The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. IX., No 45. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1881. If not paid in advance, $1.25

Advertising Rates.

We desire it to be distinctly understood that no advertisements will be inserted in the columns of THE CARBON ADVOCATE that may be received from unknown parties or firms unless accompanied by the CASH. The following are our ONLY terms:

ONE SQUARE (10 LINES),

One year, each insertion	10 cts.
Six months, each insertion	15 cts.
Three months, each insertion	20 cts.
Less than three months, first insertion $1; each subsequent insertion	25 cts.

Local notices 10 cents per line.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Publisher.

CARDS,

Attorneys.

W. M. RAPSHER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. Nov. 13.

Physicians and Dentists.

DR. W. A. CORTRIGHT,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Tenders his professional services to the people of Mauch Chunk, Lehighton, Weissport, Packerton and vicinity.
OFFICE: Opposite the Broadway House,
BROADWAY, MAUCH CHUNK, Pa.
Fresh Laughing Gas always on hand. All work guaranteed satisfactory. aug2-y1

W. A. DERHAMER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd sts., Lehighton, Pa. April 3, 1875.

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

THOMAS KEMERER,
CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEHIGH MUTUAL FIRE,
READING MUTUAL FIRE,
WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Detective and Insurance Company.
March 23, 1878. THOS. KEMERER.

BERNARD PHILLIPS,
COUNTY BUILDING, MAUCH CHUNK, Pa.
Fire Insurance Agent.
POLICIES in SAFE Companies only, at Reasonable Rates. Aug. 28-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 Funerals 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 "Clarion House" will receive prompt attention. Stable on North Street, next the hotel, Lehighton. jan22-y1

YOUTH AND MIDDLE-AGED.
Want you to restored to SOUND HEALTH and MANHOOD? Need alone and you will receive valuable advice in sealed envelope. Address, Prof. J. Y. EGAN, Ogdensburg N.Y. July 7-y1

RUPTURE The IMPERIAL TRUSS is what you want. The greatest invention of the age! See our pamphlet. Sent free. Prof. J. Y. EGAN, Ogdensburg, N.Y. July 7-y1

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 Inadequacy, &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 cordials; 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 ALL OUR CURE FOR TAPE WORM. Address
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 ANN St., New York, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4585. Jan. 1, 1881-y1

MILTON A. WEISS,

CARRIAGE BUILDER,
Bank Street, Lehighton.
REPAIRING
Of all description promptly attended to at the most reasonable prices.
All Work guaranteed, and patronage is respectfully solicited. [jan.29-y1

CARBON HOUSE,
J. W. RAUDENBUSH, PROPRIETOR,
BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.
The CARBON HOUSE offers first-class accommodations to the Travelling 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

Railroad Guide.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

MAY 29TH, 1881.

Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—

(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD).

For Philadelphia, at *4.30, 8.45, 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, 4.00 and 9.00 p. m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, 6.00, 9.00 a.m. and 4.00 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 *4.41, 6.12, *8.14 a. m., 12, *3.53, *5.24 p. m. Sunday 4.46 p.m.

For Philadelphia from L. & S. Depot 12.14, 3.23, 5.36 p. m.

Trains for ALLENTOWN leave as follows:

(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.)

Leave Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m. and 1.07, *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, 7.55, 10.30 a. m., 2.40, 5.25, and 8.15 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 5.50 p. m.

Leave Columbia, 7.30 a. m., 1.10 and 5.40 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading, 7.35 and 9.55 a. m.

Leave Harrisburg, 5.50 p. m.

(VIA BETHLEHEM.)

Leave Philadelphia 5.45, *9.00, 9.45, 2.10, *4.15, *5.15, *8.00, m. Sunday 9.30 a. m., *4.00 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 *4.41 and 6.45 a.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.

