The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. IX., No 37. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1881. If not paid in advance, $1.25

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OFFICE: Opposite the Post Office,
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May be consulted in either the English or German Language. july 10-yl

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Tenders his professional services to the people of Mauch Chunk, Lehighton, Weissport, Packerton and vicinity.
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Fresh Laughing Gas always on hand. All work guaranteed satisfactory. aug2-yl

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The following Companies are Represented:
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March 29, 1873 THOS. KEMERER.

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☞ POLICIES in SAFE Companies only, at Reasonable Rates. Aug. 25-yl

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, 1873.

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-yl

☞ YOUTH AND MIDDLE-AGED. Would you be restored to SOUND MANHOOD? Send stamp and you will get advice in sealed envelope. Address, Prof. J. Y. EGAN, Ordensburg N.Y. Manhood? july1-yl

RUPTURE The IMPERIAL TRUSS is what you want. The greatest invention of the age! See our pamphlet. Sent free. Prof. J. Y. EGAN, Ordensburg, N.Y. july 1-yl

A Great Cause of Human Misery.
Is 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 Insanity, &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 medicals; 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, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. WE HAVE ALSO A SURE CURE FOR TAPE WORM. Address
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 ANN St., New York, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4586 Jan. 1, 1881-yl

MONEY is now being made faster than ever by those at work for us. Persons of either sex can make $5 a week in their own towns, if they are willing to work. No risk. $5 outfit free. Anyone can run the business. Capital not required. All who engage prosper. No one fails. Particulars free. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. July 6y

PIMPLES.
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 3c. stamp, BEN. VANDELF & Co., No. 30 Chatham St., N. Y. Jan26-ys

ERRORS OF YOUTH.
A Gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous DEBILITY PREMATURE DECAY and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity send free to all who need it, the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar street, N. Y. Jan 29-ys

Railroad Guide.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

MAY 29TH, 1881,
Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—

(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD).

For Philadelphia, at *6.25, 6.45, 11.40, a.m., and *2.10 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia at *4.30 a. m., 3.35 p. m.

(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

For Reading and Harrisburg, 6.00, 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.30 and 9.55 p. m.
For Lancaster and Columbia, 6.00, 9.00 a.m. and 4.30 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Reading and way points, 4.30 p. m.
For Reading, Harrisburg, and way points, 9.00 p. m.

(VIA BETHLEHEM.)

For Philadelphia from L. V. Depot *4.44, 6.42 *8.14, a. m., 12, *3.53, *5.24 p. m. Sunday 4.50 p.m.
For Philadelphia from L. & S. Depot 12.04, 3.22, 5.56 p. m.
Trains FOR ALLENTOWN leave as follows:

(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.)

Leave Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m. and 1.00, *1.30 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, 10.30 a. m., 2.00, 3.55, and 6.15 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg 5.20 8.15 and 9.50, a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
Leave Lancaster, 8.00 a. m 1.05 and 3.50 p. m.
Leave Columbia 7.50 a. m. 1.10 and 3.40 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading, 7.50 and 9.55 a. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5.20 p. m.

(VIA BETHLEHEM.)

Leave Philadelphia 6.45, *9.00, 9.45, 2.10, *4.15 *5.15 *8.00 p. m. Sunday 9.30 a. m., *5.00 p. m.

Trains marked thus (*) run to and from depot 9th and Green streets, Philadelphia other trains to and from Broad street depot. Trains Via Bethlehem" run to and from Berks St., Depot, except those marked (*).

The *4.30 and 6.45 p.m trains from Allentown, and the *1.30 and 5.15 p. m. train 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 strong breaths 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 skep tical 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. 3,'79-1y

SPEER'S
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. Its invaluable
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, its purity and genuineness are guaranteed. The youngest child may partake of its generous qualities, and the weakest invalid use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that affect the weaker sex. It is in every respect a WINE TO BE RELIED ON.
SPEER'S
P. J. Sherry,
The P. J. SHERRY is a Wine of Superior Character, and partakes of the golden qualities of the grape from which it is made. For Purity, Richness, Flavor and Medical Properties, it will be found unexcelled.
SPEER'S
P. J. Brandy,
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

FARMERS, LOOK to Your INTERESTS
AND PURCHASE
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 8-ms LEHIGHTON, PA.

KING OF THE SINGERS.

The above is the exact representation of the sewing machine we sell for twenty dollars. It is in every respect the very best of the Singer style of machines; finished in the best manner, with the latest improvements for winding the bobbin, the most convenient style of table with extension leaf, large drawers and beautiful gothic cover. It stands without a rival.

