The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. X., No 17. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1882. If not paid in advance, $1.25

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Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
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POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE,
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Insurance Company.
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J. W. RAUDENBUSH, PROPRIETOR,
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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 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,
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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 Funerals furnished at all hours and on the shortest notice. Horses taken to board by the day or week at reasonable rates. Stable on Bank street, opposite the Mansion House. Nov. 22 1872. 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,
on shortest notice and most liberal terms. All orders left at the "Carbon House" will receive prompt attention. Stable on North Street, next to the hotel, Lehighton. jan22-y1

☞ YOUTH AND MIDDLE-AGED, Would you be restored to SOUND Manhood? Send stamp and you will get valuable advice in sealed envelope. Address, Prof. J. Y. RUAN, 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. RUAN, Ogdensburg, N.Y. july17y1

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CARRIAGE BUILDER,
Bank Street, Lehighton.
REPAIRING
Of all description promptly attended to at the most reasonable prices.
☞ All Work guaranteed, and patronage is respectfully solicited. Jan 28-y1

Railroad Guide.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.
Arrangement of Passenger Trains.
JANUARY 22D 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., 1.35 p. m.
(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)
For Reading and Harrisburg, 6.00, 9.00 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.
For Lancaster and Columbia, 6.00, 9.00 a. m. and 4.30 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
For Reading, Harrisburg, and way points, 9.35 a. m.
Trains FOR ALLENTOWN leave as follows:
(VIA PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.)
Leave Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m. and 1.00, *1.20 and 5.15 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
Leave Philadelphia, 8.00 a. m., 3.15 and *4.20 p. m.
(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)
Leave Reading 7.55, 10.20 a. m., 2.50, 5.55, and 6.15 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg 5.10, 8.15 and 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
Leave Lancaster †7.50 a. m. 1.00 and †4.40 p. m.
Leave Columbia 7.30 a. m. 1.10 and 3.40 p. m.
†From King street Depot.
SUNDAYS.
Leave Reading, 7.50 a. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5.10 p. 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 *4.25 and 6.45 a.m trains from Allentown, and the *1.20 and 5.15 p. m. train from Philadelphia via Perkiomen Route, have through cars to and from Philadelphia.
J. E. WOOTEN, General Manager.
C. G. HANCOCK, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.
November 6th.

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

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Carbon Advocate
OFFICE FOR
Cheap Printing!

NEW RICH BLOOD! Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person may be restored to perfect health from the effects of poison, self-abuse, or any other cause, in 20 minutes. It will also kill a great variety of bugs, such as fleas, bedbugs, roaches, etc. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. Perfection Mfg. Co., 409 Washington St., Boston, Mass. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine in the world. Knits a full stocking, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. Machine sent to any address for circular and terms to the Wyoming Knitting Machine Co., 409 Washington St., Boston, Mass. may1-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.

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AND PURCHASE
Threshing Machines and Agricultural Implements,
The Best in the Market at
J. I. GABEL'S.
Also, on hand, and for Sale in Lots to Suit Purchasers. CHEAP FOR CASH
10,000 feet Georgia Yellow Pine Flooring,
White Pine Boards and Flooring, Lath, &c.
AT HIS HARDWARE STORE.
April --.--1 LEHIGHTON, PA.

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A CURE GUARANTEED.
DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. JOHN C. WEST & CO., Sole Proprietors, 181 & 183 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. A. J. DUELING, Agent, Lehighton, Pa.
SMITH KLINE & CO., Wholesale Agents Philadelphia. sept 24, 81 ly

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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.
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March 5, 1881-y1

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DR. BULL'S
COUGH
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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 Result. