The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. X., No 10. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1882. If not paid in advance, $1.25

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

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May be consulted in the German Language. Nov. 30.

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The following Companies are Represented:

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WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Detective and Insurance Company.
March 29, 1879 THOS. KEMERER.

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Livery & Sale Stables

BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, Pa

FAST TROTTING HORSES,
ELEGANT CARRIAGES,

And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Livery in the County.

Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral purposes and Weddings. DAVID EBBERT
Nov. 12, 1879.

J. W. RAUDENBUSH

Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE in connection with his hotel, and is prepared to furnish Teams for

Funerals, Weddings or Business Trips

on shortest notice and most liberal terms. All orders left at the "Carbon House" will receive prompt attention. Stable on North Street, next the hotel, Lehighton. jan22-y1

☞ YOUTH AND MIDDLE-AGED, Would you be restored to SOUND Manhood? Send stamp and you will get 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 thoroughly.

☞ 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. Address

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 ANN St., New York, N. Y.
P. O. Box 450 Jan. 1, 1881-y1

MILTON A. WEISS,

CARRIAGE BUILDER,
Bank Street, Lehighton.
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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. Handing 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.

JANUARY 23D 1882

Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—

(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD).

For Philadelphia, at *6.27, 8.45, 11.40, a.m., and *2.10 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

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

(VIA NEW PENNA. BRANCH.)

For Reading and Harrisburg, 8.00, 9.09 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.
For Lancaster and Columbia, 8.00, 9.00 a.m. and 4.30 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Reading, Harrisburg, and way points, 8.35 a. 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., 2.15 and *4.30 p. m.

(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

Leave Reading, 7.40, 10.30 a. m., 2.00, 3.55, and 6.15 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg 5.30 8.05 and 9.50, a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
Leave Lancaster, 7.50 a. m 1.00 and 12.40 p. m.
Leave Columbia 7.00 a. m. 1.10 and 3.40 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 *4.30 and 6.45 a.m trains from Allentown, and the *1.30 and 5.15 p. m. train from Philadelphia, via Perkiomen Railroad, have through cars to and from Philadelphia.

J. E. WOOTEN,
General Manager.
G. G HANCOCK, *Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.*
November 4th.

THE BEST OF COAL.

The undersigned is now prepared to supply the very best LATTIMER COAL at the following LOW PRICES FOR CASH:

	Deliv'd.
No. 2 Chestnut, by the car	$2 75
No. 1 Chestnut, by the car	3 75
Stove, by the car	4 00

By the single ton, 25 cents per ton additional

J. L. GABEL,
Dealer in
GENERAL HARDWARE, &c.,
Opposite the Public Square, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA. nov. 20, 1875

JOHN R. G. WEYSSER,
PROPRIETOR OF THE
West End Brewery,
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

Pure Porter and Lager Beer
Delivered all over the State.
October 8, 1881 y1

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 Oporto Grape raised in this Country. Its invaluable

Tonic and Strengthening Properties

are unsurpassed by any other Native Wine, being the pure juice of the Grape, produced under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, its purity and genuineness are guaranteed. The youngest child may partake of its nutritious 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 distillation from the grape and contains valuable medicinal properties.

It has a delicate flavor, similar to that of the grapes from which it is distilled, and is in great favor among first-class families.

See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Passaic, N. J., is over the cork of each bottle.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS,

and by A. J. Durling, C. T. Horn, Lehighton and C. W. Lent of Weissport.
Dec. 25—y1

FARMERS, LOOK to Your INTERESTS
AND PURCHASE
Threshing Machines and Agricultural Implements,

The Best in the Market at

J. L. GABEL'S.

Also, on hand, and for Sale in Lots to Suit Purchasers, CHEAP FOR CASH

10,000 feet Georgia Yellow Pine Flooring,
White Pine Boards and Flooring, Lath, &c.

AT HIS HARDWARE STORE,
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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.

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 effect and **Permanent in Result.** 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 and 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 Foetid, 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, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Affections, Jaundice, Malaria, Flatulency, Nausea, Sick Headache and Kidney Complaints, it is invaluable. Price, 50 cents.

Dr. Evory'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. Evory's Diamond Remedies Co.,
P. O. Box 3360. 104 John Street, New York.