King of Singer Machines.

We do not ask you to pay for it until you see what you are buying. We only wish to know that you really want to buy a machine and are willing to pay $20 for the best in the market.

Write to us sending the name of your nearest railroad station. We will send the machine and give instructions to allow you to examine it before you pay for it.

WILLMARTH & CO.,
729 Filbert street,
July 9.-1y. Philadelphia, Pa.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

Lewis Weiss,

POST OFFICE BUILDING
LEHIGHTON, PA., has the Largest and Most Extensive Stock of
Boots, Shoes,
HATS, CAPS, &c.
ever offered in this borough, and to which I invite the special attention of my customers and the public generally, as I am prepared to offer extraordinary inducements in
SPRING AND SUMMER,
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.,
and I invite my numerous friends and patrons to call and examine my stock before making their purchases elsewhere, as I am prepared to give special inducements to all CASH PURCHASERS.
Remember, LEWIS WEISS
Post-Office Building, Lehighton, Pa.
Sept. 20.

Robinson Wagon Co.

Manufacturers of
FARM & SPRING WAGONS.
Buggies & Phaetons.
Send for designs and prices to
ROBINSON WAGON CO.,
CINCINNATI, O.

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A NEW BOOK on the Horse.
His history, structure, uses and treatment. Also giving a few of the most
Important and Effective Remedies
for the cure of the diseases of the horse.
☞ Valuable to every owner and lover of the horse.
Published by the ROBINSON WAGON CO., Cincinnati, O., and sent, postage paid, to any address, on receipt of THREE 3-CENT STAMPS.

Three sheets, 19x24, heavy plate paper, containing elevations, plans and details for the above house; also book of 50 pages, giving specifications, itemized estimate and form of contract—invaluable to every carpenter or party proposing building, as a guide in making bids or drawing contracts.
Price $2.00. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.
H. E. WALTON,
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STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.
Oct. 2, 355-1y.

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 16-yl

CLINTON BRETNEY, fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker, Bank St., Lehighton. All work warranted.

SONG OF A BRAKEMAN.

Oh, listen to the brakeman, through all the livelong day,
As the rattle of the wheels bears the whirling train away;
How cheerily he bangs the door when anybody leaves;
And when you reach the station in at the door he leans,
"Lone Spar," is what he seems to scream, but "Logansport" he means.

The burning cinder in your eye awakes you from your nap,
And "Cedar Rapids" must be nigh; you hear him shout, "Ce-rap!"
His merry shout flows on and on, and near the break of day
You slow into "Batavia," and hear him shriek "B'tay!"
And when at noon he hollers "K'loo!" you think its some place new.
But when you reach the station its only Kalamazoo.

Oh, you bet your bottom dollar, in all this broad, fair land,
No matter what the brakeman says, you will not understand.
"Apple!" he shrieks for Hannibal, and when he hollers "Iville!"
You have to guess if "Hopkins-" or "Crawfords-" or "Titus-ville."
"Tshur! Chay cah! Pass' goinneast hav' twent' min't f' din!"
How do you know from what he says it's Pittsburg that you're in?

Oh, the wasted English language that he slays without a sigh!
Oh, the stations where you want to stop, but where you're carried by!
"Dah!" he calls at "Oneida," and when they hear his shout
The passengers for "Buda" in haste go scrambling out,
And then to the conductor, in accents plain and clear,
From his station on the steps he shouts distinctly, "All right here!"

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WHICH KNEW BEST?

Dear old Grandma Wellington looked up over her gold rimmed glasses at Jack, with a world of loving anxiety in her blue eyes—sweet, tranquil old eyes, that were as blue as when she was a girl of sixteen.

"Are you sure that you have considered the matter well—thoroughly, my boy?"

Her voice was sweet and quiet, and she herself was the daintiest imaginable ideal of a darling old grandma; slim, trim, always dressed in black silk and a white Spanish lace half-handkerchief in winter time, and a queen's-gray silk and a dotted Swiss half-handkerchief in summer, with puffs of gray hair, on which lay a tiny cap, and a string of solid gold beads around her neck.

And Jack, lounging on the gay cretonne-covered sofa on the opposite side of the room, was her special pet and idol of all her score of grandchildren—handsome, happy Jack, who never failed to make grandma do exactly what he wantad her to do.

