The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. X., No 16. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1882. If not paid in advance, $1.25

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H. V. MORTHIMER, Publisher.

The Carbon Advocate.

An Independent Family Newspaper Published every SATURDAY, in Lehighton, Carbon Co., Pa., by HARRY V. MORTHIMER.

OFFICE—BANKSTREET, a short distance above the Lehigh Valley R. R. Depot.

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Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
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May be consulted in the German Language. Nov. 20.

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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, 1873 THOS. KEMERER.

BERNARD PHILLIPS,
COUNTY BUILDING, MAUCH CHUNK, Pa.

Fire Insurance Agent.

☞ POLICIES in SAFE Companies only, at Reasonable Rates. Aug. 23-y1

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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.

JOHN F. HALBACH,
Instructor of Music,
(Piano, Organ, Voice and Theory.)
LEHIGHTON, PA.

Sole agent for the
WEBER PIANOS and the NEW ENGLAND ORGANS;

And dealer in all kinds of Pianos and Organs. Terms low and easy. Slate, lumber, bricks, etc., taken in exchange.

Sheet Music and books furnished on short notice.

For particulars, terms, &c., Address,
JOHN F. HALBACH,
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DAVID EBBERT'S
Livery & Sale Stables

BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, Pa

FAST TROTTING HORSES,
ELEGANT CARRIAGES,

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

Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral purposes and Weddings. DAVID EBBERT
Nov. 22, 1872.

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

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RUPTURE is what you want. The greatest invention of the age! See our pamphlet. Sent free. Prof. J. Y. EGAN, Ogdensburg, N.Y. july 17y1

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 respectfully solicited. [jan.29-y1

Railroad Guide.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

JANUARY 2ND 1882.

Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—

(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD).

For Philadelphia, at *4.25, 6.45, 11.40, a.m., and *2.10 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

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

(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

For Reading and Harrisburg, 8.00, 9.00 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, 9.15 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., 3.15 and *4.30 p. m.

(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

Leave Reading, 7.50, 10.30 a. m., 2.00, 3.35, and 6.15 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg 5.30 8.15 and 9.50, a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
Leave Lancaster 7.50 a. m 1.00 and 12.10 p. m.
Leave Columbia 7.30 a. m. 1.10 and 3.40 p. m.
*From King Street Depot.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading, 7.30 a. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5.30 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. WOOTTEN,
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, 1877

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

DROP IN AT THE
Carbon Advocate
OFFICE FOR
Cheap Printing!

NEW RICH BLOOD! Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 2 weeks may be restored to health, and BE WORTH A GUINEA, be possible. Sent by mail for 5 letter stamps. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the best Family Knitting Machine. REEL and TOE complete in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Good wages to agents. Address, Universal Knitting Machine Co., 409 Washington St., Boston, Mass. may 7-y1

Central Carriage Works,

Bank St., Lehighton, Pa.,
Are prepared to Manufacture
Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs,
Spring Wagon, &c.,
of every description, in the most substantial manner, and at Lowest Cash Prices.

Repairing Promptly Attended to.

TREXLER & KREIDLER,
April 26, 1879 y1 Proprietors.

FARMERS, LOOK to Your INTERESTS
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Threshing Machines and Agricultural Implements,
The Best in the Market at
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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 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, Neuralgia 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 3560. 104 John Street, New York.

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 effective 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. 30th, 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.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

BY H. S. HARROP.

Farewell to love, farewell to home,
I bid ye both a last good night;
Soon speeds my bark across the foam,
Soon will ye both be lost to sight.
For I must seek a foreign strand,
Perchance another home to find;
But in my own, my native land,
I leave my heart's best love behind.

For though I roam from pole to zone,
And wander o'er the waters wide,
My heart will cling to her alone
Whom once I hoped to call my bride.
Whom once I hoped? O bitter word,
That speaks of hopes decayed and dead
Of pictured pleasures blotched and blurred,
Of saddened heart and aching head.

Whom once I hoped? Oh, speak it not,
Nor rend the broken heart again,
To that sad thought the present lot
Owes all its blackness, all its pain.
Cease, Memory, cease thy saddening away;
Thou art at best a doubtful good;
And let the dead past haste away
Into "the years beyond the Flood."

