co.
In the army of Prussia this young man had been
And the way that he told it did much honor win.
He won, by the way, the good will of the 'Squire,
And set the young heart of Irena on fire.
He was a poor dealer in skins, it was clear,
Which was very annoying to his partner, the 'Squire.
The Indians would sell a black sheep for a bear,
And make him believe that good fur was but hair;
A cat for a beaver he sometimes brought in,
A skunk for a sable—or some other skin
That was worthless to sell, he thought was the best,
Impressed on his mind by the Indians in jest.
But still the Squire hoped that in time he would learn
To trade in such way as a profit to turn.

* * * * *

One ev'ning Irena, in the grove all alone,
Had taken a seat on an old sitting-stone
Whose top was worn smooth by such use long ago,
By the friends and the guests of her father, 'Squire Bloh.
The mockingbird's carol she heard in the trees,
And the curls on her head were the sport of the breeze.
She was thinking—I know not her thoughts to impart,
But this little ditty welled up in her heart,
And in strains not unlike the sad moan of the dove,
Her song floated forth on the pinions of love:

"I'll weave thee a garland of roses,
The sweet blushing emblem of spring,
I'll dot it about with bright posies,
And it unto thee I will bring.
O, speak to me kindly,
But speak to me free;
O, lead me on blindly,
But safely to thee.

"I'll fly where my love is reclining,
A wing-striken bird I will be,
I'll tell him my heart is repining,
And hear what he answers to me.
He'll speak to me kindly;
My wings he'll caress,
He'll fold me so blindly,
Close, close to his breast."

She finished her love-song, and raising her head,
She found the 'Squire standing like one from the dead;
He step'd a pace nearer and drew a deep sigh,
And she noted a tear dropping down from his eye.
"Irena,"—he trembled as sadly he said,
And gently he laid his rough hand on her head,
"I know that thy life has been barren and dreary,
With little of joy, and a great deal to weary,
But the best that I could I have done for thy sake,
Since heav'n saw fit thy good mother to take.
When I am laid down with thy mother to sleep,
And death o'er my head shall its still vigils keep,
Much wealth you will have—and now I do pray,
That you never forget my advice of to-day:
Life's pleasures are phantoms that lie just ahead,
Would you know who has caught them? go ask of the dead!
Be wary of Love, keep a watch on mankind,
For Love is a blind man leading the blind,
And all men are wicked—for gain or for pelf,
From his birth to to the grave every act is self.
Much else I have told you in years that are gone,
Much more I will tell you in time yet to come.
I know by the rose on thy lip and the check
Thy heart hath grown strong and thy head hath grown weak.
Beware of Carl Weber—a something doth tell
He wills neither me nor my Irena well.
Bus'ness has call'd me to Easton to-night,
Where to-morrow the Gov'nor'll a council-fire light
With Tadeuskund—and when I return,
I'll make thy young heart with ecstasy burn.
A new gown I'll buy thee, a comb and a cue
To wear on thy head as the great ladies do,
Now, be a good girl—be patient and true;"
With this admonition he kiss'd her "adieu."

She watched him as off through the valley he strode,
On his mission to Easton as envoy he rode.
His words had sunk deep in her heart like an arrow,
Filling her visions with gloom and with sorrow.
The hours glided by, nor seemed it so long—
The stars and the moon and the whip-poor-will's song,
And the night-wind's sigh, still found her alone,
In deep meditation on the old sitting-stone.

God only knows the philosopy of life,
'Tis He who imbues it with peace or with strife;
He blights earthly hopes and bids us go rest,
With the kindly assurance that "all's for the best."
Eternity is darkness, with no ray of light,
If whatever is, is not certainly *right!*
There is no mistake in the work of His hand,
What seems so is but the short foresight of man.

"Irena!" the voice sent a thrill to heart,
She sprang to her feet with affright and a start.
No one seemed near; could it be an illusion?
A fanciful hope of a welcome intrusion?
The shades of the mountains at hand seem'd to dally
With the moonlit sheen spreading o'er the valley.
Just at that moment, from behind a great tree,
Young Carl Weber sprang with a joyful glee.
He seized the fair girl in his manly embrace
And seated himself in the very same place
Where she had been sitting two hours or more,
And into her ear did his love-pleadings pour.
"Loose me, Carl Weber!" she said with a cry,
"A deep yawning gulf lies between you I;
My father just tells me you wish me not well,
Now, if this be true, let me bid you farewell!"
"Your father?" the name sent a chill to his soul,
But arous'd a deep passion that made him more bold.
"Your father's mistaken! Irena, I pray!
In the name of the past that you hear what I say!