LAWRENCE & MARTIN'S
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, expectorant 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, says: "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.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long
Alone, uncared for amid the throng,
Of human beings who passed her by,
None heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels, or the horse's feet,
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy, and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow,
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother—you understand.
If ever she's old, and poor, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayers she said
Was, "God be kind to that noble boy
Who is somebody's son, and pride and joy."

THE BEST REVENGE

We were all so happy and cheerful in our little seaside cottage when Aunt Buchan's letter came and told us that Fred Brastome had "jilted" my sister Agnes. We were thunderstruck! Agnes herself refused to credit the report. They had only been engaged a few months, and the arrangement was a secret. My aunt was ignorant of the actual engagement, but when she wrote and told us that Brastome was engaged to Sir Somebody Something's daughter, and had just inherited his uncle's property quite unexpectedly, it was a terrible blow to us all at home. Yet there were his letters full of affection.

Agnes bore up wonderfully, but at length even she succumbed. We had heard nothing from Fred very lately, and my inquiries only elicited the statement that he had gone abroad suddenly. Even our neighbors the Pendrewitts, at whose house Agnes had first met him, were away yachting, and we could not get at the truth. I wrote to his bankers and got his address, and then wrote to him (a stiffish letter) for an explanation, and waited.

Agnes got worse. We could not rest. I vowed vengeance against the man, and unable to stand the suspense and loneliness, one evening, when darling Agnes' life was almost trembling in the balance, I rushed out to do something, ready to encounter any danger in search of forgetfulness of our injury. Only a few weeks since he had gone and this was the result! I could scarcely credit it.

I went out. It was a lovely night; I stood upon the steps and looked across the moonlit bay, at the southern side of which the lighthouse rose disdainfully. A flush came full upon my face, and with it came the thought—I will go out to the lighthouse.

I descended, rapidly at first, and then more slowly, and began to think; but still I went down, and met Bob Murray, my boatman, as I entered a shop to make a small purchase.

We ran out quickly, and in about an hour was close to the lighthouse. A simultaneous roar of "Ahoy there!" brought my old friend Dobson to the gallery.

The tide was out; a well-judged spring as the boat rose to the wave, and I landed safely on the granite. When I turned round again Murray was already six feet from my perch.

"Good night, Bob. Come back tomorrow; tell them I'm coming soon, if they ask for me. I'm all right."

"Aye, aye, sir. Good night!" Murrey ran for home with the sheet hauled well aft, and lying as close to the wind as the flattened sail would draw.

I turned and found Dobson at my elbow. He had heard my parting words and commented upon them thus, in a tone that chilled me through and through.

"If ye gets ashore much inside of a week I'm a Dutchman, and saving your presence, Mister 'Enery, you's another! Come in now—the flood's makin'—if you please."

We entered the lighthouse together, and as we ascended the winding stairway Dobson said:

"Did ye bring aught with ye, sir; have ye brought any clothing, or anything?"

"Just enough for a night," I replied.

"Because, look ye here," he said, suddenly changing his tone. He led me to the windward side of the gallery which we just then reached. "D'ye see yonder line upon the sea?"

"Yes—what of it? It's a breeze coming up—all the better."

"All the worser! Last time I see that with this moon, and after these warnings, was when the Caffily Castle went down on yonder reef, and only fifty was saved out o' nigh three hundred aboard.

I confess I felt a dull sensation of dread. That some calamity was pending, I felt sure. I shivered, not with cold though, and looked steadily at Dobson. Then affecting a cheerful manner, I replied:

"But there's no prospect of a storm yet, and there is plenty of time for any ship to get an offing if the skipper can read the sky as well as you. At any rate I'm quite safe here."

"Aye, aye, for that matter, safe enough. But ye see, Mr. 'Enery—well, well it's all right; come inside."

We ascended through the bed-room. There were three beds between the windows, a cuckoo clock, an almanac, the stove-pipe tending upward, some clothing, and two telescopes, and some other nautical necessaries were visible at a glance. The bed-room was plainly and rather scantily furnished. Some books were on the single table, and in a cupboard were some blue lights. A pair of pistols, three cutlasses, and bayonets were also noticed by me, and I wondered why fire-arms were kept there.

As I gazed round the room the cuckoo burst open the little wooden door with tremendous energy, and "cuckoo'd" ten times, retreating again only just in time to escape a blow from the door.

