The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. IX., No 29. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881. If not paid in advance, $1.25

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All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. May 27, 1y.

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Fresh Laughing Gas always on hand. All work guaranteed satisfactory. aug2-y1

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Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
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The following Companies are Represented:
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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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COURT BUILDING, MAUCH CHUNK, Pa.
Fire Insurance Agent.
POLICIES in SAFE Companies only. at Reasonable Rates. Aug. 29-y1

DAVID EBBERT'S
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.

J. W. RAUDENBUSH
Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE in connection with his hotel, and is prepared to furnish Teams for
Funerals, Weddings or Business Trips,
on shortest notice and most liberal terms. All orders left at the "Carbon House" will receive prompt attention. Stable on North Street, next the hotel, Lehighton. jan22-y1

YOUTH AND MIDDLE-AGED, Would you be restored to SOUND Manhood? Send stamp and you will get all. Address, in sealed envelope, Prof. J. Y. EGAN, Ondenssburg N.Y. July 17-y1

RUPTURE The IMPERIAL TRUSS is what you want. The greatest invention of the age! See our pamphlet. Sent free. Prof. J. Y. EGAN, Ondensburg, N.Y. July 17y1

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN
On the Loss of
MANHOOD
A LECTURE ON THE NATURE, TREATMENT, AND RADICAL cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.
The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of self-Abuse may be effectually removed without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or medicine, pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. WE HAVE ALSO A SURE CURE FOR TAPE WORM. Address
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PIMPLES.
I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leave the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, enclosing 2c. stamp, REV. VENDELY & CO., No. Freeman St., N. Y. June 11-m3

Railroad Guide.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

MAY 29TH, 1881.

Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—

(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD).

For Philadelphia, at *4.25, 6.45, 11.40, a.m., and *2.10 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia at *4.20 a. m., 2.35 p. m.

(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

For Reading and Harrisburg, 6.00, 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, 6.00, 9.00 a.m. and 4.30 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Reading and way points, 4.20 p. m.

For Reading, Harrisburg, and way points, 9.05 a. m.

(VIA BETHLEHEM.)

For Philadelphia from L. V. Depot *4.44, 6.12 *8.14 a. m., 12.05, 5.53, *8.54 p. m. Sunday 4.50 p.m.

For Philadelphia from L. & S. Depot 12.04, 3.24, 5.56 p. m.

Trains FOR ALLENTOWN leave as follows:

(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.)

Leave Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m. and 1.00, *4.30 and 5.15 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Philadelphia, 8.00 a. m., 3.15 and *4.30 p. m.

(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

Leave Reading, 7.50, 10.20 a. m., 2.00, 3.45, and 6.15 p. m.

Leave Harrisburg 5.50, 8.15 and 9.50, a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

Leave Lancaster, 8.00 a. m. 1.15 and 5.30 p. m.

Leave Columbia 7.50 a. m. 1.10 and 5.00 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading, 7.50, and 9.07 a. m.

Leave Harrisburg, 5.20 a. m.

(VIA BETHLEHEM.)

Leave Philadelphia 4.45, *2.00, 9.47, 2.10, *4.15 *5.15 *8.00 p. m. Sunday 9.3 a. m. *8.00 p. m.

Trains marked thus * run from Reading depot 9th and Green streets, Philadelphia; other trains run from Broad Street depot. Trains via Bethlehem run to and from Berks St. Depot, except those marked (*).

The 4.45 and 6.45 a.m. trains from Allentown, and the 1.15 and 5.15 p. m. trains from Philadelphia, have through cars to and from Philadelphia.

J. E. WOOTTEN,
General Manager.

C. G. HANCOCK, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent. may 15.

DIRECTIONS.—For Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, &c., insert with little finger, a particle of the Balm into the nostrils; draw a strong breath through the nose. It will be absorbed, cleansing and healing the diseased membrane.