For I would sing a happier strain,
And bid my love good-bye in peace;
For now we ne'er may meet again,
All bitter thoughts at least should cease
If e'er I wronged her, she'll forgive,
In memory of the love I bore,
Nor let a fancied slight still live
To rankle in her bosom's core.

And though to me she was kind,
Though all my hopes she dashed away,
Yet shall her image in my mind
Shine bright as on the happiest day,
No change of home, no change of scene,
Shall that bright image e're deface,
Or still the thought of what has been,
Or from my heart my love erase.

Then farewell, love, and farewell, home,
I bid ye both a last good-night;
Soon speeds my bark athwart the foam,
Soon will ye both be lost to sight.
Perchance upon a foreign strand
Another home I yet may find;
But in my own, my native land,
I leave my heart's best love behind.

The Mysterious Passenger.

We noticed him, I remember, from the very first, and we had three good reasons for so doing. In the first place, he was the very last passenger to come aboard, arriving, indeed, just when the bell was ringing as a signal to clear the ship.

In the second place, he was rather a remarkable looking fellow altogether—tall, gaunt, sallow and stern, with a long, lean face, and a cold, grey eye, and, as we all declared, a manifest air of mystery about him, even from the very beginning.

The last, but by no means least, of our grounds of suspicion, was the fact that our mysterious fellow passenger brought on board with him an oblong wooden box, very much like an overgrown pistol case, of which he seemed far more careful than of the well worn leather portmanteau, which was the only other article of baggage he seemed to possess.

It was evidently not very heavy, for one sailor shouldered it with ease. It could not be called inconveniently large, for when its master begged to be allowed to keep it in his stateroom instead of stowing it in the hold, neither the captain or the purser made the slightest objection.

It was not labelled "Glass, with care," or anything of that sort, as we could all see for ourselves; and yet its master's nervous anxiety lest it should be damaged, or even bumped against anything hard, was so marked that we all began to have distinct suspicions as to its possible contents.

But just at first we had something else to think about, for the first three days of our voyage was a perfect chapter of accidents.

To begin with, we were thrown late at starting, by having to wait more than an hour for the mail. Then, when we were just outside the Narrows, on came a fog as thick as buckwheat porridge, which forced us to lie too till late in the afternoon, keeping up all the while a chorus of bells and horns worthy of a Chinese wedding.

As soon as the fog cleared, it was succeeded by a pour of rain which inspired a facetious saloon passenger to ask the captain, at dinner time, whether fishing was allowed on the after-deck.

At length the rain went of in its turn, and now we began to hope that this was the end of our trouble, but we soon found it to be only the beginning of them.

The red and angry sunset on the second night, the ghostly haze around the full moon when it rose, the short, uneasy panting of the wind, all foreboded further mischief, and the older "salts" looked meaningly to windward, and prophesied "dirty weather."

The prophecy was not long in fulfilling itself. About midnight I was awakened by a crash as if twenty cart-loads of bricks had tumbled through the roof of so many glass houses, and found myself standing bolt-upright in my berth, like a soldier in a sentry-box. And the next moment I had a fine prospective view of my toes high overhead, while a kind of waterfall of cushions, blankets, pillows, soap, towels, boots and whatnot, went pouring through every part of the room. Then burst forth a deafening chorus of shouts, groans, screaming women, crying children, the rattle of dishes, the crash and jingle of broken glass, and we were fairly "in for it" at last.

For the next twenty-four hours, in the graphic words of our old boatswain—"every blessed thing on board was inside out and upside down." Plates and cups, knives, forks and spoons eddied ceaselessly from side to side of the table.

Hasty feeders stuck their forks into themselves instead of their meat; the soup meant for the mouths of the guests emptied itself into their laps instead; and just as one dignified old gentleman was raising the coffee-cup to his lips as solemnly as if he were taking poison, the ship gave a sudden lurch and the boiling coffee flew like a fountain jet into his spotless shirt front, making him wriggle like a speared eel.

But by the morning of the fourth day the gale seemed to have spent its force and we were enabled to turn our attention once more to the mysterious passenger, and his equally mysterious box.

The former seemed quite as anxious to preserve himself from contact with anything on board as he had been to preserve his package, for he never spoke to anyone, and always answered as shortly as possible (when he answered at all) when any one spoke to him.