A sailor descended from the upper floor. He was rather astonished to see me, I think, but in a moment he touched his cap, and professed himself glad to see "a friend of his mate's, who was a friend of his, and welcome"—so he said.

"Mister 'Enery's goin' to take a berth here to-night, Judkins," said Dobson. "You and me will arrange about a shake-down. It's my watch at midnight, so he can turn in as soon as he likes."

"I should prefer being up with you, Dobson," I said; "I want to see the sea, and how things look in the dead of night. It must be very weird and very grand here in a storm."

"Aye, aye, sir. You'll have storm enough. Better sleep while ye can, and let the sea take care of itself."

"But I came to sit up," I remarked, "and unless you object——"

"Me, Mister 'Enery! Not a bit of it. Come aloft if ye like; I'll keep ye company."

We went up to the gallery again, and I stood leaning over, gazing steadily, half-dreamily, at the heaving water. The sea was evidently rising, and yet the long, heavy, booming swell rolled in without breaking till close upon the rocks. Then the roar arose, the spray dashed up in vain attempts to reach the beacon, and fell back exhausted on the whitened sea.

As I continued to look across the moonlit waves, a strong sensation of the unreality of it all came upon me. I could fancy it all unreal; I knew and felt that I was in the lighthouse, that all was right, that I was in good health and spirits, and yet all the surroundings appeared as if I were in a dream. I could see a shape in the water beneath, a dark form, and lo! suddenly it was clad in white, a female shape, ascending to the gallery. I knew the face in the lantern-light. It was Agnes. Strange illusion!

I called out; the form vanished; the spray splashed heavily down to the water, and Dobson approached me quickly and anxiously.

"Did you call, Mister 'Enery?"

"Yes, I did," I replied. "The spray very nearly came up into the gallery. It startled me."

"That's nothing," replied Dobson; "you'll have it over the lantern afore to-morrow. Hold up your hand. D'ye feel the salt on it?"

I put up my palm to the wind, and then touched my tongue with it. It was quite salt to the taste.

"You'll excuse me, sir, but you's looking pale and wore out. Turn in, and come up at daybreak. That's the time to see the sea, and sunrise too."

I knew the well-intentioned sailor was quite right. I was over-wrought; my nerves were highly strung. I wanted rest.

"Will you call me early, or if anything turns up?"

"I will, sir; you shall know. One of my mates is goin' ashore at dawn; I'll call ye then for certain sure."

So we bade each other a good night, and I descended to the sleeping-room in semi-darkness. In ten minutes I must have been sound asleep; the noise of the waves dashing outside, and the rushing sound of the wind, far from keeping me awake, were soothing to my troubled spirit. I slept, nor did the restless cuckoo in the clock that whirred and chirped the hours through the stormy night awake me from my dreaming.

I was half aroused by a touch upon the shoulder, and opened my eyes, but the semi-darkness was still before them. Then a voice I know said:

"Tom's just off, but the morning's wet and stormy, sir. Be advised and stay below; you—"

I had lain down again, and was asleep once more before he had completed the sentence.

I must have slept some time, when a dull sound aroused me. I looked about, and it was not till the clock-door burst open and the bird came out that I recollected where I was.

"Cuckoo!" I counted six strokes. Then the dull and distant sound came down upon the wind, and I began to wonder what it was.

A third time, louder now, and "flatter," so to speak, as if the wind had caught the noise and borne it hard against the stone-pillar wherein I lay. I could hear Dobson and his companion hurrying to and fro, and in a few moments, as the former passed the door, I called aloud, and he came in hastily.

"What's the matter, Dobson?"

"Vessel drifting in, disabled. She'll strike, I fear. They're signaling for help—don't you hear the guns?"

He was gone. Guns! A vessel in distress! Here was an adventure, indeed. I leaped out of bed and hurried through my toilet, from time to time looking out upon the angry, tumbling sea, driven in before a sou'west gale, in broken hills of water.

I ascended to the gallery, and the grandeur of the scene beneath took my attention for a moment from the reeling yacht that was drifting helplessly, it seemed, fairly down upon the cruel line of jagged rocks that were now and then visible to windward.

"Now, mate," said Dobson, "you and me must take this job in hand. We'll cross the rock before she strikes yonder, and save the poor fellows. Come."

To their astonishment I volunteered to help.

