The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. X., No 5. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1881. If not paid in advance, $1.25

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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
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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,
at 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

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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 thoroughly.
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Of all description promptly attended to at the most reasonable prices.
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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 attachment, attached. April 10-y1

Railroad Guide.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

NOVEMBER 6TH, 1881.

Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—

(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD).

For Philadelphia, at *4.35, 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 4.50 and 9.05 p. m

For Lancaster and Columbia, 6.00, 9.05 a.m. and 4.30 p. m

SUNDAYS

For Reading, Harrisburg, and way points, 9 30 a. m.

Trains FOR ALLENTOWN leave as follows:

(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.)

Leave Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m. and 1.00, *3.30 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 9.30. a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

Leave Lancaster 7.50 a. m 1.00 and 4.10 p. m.

Leave Columbia 7.50 a. m 1.10 and 5.40 p. m (From King Street Depot.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading, 7.30 a. m.

Leave Harrisburg, 5.20 a.m.

Trains via "Perkiomen Route" marked thus (*) run to and from Depot, Ninth and Green streets, Philadelphia, other trains to and from Broad Street Depot.

The 4.35 and 6.45 a.m trains from Allentown, and the *1.35 and 3.15 p. m. train from Philadelphia, via Perkiomen Railroad, have through cars to and from Philadelphia.

J. R. WOOTIEN,
General Manager.

C. G HANCOCK, *Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.*
November 4th.

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No. 2 Chestnut, by the car.....	$2 75
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Stove, by the car.....	4 00

By the single ton, 25 cents per ton additional

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Opposite the Public Square, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA. nov. 20, 1880

JOHN R. G. WEYSSER,
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West End Brewery,
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Pure Porter and Lager Beer
Delivered all over the State.
October 8, 1881 y1

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

WINE
Speer's Port Grape Wine!
FOUR YEAR OLD.
This Celebrated Native Wine is made from the juice of the Genuine 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, undoubtedly under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, it purity and genuineness are guaranteed. The manner, could may be taken of its energing qualities, and he weakest have all use a decided advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and united 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 particularly of the golden quality 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 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. Dunring, C. T. Hern, Lehighton and C. W. Leist, 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,
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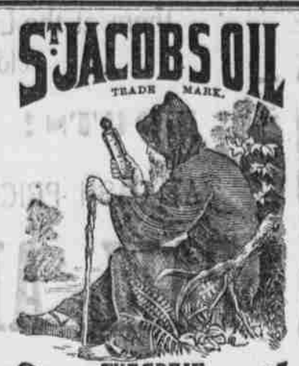

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Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
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March 5, 1881-y1

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.
DR. BULL'S
COUGH
SYRUP
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 its effect and **Permanent** in its **Results.** Cures at any stage of the disease. Has cured cases so terrible that bones came from the nose.
Dr. Evory's Diamond Catarrh Remedy is mild and pleasant, affording **Immediate Relief**, is a 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. Evory'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, Falling, Nausea, Sick Headache and Kidney Complaints, it is invaluable. Price, 50 cents.
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Ask your Druggist for these remedies and take no other; or will be sent Free on receipt of price.
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TOLU, ROCK & RYE.
TRADE MARK REGISTERED.
THE GREAT APPETIZER TONIC, AND COUGH CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND All Diseases OF THE THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS.
The BALSAM of TOLU has always been one of the most important weapons wielded by the Medical Faculty against the encroachments of the above Diseases, but it has never been so advantageously compounded as in LAWRENCE & MARTIN'S TOLU, ROCK and RYE. Its soothing BALSAMIC properties affords a diffusive stimulant, appetizer and tonic, to build up the system after the cough has been relieved.
GREEN B. RAUM, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Washington, D. C., Jan. 20th, 1880, reports: "TOLU, ROCK and RYE is an agreeable Remedy in Pectoral complaints and is classed as a Medicinal preparation under the U. S. Revised Statutes, and when so stamped, may be sold by DRUGGISTS, GROCERS, and other persons, without special tax," or license.
CAUTION! Don't be deceived by dealers who try to palm off Rock and Rye for LAWRENCE & MARTIN'S TOLU, ROCK and RYE—which is the only MEDICATED article made—the genuine has their name on the Proprietary Stamp on each bottle.
Put up in Quart Size Bottles. Price $1.00.
LAWRENCE & MARTIN, Proprietors, CHICAGO, ILL.
Sold by DRUGGISTS and GENERAL DEALERS Everywhere.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all
through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash,
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name—
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound,
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot—
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler, just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry—
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself,
A wink of his eye, and twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle—
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