"By the stars that dot the sky to-night!
By the moon that sheds its silver light!
By the Hand that guides them all above!
I worship thee, my Irena!—love!
"By the elves that start on yonder hill!
By the spook that omens only ill!
By the spirit damn'd to mourn forever!
I'll cease to love thee, never! never!
"Irena—queen—my dove—divine!
Speak now the word—say thou'rt mine!
The solemn vow, now in secret make,
For me thy father and the world forsake!
"The secret need be known by none,
That we have merged ourselves in one;
And when thy father's head is cold,
Unto the world the story may be told."

Gentle Irena Bloh was unus'd to dark seeming,
She knew not the wiles of the wicked heart scheming;
She believ'd that we all should be kind to each other—
Should love one another as sister and brother.
She knew that she lov'd the young man on whose arm,
She now was reclining unmindful of harm.
If evil foreboding or words of her father,
Did creep in her mind, she thought it a bother.
The wish of her lover; she thought but of this
And seal'd his dark vow with a sigh and a kiss.
"Irena," he said, with a whisper so bold,
That it sent the first chill to her love-stricken soul,
"Thy father possesses a vast store of wealth,
And also enjoys amazing good health.
Many years he may live and keep us apart,
With a moth-blighting secret conceal'ed in thy heart.
You see on my finger a magical ring,
With conceal'd in its gems sharp, death-dealing sting.
Now, should I so will it, thy father would die
Without pain or anguish, suffering or sigh."
With one mighty effort she tore her apart,
And sped to the house with a load on her heart;
She enter'd the threshold, not stopping to bow
And heard the diro warning—"Remember thy vow!"

* * * * *

When the time roll'd 'round for the Squire to be hone,
'Twas a source of much care, he neglected to come.
One morning his horse was found tied at the gate,
Which proved that the master had met an ill fate;
And the horse was return'd, that the fact should be seen
That the deed was the work of a conscience-struck fiend.
His neighbors joined in, and a search of a week,
Found the body afloat in the Mahoning Creek.
No wound was found on it, but the right hand was black,
And his limbs and his face were a mottled lilac.
'Twas a mystery profound how the good 'Squire had died,
But a jury conjectured that it was suicide.

Carl and Irena were wedded that date
And the former took charge of the father's estate.
Another great mystery, unsolved and profound!
No papers or wealth could be heard of or found.
Or only a few pounds could be found, at the best—
A little ready cash locked up in the chest.
The houses were old, and as for the farm,
To make it of profit required a strong arm,
A good resolution, hands willing to work—
All of life's duties Carl Weber would shirk.
He grew much discouraged in time very brief
And his face was a picture of woe and of grief.
He treated Irena most shamefully ill,
And often did threaten himself he would kill.
He left her one morning abused and in pain
And he never returned or was heard of again.

Irena in sorrow was given one joy,
The image of herself, a blithe little boy;
That the name of her father to the future should go,
She had the boy christened as Kindarus Bloh.

* * * * *

As years glided on, years full of turmoil
Of sorrow and care and of tear-whiten'd toil;
Old Ayrey, meantime, in the grave had laid down,
And 'Old Knife' gone to the 'happy hunting ground'—
To Irena many hills in her pathway arose,
The Wars of the Nations disturbed her repose.
The soil worn out—the farm had grown poor—
And she often had prayed the "lean wolt from the door."
But her son had waxed strong, and the plow and the hoe,
He held with the will of his grandfather Bloh.