For Deafness, Apply a particle into the ear.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

HAVING gained an enviable local reputation, displacing all other preparations in the vicinity of discovery, is, on its merits alone, recognized as a wonderful remedy wherever known. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its curative powers. It effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions, allays inflammation and irritation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment as directed will cure Catarrh. As a household remedy for cold in the head it is unequaled. The Balm is easy to use and agreeable. Sold by druggists at 50 cents. On receipt of 50 cents will mail a package. Send for circular with full information. ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y. FOR SALE BY A. J. Durling, Lehighton, Pa., and by Wholesale Druggists generally. Oct. 2, '79 1y

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PORT GRAPE WINE
Used in the principal Churches for communion purposes.
EXCELLENT FOR LADIES AND WEAKLY PERSONS AND THE AGED.
SPEER'S

WINE
Speer's Port Grape Wine!
FOUR YEAR SOLD.
This Celebrated Native Wine is made from the juice of the Oporto Grape, raised in this country. It is now used for
Tonic and Strengthening Properties
are unsurpassed by any other Native Wine, being the pure juice of the Grape, produced under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, purity and genuineness are guaranteed. The youngest child may partake of its nutritious qualities, and the weakest invalid may find it invigorating. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that follow the weaker sex. In every respect a WINE TO BE RELIED ON.
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P. J. Sherry,
The P. J. SHERRY is a Wine of superior Character, and partakes of the generous flavor of the grape from which it is made. For Purity, Richness, Flavor and Medical Properties, it will be found unexcelled.
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This BRANDY stands unrivaled in this country, being far superior for medicinal purposes.
IT IS A PURE distillation from the grape and contains valuable medicinal properties. It has a delicate flavor similar to that of the grapes from which it is distilled, and is in great favor among first-class families.
See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Passaic, N. J., is over the cork of each bottle.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
and by A. J. Durling, C. T. Horn, Lehighton and C. W. Lent of Weissport. Dec. 25-y1

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Threshing Machines and Agricultural Implements,
The Best in the Market, at
J. L. GABEL'S.
Also, on hand, and for Sale in Lots to Suit Purchasers, CHEAP FOR CASH,
10,000 feet Georgia Yellow Pine Flooring,
White Pine Boards and Flooring, Lath, &c.
AT HIS HARDWARE STORE,
April 5-m3 LEHIGHTON, PA.

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OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
The Positive Cure
For all Female Complaints.
This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.
It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.
It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the laws that governs the female system.
For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., General Agents, Phila., Pa. Sold by A. J. Durling, Lehighton, Pa.
june 12, 1880—1y.

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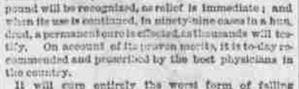

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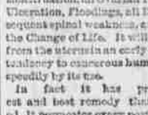

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His history, structure, uses and treatment. Also giving a few of the most
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for the cure of the diseases of the horse.
Valuable to every owner and lover of the horse.
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STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.
Oct. 2, 1880—y1.

CARBON HOUSE,
J. W. RAUDENBUSH, PROPRIETOR,
BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.
The CARBON HOUSE offers first-class accommodations to the Traveling public. Boarding by the Day or Week on Reasonable Terms. Choice Cigars, Wines and Liquors always on hand. Good Sheds and Stables, with attentive Hostlers, attached. April 10-y1

CLINTON BRETNEY, fashionable BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, Bank St., Lehighton. All work warranted.

Our Puzzle Corner.

PROBLEM.

If ten men, working ten hours a day, can lay ten pieces of wall, each ten rods long, in ten days, how long would it take five men, working five hours a day, to lay five pieces of wall, each five rods long? N.C.M.

ENIGMA.

Composed of 41 letters.

My 40 3 20 15 9 is a plant.
My 39 10 27 14 32 6 28 is a root.
My 1 38 11 21 is a river.
My 5 17 24 4 is a man's name.
My 8 16 30 41 2 is a prong.
My 34 26 12 19 is dear
My 36 13 31 22 18 37 is one of the same faith.
My 23 7 29 32 is a mean habitation.
My 21 35 33 25 is a quoit.
My whole is a French maxim. L.E.P.