At the Glad Christmas Time.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

He turned and looked at her. How sweet and fair she was, this girl, whose power over his heart he could not but confess was wonderfully strong and winsome.

The black mourning robe was relieved from sombreness by the soft, white ruffle at throat and wrists. Her gold-brown hair fell in little waves over the white brow, and the beautiful gray eyes—so full of tears—were turned full upon Louis' face as she awaited a reply to her question.

"Giving her up," thought he meanwhile, "will be like death; but surely if I am firm she she will send for me in a day or two, and we will be better friends than ever."

So he answered at last:

"Only what I said before. You will find that you cannot do without me by-and-by, Mabel."

Either the triumph which lurked in his tones, or the slight, and, it must be confessed, discourteous shrug of his shoulders, aroused all the pride in Mabel's heart and a feeling of anger she could not restrain. Haughtily she answered her lover:

"Understand me, Louis. I shall NEVER send for you—do not even dream of such a possibility. When you want me, you will find me HERE; but you will come back to me of YOUR own accord, or"—she choked a little—"you will not return at all! Excuse me now, I am going up stairs."

She turned and laid the ring upon the table, then with a sudden thought, "Oh, no! not yet—not yet," she slipped it back upon her finger, and passing Louis, whose back was turned toward her that she might not witness the pain in his face, Mabel reached the door. There she paused.

"Good-by, Louis!"

But no answer came, and, woman-like, the girl yearned to hear his voice.

"Good-by, Louis!" again; this time the tones were lower, and, as she spoke, the man bowed only as his hand touched the latch of the outer door.

"And you are going without kissing me good-by?" asked Mabel, pale now to the lips. "It will be the first time, dear, if you do," she added, pitifully enough, all her pride gone, and only her great love for this unworthy lover remaining.

"I cannot kiss you, Mabel Anthony, because you do not love me, and you are giving me up so coldly. Ah, it is hard, indeed!"

"No, Louis; it is you who give ME up," was the low reply; and, with no other word, she passed up the stairs.

A moment Louis stood irresolute, then the door was opened and closed, and he was gone.

* * * * * * *

"What a time Louis has staid!" murmured Mrs. Grey, as Mabel entered her room later. "And here's Harry fretting because I can't hold him in my lap. My head is very bad this afternoon, dear. Can't you keep the little fellow quiet?"

The six year old boy climbed into the arms which were never too tired to hold him, and presently forgot the pain in his crippled limbs as his cousin sang to him—sang while she thought her very heart was breaking.

"Such a comfort as you are, dear niece," resumed auntie, a few minutes later. "What should I do without you? Lou's doesn't want to hasten your marriage, I hope; it would kill me to part with you."

Mabel stifled back a sigh.

"Do not be troubled, auntie mine," she said, cheerily. "I'm not going to leave you just yet."

"You look doleful about the face, dear child, in spite of your words and the smile. Oh, Mabel, has anything gone wrong with you?"

"I found my manuscript returned, auntie, when I came home to-day, just before Louis called. Isn't it enough to make one doleful to receive her rejected brain labors as frequently as I do."

"How strange that editors cannot see the merit of your writings!" complained auntie, who thought her neice the personification of all things great and clever. Mabel smiled.

"Because there is no merit to be seen, I presume, auntie, dear," she replied. "I must try, try again; but, meanwhile I would have been glad if my manuscript had been acceptable just now, when I need money so much. There's the doctor's bill, you know. I don't like to owe a cent, but Harry must have attention so frequently. Oh, dear! it is hard times for us, auntie, but we will hope for the best."

"Christmas is coming, too, and what a slim purse I have for my boy this year!"