And just at the present moment the highest object of his ambition was to reconcile Grandma Wellington to his engagement with Viva Morris, and in return for his lover-like enthusiasm on the subject, grandma had laid down the blue silk sack she was kniting for little Florie, the latest grand-baby, and looked over her glasses and put the question:

"Are you sure you have considered the matter well—thoroughly, my boy?"

Jack laughed.

"I have never considered it atall when it comes to that," he said. "I have a firm conviction that such things are settled by a destiny too high for poor mortality to consider."

"But 'poor mortality' is expected to suffer if experience proves that 'destiny' made a mistake," she said with a little laughing twinkle in her eye.

Then a grave, troubled look spread all over her face. She shook her head.

"It would break my heart, Jack, if you didn't marry a wife every way worthy of you."

"And you mean you think my little Viva is unworthy. What do you call a 'good wife,' grandma? I mean one good enough for me, you know—a first-class, A 1, no mistake."

His splendid blonde head lay lazily on his folded arms, and he looked with a mischievous glance at the old lady who resumed her knitting serenely.

"I mean a sweet, pretty, happy-natured, good-tempered girl, who will be content in her husband's love, when there is no prospect of a new dress, or a sealskin sack, and who can settle down restfully to a quiet country life, and not pine herself away, and torment her husband for the follies of city dissipation; a girl who is sensible, economical, not ashamed to do her own work, if needs be—who will save what you earn, and think herself a queen among women because she is crowned with your love and honored with your name."

"And you do not believe Viva possesses those qualifications."

"How could she, unless you take exceptions to the first essentials? She is sweet and pretty, but what is that in itself? She is her mother's own child, and Grace Moore, the girl, and Grace Morris, the woman, was vain, extravagant, idle and a spendthrift. She ruined her husband financially, and I solemnly believe drove him to drink and to death. Like parent, like child, if they look alike and act alike as much as Viva and her mother. If you must get married why don't you marry Retta? She's the stay and support of the Morrises, and as good as gold."

Jack could not restrain a little nod of disgust.

"Marry Retta Storms? Not if she was an angel! I don't like her for a cent, grandma—only I know you detest slang. No, ma'am; love goes where it is sent, and it's little black-eyed Viva or nobody—and I don't think it'll be nobody."

Grandma laid her knitting down again, and looked, anxiously, thoughtfully, out of the window at the gorgeous snow-white wisteria blooms twining around the piazza trellis.

"I am sorry, Jack—sorry—even if the Morrises are your poor, dear grandpa's relatives."

"I am afraid you are prejudiced," Jack said gently, in his irresistible, pleading way. "Viva is as industious as a little bee, grandma. She gives music lessons and teaches in the night schools and does fancy work for the stores at odd moments."

"And spends every cent she earns on dress, and makes poor Retta sweat over the ironing table to laundry her Swiss suits and lawn wrappers. I've no patience with her."

"You are prejudiced, grandma," he reiterated convincingly. "I know Viva wears out all the old garments there are, and because she is tasty and stylish, you accuse her of extravagance. She'd wear anything respectable to save a dollar, and I honor her for it. And it's more than Retta would do; she'd stay at home forever first."

Grandma smiled—a bright, sudden smile.

"You've put a brilliant idea in my old head, Jack. I shall make it my business to prove the assertion you have made. You say Viva would do one thing. I say she wouldn't. You say Retta would do one thing; I am sure to the contrary. I'll send them each a dress—respectible, sensible dresses, old-fashioned and pretty—that I wore fifty years ago. They can be remade, and, although not in the fashion of to-day, no girl of good sense would refuse to wear either of them to the lawn party at the rectory next Thursday a week, to which Viva and Retta are invited. You'll see who is right—Jack or his old grandmother"

She nodded her pretty head sagely, and Jack laughed, his face flushing warmly.

"I'll stake my life on Viva. I'll go further, grandma. I'll concede all you have said, in case I am not right," he declared positively.

"Well, we'll see," Grandma Wellington said wisely.

* * * * * * *

"Only think of it! Was there ever such luck, mamma—Retta? Actually a dress apiece for us from papa's people! Isn't it superb? And in time for the lawn party, too."

Viva Morris certainly was sweet and pretty enough to have won Jack Wellington's heart, or any other masculine's. She was petite, with lovely dark eyes, and luxurious brown hair, and a rare pale complexion, like a roseleaf, with no tint or color on its pure pallor, and a little passionate mouth, as red and luscious as ripe strawberries, back of which the white teeth flashed enchantingly.

Mrs. Morris, in the easiest chair the little cottage afforded, laid her novel down and looked at Viva, interestedly.

"A new dress apiece?"

