The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. IX., No 48. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1881. If not paid in advance, $1.25

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Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
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POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
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FAST TROTTING HORSES,
ELEGANT CARRIAGES.
And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Livery in the County.
Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral purposes and Weddings. DAVID EBBERT
Nov. 21, 1878.

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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 HEALTH and MANHOOD? Send stamp and you will get advice in sealed envelope. Address, Prof. J. Y. EGAN, Ogdensburg N.Y. july17y1

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 17y1

MANHOOD
How Lost, How Restored!
Just published, a new edition of Dr. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical cure of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.
The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.
☞ This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
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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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 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

Railroad Guide.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.
Arrangement of Passenger Trains.
MAY 29TH, 1881.
Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—
(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD).
For Philadelphia, at *4.24, 6.45, 11.40, a.m., and *2.10 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
For Philadelphia at *4.30 a. m., 5.35 p. m.
(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)
For Reading and Harrisburg, 6.00, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30 and 9.15 p. m.
For Lancaster and Columbia, 6.00, 9.05 a.m. and 4.30 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
For Reading and way points, 4.30 p. m.
For Reading, Harrisburg, and way points, 9.05 a. m.
(VIA BETHLEHEM.)
For Philadelphia from L. V. Depot *4.44, 6.12 *8.18, a. m., 12.05, 5.53, *8.24 p. m. Sunday 4.50 p.m.
For Philadelphia from L. & S. Depot 12.14, 3.24, 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, 7.35, 10.35 a. m., 2.40, 5.55, and 6.15 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg 5.20, 8.05 and 9.50, a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
Leave Lancaster 8.00 a. m., 1.35 and 5.30 p. m.
Leave Columbia 7.30 a. m., 1.10 and 5.40 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
Leave Reading, 7.35 and 9.05 a. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5.20 p. m.
(VIA BETHLEHEM.)
Leave Philadelphia 6.45, *9.00, 9.45, 2.10, *4.15, *5.45 p.m. Sunday 9.30 a. m., *9.00 p. m.
Trains marked thus (*) run to and from depot 8th 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 *4.24 and 6.45 a.m. trains from Allentown, and the *1.30 and 5.15 p. m. from Philadelphia, have through cars to and from Philadelphia.
J. E. WOOTTEN,
General Manager.
C. G. HANCOCK, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent. may 14.

DIRECTIONS.—For Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, &c., place some 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 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; 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. 1, '81-1y

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

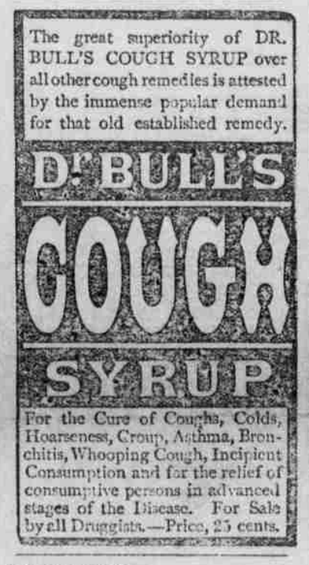
WINE
Speer's Port Grape Wine!
FOUR YEAR OLD.
This Celebrated Native Wine is made from the Juice of the Concord Grape raised in this County. Its invaluable
Tonic and Strengthening Properties
are unsurpassed by any other Native Wine, being the pure juice of the Grape, produced under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, 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 afflict 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 distillate 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 fastidious 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. Leck of Weissport.
Dec. 23-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 22-y1 LEHIGHTON, PA.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.
March 5, 1881-y1

The great superiority of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP over all other cough remedies is attested by the immense popular demand for that old established remedy.



For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 cents.

DIAMOND CATARRH REMEDY.
A Positive Cure for Catarrh of all kinds. It is instantaneous in effect and Permanent in Result. Cures at any stage of the disease. Has cured cases so terrible that bones came from the nose.
Dr. Ivory's Diamond Catarrh Remedy is mild and pleasant, affording Immediate Relief and prompt cure in all cases of Catarrh, Influenza, Hay Fever, Bronchitis.
It will remove Polypus and effectually cure Watery and Purulent Discharges from the Head and Throat, and Fœtid, Sickening Breath; perfectly restore impaired Smell, Taste and Hearing; relieve Headache, Break up Colds in the Head; strengthen the Voice and Eyes; Purify, Regulate and Render Clear and Active every Organ of the Head and Throat. Price, 50 cents.
Dr. Ivory's Diamond Invigorator is a Perfect Blood Purifier, Appetizer and Nerve Tonic. It makes a delightful, wholesome drink, which Invigorates, Purifies and Strengthens the entire system.
For General Debility, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Neuralgia 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.