"Excuse me, sir, but you ain't any good in this. You can bear a hand on the life-line, bowsomdever; and if we should not both turn up to muster, why—"

Without another word they shook hands solemnly with me and with each other, and then descended to the rock. I followed to the door, and made fast the lines they had secured around their waists. The sea was now sweeping over the rock, and the hissing of the foam was like escaping steam, or the horrid whizzing of an avalanche, which few can hear and live after they have heard it.

The men disappeared round the rock and left me standing at the door irresolute, a life-line in my hand, a buoy attached to it ready for use.

A loud cry attracted my attention—a cracking, grinding noise—the vessel had struck, and as I looked over the rushing, swirling waves, I could see, though indistinctly, three white faces, and three pairs of arms struggling with the water. I was fascinated; I could only stare. Help was yet out of the question, but even as I gazed, one swimmer, with great presence of mind, turned with the waves toward the lee of the lighthouse, to a spot where, in a momentary eddy, he might be saved.

I saw this now, and, "pulling myself together," stepped cautiously just without the reach of the hissing waves, which swooped in masses down upon the rocks and slid in smooth layers of water, like thick glass, into the boiling surf beneath. When I had reached a coigne of vantage, the poor swimmer was still bravely battling with the undertow, and in a few moments I hoped to be able to heave the life-buoy to his assistance.

It seems so unreal to look back upon, and were I not sure of all this sad morning's work, I could almost believe it fancy. But there was no time to think what to do. In another moment I had grasped the line, and was about to swing the buoy to the struggling, drowning man, when I recognized his features, notwithstanding the wild spray and the disheveled hair that was matted by the salt water round his forehead.

The swimmer was Frederic Brastome—the man who had all but killed my darling sister—the traitor!

My arm fell listlessly to my side. Agnes was dying, poor darling, almost within sight of the heaving sea which bore her faithless lover on its angry bosom; and should I save his life when he had wrecked her? No! My revenge was complete. I had him in my power now. The demon tempted me to let him bide and die; and yet a strange sad compassion for the heartless destroyer of my sister's life, in his dire calamity, filled my heart.

He recognized me, and called gaspingly for help; for help—for Agnes' sake! For her sake! Did he dare to trade his safety on her blighted life? And yet at the sound of her name, the thought that she had forgiven him his trespasses against her now prevailed. I called out and hove the life buoy close to him. He was almost spent, but clutched it with the grasp of drowning men, and soon, assisted by the waves, I hauled him almost senseless to the rock, alive! (The yacht drove on the reef just then, and the crew were rescued after.)

Thank heaven, I had saved him! Now that he was free from danger I felt more at ease. The black cloud of revenge had passed away, and Agnes' pure influence had worked a wondrous change in me.—He lay insensible, but in a short time Dobson and his mate, having hauled the others out of danger, came to my assistance, and they carried Brastome in and laid him on the bed.

I could not see him, though I saved his life, but afterward I heard the facts from the other young men, who overwhelmed us with thanks, and their account was this (we were sitting in the gallery when they told the tale, and how they met their companion—him—my enemy—as I judged):

They had borrowed Mr. Pendrewitt's yacht and had sailed to Cherbourg. At that port they had encountered Brastome, who was very anxious to return at once to England, but had missed the steamer. Knowing who he was—for they had met at Mr. Pendrewitt's house—they volunteered to bring him to our little port, as he said he had received a most urgent letter from a friend. My informant, his own sailing master, had managed to get good anchorage about 10 miles away at six o'clock the previous evening, but the storm increasing, the yacht dragged her anchor about three a. m. Thus they had drifted, and though they had managed to keep off the shore, the set of the tide carried them to leeward, and the yacht bore down upon the reef, struck, and sank in eight fathoms.

I listened to this narrative with very mingled feelings. The letter referred to must be the letter which I had sent.—Why did he not telegraph his reply? I was still debating on the course I should adopt, when Dobson came up and said that the other gentleman wished to see me. I followed the sailor, and in a moment was in Brastome's room.

He held out his hand, I hesitated to accept it.

"Why, Harry," he said, "how have I offended you? Your letter puzzled me considerably."

"Can you ask how?" I replied. "You who have jilted my sister, and blighted her life—and, I fear, caused her death, by your dastardly conduct. I saved your life—but I could almost regret it. I have a long reckoning to settle with you."

"But listen to me; you are quite in error. I never injured your sister; I am as true to her as even you could desire. I am indeed!"