G. G. HANCOCK, *Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.* may 13.

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 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 cold, 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; or in 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, 1-y

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 OLD.
This Celebrated Native Wine is made from the Juice of the Concord Grape raised in this County. Its unrivaled as a
Tonic and Strengthening Properties
are unsurpassed by any other Native Wine, being the purest of the Grape, bottled under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, purity and genuineness are guaranteed. The young and old may partake of its rare medicinal qualities, and the weakest may use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the sick and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that afflict the weaker sex. It is the ever respect a WINE TO BE RELIED ON.
SPEER'S
P. J. Sherry,
The P. J. SHERRY is a Wine of Superior Character and particular to the grapes 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 fine 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. Leslie of Weissport.
Dec. 25-y1

FARMERS, LOOK to Your INTERESTS
AND PURCHASE
Threshing Machines and Agricultural Implements,
The Best in the Market, at
J. I. 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 6-m3 LEHIGHTON, PA.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
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 law 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. Aug. 13-y7

DIAMOND CATARRH REMEDY.
A Positive Cure for Catarrh of all kinds. It is instantaneous in its effect and Permanent in its result, cures at any stage of the disease. Has cured cases so terrible that loathe came from the house.
Dr. Ivory's Diamond Catarrh Remedy can and will cure, affording immediate relief. It is pleasant to use. Catarrh, Influenza, Hay Fever, Bronchitis.
It will remove Polypus and effectually cure Watery and Catarrhal Discharges from the Head and Throat, and Foetid, Sickening Breath; perfectly restore impaired Smell, Taste and Hearing; relieve Headache, Break up Colds in the Head; strengthen the Voice and Invigorate Purify, Regulate and Remove clear and Active every Organ of the Head and Throat. Price, 50 cts. & $1.
Dr. Ivory's Diamond Invigorator is a Perfect Blood Purifier, Aperitive and Nerve Tonic. It is like a delightful, wholesome drink, which Invigorates, Purifies and Strengthens the entire system.
For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Affections, Jaundice, Malaria, Flatulency, Nausea, Sick Headache and Kidney Complaints, it is invaluable. Price, 50 cents.
Dr. Ivory's Diamond Salve is a sovereign cure for Burns, Bruises, Sores of all kinds, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm and Cutaneous Eruptions. Price, 25 cents.
Ask your Druggist for these remedies and take no other; or will be sent Free on receipt of price.
Descriptive Pamphlets Free.
Address Dr. Ivory's Diamond Remedies Co., P. O. Box 3260. 104 John Street, New York.

Wanted
AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS!
JOHN B. GOUGH'S brain new book, entitled
SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW
is the *best* chance offered to you. Its Scenes are drawn from the bright and shady sides of *life*, portrayed as only
John B. Gough
can portray them. This grand work—*now for the first time published*—is the "booming" *book for agents*, and is outselling all others *ten to one. The thirty-third thousand* is now in press. Its immense sale has been made entirely by active canvassers. No other book compares with it for quick and profitable returns. We are starting more agents now than ever before, and we believe the sale of this book will reach *One Hundred Thousand Copies in the next few months.*
We want now more agents at once, to supply this grand book to the thousands who are waiting for it. Remember the sale is *only now commencing.* The book is entirely new, and *most of the territory is now clear.* Agents, *now is your time to make money*, and at the same time circulate *a thoroughly first-class book.* Exclusive Territory and very Special Terms given. Send for our large circulars containing full particulars. Address A. D. WORTHINGTON & Co., Publishers, Hartford, Ct.

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, Philadelphia, Pa.
July 6-1y.

THE CARPENTER'S WOOING.

"Oh, beam my life, my awl to me."
He cried his flame addressing—
"If I adze such a love as yours,
I'd ask no other blessing!"
"I am rejoiced to hear you speak,"
The maidin said with laughter—
"For though I hammer a gulileless girl,
Its plain what you are after;
Now, file love you just wait a bit,
What further will you axe me?
Can—will you be content with that,
Or will you further tax me?"
He looked and saw her words were square,
"No rival can displace me—
Yes, one more favor I implore,
And that is, dear Em, brace me!"

THE SEQUEL.

She came full chisel to his arms;
It really made him stair
To have her make a bolt for him,
Before he could prepare.
He tried to screw his courage up,
And did his level best,
To nail the matter then and there,
While clasped unto his breast.
Says he: "It augurs well for me,
Awl seems to hinge on this;
And what is mortise plane to see,
The porch child wants a kiss."
He kissed her lip, he kissed her cheek,
And called her his adoored—
He dons his claw hammer next week,
And she will share his board.