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 9-y.

$1000 REWARD
For any case Blind, Bleeding, Itching, Ulcerated or Protruding PILES that Dr. Bline's PILE REMEDY fails to cure. Prepared by J. P. Miller, M. D., 915 Arch Street, Phila., Pa. None genuine without his signature. Send for circular. All druggists or general stores have it or will get it for you $1. Sold in Lehighton by A. J. Durling, druggist. aug. 13-2m.

THE OLD BROWN HAND.

BY MRS. CLARA PRIME.

The hand that pressed my fevered brow,
Was withered, wasted, brown and old,
Its work was almost over now,
As swollen veins and wrinkles told.
No longer brushing back my hair,
It gently rested on my wrist;
Its touch seemed sacred as a prayer,
Just by the breath of angels kissed.

I knew 'twas thin, and brown and old,
With many a deep yet honored seam,
Wearing one little band of gold
The only trace of youth's bright dream;
And yet o'er every mark of care,
In every wrinkle's mystic line,
I fancied jewels gleaming fair
That wore a beauty all divine.

Another hand my fingers pressed—
'Twas like the lily dipped in snow;
Yet still it gave a wild unrest—
A weariness that none should know.
There pearls with costly diamonds gleamed,
And opals showed their changing glow
As moonlight on the ice has beamed,
Or trembled on the stainless snow.

I caught again the old brown hand,
And smoothed it fondly in my own—
A woman's, though so old and tanned;
A woman's brave and fearless grown.
Aye, it had labored long and well,
To dry the tear, to soothe the pain,
Its own strong nerve to all would tell
That life has work which brings no shame.

We love the pretty hand that rests,
In gentle fondness on our own,
With nails like rosy calyx pressed,
Upon a pearly, stainless cone;
But sacred is the healthful palm
Which smoothes the ills which round us band;
The many feel its sacred balm,
And holy seems the old brown hand.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

In 1870, Job Morrison, guide and frontiersman, was acting assistant paymaster in the Yellowstone division, U. S. A., having been temporarily employed to fill the place of an officer whose sickness prevented him from performing the regular duties of the position. As such assistant it become necessary for Morrison, early in May, to traverse a large section of country, visit a number of outlying posts and pay the troops. He was entitled to a guard, but, having visited Laramie, Fetterman, McKinnie and Kearney, he dismissed his escort, and proceeded alone across the Big Horn Mountains by Indian trails toward Camp Brown, from which point he could strike to the railroad again at Green river, and thus return home.

The greater portion of his funds were exhausted. Only some fifteen hundred dollars remained to be paid at Camp Brown. He was unknown as a government officer, was a there' mountaineer and well armed, and he, therefore, had no fear or hesitation in proceeding as described. It would be far quicker than to follow the beaten road with his guard.

It was the third day of his solitary ride, toward night, that he struck Bay Water creek, a tributary of the Big Horn. Following this stream, he would at length leave the mountains and enter upon an open plateau, across which a ride of 36 miles would bring him to his destination. One more night in the wilderness, and the risk of his adventure would end.

Musing, as his horse picked his way along the obscure trail, yet watchful.—Morrison had ridden a dozen miles, and the shadows of the coming night were warning him that it was time to camp, when suddenly there fell upon his trained ear the bark of a dog.

He halted, and again it sounded, not far in front.

He urged his horse onward, and upon rounding a bluff, thirty rods ahead, to his astonishment he saw a small cabin, a white man standing in the door and a hound at his feet.

A veritable hunter's retreat. Morrison's heart was gladdened. He rode rapidly forward.

"Evenin' friend," he called to the man. "Yer deep in the timber, but it's lucky for me. Can I stay all night?"

The fellow raised his head, and a terrible recollection passed through the paymaster's brain. This newly found friend was none other than Dan Lamoreaux, a border ruffian of of the worst stripe whom he had known in Kansas City years before—a man stained with crime, and for whose head a reward was even now offered.

The cabin in the wilderness was a hiding place, not a home.

But the other seemed to regard Morrison as an utter stranger, and looking at him carelessly he drawled:

"I reckon ye kin light. Thar's a blanket inside, and the women-folks'll get ye up suthin' to eat."