As for the box itself, it was a greater puzzle than ever. The steward reported that he had warned them so earnestly against touching it, or even going near it, as to imply that the contents, whatever they might be, were something very dangerous indeed. But, as if he had his doubts whether even the fear of some unknown peril would be strong enough to keep them from meddling with the precious package, if they got the chance, he spent most of his time below, and, as he had taken a whole stateroom for himself, or, rather, for himself and his box, there was no risk of any one disturbing him there.

"I think he's a Fenian carrying over one of those dynamite torpedoes to Liverpool," said a young British officer, homeward bound from Canada.

"More likely a bank clerk, absconding with specie," grunted a big, red faced cotton spinner from Lancashire.

"Box ain't heavy enough for that," objected a lanky New Yorker.

"Perhaps, after all it's nothing more wonderful than a rare statue or picture for some museum."

Everyone looked disappointed, for this last idea, which had somehow never occurred to us, now seemed natural and likely enough, and it was a sad come down after all our romantic imaginings.

But just then a new turn was given to the conversation by a long, wiry, keen-eyed Cape Codder, who had hitherto been perfectly silent. Taking his short pipe out of his mouth, he said slowly and emphatically.

"Tain't that, boys; but I reckon I could tell yer what it is."

"What? What?" cried every one, eagerly.

"A baby," answered the Yankee, with the solemnity of perfect conviction.

At this there was a shout of laughter so uproarious that a passing steward peered amazedly into the smoking room to see what all the fun could be about. But the gentleman from Cape Cod was not a whit abashed.

"Laugh as much as you like, boys; but, what I say I stick to. Every day, regular at breakfast and at tea, I've seen that air critter, after he'd had his share, start for his stateroom with a cup of milk and a hunk o' bread, and if that don't mean a baby somewhar roun', I'm a Mexikin!"

There was a general start, for we now remembered to have seen the stranger do this and wondered that we had not noticed it before.

For a few moments every one was in high glee at the apparent solution of the riddle; but the remorseless New Yorker speedily blighted our new-born happiness.

"Guess you're considerable out there, stranger," objected he. "For the baby that could be four days aboard ship, or anywhere else, either, without raising one squall, has got to be discovered yet. I've got three of 'em myself, and I guess I ought to know."

This unanswerable argument threw us all back to where we were before, and a sullen silence followed, broken at length by a dashing young sophomore from Harvard—one of the brightest and boldest spirits of our company.

"Baby or no baby," said he firmly, "I'm bound to get at the ins and outs of this job, somehow. Either I'll know what's inside that box before it goes ashore, or I'll never wear the crimson of old Harvard again!"

But this valiant pledge seems likely to go unredeemed, after all; for as if the man of mystery had known of the plot hatching against him, he seemed to be, if possible, more vigilant than ever.

Day followed day, until at length we came in sight of Queenstown, where the stranger was to land, and the secret of the box was a secret still.

But the time came at last. Breakfast was hardly over that morning, when a steward (sent on purpose by the ingenious sophomore) tapped at the door of the stranger—who had retired as usual with his milk and bread—announcing that the captain wanted him. Scarcely had he disappeared when the Harvard youth popped into his room.

The next moment a terrible cry startled us all, rushing to the spot, we found the mystic box open, and the sophomore struggling in the coils of a huge black and white snake.

For a moment all was confusion, but the stranger, who had just returned, sprang like lightning to the breakfast table, filled a cup with milk and set it in front of the snake. Instantly the latter unwound itself from its captive, who reeled helplessly against the wall.

"You're more frightened than hurt, young fellow," said his rescuer, coolly, "for this snake's quite a harmless sort and as tame as a pet cat in the bargain. I kept him dark while I could, for I didn't want him hurt, after stompin' all Louisiana to get him for the London Zoological, but you'd best not touch him again, for his breed is mighty fond of a fool, and I guess that's why he was so spry to get hold of you."

—We like to see a man so regular in his habits that getting up half an hour earlier than common to bail water out of the cellar will make him sick.

INTENSELY UTTER.