ANAGRAMS.

1. I love to run.
2. On receipt.
3. Near its root.
4. A tract on sin.
5. I rig ten nets.
6. Ann is so late.
7. Let Ben frame.
8. I mete for us all. KETTE G.

ANSWERS TO THE LAST.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC—

C l a M
O b I
N a r r o w S
N e v e r t h e l e S
E l I
C l a s S
T u r k o i S
I l a I
C a P
U P
T r i p o l I

CHARADE—
David Copperfield.

AMPUTATIONS—
1. Merry, err. 2. Dim, I. 3. Kink, in. 4. Path, at.

MY HEART AND I.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

You are faint with the heat of the desert,
You long for the spring in the glade,
But quicken your beats, and hold on, heart,
We are nearing the pleasant shade

For the weary way over heated plain,
Too eager, your first quick pace;
Slow, steady beats are the best, heart,
To win in the long-life race.

You have traveled o'er twice the distance,
For oases you but seemed to see,
For each proved a mirage to you, heart,
You had better have stayed with me.

You would stay for no word of council,
But sought the bright spots of your eye,
And they were illusions to cheat you, heart,
Receding when you came nigh.

You've been chasing only phantoms—
You've given your all—your best—
You are not the light thing you were, heart,
And now you've come back to rest.

To rest, where you've grown too weary,
To reach to the shade close by,
But many are they before you, heart,
Who have only came back to die.

FUNNY BOYS.

—Professor, "What is the ablative of veritas?" Junior, "Veri-ta-ta."

—Tailors are taking measures to enlarge their business.

—Wall street is easily moved, a bulrush will do it.

—A pair of stock-kings—Gould and Vanderbilt.

—Wart to the knife, as the man said when he cut the excrescence on his thumb.

—Describing the action of a heroine in one of his novels, Victor Hugo said: "She pillowed her head on the breast of the intoxicated young man." This is not calculated to induce young men to swear off.

—If a woman should change her sex what would be her religion? She would be a he then, of course.

—You cannot cultivate a man's acquaintance by continually harrowing his feelings.

—A Hartford divorce lawyer said to his minister the other day: "You and I live in the right State for one another—what you Connect-i-cut.

—"Do you think Jones' judgment is biased?" asked Smith. "Oh, no!" said Robinson, "I never heard that he had any."

—"What is the meaning of the word tantalizing?" asked the teacher. "Please marm," spoke up little Johnny, "it means a circus procession passing the school-house and the scholars not allowed to look out."

—An epicure is a man who knows what is good to eat, and who talks about his food incessantly. All an epicure needs is bristles and then he could be classed at a glance.

—A poor lady died and somebody gave her a good funeral. "Who furnished the funeral?" was the question, and the reply of the person most posted was, "I don't know, but deceased furnished the corpse."

—A woman pianist, who plays with only one hand, is just now the talk of Paris. It we remember rightly the Italian organist invariably plays with only one hand. The Italian has a great turn for music.

—"Your husband is not in to-day, madam?" said a collector who called at the door. "No he is not." "Do you know where I can find him?" "I guess he has gone fishing. He carried a glass bottle filled with something he called 'bait.'"

—"Here, you young rapscallion," shouted an old lady from her back door, "where are you going with that old tin pan?" "I ain't agoin' nowhere with it. I'm agoin to fix it." "Fix it? Why, it is all battered and bent up so you can't fix it." "That's just the idea. I'm goin' to pound it a little in here and rap it a few times with a stone there, and then I can sell it for a Roman 'antique.' Don't you see how the middle of it bulges? Well, that's going to be a bas relief of Marc Anthony 'fore I get through with it." The boy was called in and presented with all the old baking tins in the house to further his æsthetic and speculative taste.

—"Have they found an indictment against Bangs, the burglar?" "Twan't an indictment he done it with; 'twas a jimmy, and they found that long ago."

[Cleveland Leader.]