Auntie sighed heavily as she ceased speaking, and Harry, gone fast asleep, was laid down from the loving arms which had held him; and then at last, little by little, as the shadows gathered closely about the two who sat before the fire, Mabel told the sad story of herself and lover.

There were tears, of course, and words of sympathy and love from auntie. Mabel withheld as much as she could of her lover's fault, and smoothed over for him all she was obliged to relate; but auntie guessed all the selfishness, and loved her niece the more.

* * * * * * *

Time passed. November gave place to December, and the days fast rolling themselves into weeks brought the Christmas time near at hand.

All this long time no word had come to Louis from Mabel Anthony, as he had confidently believed would be the case ere even one week had passed.

He had passed her house many an evening, even going up the stoop for a glimpse of the familiar parlor wherein he had passed his twilight hours with Mabel so very often on his way from his office.

He had seen her, all unconscious of his watching, sitting before the low grate, the child Harry in her arms, and the firelight lighting into distinctness the fair, sweet face he loved.

How often had his impulsive hand touched the bell with the thought: "I WILL go in! I will confess myself in the wrong!"

But before the bell was pulled would come the foolish pride and its thought. "No; if I yield she will never respect me again. Patience! Mabel will send for me soon."

So the time had gone by, until at last Louis had left the city on some business matter not to be interfered with by love or love affairs, and some weeks passed ere he returned.

Then it wanted but a week before Christmas time, and the longing for a sight of Mabel had increased tenfold.

* * * * * * *

"I am stronger this morning, auntie, and will sit quietly before the parlor fire while you are at church."

The glad Christmas morning had dawned at last, and Mabel, recovering from a severe illness, which for two weeks past had prostrated her, was assisted downstairs by her aunt, who was unwilling to leave her dear invalid.

"You're quite sure you will be comfortable, dear child?" asked Mrs. Grey. "Do smile, dear, and let me know that you are happy."

Mabel readily smiled at her anxious aunt's request, as she replied:

"I am happy, auntie. Oughtn't I to be, after this good change in my fortune?" holding up an envelope which contained a check for some manuscript, at last accepted, with also the request that "Miss Anthony would kindly favor the editor again."

She and Harry laughingly called it a "Christmas gift," and Mabel added with a laugh, "at any rate, it is the only present I expect, and more, I dare say, than I deserve; so we'll make the most of it, won't we, Harry, and maybe better times will come by-and-by."

So, finally, Mrs. Grey departed for the Christmas service at —— Church, leaving Harry to amuse his cousin, and take care of her.

Poor Mabel! She was thin and pale from her illness and the troubled heart she carried all the time because of the silence between her and her lover, seemed likely to wear her away at last.

In all the long weeks since her sad parting with Louis, her thoughts had not ceased to go in search of him, nor her heart to grieve for him. She had not thought he could hold unkindness toward her so long a time, and what wonder if, mingled with her affection for her lover, there were also much of surprise and indignation in her heart!

And now during her convalescence she longed for him more than even her aunt imagined, particularly when all the earth rejoiced in the Christmas time, and there should have been only "peace, good will amongst men."

Little Harry climbed upon the arm of her chair presently, and for want of something else to talk about, touched upon the very subject Mabel would have avoided.

"I say, Cousin Mab, why don't that man come and see us any more?—the one who liked you best of all of us, you know."

Mabel felt the warm blood coursing swiftly over her face, but she replied quietly enough:

"I do not know that he will ever come again, dear. Maybe he has gone far away! Never mind! Tell me what you found in your Christmas stocking this morning?"

The church bells ceased ringing, the streets were comparatively quiet after the throng of church-going people had ended and by and by little Harry limped out to the door-step to talk to a little neighbor next door.

Mabel, from her chair before the fire, could hear the childish voices as the children discussed the gifts of Santa Claus eagerly, until ere long she grew drowsy, and, resting her head against the chair, closed her sad eyes, and it was while thinking of her lover, and praying for him on this Christmas morning, that she presently fell asleep.