A few months ago the daughter of a Rockland man, who had grown comfortably well off in the small grocery line, was sent away to a "female college," and last week she arrived home on vacation. The old man was at the station when the train arrived, with the old horse and the delivery wagon to convey his daughter and her trunk to the house. When the train had stopped, a bewitching array of dry goods and a wide brim hat dashed from the car and flung itself into the elderly party's arms.

"Why you superlatively pa!" she exclaimed. "I'm ever so utterly glad to see you."

The old man was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the seal-skin cloak in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with the bay mare, and he sort of squat it up in his arms, and planted a kiss where it would do the most good with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot.

In a brief space of time the trunk and its antendant baggage were loaded into the wagon, which was soon bumping over the hubbles toward home.

"Pa, dear," said the young miss, surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you not consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey?" returned the old man with a puzzled air; "quite excessively beyond what? Beyond Warren I consider it—somewhat ten miles beyond Warren, counting from the Bath way, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, no, pa; you don't understand me," the daughter explained; "I mean this wagon and horse. Do you think they are soulful?—do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony, or even a simple poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted uneasily in his seat, and uttered something about he believed it used to be used for an express before he got it to deliver pork in, but the conversation seemed to be traveling in such a lonesome direction that he fetched the horse a resounding crack on the rotunda, and the severe jolting over the frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there's that lovely and consummate ma!" screamed the returned collegiatess, as they drew up at the door, and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the tea table, as he nipped a piece of butter off the lump with his own knife, "an' how do you like your school?"

"Well, there pa, now you're shoo—I mean I consider it far too beyond," replied the daughter. "It is unquenchably inaffecting—I mean grand—so exquisite—so intense. And then the parties, the balls, the rides—oh, the past weeks have been one of sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose so," nervously assented the old man, as he reached for his third cup. "Half full. But how about your books—readin', writin', grammar, rule o' three—how about them?"

"Pa, don't!" exclaimed the daughter, reproachfully! "The rule of three? Grammah? It is French and music and painting and the divine in art that have made my school life the boss—I mean that have rendered it one unbroken flow of rythmic bliss—incomparably and exquisite all but."

The grocery man and his wife looked helplessly at each other across the table.

"How do you like the biscuits Maria?"

"They are too utter for anything," gushed the accomplished young lady, "and this plum preserve is simply a poem in itself."

The old man rose abruptly from the table, and went out of the room, rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner, and the mass convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast table the next morning he rapped smartly on his plate with the handle of his knife, and said:

"Maria—mean' your mother have been talkin' the thing over, and we've come to the conclusion that this boarding school business is utterally all but too much nonsense. Me an' her consider that we haven't lived sixty odd consummate years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, an' there's going to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness. Now, after you have finished eatin' that poem of fried sausage and that symphony of twisted doughnut you take an' dust up stairs in less'n two seconds and peel off that utterally fancy gown and put on an exquisite caliker, an' then come down an' help your mother wash those divine and irreproachably dishes. I want it distinctly understood that there ain't goin' to be any more rythmic foolishness in this house so long as your superlative pa an' your lovely and consummate ma's running this incomparable and excessively beyond rauch. D'ye hear me, Maria?"

Maria was listening.

THIS IS A SOCIETY ITEM.

Two young men went to Henderson to see the Misses Jones, two estimable young ladies. A colored girl come to the door, and the following conversation took place:

"Are the Misses Jones in?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jones am in. Does you want to see her?"

"No, we want to see Misses Jones."

"Mrs. Jones—dat's what I said."

"We want to see the Misses Jones—can't you understand?"

"Course I kin. De Mrs. Jones am de old lady. Dat's de only Missus in dis heah house."

"Confound it, we want to see the old lady's daughters!"

"Oh, de Misses Joneses! Why didn' you say so? I reckon you'se bof drunk.'

—When a man owes a debt and refuses to pay more than half of it, he calls the arrangement a compromise with his creditors. The creditors call it a swindle.

THE DEAF WITNESS.

The recent proceedings in the Police Court in San Francisco were enlivened by an intellectual contest between a witness, who claimed to be deaf, and one of the most experienced legal lantorns that aided the court in each search for justice.

"You are deaf, are you?" shouted the attorney.

"Yes, sir," answered the witness.

"Can't hear at all?" continued the attorney, casting his well-known see-me-catch-him-look upon the prosecuting attorney.

"I can hear a little," replied the witness.