Mr. Orlando Weatherbee, says an exchange of ours, proprietor "The Spencer Pharmacy," Spencer, Mass., reports: My customers speak very highly of the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, it having always given excellent satisfaction. One of them, Mr. Henry Belcher, has been greatly benefited by its use in a case of severe rheumatism, and he refers to it in terms of highest praise.

A SEVERE LESSON.

It was Grace Egerton's wedding day, and she stood fully dressed before her mirror, taking one last look, with a little pardonable vanity, at the pretty figure reflected there. In another hour she should be Mrs. Ernest Redgrave. How hard it was to realize!

She was a vain and rather frivolous girl. But deep down in the depths of that little worldly heart was a well of true love for Ernest. If she had to give up all this outside show, she would have been quite content to have gone off all alone with him, and prove how true a wife she could be; but there was no occasion for this, and perhaps even Grace herself knew not how wholly she loved him. She was a spoiled pet child and that any solemn duties were entailed in the estate upon which she was just entering, she did not pause to think.

For four weeks she and Ernest traveled; then they came home to their own beautiful home—her father's wedding gift to her. Here a round of festivities awaited them, so that the young couple for three months had no single evening to themselves.

"I am tired, Grace. Let us stay at home to-night, darling," said Ernest one evening after dinner, as Grace was about to leave him to make her toilet for some party.

"Absurd, Ernest! You're not growing old, surely! Besides, I promised Mrs. Blessington we would come, and I cannot disappoint her."

"I don't like Mrs. Blessington. I wish you were not so intimate with her; and really my head aches to-night. Stay at home, like a good little girl."

For a moment Grace wavered. She looked within at a library, which seemed so warm and inviting. She could fancy Ernest stretched on the sofa, while she sat beside him, bathing his forehead with some fragrant cologne, and thought what a sweet cozy evening they might have. Then she remembered something Mrs. Blessington had said about spoiling men, and how easy it was to begin, and how selfish they grew.

It was well enough for Ernest to spoil her. That was to be expected; but as to spoiling him—no, indeed? So she ran up the stairs, calling back over her shoulders as she went:

"Come, Ernest; we've no time to lose. And as to that horrid prejudice of yours, do try and get over it."

There came a temptation to the man—a temptation to carry out his own manly will; but a softer, tenderer feeling swept over him as a mental vision of the pretty laughing face passed before him; and half an hour later he stood in full dress waiting the advent of the beautiful girl, who, all unconsciously to them both, was steering her frail vessel on to the quicksands of married misery.

A year passed, and Mr. and Mrs. Redgrave were still in the gay vortex of fashionable life; but to the man's spirit it had grown unutterably wearisome.

"I married for a home, Grace," he said one day, in gentle expostulation; "but what do I see of my home?"

"Quite enough to satisfy a reasonable man. Why, I shouldn't want to be alone with you all the time, Ernest. Think how awfully tired we should get of each other."

The thoughtless words stabbed like a knife; but he made them no reply. Only, that evening, for the first time, Mrs. Redgrave went to some gay assemblage alone. Her husband had refused to accompany her.

"I am tired," he said; "but do not let me detain you. Mrs. Blessington is seen constantly without her husband."

"Because he is a bear," answered Grace, pouting.

Nevertheless she went, and after that it was no uncommon thing for Ernest to spend his evenings with his books and thoughts, while his beautiful young wife went out alone.

"Grace, I wish you to give Mrs. Blessington up," he said to her one evening as they sat at dinner.

"Nonsense, Ernest. I cannot do it if I wished it ever so much."

"But you must do it. I will not have you go to that woman's house again."

"But, Ernest, I have accepted an invitation to a dinner party there for Thursday evening."

"Then write and decline. I do not ask you this without good cause, little girl; but things have recently come to my hearing regarding this lady, and I do not wish my wife's name coupled with hers."

Grace made no reply, but in her own heart her decision was unaltered. Begin to yield to a man's whims, and where should she end? Of course she should go. She had been married more than a year now, and, so far, had always had her own sweet will and way.