BELLA'S GLOVE.

"Well, girls, what shall we do today?"

It was on the broad piazza of the Baden-Baden Springs, one of the summer hostelries in the Santa Cruz mountains. Not a man to be seen—the long piazza was a vista of skirts. At one end sat the matrons, either doing some one of those numberless things called "fancy work," or else retailing their household troubles. At the other sat the young ladies, some with novels in their laps, some idle. They were gazing listlessly across the garden to the disused croquet ground. No one said: "Let's play croquet." No, indeed, there had been a pitched battle on the croquet ground the day before. Miss Helen Winn had remarked that she named no names, but when a person was wired she did not think it fair for her to move her ball when the others were not looking. Upon this Miss Tillie Robertson had burst into tears, and said that Miss Winn was a hateful thing. Miss Carrie Bunner, partner to her of the teras, immediately laid down her mallet with great dignity, and ostentatiously escorted Miss Robertson from the ground, saying, "There now, Tillie." "Never mind them," etc., all of which was expressively goading to the other side.

By way of showing the two seceders how unnecessary they were, two other ladies took their places, and the game for a while was conducted in the smoothest manner, and the conversation in sugared tones. From the fact, however, that they came home in four different directions it is supposed that something went wrong. John, whose duty it was to put away the mallets and balls after the ladies used the ground, related, on his return to the kitchen, that he found "them there mallets scattered all over creation, just where them gals flung 'em when the game busted up."

No, although they had all made up since, the influences upon the whole were not favorable to that game which stirs the feminine soul so deeply. By the way was the woman ever born who would not cheat at croquet if she got a chance?

"Well, girls, what shall we do today?" It was Bella Chester who spoke.

Now Bella had not been mixed up in the quarrel of the day before. If there was any one thing she did not care for, it was croquet without gentlemen. It is unnecessary, then, to tell you that she was coquettish. But she was pretty. Bella was—be witchingly pretty. And yet she was not so pretty that other women did not like her, for they did. There are two kinds of pretty women.

"Let's go to the springs," said Helen Winn, "and watch them bottling the water."

"Pshaw!" said Bella, "there's only an old man and a boy there. Girls," she went on, "I have an idea. How far is it from here to Santa Maria College?"

"About six miles," said Helen.

"Then I'll tell you what let's do. We'll have the rockaway team hitched up, and get John to drive us over there. Its vacation time now, and the students have gone. We'll have the monks show us all over the buildings, the mission church and everything."

"They're not monks," said Carrie Bunner, with an air of wisdom, (Miss Bunner was a catholic,) "they are fathers."

"Well, I'd like to know what the difference is," said Miss Bella briskly.

"I—don't—know," said Miss Carrie, weakening; "but you must call them fathers, anyway."

"I call them anything they like," said Miss Bella. "But come, girls—let's go and get ready."

In fifteen minutes five of the girls were all ready. They had simply put on immense straw hats and very ugly dusters. These gloves were veterans; their shoes substantial, but not beautiful. In short, they were attired as sensible girls should be for a ride over a California road in summer.

But the minutes passed, and Bella did not come. John chewed tobacco, and soothed his impatient horses as they flicked the flies from off their backs and pawed the ground. John was never impatient. A sweet and tender restfulness filled his soul when he was waiting for ladies. He had driven around watering-places for many years, had John.

At last she came. A simultaneous cry arose.

"Why, what ever has kept you so long?"

Suddenly Helen exclaimed: "Well, I declare! If that girl hasn't gone and changed her dress!"

"Yes, and fixed her hair!"

"And put on a clean pair of gloves!"

"And changed her boots!"