Meanwhile Harry, childlike in his desire to see what good gifts had come to his neighbor that morning, hobbled as fast as his little crutches could move down the stoop and into the next house, leaving the street-door ajar, and quite forgetful of Mabel who slumbered peacefully on nor dreamed of one who stole softly in at the street-door, and, with a fast beating heart, entered the parlor, his eyes shining with tears, not unmanly.

When the young girl opened her eyes it was at the close clasp of Louis Grant's eager hand, and his kiss closed her lips ere she could speak or exclaim.

"Yes, it is I! Oh, my darling! Oh, Mabel, for the sake of Christmas Day, take me back again and forgive all my fault!" he implored, almost crushing the fragile form in his strong arms.

No matter what passed then between the two. Suffice it to know that the long estranged hearts came once more closely together, as, hand-in-hand, Louis Grant and Mabel awaited Mrs. Grey's return from church.

When she came—the forgetful Harry joining her at the door—she started on seeing that her niece had company; but Mabel with a new light in her eyes, and a new ring in her voice, cried,

"Come, auntie, for I have had another Christmas gift: the best, the dearest of all gifts, for Louis has come back to me, auntie, and there is 'Peace on earth!' for us all!"

LICENSED TO KILL.

Apropos of the medical Congress, here is a story which will amuse such of my readers as may happen to be "licensed to kill." It appears that an epidemic of typhoid fever had broken out in a small village in the south of France. A blacksmith fell ill and called in a local medical man, who came, prescribed, and went away. The next day, during his usual rounds, he called at the blacksmith's and asked his wife after the health of the patient.

She replied, "Ah, sir, only imagine whilst I went to fetch the medicine, my husband ate two pickle herrings and a dish of bean salad."

"Great heavens," cried the doctor, "and now he is—"

"Quite well, doctor. He went to work this morning, and is as well as possible," said the happy wife.

"This is extraordinary!" exclaimed the doctor, "what a wonderful remedy for typhoid! I must make a note of it."

And accordingly entered in his note-book, "Typhoid fever—tried remedy; two pickled herring and bean salad." Two days afterwards a brick-layer was attacked by the same disorder. "Take," said the same doctor, who was consulted, "two pickled herrings and a dish of bean salad. I will come again to-morrow."

To-morrow—alas! the brick-layer was dead. The doctor taking a logical view of his experimental method, again entered in the famous note-book, "Typhoid fever remedy—pickled herrings and bean salad. Good for blacksmiths, bad for bricklayers."

BOB TOOMBS' BRASS BAND.

I suppose every one connected in any way with the University of Georgia has heard of the famous oak in front of the chapel, and in connection with it I will relate an anecdote of Bob Toombs, showing his impetuous, irresistible nature, which so characterized him in his after life.

Toombs had been attending college two years, and within a week of graduating, when, in a difficulty, he stabbed one of the students, inflicting a serious, but not fatal, wound. For this act he was expelled by the faculty, who soon after were petitioned by the graduating class to allow him to graduate with them, as he had so nearly completed his course, and had also been given a speaker's place. Toombs himself petitioned them, but both were refused. He apparently submitted, but on commencement day, when the chapel was crowded with visitors, and the seniors vehemently orating preparatory to receiving their diplomas, he stationed a brass band under the spreading limbs of the oak, whose music succeeded in bringing scores of town people who were not then in the chapel, and also of clearing it of nearly all its auditors.

Then, in as cool a manner as possible, he placed himself in a chair and made an address, such, it is said, as was never spoken by a student here before or since. He never received his diploma, though after his celebrated Boston speech it was sent him, but was returned with the answer: "D——n the diploma; when it would have been an honor to me I was refused it; now, when I am an honor to it, it is offered me." He was afterward reconciled with the faculty, and is now one of the staunchest supporters of the college.—Atlanta Constitution.

CUTE TRICKS OF MORMON WOMEN.

On last Sunday morning an old Mormon whose wife was sick, attempted to cook a breakfast on his own hook. He found some eggs in the pantry, which he proceeded to fry. It was pretty hard work to fry those eggs, but a good deal more of a job to eat them. One mouthful was enough, and the old fellow rushed up stairs with:

"Betsy, what in thunder's the matter with them eggs?"