One dark, stormy night she went to her bed,
A very strange ache in her heart and her head.
She soon was asleep, and a curious dream
On her half-waking senses did fitfully gleam.
She dreamed that she went to the cellar at night,
On an errand, but forgot to take with her a light.
When she got there, most strangely to say,
The cellar was lighted as brightly as day.
The floor seem'd cover'd with whiten'd men's bones,
While the source of the light was two rows of stones
In the side of the cellar, upon its south wall,
Gleaming like gems in an enchanted hall.
She counted the brilliants—she could not tell why—
"Nine stones from the corner and nine stones high!"
As she finish'd the counting, the corner-stone light
Trembled a moment, like a bird on its flight,
Then fell from its place with a crash to the ground,
With a reverberation, or thunder-like sound.
The shock on her nerves, did a sensation make
That set her upright on her couch and awake
The storm out of doors was howling and roaring
While torrents of rain in its midst was pouring.

The dream of the night had impressed her mind so,
With the dawn of daylight, to the cellar she did go
And now a strange sight that her senses dismayed,
The storm of the night had a sad havoc played.
A dark pool of water and debris around
Revealed the fact that the wall had washed down.
In a large excavation, her eyes did behold
Some bundles of papers and a great box of gold.
This was the wealth of 'Squire Kindarus Bloh,
Which his hands had laid by in the years long ago.

* * * * *

Possessed of much wealth, Irena grew poor,
Her heart was more humble than ever before,
She devoted her life to a lone widowhood,
In doing of penance, and labors for good;
She planned by night and acted by day,
In helping up those who had fell by the way.

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THIS AND THAT.

—A walking match—Calves betting on calves.

—Man's clothes are of his life a thing apart, they're woman's whole existence.

—A rumor comes from Paris that bonnets are to be worn on the head hereafter.

—The railroads are bringing in great quantities of game—especially euchre.

—No matter how much a candidate itches for office, he never likes to be scratched.

—Indian summer this. And speaking of Indian summer, that's about all that is left that the Indian can call his own.

—"I rise for information," said a member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "no man wants it more."

—A recent obituary notice says: "Mr. Smith was an estimable citizen. He died with perfect resignation. He had recently been married.

"Will you have some more beans, Johnny?" "No." "No what?" "No beans," says Johnny, solemnly, pretending not to understand what is desired.

—Mother (very sweetly) to children who have just had a distribution of candy: "What do children say when they get candy?" Chorus: "More!"

—The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

—A young lady's hat blew off and was run over by a broad-wheeled cart. The ribbons were somewhat soiled, but the hat is now the very latest fall shape.

—A college student, in rendering to his father an account of his term expenses, inserted: "To charity, thirty dollars." His father wrote back: "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

—A ton of gold makes a fraction over half a million dollars, and when a man says his wife is worth her weight in gold, and she weighs 120 pounds, she is worth $30,000.

—The Marquis de Celino's last: They were talking before him about cremation, and asked his opinion of it. "It is horrible—repulsive!" he exclaimed. "As for myself, I would die before I would be cremated!"

—Teacher: "Feminine of friar?" First bright boy: "Hasn't any." Teacher: "Next." Second bright boy, "Nun." Teacher: "That's right." First bright boy indignantly ejaculates: "That's just what I said."

—A Milwaukee girl suffering from lock-jaw was left alone with a mouse by the shrewd physician, and she contrived to open her mouth enough to give a yell that made the crockery in the china closet rattle.

—Mother—"Johnny, why do you look so down-hearted?" Johnny—"Cos I haven't got no luck. Jim Woodhead was the best in the class, and I'd a worked myself up to the last but one, an' now Jimmy's died to-day, an' I am the last again. Boo-hoo!"

—M. Prudhomme reads in his newspaper the details of a horrible crime committed by a policeman who cut his victim into sixty-five pieces. "And yet," he murmurs to himself, "they dare say that this republican system is the one which divides us the least."

—A man out west has sued a newspaper for libel because it said he killed a man. The newspaper wants to compromise, and advises him to make the report true by killing somebody. He has accepted the advice and is hunting around for the editor.

—A country editor in Michigan thus bids farewell to his readers, his newspaper having expired, "Good by.—Toll the bell gently—This is our last kick—Handle us with care—Lower us gently to rest—We die a natural death—The wolf is at our door—Bury us under a rosebush—Listen to the mocking-bird."

—Old Mr. Hazlett, of Oregon, thought he was going to die, and in order that his heirs should have nothing to quarrel over he burned $20,000 in greenbacks. He didn't die, after all, and now when the heirs see him sawing wood to earn his bread they naturally feel that they are ahead of him.

—Let the next spelling reform convention be held in Maine,