"It was all true. Miss Bella had endeavored to shroud these treasons in her duster and hat, but it was useless. She was indeed a pretty sight as she stood there, with one dainty foot upon the step. Even John was moved. He reflectively spat on the high side, and made room for her to sit by him. Miss Bella sprang into the seat. John was better than nothing. And, as they spun along the road, she laughed at his well-worn stories, admired his skill as a driver, and when he turned to look at her would drop her eyes. And John? Well, he chewed tobacco. 'Tis wonderfully soothing, in any form, is the maligned weed.

At last the little town was reached, and John dashed up to the college gates in style. The ladies descended, crossed the wide and dreary-looking campus, and applied for permission to see the old mission church and the college buildings. It was granted them, and an olive-skinned Italian priest was detailed to show them over the place. He was gentle and courteous in manner, handsome in face, and there was a certain dignity about him which impressed even the giddy Bella at first. But not for long.

They passed into the old mission church, with its quaint statues and curious paintings. The peculiar realism which seemed to impress the Latin mind only revolted them, and the image of the Savior upon the cross, the blood trickling from the crown of thorns and from the wound in His side, only made them turn away in disgust. The strange frescoing over the altar, too, did not impress them; they laughed at the four-and-twenty elders seated around the Great White Throne, with "Sancto, Sancto, Sancto," coming from their mouths, while the monkish artist's attempt to represent the Deity shocked them. Then they went into the college, and saw the laboratory, and philosophical apparatus, with its strange electrical machines, globes and what not. From there to the library, where Father Augustine showed them the quaint old books from which dead and gone monks had chanted vesper and matin song. Huge volumes were they, of parchment leaf and leathern cover, with giant clasp and hinge; odd-looking notes in red and black, squatty and square (for they were Georgian), climbed over curious staff-lines. The girls tried to make out the words, but the lettering was strange to them, and, had it not been so, the language would have been. So Father Augustine read out some of the lines, the Latin sounding less harsh in the mellow Italian way than they had thought. And then they looked at the shelves, where imposing tomes held between their covers the writings of the early fathers of the church—those early fathers who were so early that they have had to father all later creeds. Many were the strange characters, many the tongues in which these books were written.

"And can you read all those dreadful languages, father?" asked Miss Bella.

"No, not all," he replied, "but many; and brother Anselm, who is the librarian can read them all."

"Can he read that, father?" said Carrie Bunner, with wide open eyes, turning over a curious looking volume.

"Yes, my daughter," said the monk, smiling, "that is only Hebrew. Even I can read that."

The library exhausted, Father Augustine asked them if they would like to ascend to the observatory, where there was a fine view of the surrounding valley. Miss Bella was the first to speak.

"Oh, girls," said she, "I'm tired. I don't think I care to go. But since the father has been so kind, some of you go."

But the other girls were tired, too. And so Miss Bella, with an appearance of great self-abnegation, declared that she would go, although Father Augustine politely protested that the climb was fatiguing, and if tired, she should not attempt it. But opposition only made her more determined, so they went together.

"Oh, what a lovely view," cried Miss Bella, as they gazed over the fertile valley. "Oh, father, I'm ever so much obliged to you for inducing me to come."

"It is indeed well worth the trouble," replied the priest.

"Father," said Miss Bella, fixing her brown eyes upon him, "what is the reason you say my daughter to Miss Bunner and not to the rest of us?"

"Because," replied the priest, gravely, "she is a catholic and the rest are heretics."

"How do you know she is a catholic?"

"Because she bowed to the Host when in the church, which none of the others did."

"So I am a heretic, too, I suppose?" said Miss Bella, with a pretty pout.

"Yes," said the priest calmly.

"Am I so dreadful, then?" said the girl archly.

"No," he replied, flushing slightly, "but—that is——"

Ah, wicked Bella! you have pierced the priestly armor.

"Come, father," said she coaxingly, "call me daughter too. I feel as if I were a leper or something. Ugh!" And she shivered, and then laughed merrily.

"Very well, my daughter," said the priest.

Miss Bella was as pleased as a victorious General. But she was not content. She leaned out of the window, and, as she did so, she dropped a glove upon the floor. When she turned the glove was gone.

Miss Bella could have hugged herself.