"Do you get 'em in that earthen crock on the top shelf, just alongside the sassengers?"

"That's the place."

"Oh, John, those eggs have been under the red hen two weeks. They ain't for table use. Them's tithin eggs, John. When I can't hatch eggs, I turn 'em over to the Lord."

The old man then laughed inordinately and said that would be a good joke on the collectors. In connection with the above melancholy exposure of the lukewarmness in Israel, it is said that of late nearly all of the eggs which come to the tithing house, are looked upon with suspicion.

THE YULE LOG.

The ancient Goths and Saxons observed a festival at the winter-solistice. As it celebrated the turning-point of the year, or the day when the sun began its northern journey, they named it "Jul" or "Yule." The name is supposed to have been derived from the Gothic giul or hiul, the origin of the word "wheel," and bearing the same signification. The name is preserved in the phrase of the "Yule log," the burning of which is an old Christmas ceremony. The Scandinavian ancestors of the English used, at their feast of Yule, to kindle large bonfires in honor of Thor. The transmitted custom was formerly observed in England with pomp and circumstance.

On Christmas eve, after the religious services, a huge log, sometimes a rugged root grotesquely marked, was drawn from the woods with much merriment. As it passed the wayfarer, he raised his hat in honor of the venerable black-log, which was destined to support a fire that would crackle a welcome to all guests and burn out ancient feuds.

Formerly the custom was for each member of the family to sit inturn on the log, after it was rolled to the hearth, sing a Yule song and drink a merry Christmas. When the fire was kindled, large Christmas candles were lighted and the sports began. The log was kept burning till Candlemas, February 2d, and a small portion of it was carefully preserved to light the Yule log of the next Christmas. Herrick sets forth the customs in the following stanzas:

"Come bring with a noise
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame she
Bids you all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

"With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is teending."

*Burning.

A WELL-SELECTED JURY.

THE SHREWDNESS OF AN ARKANSAS LAWYER—A STOLEN HOG.

The Little Rock Gazette says: Down in an extremely rural district of Arkansas, an old man was arrested for stealing a hog. The proof was positive, and the Court was surprised when the plea of not guilty was introduced. The lawyer for the defense, a man well known for his trickery rather than his ability, seemed particularly desirous of selecting a jury that would not show partiality in its decision. She prosecuting attorney, a young and inexperienced man, agreed to every juryman selected by the defense, and the judge although he might have thought the defense stepped over the bounds of judicial courtesy, said nothing. The arguments were concluded, leaving in the minds of the people no doubt as to the verdict, for one of the witnesses, a man whose word no one could dispute, swore that he saw the defendant when he stole the animal. The jury retired, and, after a few moments, returned a verdict of not guilty, in exact opposition to the charge of the Court.

When the Court adjourned, the judge approached the lawyer for the defense and remarked:

"Look here, my friend, I never heard of such a verdict. I cannot, as an impartial disseminator of justice, allow so flagrant an outrage to be perpetrated on this community. That man is as guilty as Judas, but if you will tell me the secret of the acquittal, I'll allow the verdict to pass."

"You see, judge, some of the jurymen were rather young and some rather older."

"Yes, but what does that signify?"

"It signifies that I run in the old man's twelve sons on the jury."

—They were walking by the seaside, and he sighed and she sighed; and she was by his side, and he by her side, and they were both beside themselves, beside being at the seaside, where she sighed and he sighed.

—An American girl in Columbus has married a Chinaman for love, and while she swings in a hammock and reads novels, he does the washing and cooking and keeps the fly-rags up to business.

The Carbon Advocate
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A PICTURE BY CHARLES DICKENS.

We had a friend who was our friend from early days, with whom we often pictured the changes that were to come upon our lives, and merrily imagined how we would speak, and walk, and think, and talk, when we came to be old. His destined habitations in the city of the dead received him in his prime. Shall he be shut out from our Christmas remembrance? Would his love so exclude us? Lost friend, lost child, lost parent, sister, brother, wife, husband, we will not so discard you. You shall hold your cherished places in our Christmas hearts and by our Christmas fires; and, in the season of immortal hope, and on the birthday of immortal mercy we will shut out nothing.