Women-folks! Morrison stared, but obeyed his host's injunction, and, dismounting, entered the cabin.

A mere hut, with hewn logs for floor, two rooms below and a loft above. Two women were near the fire. One full sixty, of hideous face and feature, with bent frame and long, claw-like hands; the other much younger, but with a hardened countenance. Even as the agent had recollected the man, so now he knew these women. They were Lamoreaux's slaves—the elder, his mother, a bag of the vilest nature; the other his wife or mistress.

Morrison had camped in a viper's den. He must look sharp that he was not bitten.

And yet no sign of recognition had appeared upon the face of Lamoreaux. If the man did not suspect him as a government officer or an old enemy—for Morrison had been connected with the detective police when in the East—he might safely remain. He represented himself as a mere voyager, half prospector, half hunter—a agrt of mountain waif.

A coarse supper of venison, tea and hard bread was spread, and seated with the desperado and his pretended wife, Morrison ate. Then, removing his pistol belt, he hung it upon the wall, and filled his pipe for an evening's smoke.

Lamoreaux, at the close of the meal, also arose and left the shanty, remarking that he would see to the horse.

As the paymaster knelt upon the broad rough hearth-stone to draw a coal from the fire, with which to light his pipe, the old woman, who shivered in the corner, shot one sharp glance at him, and then, rubbing her hands together until the joints cracked, and until the nails rasped upon her tough and leathery skin, she muttered some hardly distinguishable words:

"Under the stone—under the stone! Ha! ha! and I did it! I did it! His throat was soft and smooth, and I did it. Under the stone! Ha! ha!

For an instant the mountaineer's hand trembled, and paused. Was he kneeling above a grave? Then the sense of his danger came to him. Self-possession returned, for by coolness alone could he save himself, and he applied the coal to the waiting pipe. But the muttered words of the hag had warned him.

"Be thar thar weepins loaded?" asked the younger woman as he resumed his seat, pointing to his revolvers. "I'm desput skeered o' powder."

"What! A hunter's wife afraid o' powder. That's a good 'un, and Morrison laughed heartily, even while his heart quaked at the suggestive question. "Well I'll put them on again, an' then you won't be in no danger."

He arose to execute this suggestion. But at that instant Lamoreaux entered, and as if cognizant of what had happened, he raised his hand, took the pistol belt from the wall, and placed it carefully in a deep chest that served as a seat near the fire, closed the same and locked it, remarking as he did so:

"Thar, Liz.tte! Ye needn't be skeered now. Them pistols is safe." Then, turning to his astonished guest, he continued:

"No need of weepins in these diggin's, an' they'll be ready for ye in the mornin'."

There was nothing for it but to acquiesce and so, unarmed, this old enemy of Lamoreaux's sat in his den, and with the certainty in his heart that the desperado had discovered him and meditated his death, he coolly speculated upon his chances of escape.

Small, indeed, he found them, trapped as he was, and the words of the old mother again recurred to him with more of fatal meaning than before—"Under the stone! Under the stone."

The evening wore on. Morrison attempted some conversation with his host, but the man was taciturn and morose, and answered him shortly. The younger woman busied herself about the room, and the elder one crooned and muttered in her chimney corner, her ugly, wrinkled face lit by the fitful gleams of the dying fire, until, to the brooding imagination of the watchful traveler, she seemed a very witch gloating above the grave of her victims. Bad thoughts those for one whose wits alone must save him from the murderer's knife ere morning, and at length, as the tallow dip shortened and its "winding sheet" grew long and white, Morrison arose from his stool, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and asked that he might be shown where to lie, as he was worn and weary.

He felt sure of one thing—no attack would be made upon him until he slept, unless he should show a fear of attack, and he therefore desired, by an apparent trustfulness, to obtain all possible time, in order to plan a defense or escape.

At his request, Lizette arose,

"Ye kin go into the loft," and she pointed toward the rough ladder. Thar's a blanket thar, and I reckon ye'll be comfortable. Ef ye hear any noise below, don't be disturbed, for the old woman sleeps by the fire, and she talks and walks around sometimes. She's broke, kinder."

Morrison laughed lightly.

"I'm too hearty a sleeper to notice that under a roof. In the timber, one's ear is open all night, but when I bunk in a cabin I sleep."

He took the candle offered him, and climbed to the loft above. Then, finding the blankets, he threw himself down, extinguished his light, and waited.