But all things have an end, and so had the tete-a-tete in the tower. Bella at last descended, and, as usual, found her companions cross through waiting, and, as usual, subdued them. And so they bade farewell to Father Augustine, thanking him for his courtesy, and crossed the campus to the carriage. And when they reached it, wicked Bella could no longer conceal her story, but told with great glee how she had made an impression upon the heart of Father Augustine. I am afraid she used a slangy word in speaking of it.

Carrie Bunner was horror stricken.

"Bella Chester," said she, "I don't believe a word of it. Do you mean to tell me that he, a priest, would keep one of your gloves?"

"Priests are only men," said Bella, defiantly.

"Well, I don't care," said Carrie, "I don't believe it, so there."

And the girls climbed into the rockaway, which stood near the old church; the view of the carriage was thus intercepted.

John had listened meanwhile with much interest. He believed Bella. He privately believed that she could captivate any man, if she set her mind on it. And he took a fresh chew of tobacco, and prepared to start, he indulged in much quiet mirth at the priest's expense.

Suddenly a black-robed figure appeared around the corner of the church. Bella's heart went down into her diminutive boots.

It was Father Augustine.

"I wonder if he heard us!" she said to herself.

The monk motioned to John to stop. He advanced to the side of the carriage.

"One of the servants," said he, blandly, doffing his angular cap, "has just come down from the observatory, where he found a glove. It was probably left by the young lady who was there with me. Which was the lady?"

Carrie Bunner's eyes sparkled maliciously. She pointed to Bella.

"Is it yours, miss?" said the monk, smoothly.

Bella mutely nodded. She could not speak. She felt that she was crimson to the roots of her hair.

He handed it to her. "I bid you good day, young ladies," said he, gravely, and he stode off toward the college.

John touched up his horses. He was a man and therefore generous. The girls giggled and said a great deal. They were women.

And Bella? Well, Bella had wondered at first whether Father Augustine heard her.

She is wondering yet.

A Crash and an Explosion.

THE FATAL ACCIDENT THAT FOLLOWED THE BREAKING IN TWO OF A TRAIN.

POTTSVILLE, Sept. 22.—The protracted drouth has made it necessary to haul from a distance water to run the large collieries in the vicinity of Ashland and Locustdale. For this purpose flat trucks were rigged up with condemned boilers. Plenty of water was to be had at Gordon, four miles from Locustdale, and trains were run to and from the former place regularly. This afternoon, a loaded water train was returning from Gordon to Locustdale, and when near Locust Summit, on a heavy up grade, the train broke in two and the rear cars started swiftly down the hill. An empty coal train, drawn by locomotive 238, had been following the water train about a mile behind, and had reached a point known as the Big Falling, when the runaway cars dashed upon it. The coal locomotive in an instant after collision, was a total wreck. Its trucks were stripped of every vestige of machinery, and within the twinkling of an eye after the trains met the boiler of the coal locomotive exploded. The shocks of the collision and explosion were terrific, and were heard at Gordon and Locustdale.

Martin Sager, the engineer of the coal train, seeing the runaway cars coming, jumped from his cab to the tank with a cry of warning to the fireman, and then throwing himself backward just as the trains met, he escaped with his life. He lost no time in crawling under a protecting rock, which sheltered him from the flying missiles scalding water, and steam, with which the air was filled by the explosion. Remaining there until the missiles had ceased to fall, he crept out in search of his crew. In a ditch on the opposite side of the track he found his conductor, John Paul, half dead from scalds and bruises. In the middle of the wreck lay the mangled bodies of Thomas M. Yost, the fireman, and Geo. Kenny, a boy who was visiting him. Yost was married, and had five children, Kenny was nineteen years old, and was the son of a clergyman in Philadelphia who formerly lived in Cressonia, in this county. Young Kenny had been spending his vacation at Cressonia, and set out this morning to take a last look at familiar scenes along the Mine Hill Branch of the Philadelphia and Reading road, on which the accident happened.

Although suffering severely from his injuries, Sager was collected enough to give warning to an approaching passenger train, thereby averting another catastrophe.