Retta Storms, tall, aristocratic-looking, arranging her fair, massive braids more to her notion before the sitting-room glass, turned languidly around:

"Don't make such an sensation over an express parcel, Viva. Undo it and we will see the contents."

Viva hastily brought the scissors and snipped the thick string, while Retta read the letter accompanying it aloud:

"My dear great-grandnieces," it said, "I take the liberty and pleasure of sending you each a dress for the rectory lawn party, hoping you will be pleased with them and wear them."

It was signed in full, "Mary Augusta Wellington."

Just as Viva reached the inner tissue paper—

"Oh, I do hope mine's a summer silk—changeable blue and gold!" Retta said, enthusiastically.

"If mine only is a delicious gray!" Viva said.

And then the inner paper was removed, and Mrs. Morris gave a shriek of horror that would have done justice to the occasion if the parcel had contained human bones.

"Her old, worn out dresses!" she gasped, hysterically.

"Second-hand, horried old things, that a beggar wouldn't wear!" Retta cried, in vexation.

While Viva, keen disappointment on her pretty face, lifted up the quaint garments, so full and voluminous, and shook them out.

"They are as old-fashioned as the hills, but they're pretty, anyhow," she said, the dismay in her voice almost concealed by her brave determination to make the best of it. "Really, if there was to be a masquerade now, this funny plaid silk, marked Retta Storms wouldn't be so bad."

"But there is to be no masquerade, and old Mrs. Wellington needn't think I'd make a guy of myself by wearing her cast-off clothes. I'd rather do up your suits all the week, at the seventy-five cents apiece you pay me, than be disgraced by such a toilet as that would make."

Retta was bitterly indignant, and Mrs. Morris scarcely less so.

"It's old Grandmother Wellington over again," she said, with what she supposed was fine contempt. "Rich and stingy! I wouldn't marry into that family again—no, not for all they're worth! And you'll be sorry for it some day, when Jack develops the family meanness."

"I'll risk all Jack's meanness," Viva said, coolly; "and in the meantime I think I see a very pretty dress for myself in this lovely pink and silver-threaded barege. It's so awfully old-fashioned, I shall make believe it's new—just out. I'll rip it up and make it over, and put some pink satin bows upon it, and trim my rustic straw gypsy with a wreath of wild-brier to match in color."

Retta elevated her nose haughtily.

"And be an old-fashioned thing, after all. Mrs. Judge Mivart and old Miss Spenser are sure to be at the lawn party, and they'd recognize the dress, for the old lady Wellington and they were girls together. Fancy Algernon Mivart hearing his grandmother say I was in one of her cast-off dresses! I'll sell the horrid old dud to the second-hand woman and buy enough lace bunting for a new polonaise."

Viva held her little dusky head to one side, like a reflective bird, and scanned the objectionable silk.

"I wouldn't, if I were you, Retta. The plaid is very unobtrusive—almost a check; and your most becoming shades—lemon and blue. Let me fix it up for you, when I do mine. A little of the lovely old lace on mamma's black silk, and a new blue sash—"

"Don't talk such nonsense. I tell you I wouldn't have Al. Mivart know it for all the world."

Nor would she be persuaded. The very same day she sent for the one "old clothes" woman in the place and drove the sharpest bargain possible, receiving enough to buy a cheap, showy, cream-lace bunting; while Viva set to work, ripping and sponging and pressing the old-fashioned pink barege, with the lustrous silver thread criss-crossing all through its soft fabric; and at length, on the afternoon of the famous lawn party in the rectory grounds, outshone Retta and every one else in the pure, sweet, girlish simplicity and becoming loveliness of her toilet, that brought out to its highest perfection the rich creamy tint of her skin, and the dusky shadows in her eyes and hair.

"How do you like my new dress?" she asked Jack, after she had escaped duty to Grandma Wellington, the aristocratic guest of the occasion.

"I like it better than anything else in the world!" he said, looking straight in her eyes with a look that made her heart thrill with delight.

While Grandma Wellington, and stately old Mrs. Judge Mivart and Miss Spenser, sitting in state in the red-and-blue striped marquee, near the fountain, talked the little matter of Mrs. Wellington's scheme gravely over—Mr. Algernon Mivart an accidental listener.

"I admit I was altogether wrong, and I shall leave Jack and Viya a quarter of a million, just because that pretty little brown-eyed girl has displayed such good sense."

"I really quite envy Jack his good luck, especially on little Miss Viya's account," Mr. Mivart drawled, languidly. "I never took much stock in the other one—don't like the style—too washed out, you know."