"Are you not engaged to be married to Sir William A's daughter?"

"Certainly not. My cousin, who has come into the title, is going to marry her—I hope to marry Agnes—your sister; and I can't really understand——"

I did not permit him to finish. I wrung his hand nearly off, begged his pardon, and almost cried in doing it.—Then I rushed out and wanted Dobson to signal for a boat, which he very properly declined to do; so I sat with Fred and talked about Agnes till I began to think that I had carried my affection quite far enough.

All was explained, and I was happy again; and the next day! Oh, what a happy day it was! The sea fortunately abated. Murray came out with the welcome news that darling Agnes was better, and that evening we all went ashore in the highest spirits. The glad intelligence of her faithful swain's return was gently conveyed to her, and she at once got so bright and happy, that we declared she had been 'shamming' all the time; and when, three days later, she and Fred were allowed to see each other—well, the meeting is beyond the power of my poor pen to describe.

Nothing now presented any obstacle to their engagement being announced.—About three months afterward, on a cold January morning, my dear sister was united to the husband of her choice "for richer, for poorer, till death do them part;" and, judging by external evidence, I am thankful to say that there is no prospect of a separation for many years.

I am very glad now that I heaved the life-buoy at Frederic's head from the Old Channel rock that stormy morning just fifteen years ago. And that was MY REVENGE!

WEEPING OVER AN AWFUL KIND MAN.

The saddest faced man we have seen for a long time came into our sanctum the other day, and sat down near the sacred desk.

He didn't seem inclined to talk, and we didn't know exactly what to make of it; but we were busy and said nothing.

Presently he fished out an exchange in a kind of timid way that showed that he was young in the nuisance business.

He had read probably half an hour, when our attention was called to him by a well defined sob.

We looked hastily up. The man sat there with the paper before his eyes, the very picture of misery, the great tear drops trickling down his brown cheeks.

"What's the matter?" asked we anxious to learn the cause of his trouble.

"I was jest," said he in a broken voice—"I was jest a readin' about the death of John Wilkins."

"An old friend of yours?"

"Yes-no; that is not exactly. I never saw him but once, but he was an awful kind man. You see, I have heart disease, and I am not able to work and this man ketched me in jest such a fix as I am in to day, and what does he do but yank out his leather and shove me a V. That man was a Christian. I'm sufferin' right now, pard, more'n tongue can tell, and if that man John Wilkins war alive and in town I'd go to him now, and you bet your socks he'd keep me from sleeping on the sidewalk with this heart of mine. Oh, I can't help weeping over a friend like that."

"We are very sorry, friend, that John Wilkins is not alive and here to look after you, but we're afraid you'll find it dry picking on this pasture. So I guess you'd better take a little recreation, and see if you can't weep up a donation somewhere else."

He seemed to appreciate the suggestion and went slowly and sadly out.

BOTH SIDES OF THE BRIDGE.

"Say mister, are we on this side of the bridge or the other?" asked a placid old lady of a gentleman on a Court street car yesterday morning.

"We are on this side," responded the gentleman gravely.

"Laws me! Then we ain't anywhere near Greenwood cemetery, yet!"

"Yes madam, we are within a few squares of it."

"Sakes a massey! I thought Greenwood was on the other side of the bridge?"

"No, madam, it is on this side."

"Well that pesky conductor told me it was on the other side when we started."

"It was, madame, on the other side then, but we have crossed the bridge."

"Then we are on the other side?"

"No madame, we are on this side of the bridge. We've passed it."

"And is Greenwood on the other side?" she asked, starting up in some alarm.

"No, it is on this side."

"Don't try to fool me with your nonsense!" exclaimed the old lady indignantly. "Don't try to make me think that Greenwood is on this side of the bridge, when I know better, and don't try to make me believe I'm on this side, when I know I'm on the other! Don't ye do it! You want to be careful how you amuse yourself with me, or I'll fit you out with a new set of ribs!" and the lady shook her umbrella in warning as the source of the additional physiological developments. "The idea" she continued, turning to the other passengers, "of trying to muddle an old woman that might be his mother! I'll bridge ye, both sides in a minute. Conductor, just as soon as I get on this side of the bridge you let me out, or this will be your tombstone trip to Greenwood!"

And the dame straightened back and declared defiance, while her well-meaning informant concluded that it wasn't too cold for him to walk to his destination.