—Robert Colliyer says: "This is not a land of peace; it is a nation of armed men. The farmer has a revolver in his bedroom, and the merest boy on the slightest provocation pulls out his pistol. Two hundred years have proved that in civil life, at least the Quaker is right. No Quaker ever shoots and no Quaker is ever shot. There should be general disarmament, and we should guard the sale of pistols as we guard the sale of poisons. It is the brutality that comes from the possession of weapons that does the harm." There is some exaggeration in this, but there is also much good, strong sense. The carrying of firearms is much too common, and their sale too free. Mr. Collyer said also. "If Guiteau had carried out his intent, I know just what would have happened. Ministers would have gone to him and told him if he accepted their plan of salvation he would go straight to heaven, and it would have gone out the world that he was walking in paradise while his face was blackened on the scaffold. Such proceedings are a libel on religion and common sense. As a man soweth so shall he reap. That is good scripture and I believe it."

A WEDDING IN WYOMING.

Camping near the town, we secured our stock and then went in. Entering the leading store, I introduced myself to Mr. Stiles, one of the proprietors and the Postmaster.

"It is now half-past 2, and at 3 there's to be a wedding down the street at Jonas Burton's. Old Jonas is a rough old coon that we elected Justice of the Peace about a month ago, and, as this will be his first attempt at a marriage, I think we will see some fun. Come and go down with me."

We went to the old 'Squire's cabin. We found him poring over a large volume of the statutes of Wyoming, sweating like a horse and looking terribly anxious. After greeting us he said.

"Stiles, the durned galoots that got up these yer laws hadn't gumption enough to last 'em over night. I've run through the blamed book a half a dozen times, an' can't find a dod blasted word about matrimony, or how the hitchin' process is proceeded with. I've just got ter put the clamps on this couple hit or miss, an' if I don't yoke 'em up legal I can't help it."

"Oh!" said Stiles, "just do the best you can. Any kind of a ceremony will do in this country, for people'll never question the legality of the thing. I'll post you as well as I can."

Stiles then explained to him about how he should proceed, and the old man finally thought he could worry through his tolerable shape. Ere long the couple appeared, followed by a crowd of the citizens of the camp. The candidates stood up before the 'Squire, who began:

"Feller citizens, this 'yer man an' this 'yar woman have appeared before the court to be hitched in the legal bands of wedlock. If any galoot in the mob knows of anything that mout block the game of tuck to a higher court, let him now toot his bazoo, or else keep his jaw to himself now and forevermore. All in favor o' me perceedin' as orthorized by the law, say 'I.'"

Everybody said "I."

"Contrary, 'no.'"

Nobody said "no."

"The motion's carried unanimously, an' the Court rules that thar hain't nothin' to pervent the tryin' of the case. Grip yer fins."

The candidates joined hands. "Amos Peabody, do you solemnly swa'ar thet ye'll freeze to 'Mandy forever an' ever? Thet ye'll lover 'er, an' pervide fur 'er, an' treat her squar an' white, according to the rules an' regulations sot down to govern sich cases in the laws o' the United States, so help yer God?"

"Yaas, sir; I do sir."

"That fixes your end o' the bargain. 'Mandy Thomas, do you solemnly swa'ar that ye'll hang on to Amos for all comin time, that you'll nuss him in sickness an' be squar to him in wellness, that ye'll always be to him a good, true, honest, up-an'-up wife under the the penalties prescribed by the laws for the punishment of sich offenses; do you swa'ar this, so help yer God?"

"I swa'ar I will."

"Then by the power in me vested as Justice o' the Peace, in an' fur this precinct, I pronounce you, Amos Peabody, husband, an' you, 'Mandy Thomas, wife, and legalize ye to remain as sich now an' furevermore, an' ye'll stand committed till the fees an' costs in the case be paid in full, an' may God have mercy on your soul an' bless this union with his heartiest blessin's.

The fees and costs were adjusted, and, after receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the newly made husband and wife departed for their cabin up the creek.

HOODLUMISM vs HEROISM.

A WILD WESTERN PAPER'S ADVICE TO AMBITIOUS YOUNG MEN FROM THE EAST.