One weapon his enemies had left him—his trusty knife in his boot-top—and with this closely grasped in his hand, he turned his face to the roughly-hewn floor of logs and listened.

For a little no sound broke the silence below. Without, he could hear the occasional stamp of his horse, tethered near the hut, and the soughing of the night wind in the pines.

There was no window in the attic, and the roof was of heavy logs. Flight was out of the question. If attacked he must fight for his life.

He set his teeth grimly. This was not the first time he had faced death, but the odds were fearfully against him.

An hour passed, when suddenly there was a stir below. With bated breath he listened.

Lamoreaux had evidently arisen, for his heavy feet could be heard upon the floor beneath. He stopped near the fire-place. "Git up."

The words were half-whispered, but they came clearly to Morrison's ears. And it was the hag who answered, cackling, meantime:

"Under the stone!—under the stone? I did it!"

"Curse ye, and the stone, too!" hissed the man. "Ye must do it ag'in. Git up above an'—ye knew what."

There was silence for a moment.

"Come, be quick, ye old devil."

"Under the stone!—under the stone!" crooned the witch. "What, more?" she suddenly continued, in an intense tone. An' has he money, money—gold? An' will ye give me some if I tear his throat out? More than before?"

Her voice was louder now, and wild.

"Aye. I'll give ye more! Git up—quickly, too, and see he does not cry out. See," continued Lamoreaux, as the woman arose, "he must not wake. Ye must shut yer hands so—tight! tight!—an' never open them!"

"I know, I know," croaked the murderess, hoarsely. "Help me up."

And, from the sound, Morrison knew that together they were approaching the foot of the ladder.

His blood ran chill. Must he kill this old woman? Was she the strangler who carried out the crimes her demon son planned? It would seem so.

The ladder was creaking beneath her ascending tread. A moment later, and the waiting man in the loft could discern a crouching figure on the floor, creeping cat-like toward him. He even noted the glisten of her fiendish eyes, the light scratch of her claw-like nails against the logs. Motionless he lay, his knife thrust back into his boot-top, both hands ready for the attack.

The woman was alone. Her noble son waited below until the danger was past.

Nearer and nearer she drew, now halting to listen and again advancing, but so directing her course as to come upon her intended victim from the direction in which his head lay. So doing, she could seize his throat with her whole strength, and he, thus terribly awakened, would vainly beat the air without danger to the strangler. It was a simple plan, yet diabolically cunning.

Already the hag was in place—already her skinny arms were outstretched, her sinewy hands open to grasp the warm throat of her victim, her poisonous breath upon his brow—when, with a sudden sweep of his arms of steel, Morrison caught his assailant as if in a vice, lifted her bodily from the floor, and buried her face downward in the blankets upon which he lay, winding her body from head to feet in the heavy cloth, until she was securely gagged and bound; then he again drew his knife and crept slowly to the edge of the hole.

Lamoreaux was standing below. The sound of the struggle had reached him; and now, with outstarting eyes and trembling limbs, he awaited the signal to seize his prey. But it came not.

The man was troubled. He wistled softly, then called;

"Granny! How is it?"

No reply, and only the far-away cry of an owl broke the deathly stillnes of the night. Lamoreaux's breath came hard and hissing through the teeth.

"Curses upon her wrinkled hide! what has happened?" he muttered, and called a second time.

Still no reply; even the cry of the owl was silenced now. Night and mystery reigned.

"The devil's witch is robbing the corpse herself," exclaimed the desperado in a low, intense tone. "I must see to it."

And the man began slowly and with the utmost silence to ascend the ladder.

Above crouched Morrison, every nerve tense as steel, his eyes gleaming with that light which shines from those of a panther ere he springs, his breath indrawn—waiting.

Step by step Lamoreaux drew near, until first his head, then his neck, and last his shoulders were above the level of the floor; then, with a fierce yell—an Indian war cry—Morrison's arm shot forward like the bolt from a bow. There was a single gleam of a flashing blade, a half uttered cry of horror cut cleanly in two, a sudden sinking of the man's body, and with a heavy plunge the desperado went backward to the floor below, dead.

Morrison was saved!

And then terror seized him, and the strain once gone he trembled like an aspen leaf. Quickly descending, with a shudder he passed the motionless figure at the ladder's foot, stayed not to secure his pistols even, mounted, and spurring hard the astounded steed through all the starry night that remained, he rode southward until, just as the sun tipped the eastern sky with red, the stars and stripes above Camp Brown gladdened his weary eyes, and a little later, exhausted and wan, he told his tale to the wondering officers at the post.