This time the latter was unexpectedly made easy to her; for, Ernest kissed her good-by on Thursday morning, he said to her:—

"I shan't be home to dinner to-night, Grace. You had better dine at mother's. By the way, this was Mrs. Blessington's night. You had declined that invitation?"

The first fear that she had ever felt of Ernest crept into her heart at a new stern look she saw in his eyes, and it drew her first falsehood to him from her lips.

"Yes," she answered.

He stopped and kissed her more tenderly.

"I'll make it up to you, darling. Believe me, I do not ask it without good cause."

She stood quite still, after he had left her. She was half tempted yet to obey him; but,—pshaw! what nonsense it was!

So, at seven o'clock, the carriage stood at her door, and, in a bewitching dinner dress she was driven to the house her husband had forbidden her to enter.

But the dinner dragged—not but that Mrs. Blessington's chief had done himself infinite credit, or that her guests failed in their part. The trouble lay only with Mrs. Redgrave's self. In vain she strove to rally; compliments pelled on her; the lights tired her. One thought weighed on heart and brain:—

Suppose Ernest should be seriously displeased? Well, what if he were. Mrs. Blessington had told her how she had managed her husband's first displeasure.

"Never yield!" she advised. "Never show that you're sorry, and you'll soon learn not to feel sorry."

So when, at ten o'clock, she bade her hostess good-night, she determined not to show that she felt any regret.

A light in the library told her that her husband was at home. She hesitated an instant at the door, then went boldly in.

Ernest stood with his back to the fire, his eyes fixed upon her, but not her Ernest. The sternness had gone from his eyes, but no smile was on his lips. Over all his face was an expression of withering contempt.

"You have enjoyed your evening, madam," he said. "You had for it the relish of your falsehood this morning."

Oh, how wrong she had been! She was tempted to go to him, and creep into his arms, and beg him to forgive her, but she remembered Mrs. Blessington's advice.

"Yes," she said, "I had a charming evening; but I am quite sleepy now. Good-night! I am going to bed."

She turned to leave the room, but in one stride he was beside her, and held her arm in a grip of steel.

"Coward, you hurt me!" she said in sudden anger.

He dropped her arm then, as though she had stung him.

"You meant that word; you have ceased to love me! Why did you disobey me, Grace?"

"Because I do not propose to be a slave to your caprice—because I have had my own way all my life, and I intend to have it."

"And I say you shall not have it. Choose between Mrs. Blessington and me—between your unworthy friend and your husband—between your own will and our future happiness—on this instant, choose!"

"I have made my choice; I abide by it. When you are more reasonable, I will listen further. Now, good-night."

He made her no answer. She lingered a moment at the head of the stairs, hoping he would speak again, but all was silent.

Oh, how unhappy she was as she shut and locked her door! Strange as it may seem, she had never loved her husband so well in her life. His pale handsome face haunted her.

"How hateful I was!" she said to herself. "As if I would not give up fifty Mrs. Blessington's for one Ernest. I will give her up, too, but I'll do it in my own way."

Once she unlocked the door to go down. But no—it would undo all that her firmness had accomplished; so the night passed, to her a sleepless one.

In the early morning a servant brought her a note. It was from her husband, and ran thus:—

"At nine o'clock I start for India, to be absent six months. During that time, my lawyer will consult you in regard to our separation, and make it as easy for you as possible. I have known for a long time that our tastes were diametrically opposed, that all my sweet hopes of home were wrecked, but not that you could defy and outrage the love which I so freely gave you. Do not think me harsh in leaving you without a good-by, but I thought it would be less painful to us both."

With tear-blinded eyes she glanced up at the clock. It was just eight. She had one hour in which to act. It was but the work of ten minutes to order the carriage, make a hasty toilet, swallow a cup of coffee, then issue her commands to the coachman to drive at any speed, but reach the terminus before the clock struck nine. One hour to undo what might be a life's fatal work!

But time waits for no man. It was ten minute past the hour when the terminus was reached, and already the train was speeding on its way.

With a low cry of agony Grace realized the whole; then the strain relaxed, and the fair young head fell back upon its silken cushions in a dead faint.