"I have heard on good authority that Miss Storms actually charges Miss Morris for ironing for her—and that, too, when Miss Morris supports the family almost entirely. But, dear me, what a set of old gossips we are! Go bring us ices, Algie—a lemon, and an orange, and a pine apple!"

* * * * * * *

A SEASHORE ROMANCE.

How a Philadelphian Regained his Long-Lost Love—Saved from Drowning to be Married in the Fall—"Pretty Darling Puss" Nearly Leads to a Cowhiding.

ATLANTIC CITY, July 28.—Ten years ago Charles Voysey was the confidential clerk of one of Philadelphia's merchant princes. He was steady, honest and industrious, inclined to piety, but as poor as a church mouse. His employer was proud, haughty imperious, but he could draw his check for a million, and the bank cashier would merely say: "How will you have it?"

Once every week, sometimes oftener, especially if she wanted the needful for some trinkets or gewgaws, the merchant's daughter paid a visit to the private office back of the counting house. She was sweet sixteen, buxom in form, fair in complexion and winsome in manner. In the eyes of her parent she was more precious than gold, for she was an only child and bereft of a mother's tender care, and he was never happier than when stroking the ringlets which fell over her shoulders, and listening to her rippling laugh. By and by he noticed that his darling's visits to the office became less few and far between. At first this fact did not strike him as having any particular significance, but when she began to "drop in" every afternoon his suspicions were aroused. One day when he returned rather suddenly from a ride up town he found the pious clerk and the buxom damsel engaged in confidential talk, without room enough between their two chairs to run a pin through. The explosion which followed is remembered by the other clerks to this day. Mademoiselle was sent home with instructions to stay there for the future, while the confused employee was soundly berated for his presumption and audacity. "This," thought paterfamilias when he cooled down, "will be the end of it." But for once the level-headed man of business was mistaken. Less than a week later, while taking a ramble through the wooded grounds which adjoined his elegant Germantown home, he came upon the pair in much the same attitude as he had seen them in before, only that the green sward took the place of chairs. Neither knew of his presence until the presumptuous clerk received a sudden and unromantic application of boot leather. Then there was a yell, a girl's shrill shriek, and the fainting damsel was hastily carried to the house by her father while the nonplussed swain rubbed his base and hastened away in the opposite direction. Six days later the daughter was on the ocean, booked for several years residence in Paris, while her adorer, with a month's salary in his pocket, was enjoying the luxuries which can be found in an emigrant train bound for the west.

Last Wednesday a week the name "Charles Voysey" was inscribed in a round, bold hand on the register of one of our most select hotels, and a couple of magnificent bays, a similar number of grays, an elegant drag and an equally handsome phaeton were lodged at a neighboring livery stable under the same name. When the same evening one of the teams with a liveried servant in front, and a "tiger" behind drew up in front of the piazza, and the owner stepping in took the lines, the gossips of the hotel were all agog.

"Who is he?" they asked, and the question was taken up by the folks who watched the attractive turn-out as it went up and down Pacific avenue. Nobody could answer, however, until the story came from the servants quarters, where the footman had been making love to the colored servant, that the stranger was a wealthy Californian, with a big sheep farm, hundreds of acres of vineyards, and any amount of real estate in the Golden City of the Pacific coast.

A few evenings ago, just as the sun was going down in the clouds, while the new arrival was stolling along an unfrequented portion of the beach, his attention was attracted to the graceful movements of a swimmer, who was enjoying the water some little distance from the shore. (This, it may be observed in parenthises, is no unusual occurrence in the evening this season.) Suddenly the faint cry of a women was borne over the breaker, and at the same moment the swimmer threw up her arms, and a huge breaker hid her from sight. To kick off his shoes, throw off his coat and plunge into the surf took the stranger but a moment. A minute or two later his strong arms were bearing the exhausted woman to the dry sand. As he laid her down upon the beach her eyes opened and met those of her preserver.

"Charlie!"

"Nellie!"

The exclamations came in one breath, and the recognition was complete. The double trial, however, was too great for her strength, and she had barely managed to whisper the name of the hotel at which she was stopping when she fainted away. A carriage was procured, and she was quietly taken to her home, so quietly that not half a dozen persons outside of the doctor, coach driver and the principals knew anything of the occurrence. The next morning, before "Charlie" had arisen paterfamilias, was at his hotel, and, to make a long story short, Germantown will see one of the most brilliant weddings this fall that has ever taken place in that quiet suburb, while California will gain one of Philadelphia's fairest daughters. Meanwhile the boys have a heavier load to carry every evening. Neither of the lovers had married; neither had forgotten the other, although they never expected to meet again. But literally, in this case at least, "Time at last makes all things even."