"Can you hear a watch tick?" asked the lawyer, in a lower tone.

"I can, when I hold it close to my ear," came the answer.

Thereupon the legal gentleman took a ponderous six ounce silver time engine from his fob, and handing it to the witness, directed him to hold it to his ear.

"Do you hear it tick?" came the question in a tone a little louder than the ordinary.

"No, sir," promptly responded the witness.

"Can't hear it at all?" persisted the lawyer, speaking almost in an undertone.

"I cannot sir," promptly answered the witness.

The lawyer's face began to shine like Solomon's Temple in a sunset, as he reached for his watch, remarking to the witness, "but you can understand me quite readily, can you?"

"What's that sir?" gasped the witness suddenly recovering himself.

"Your Honor," said the lawyer, "it is evident that this man can hear well. He is imposing on the court."

The lawyer was about to return his watch to his pocket, having previously opened it to note the time, when he suddenly started. He held his watch to his ear, looked at it, and shook it.

"Your Honor," he remarked, with an apologetic glance at the witness, "I was mistaken: the man is deaf. My watch has stopped because it is not wound."

A few moments later the examination of the witness was taken up by the attorney, who almost burst his diaphragm in his efforts to make himself understood by the now consistently deaf witness.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

You were out late last night, dear," said Mrs. Breezy, taking her seat at the breakfast table and fumbling nervously with her fork.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Breezy, "it wasn't late. You see, darling, you were asleep when I came in——"

"No, Mr. Breezy, I was not asleep, but as you say it was not late. Nothing will convince you that the clock struck three as you closed the hall door. Of course business detained you, my dear. It is wonderful how much business a man will find to transact after midnight, but of course we women know nothing about such things. We never can understand you men, can we dear? We are always imagining all sorts of horrible things when you happen to stay away a day or two without sending us a line. Women are so nervous, are they not, dear? What silly creatures we are, to be sure. If we would only go to bed and go to sleep it would save us a world of trouble wouldn't it? We might know that you great, strong men can take care of yourselves. If you are obliged to sit up until two or three o'clock in the morning talking business with your customers, it is really ungrateful in us to complain, for of course you have the worst of it, don't you darling? How it must have bothered you and how tired you must get, and think it is all for our sakes. When you come tottering home so tired that you can hardly get up stairs, and throw yourself on the bed without even the strength to remove your boots, we should appreciate your devotion in thus laboring to support us. Now, last night, dear, when you stumbled over the rocking chair and found yourself obliged to cling to the head board to support your weary form, you presented a really sad example of the overworked husband and father. When your shattered nerves caused you to upset my fresh bottle of cologne and scattered the contents of my work basket over the floor, you really looked the typical martyr of married life. Of course you do not remember it, dear. You were too tired and worn out with that horrid customer to remember anything."

HOW MANY.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10 only. Now we figure the thing out differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also; total, 16.

We think the above figures entirely wrong. If Eve 8, and Adam 8 2, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men however, on the strength of the theory that the Antediluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this: Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 2, the total 163. Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 1 2, the total was 833.

If Eve 8 1 1st, and Adam 8 1 2, would not the total be 1,633?

Harry B. Hudson says Eve 8 1 4 Adam, and Adam 8 1 2 4 Eve; together they got away with 8,938.

But H. C. Strong says if Eve 8 1 4 Adam, Adam 8 1 2, 4 2 oblige Eve; total 82,056

We think this however, not a sufficient quantity, for, though we admit that Eve 8 1 4 Adam, Adam, if he 8 0 2 8 1 2, 4 to keep Eve company; total, 80,282,056.

All wrong. Eve, when she 8 1, 8 1 2 many, and probably felt sorry for it, but her companion, in order to relieve her sorrow, 8 1 2. Therefore, Adam if he 8 1, 8 1 4 2 40 to Eve's depressed spirit. Hence, both ate 81,896,661 apples.—The Owl.

—The price of a 2 year old lame bear in Michigan is only $20; and they are a source of great joy in a family with superfluous small children.

"YES, SIR, I'D SHOOT HIM!"

Six or eight congenial spirits sat around a stove in a Grand River grocery the other night, and after several other subjects had been exhausted, some one introduced that of panics in churches, theatres and halls. This gave Mr. Hopewell a chance to remark:

"Gentlemen, I just long to be there."