"A lady fainted!" was the cry which reached a gentleman giving some directions about the luggage which he had countermanded being put in the mail-train.

He turned quickly. There stood his own horses, his own carriage, and within it the lovely face of his unconscious wife.

It was the work of an instant to spring beside her and lift it on his breast, trying to revive her with his passionate kisses. At last the beautiful eyes opened, with wild incredulous recognition.

"Oh, I am dreaming!" she murmured. "Ernest don't leave me."

"No, darling—no! At the last moment my heart relented. I thought perhaps I had misjudged you, or that I had been too severe and I ordered my luggage to be taken out of the train, and let it start without me. My wife, I thought you did not love me—that you had chosen the world; because my darling, no true woman finds it hard to yield to the man whom she can respect and love; and surely, Grace, you did not find me a tyrant."

But she can only sob out her plea for forgiveness—a plea all to easy to grant; and even tears are sweet when kissed away by love's lips.

But Grace never forgets her lesson. Each year home grows sweeter, more precious, and some of the jostling outside world is shut away; but Grace misses nothing. She has found her world within her husband's heart; and knows he is well content that she should nestle there.

Kidney-Wort moves the bowels regularly, cleanses the blood, and radically cures kidney disease, gravel, piles, bilious headache, and pains which are caused by disordered livor and kidneys. Thousands have been cured—why should you not try? Your druggist will tell you that it is one of the most successful medicines ever known. It is sold in both Dry and Liquid form, and its action is positive and sure in either.—*Dallas Tex., Herald.*

—"You've got a cataract in you rye," said an old toper to a Keokuk bar-tender. "Well there's enough water in it to make a cataract when it goes down your throat."

—"The lightning calculator" of the Census Bureau is a woman, and yet, though a remarkably fine mathematician, she still measures dress goods by the arm and finger length.

—A young man out West died recently of heart disease—he had the heart up his sleeve. It was an ace, and when he was about to take in the gold he took in the lead.

—"Here's a fly in the soup, waiter." "Yes, sir; very sorry, sir; but you can throw away the fly and eat the soup, can't you?" "Of course I can; you didn't expect me to throw away the soup and eat the fly, did you?"

—"What is the meaning of the word tantalizing?" asked the teacher. "Please ma'am" spoke up little Johny Holcomb, "it means a circus procession passing the schoolhouse and the scholars not allowed to look out."

—"Your husband is not in to day, ma'am?" said a collector who called at the door. "No, he is not." "Do you know where I can find him?" "I guess he has gone fishing. He carried a glass bottle with something he called bait.

THE FAR WEST.

DENVER, Col., May 21, 1881.

DEAR SISTER:—Going to Philadelphia or Reading and Millersville is nothing like coming away out here to the far West. I feel very far from home when it takes almost 2 weeks to get a reply to a letter. It takes at least five days to go and five days to come, let alone the delays in mail, and when one waits for a letter it is so much the longer. I actually have gone twice to the post office and asked for mail matter for W. W. Reber. But the answer was very definite but dampening on one's hopes that probably there might have been a letter there. Mails go Sunday as well as week day.

Railroading out here is very loose as yet not very systematic. And had they more trains on the road they would have a great many accidents. Two and three trains each way is all they seem to run. At stations they sometimes lay half an hour. Trains stop anywhere. Passengers get out and go quite a distance from the train—take walks and amuse themselves. They stop longer on the prairies. This they do at railroad eating houses—20 minutes for meals. After I left Trinadad—a one-horse jockey town—I came 35 miles eastward to Thatcher, no town at all—just one family and an operator, the only operator between Trinadad and La Junta (pronounced La Hunta). At Thatcher I went on a cattle ranch and spent two or three days, and had a good time riding horses, and rounding up cattle and horses. I had a good time. It is a wild life, this riding fleet and fast over the great plains. I'd make quite a ranchman. And the meals—oh, the meals. We happened to be out of meat and potatoes, so we lived on bread baked from day to day by some old rancheman, and dipped this Vienna (?) roll daintily in a gravy of flour and water. Coffee in the morning, tea for dinner and supper. For vegetables we had beans, warmed up from day to day. When they were first put upon the stove in that dirty pot, I don't know, an old piece of pork sailed around in the pot to add some little flavor. Beans were added, I guess, from time to time as the pot required replenishing. Peaches, dried, was another delicacy that tickled the palate of the six-foot Hosier who sat at my elbow, remarking that things looked as if we were going to have a "right smart of good grass." One cup of molasses, pepper, salt, sugar, dirty plates and rusty knifes and forks, and you can easily imagine the festive board to which we all did full justice.