The winter sun goes down over town and village; on the sea it makes a ruddy path, as if the sacred tread were fresh upon the water. A few more moments, and it sinks, and night comes on, and lights begin to sparkle in the prospect. On the hillside beyond the shapelessly diffused town, and the quiet keeping of the trees that gird the village steeple, remembrances are cut in stone, planted in common flowers, growing in grass, entwined with lowly brambles around many a mound of earth.

In town and village there are doors and windows closed against the weather, there are flaming logs heaped high, there are joyful faces, there is healthy music of voices. But all ungentleness and harm excluded from the temples of the household gods, but by these remembrances admitted with tender encouragement. They are of the time and all its comforting and peaceful reassurances, and of history that reunited even upon earth the living and the death; and of the broad beneficence and goodness that too many men have tried to tear to narrow shreds.

☞ Consumption in its early stages is readily cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," though if the lungs are wasted no medicine will effect a cure. No known remedy possesses such soothing and healing influence over all scrofulous, tuberculous, and pulmonary affections as the "Discovery." John Willis, of Elgria, Ohio, writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' does positively cure consumption, as, after trying every other medicine in vain, this succeeded." Mr. Z. T. Phelps, of Cuthbert, Ga., writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my wife of bronchitis and incipient consumption." Sold by druggists.

—The only jokes women like to read are those that reflect ridicule on the men. Hence, when a woman picks up a paper, the first thing she looks for is the marriage column.

☞ Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a most powerful restorative tonic, also combining the most valuable nervine properties, especially adapted to the wants of debilitated ladies suffering from weak back, inward fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, or from nervousness or neuralgic pains. By druggists.

—No woman should borrow the husband of another, because it is not gain for men to be a loan.

☞ Dyspepsia, liver complaint, and kindred affections. For treatise giving successful self-treatment, address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

—It is useless for physicians to argue against short sleeved dresses. Doesn't the Constitution of the United States say, "The right to bare arms shall not be infringed?"

BUYS THEM BY THE GROSS.

STEUBENVILLE, O., May 25, 1881.

Please send me at once one gross of your most excellent medicinal tonic, Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used them in my practice for indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, heartburn, nausea, vertigo, etc., and have met with great success, in effecting cures. I find they give perfect tone and real strength to every part of the body, and in cases of kidney diseases and consumption they quickly stop all decay.

R. B. ALEXANDER, M. D., and Druggist.

—A red-haired Englishman says that in his native country they called him an auburn-haired blonde, but 'ere in America they call im a red headed son of a gun.

Loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, premature old age, promptly cured with Brown's Iron Bitters. It restores lost functions and strengthens the weakened parts.

—It is a wise Frenchman who remarks that he who confides in a tattler and lends to a spendthrift will find his secret everywhere, and his money nowhere.

Guard Against Disease.

If you find yourself getting bilious, head heavy, mouth foul, eyes yellow, kidneys disordered, symptoms of piles tormenting your, take at once a few doses of Kidney-Wort. It is nature's great assistant. Use it as an advance guard—don't wait to get down sick. Second.

—The French send this country deliciously preserved strawberries. They are of large size, beautifully put up in glass jars and will keep anywhere.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Mr. Ira Brown, the enterprising real estate man states that he could and would say a good word for the St. Jacob's Oil, which had cured him of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism that all other treatments had failed even to allay.

—Now a Boston barber has been inspired to kill his wife. What we really want in this country is an inspired hangman.

I had severe attacks of gravel and kidney trouble; was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters, and they cured me in a short time. A Distinguished Lawyer of Wayne County, N. Y.

—Jefferson Davis is 73 years old and is going to his home at Louisville to spend the closing years of his life in peace.

A Word to Mothers.

Mothers should remember it is a most important duty at this season to look after the health of their families and cleanse the stomachs and impurities from their systems, and that nothing will tone up the stomach and liver, regulate the bowels and purify the blood as perfectly as Parker's Ginger Tonic, advertised in our columns.—Find, see other columns.

—In the last article penned by Dr. Hall he said he believed it to be demonstrably the right of all to advantages which come to any young