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"What is the name of the next waltz?" asked a lady of a gentleman at one of our hotel hops last Wednesday evening.

"Pretty Darling Puss."

With a flushed face the lady turned on her heel and walked away.

"She has some fine manners certainly," soliloquized the gentleman addressed, as he watched her retreating form. "Left them at home, I guess."

The next morning as he emerged from the breakfast room two men confronted him.

"Mr. ——, I believe?" said the stouter of the pair.

The gentleman bowed acquiescence.

"I want an apology from you," went on the other, fiercely, as his hand moved nervously under the back of his coat, where the tip of a cowhide could just be seen.

"An apology! For what?" coolly asked the gentleman.

"For your insult to my sister."

"Your sister? Who is she?"

"There she sits," responded the brother, still more fiercely, as he pointed through the dining-room window to the young lady who had asked the question the night before.

"Why, I have only spoken to her but once—"

"And that was?" interrogated the brother.

"Last night when she asked me the name of the waltz—"

"And you said to her—"

"Pretty Darling Puss."

"Do you consider that a proper way to address a lady?" demanded the brother as he withdrew the cowhide from its hiding place.

For an answer the gentleman burst into a loud guffaw.

Angered beyond measure, the brother was about to apply the cowhide when his victim caught his arm.

"Can't you see the joke?" he asked; "that was the name of the waltz."

"What was?" replied the brother.

"Why, 'Pretty Darling Puss.' If you don't believe it come and ask the musical director."

The cowhide was suddenly put up, and the two went in search of the musical man. Five minutes later a wine card went into the bar, and four bottles of champagne came out. The "injured" brother stood the treat, and the man who barely escaped a cowhiding is now his sister's regular escort.

H. M. H.

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS IN EUROPE.

I have come to understand why carriage hire is cheap in Europe, at least in North Germany, says a correspondent abroad. No body would ride after such horses in America if they were paid for doing so, I am sure. A droscky is a light landau, but with very heavy wheels, holding four persons besides the driver, and I have seen four trunks piled on the coachman's box. One horse draws this load, and horses so poor and small that Mr. Bergh would condemn every one of them. Five persons ride behind these poor beasts half a day at a time, and naturally the animal has to be beaten.

On my first drive in Europe the horse fell and lay helpless and hurt. A great crowd collected, not because of the horse, for that was no unusual sight, but because of me, for nobody but myself seemed to have a thought or an inclination to coax the poor thing to rise, and so I grew very conspicuous, and when it got on its feet it got a severe cut from the whip to add to its other wounds, and of course I grew indignant, adding another peculiarity to the long list attributed to American ladies.

If you have a soft place in your heart for animals you must suffer in Europe. The poor dogs give me heartaches. They are harnessed into little wagons and beaten unmercifully. Cows draw loads of every kind. I saw two pulling a very heavy load of coal to-day. At night they are milked. If you do not want to be haunted, avoid looking into the eyes of a weary cow made a beast of burden.

How the Japanese Keep Meat Fresh

The Japanese method of keeping meat fresh in hot weather consists in placing the raw flesh in porcelain vessels and pouring on it boiling water, whereby the albumen on the surface is quickly coagulated, and forms a protection against the further action of the water. Oil is then poured on the surface of the water so as to prevent the access of air and consequent putrefaction of the meat. The system of protecting animal substances by securing coagulations of their albumen and the exclusion of air is, of course, no novelty, and it can hardly be supposed that we are indebted to the Japanese for its original adoption. It is, however, much to be preferred to our own method.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

—In refraining from being mean to others you are good to yourself.

—Every man is bound to tolerate the act of which he himself sets the example.

—In matters of prudence your last thoughts are best; in morality first thoughts are best.

—Hope is like the wing of an angel, scouring up to heaven and bearing our prayers to the throne of God.

—Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man have many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

—The most adroit falsehood is but thin ice, that may break any day. The true art is to know how to hold the truth, and how to withhold it; but never to deal in anything else.

—An Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things in the universe, answered: The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts.

[Harrisburg (Pa.) Independent.]

For five years, says Mr. J. Echter, of this city, I have been afflicted with rheumatism, and for two years have had a sore on my leg the size of a silver dollar, which nothing would heal. St. Jacob's Oil cured the rheumatism and healed the sore.

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