Did I eat well? Well, you may be sure of that, for galloping over the prairies gives one a fearful appetite. I could have eaten anything. One's appetite is famous out here in Colorado. The but of the ranch was not very spacious. It consisted of four rooms. The hut was very low, built of mud and stones, gathered from a neighboring canyon; about 7 feet high from the ceiling to floor. No pictures adorned the walls. The floor was dirty, chairs rickety, windows dirty, beds were made of boards nailed together. Yet I slept well, eat well and enjoyed myself hugely.

La Junta is a very small place, yet it promises at one time to be something. The car shops are to be built there. (But when?) I was there only a few hours. I soon came to Pueblo. This was all bustle and excitement, and formed quite a contrast to Trinadad. I got there last Saturday morning and stayed till Sunday afternoon. It is built in three parts—Pueblo, north Pueblo and what they call the "Mesa." Mesa are properly found most all over the prairies out here. They are knolls or elevations from 40 to about 75 feet high. They are not very large, and are generally alone—that is, not one connected with another. They are peculiar in formation and abrupt in ascent, rounded at edge, and flat on top. They are mostly formed of the same matter as the surrounding plains. No stones, nothing but sand, clayey. This is capped with a layer of pepples and rounded stones from 2 to 6 inches in diameter, mostly less, showing that at one time they were subject to the influence of water. While the surroundings show no such signs. They are very odd. I cannot understand it. Water is scarce here anyhow; but few streams and but few beds of streams. The town called "Mesa" is built on a succession of three hills. They seem very prevalent here. Pueblo altogether has about 3000 people. It is now though full of gamblers, roughs and bums. I visited all I could while there; I am not modest at all; I just step right in and see what is to be seen. Gambling rooms are open in the best of hotels. In the leading one I saw in one room three different plays; one was the great Baden Baden game, "Rouge et noir." I noticed one thing more that the man who ran the game—the banker—always made the money. At this place they had other games, keno, &c. I did not invest. These places were open till early Sunday morning. Sunday morning, when you folks were listening to the melodious church bells I heard the click of the billiard balls and the thump of the card players on the tables. Stores and saloons are open, as there is no Sunday in the west.

I left Pueblo Sunday about 8 p. m. for Denver, Col. I came over the Denver & Rio Grande railroad. This is a nobby little railroad, having a narrow track only 3 feet from rail to rail. All the cars—passenger, freight and coal cars—have steam breaks on them, something I never saw on any other road. The engines are four-wheeled drivers, and each only about two feet in diameter. The running stock is the neatest thing I ever saw. It seems to be a half grown railroad from the rail up to the heaviest engines.

Chinese are very numerous out here. Sam Sing, La Kee, &c., &c., are found all over this town. They are peaceable, frugal and industrious. I saw one fellow pull out a gold watch the other day very unconcerned. People in the East who have no full knowledge of them should not allow Western items to prejudice them against them. The actual condition or solution of the whole Chinese question, to a great extent, is contained in the speech of Recorder Smythe, of New York, when he sentenced a rough to prison for robbing a poor Chinee. To see this actual state of affairs one should visit some of these Western cities.

I enjoyed the ride from Pueblo to Denver very much. We ran close to the mountains and I really felt a relief to be away from the monotonous prairies. We ran parallel to the mountains most of the way. The mountains in the West are very different from those in the East, in being