Ere night a mounted guard had investigated the cabin upon Bitter Water creek, found and buried Lamoreaux and his mother, who had died the death she would have meted to others, strangled by the blankets in which she was bound, and returned to Morrison his stolen pistols; but the younger woman was never seen again. The hut was burned, the the lonely grave hidden beneath its ashes, and no trail to-day remains of the den or its inhabitants; but the memory of that terrible night will sadden the life of Ben Morrison even though he live beyond the allotted period of three-score years and ten.

A REMARKABLE LAKE.

Several of our citizens returned last week from the Great Sunken Lake, situated in the Cascade Mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast from Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the Sailor. It is thought to average 2,000 feet down to water all around. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unruffled, as it is so far below the surface of the mountains that air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve or fifteen miles, and its width ten or twelve. There is a mountain in the centre having trees upon it. It lies still, silent and mysterious in the bosom of the everlasting hills, like a huge well scooped out by the hands of the giant genii of the mountains in the unknown ages gone by, and around it the primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle into the water several times at an angle of forty-five degrees and were able to note several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but is vouched for by our most reliable citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity.—"Jacksonville (Oregon) Record."

Mr. Samuel McKenzie, Cumberland, Md., writes: "I am 68 years of age. About four years ago I began to go into decline. I suffered from dyspepsia, stone in the bladder, weak lungs, and general nervous debility. Nothing I tried did me any good until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. This remedy has made me again robust and strong, and I feel all the fire and activity of youth once more in my veins.

TWO KINDS OF ABLE MEN.

There are still people who think that nothing is of much account unless it brings in hard cash. A "Tribune" correspondent met one of those a short time ago, as he was inquiring his way to the famous school of philosophy, held every Summer at Concord. He was a sunburned farmer working in a field near the road.

"Do you belong down there?" said he to the correspondent, pointing to the place where the school was held.

"No," was the reply, "I am no philosopher."

"Queer lot they are," continued the farmer. "I wonder how much the whole lot could earn, put them right down to good solid work? But I guess they've got their bread and butter ready provided, and I don't suppose they have to find out how much they are really worth."

We have known better-informed men than this old farmer who held in considerable contempt the gentler vocations, and were disposed to say, with the cobbler of old, "There is nothing like leather." Men have their leather. It may be Greek; it may be metaphysics; it may be popcorn; but whatever it is, there is nothing like it for them.

There are two kinds of valuable persons. These who make life possible, and those who make life worth having.

The sunburnt farmer belongs to the indispensibles who make life possible. Business men, manufacturers, merchants, mechanics, all who do, and all who direct the world's daily work, belong to the same class. But oh, sunburnt farmer, who made your farmer's almanac that hangs in the fireplace by its loop of tape so considerately supplied by the publisher?

And farmer, who invented your clock, price one dollar and fifty cents? Who found out how to make your boy's accordion, and who composed the book of instructions with one hundred of the best pieces of music, that came with the instrument free of charge? Who painted the beauteous picture of "Emma," and who made the grand chromo of Washington crossing the Delaware that hangs on your walls?

And who will preach your sermon next Sunday morning? and how would you get through the Sunday afternoon without your denominational weekly to doze over? The people who provide those things could not earn much money hoeing corn; but they belong to the class who make it worth while for corn to be hoed. They make life worth having.

DOWN IN THE WORLD.

It may also be said, writes the New York correspondent of the Buffalo Courier, that New York swarms with men who, once well up the social ladder, if not actually at the top, tumbled clear into the mud at the bottom, and still lying there, with no prospect of ever again getting up. Such men are to be seen in the streets every day, and any one making a tour of the cheap lodging-houses in Chatham street and the Bowery would probably find a good many of them. In some cases the fall is the result of misfortune, but in most it is caused by fault. A special case came to my attention a few days ago. A shabbily dressed man, with the general looks of a tramp, passed me in the street. In glancing at his face, I thought it was familiar. As he slouched along the sidewalk, I noticed that he looked into the gutters and bent his head over ash barrels and boxes—a tramp beyond doubt. A full look at him took me back twenty-five years.