"Where?"

"Why, in one of those panics. Yes, sir, I'd give a new twenty dollar bill to be in the theatre one night when there there was an occasion for a panic."

"Why?"

"Why, because one cool, level-headed man could stop the thing as easily as you could put up that barrel of flour."

"Well, I unno about that," observed one of the sitters. "There is something awful in the cry of fire, and hear it where and when you may, it startles and frightens. What would you do in a theatre in case there was a cry of fire and a rush?"

"I'd stand upon my seat, pull a revolver from my pocket, and shout out that I'd shoot the first man who attempted to crowd or rush. One cool man would check the panic in ten seconds."

While the subject was being continued the grocer went to the rear end of the store, poured a little powder on a board, gave three or four men the wink. Directly there was a bright flash, yells of "Fire!" and "Powder!" and every man sprang up and rushed. Hopewell didn't spring up and talk of shooting. On the contrary, he fell over a lot of baskets piled between him and the door, got up to plough his way over a rack of brooms, and when he reached the sidewalk he was on all fours, white as a ghost, and so frightened that he never looked back until he reached the opposite side of the street.

Sept. 14th, 1880.

HOP BITTERS CO., TORONTO:

I have been sick for the past six years, suffering from dyspepsia and general weakness. I have used three bottles of Hop Bitters, and they have done wonders for me. I am well and able to work, and eat and sleep well. I cannot say too much for Hop Bitters.

Simon Robbins.

—A water-spout—A temperance oration.

—A goat like many people, always puts in many "buts."

—The fellow who was much struck by a young lady wanted to return a kiss for a blow.

Experience the Best Guide.

The reason why women everywhere use Parker's Ginger Tonic is, because they have learned by experience—the best guide—that this excellent medicine overcomes despondency, periodical headache, indigestion, pain in the back and kidneys, and other troubles of the sex.—*Home Journal.*

—The man who "breathed his last" must have been a shoemaker.

—The land speculator is always ready to show the sites to his customers.

—The young man who runs after a sherry cobbler will never get his shoes mended.

—Overworked men and women, persons of sedentary habits, and others whose system needs recuperation, are often cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

—"May Heaven preserve your eyesight!" said a beggar woman to a man with a small nose who had just given her a gratuity. "Why?" he asked. "Because," said she, "you've no nose to hold your spectacles."

"Golden Medical Discovery" (words registered as a trade-mark) cures all humors from the pimple or eruption to great virulent eating ulcers.

—The milk train does not stop at whey stations. Except to take water.

—Any coward can commit suicide—it takes a brave man to live on and face trouble.

The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affections. By druggists.

—All things seem easy to the man who has never tried to do anything.

—The only way to make a boy sit still is to tell him not to stop squirming.

"Throw Physic to the Dogs, I'll None of it"

We do not feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust. Even nowadays most of the cathartics are great repulsive pills, enough to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets" he would not have uttered those words of contempt. By druggists.

—A young man who had parted with his girl, burnt up all her love letters a few days ago, and was surprised to find that the chimney wouldn't draw. Upon ascending to the roof he found that it was covered with a thick covering of taffy.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Mrs. C. Whipple, 371 Croghan street, presents these facts: For six years I had suffered beyond all expression with Sciatic Rheumatism and tried every known remedy, but all to no purpose. At last I saw in the *Free Press* an advertisement of the St. Jacob's Oil, tried it and am well. I can walk without limping and sleep free from any pain.

—A sleeper is one who sleeps; a sleeper is also a place where a sleeper can sleep; and a sleeper is, too, a thing over which runs the sleeper in which the sleeper sleeps; so that the sleeper in the sleeper sleeps while the sleeper runs on as well as sometimes leaps off the track.

Guard Against Disease.

If you find yourself getting bilious, head heavy, mouth foul, eyes yellow, kidneys disordered, symptoms of piles tormenting you, 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. See ad.

—Joy is the feeling that you are better off than your neighbor.

—A man who knows a good deal about the ills of life—The doctor.

—A newspaper states that a man died suddenly just after signing the temperance pledge. The moral of this is not in favor of the whisky-drinker. It merely shows that the man should have signed the pledge when he was a boy.