What is that which never asks any questions but requires many answers?—The street door.

When the modest young man is unexpectedly caught in a parlor full of women one of whom has roguish eyes, and begins to think whether his hair is parted straight or not, the blushes start from his forehead, and creep over the top of his head and down his back until he feels like a nutmeg grater with a tin ear.

Woman is naturally gifted with quicker wit, better judgment, greater self-possession than man, but there are very, very few women who can appear at ease and look pleasant when unexpected callers suddenly surprise her with a set of teeth in each hand and none in her mouth.

The Carbon Advocate.

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PLAIN AND FANCY

Job Printing

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

ONE STEW.

A finicky, fussy, round little man stepped up to the first waiter in a new oyster saloon in New York, and said:

"Have you got any real nice, fresh, good oysters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not too fat, you know—but not thin either. I want them just exactly right and I want them perfectly fresh."

"How will you have them—half shell?"

"Stop a moment," said the little man, "if you have got just the right kind, in just the right condition, please take a half pint small ones, and strain the juice off them carefully, leaving no juice on them; put them in a pan which has been scoured and dried, and then add a little butter (pure good butter), and a little milk, (not New York milk but real country cows milk) and then place the pan over a coal fire, and be careful to keep the pan in motion so as not to let the oysters or the milk burn; add a little juice if you choose, and then watch the pan so closely that the exact moment it comes to a boil you can whip it off. At the same time have a deep dish warming near at hand, and when you see the first sign of boiling, empty the pan into the dish. Do you think you can remember that?"

"One stew!" the waiter called out.

[Mt. Clemens, (Mich.) True Record.]

W. T. Lee, esq., of this paper says: Being convinced of the efficacy of St. Jacob's Oil in curing rheumatism, I have no hesitancy in recommending it.

—Here we have a lady. She was at a party last night, and the paper spoke of her as the amiable and accomplished wife of our respected fellow citizen. Our respected fellow citizen is now as full as tick, and his amiable wife is welloping him with the rolling pin. The lady appears to be more accomplished than amiable.

Be Sensible.

You have allowed your bowels to become habitually costive, your liver has become torpid, the same thing ails your kidneys, and your are just used up. Now be sensible get a package of Kidney-Wort, take it faithfully and soon you will forget you've got any such organs, for you will be a well man. —*Albany Argus.*

—The rule now is for every lady to have her age indicated on her hat-brim. Every inch of width indicates three years. A ten inch brim means that the lady is thirty years old; a twenty-inch brim shows that she is sixty, and so on. It is a charming conceit.

Quick and Sure.

Many miserable people drag themselves about with failing strength, feeling that they are steadily sinking into their graves, when by using Parker's Ginger Tonic they would find a cure commencing with the first dose, and vitality and strength quickly and surely coming back to them.

—How briskly the fire burns in the grate. Yes, the Editor has received a fresh lot of poetry.

—Sympathetic: "I feel for you deeply," said the hungry man, probing about in his soup bowl for a stray oyster.

There is Hardly an Adult Person

living but is sometimes troubled with kidney difficulty, which is the most prolific and dangerous cause of all disease. There is no sort of need to have any form of kidney or urinary trouble if Hop Bitters are taken occasionally.

—A bad case of n. g.: Gus Singsadly is as deaf as a post. During one of the cold days of last week a friend told him he would freeze his ears if he did not protect them in some way. "Suppose they do freeze," said Singsadly, "what harm will that do? They're no good."

KIDNEY DISEASE CURED.

CHRISTIANSBURG, VA., 1881.

Suffering from kidney diseases, from which I could get no relief either from medicine or the prominent physicians of our country, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine recovering from the scarlet fever, had no appetite, and did not seem to be able to eat at all; I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results.

J. KYLE MONTAGUE.

Narrow escape; Ike has an irrigating disease; Charlotte russe broke out all over him, and if he hadn't worn the Injun beads as an omlette it would doubtless have calumninated fatally.

—If you desire a true medicinal tonic that will positively rid you of all your ailments and general ill health, Brown's Iron Bitters is the best.

—A Connecticut man has refused for fourteen long years to let his wife speak to a neighbor, for fear some of them would become friendly enough to want to borrow a drawing of tea.

☞ Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is not extolled as a "cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific in those chronic weaknesses pe