Long before the war the same figure was a familiar one on Broadway. He was one of the dandies then, and his natty dress and curling hair that hung thick to the shoulders made him an object of attention on the promenade. He followed no business, but his family—theatrical and operatic people—were pretty well off, and he had all the spending money he wanted. And now—well, now he is a tramp, picking crusts out of the ash barrels, sleeping in the station-houses, or possibly in the parks, and as miserable a creature, this one-time dandy of Broadway, as it is possibly for a man to be. And there are scores, if not hundreds, of just such examples in the streets every day. Other places have a fair share of the same class, no doubt, but New York has the largest variety and can show specimens of every degree, from the scapegrace son of the merchant prince all the way down.

Don't Get The Chills.
If you are subject to Ague you must be sure to keep your liver, bowels and kidneys in good free condition. When so, you will be safe from all attacks. The remedy to use is Kidney-Wort. It is the best preventitive of all malarial diseases that you can take. See adv't in another column.

ANCIENT MASONRY.

Dr. Le Plongen, a distinguished archæologist, writes the following letter from Merida, Yucatan: "I have discovered the ruins of an ancient Masonic temple, where the priests and magicians used to gather in order to celebrate their mysteries. The Masonic Lodge of those belonging to the first degree fronts toward the north; that of the Masons belonging to the second and third degrees points to the south. I have found a few of the mystical dice, a stone on which is carved an apron with a hand on it, and a cabalistic stone (the stone is of such description that your correspondent is of the opinion that he found a similar stone in the temple of Heliopolis.) I have taken copies in clay, and shall try to establish the relation between these discovered Masonic attributes and those found at Memphis and Thebes. I think I may not be mistaken if I suspect a relation as well with these attributes discovered by Corringe on the pedestal of the Cleopatra obelisk at present in Central Park, New York.

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ANSWERS TO THE LAST.

WORD SQUARE.—
S T A G
T A R E
A R E A
G E A R

REMEMBER AND CURTAILED CUPLET.—
Ever there flits before the rank,
The bright, the beautiful ideal.

ENIGMA.—
Pensacola.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—
Barefoot Boy.

RIDDLE.—
Pup.

ENIGMA.

Composed of ten letters.
My 1 6 3 2 is to marry.
My 5 4 7 10 9 8 is a city of the Bible.
My whole is the middle of the foot.
G. A. A.

HIDDEN NAMES.

1. She said to them, "May I come?"
2. Will he lend his book, think you?
3. John carried two bushels of grain.
4. "Mary had a little lamb"—she fed it herself.
5. Her mother told her many lively stories.
6. Many a lion, elephant and tiger were caged.
7. The bird sat on her nest till dawn.
HENRIETTA.

WORD SQUARE.

1. An African river.
2. A feminine name.
3. An arch look.
1. A masculine name. BARBE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In new, not in old;
In brave, not in bold;
In west, not in east;
In low, not in least;
In bread, not in cake;
In sleep, not in wake;
In money, not in bond;
In lake, not in pond;
In town, not in city;
In song, not in ditty.—
The whole is a city.

ITEMS FOR THE CURIOUS.

—At present over 600,000 lives are insured in this country alone.

—Cloves have been brought into the European market for upwards of 2,000 years.

—The word toad expresses in several of the languages of Europe its habit of swelling.

—Newfoundland dogs are kept by the city of Paris to rescue drowning persons from the Seine.

—By a law, passed recently, a pencil written note is just as valid as though it were written in ink.

—The food of the Greenland whale is a small crustaceous animal not so large as a common shrimp.

—Mutilations, especially of the first phalanges of the left hand, are practiced among the Australians.

—In the United States nearly as many reams of paper are made into collars as are used to write upon.

—The bridge of boats on which Xerxes crossed the Hellespont were fastened by cables made of papyrus.

—Savages not only express satisfaction by smiling, but by gestures derived from the pleasure eating.

—Transfusing blood from healthy animals to an unhealthy one has been practiced for three hundred years.

—Two Iowa children who have pink eyes can hardly see in daylight, but can pick up a pin in the darkest night.

—The equatorial telescope constructed for the observatory at Vienna is the largest refracting telescope yet made.

—An ape produces an exact octave of musical sound, ascending and descending the scales by tones and half-tones.

—In several years the sickness of pneumonia has increased slightly in September, decreased in October and increased again with the Indian summer.

—Fanny, an ancient carp in the pond at Fontainebleau, has just died. She is said to have been hatched in the time of Francis I., and had become grey.

—Negro soldiers standing at drill bring the middle finger tips an inch or two nearer the knee than white men can do, and some even touch the knee-pan.

—Musk sheep