Once in the history of the United States we had our great Indian fighters and noted frontiersmen—our Boons, Crocketts and Finks—but in this degenerate age instead of heroism we have hoodlumism; instead of brave deeds in defense of the lives of women, children and honest and peaceful settlers, we have cowardly murders, robberies and burglaries.

In Virginia city four young men (two of them were boys; and the oldest of the four not over twenty-eight years of age) were sent to the State Prison—the two boys for one year each and the two young men for fourteen years—for burglary and for a deadly assault with the intent to commit robbery.

On the frontiers we have cowboys and other desperadoes who are murdering inocent and industrious settlers. Were they truly brave, they would be able to find an ample field in defending the settlers of Arizona and New Mexico against the Apaches and other murderous tribes.

Instead of going out to hunt down any of the bands of butchering Indians the cowboys and their stripe hunt down and murder their own countrymen, and columns on columns puffing their prowess are written and published throughout the land. More pains are taken in setting before the youth of America pen and ink sketches and carefully engraved portraits of these cowardly murderers than were ever bestowed upon Daniel Boon and his compatriots, either while living or since their death.

Heroism explores new lands and conquers the enemies of civilization, but hoodlumism skulks about the towns, cities and settlements of our country, a terror to all quiet and industrious people, in that the worst of their deeds are done only in the darkness and their deadliest blows struck only when cowards strike.

If there be longer a fieldhero for those who would explore new lands and undertake daring enterprises, let such as would achieve names for great deeds take themselves to the wilds of Central or South America. It would be more to their honor to betake themselves to the heart of Africa and get themselves eaten by cannibal tribes than to lead the lives many of them are leading here.

The Carbon Advocate.

An Independent Family Newspaper Published every SATURDAY, in Lehighton, Carbon Co., Pa., by
HARRY V. MORTHIMER.
OFFICE—PACKWAY, a short distance above the Lehigh Valley R. R. Depot.
Terms: $1.00 per Annum in Advance
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PLAIN AND FANCY
Job Printing
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Our Puzzle Corner.

ANSWERS TO THE LAST.

DIAMOND.—

G
A R E
G R A N T
E N D
T

HIDDEN TREES.—1. elm, 2. oak. 3. yew, 4. willow. 5. maple.

CHARADE.—Pine-apple.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Unicorn.

TRANSPOSITION.—Wise men make proverbs—fools utter them.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A water-fowl.
2. A beverage.
3. Small insects.
4. A resting place. C. C.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In brown, not in white;
In day, not in night;
In cane, not in crutch;
In many, not in much;
In corn, not in rye;
In ear, not in eye.
My whole's a fruit of flavor rare,
Brought from a country warm and fair. PETER.

ENIGMA.

Composed of 15 letters.

My 1 a pronoun of much importance to each one.
My 2 12 5 9 10 8 4 7 11 6 is what all right minded people dislike.
My 8 5 5 4 10 8 is to hang.
My 13 14 2 3 15 is a foppish man,
My whole is an anniversary. C. C.

CHARADE.

My first, though mostly black or white,
Has other colors too, no doubt;
They're used by servants, boys and girls,
And sold in shops, and hawked about.
The sun affects my next, you know,
And mars your female's pretty face,
My whole is of the lover kind,
And moves great weights from place to place. SCISSORS.

A WALTZ IN HIS HEAD.

Strauss and his wife were enjoying a quiet walk in the park at Schonau the other day, when suddenly the composer exclaimed, "My dear! I have a waltz in my head; quick, give me the inside of a letter or an envelope to write it down before I forget it." Alas! after much rummaging of pockets it was discovered that neither of them had a letter about them—not even a tradesman's account. Johann Strauss' music is considered light, but it weighs heavy as lead on his brain till he can transfer it to paper. His despair was heartrending. At last a happy thought struck Fran Strauss. She held out a snowy linen cuff and Johann smiled. In two minutes it was MSS. Then its mate shared the same fate, then Frau Strauss' collar, then not another scrap of starched linen on which to conclude the composition. His own linen was limp colored calico—no hope there. Johann became frantic. He was much the worse for having been allowed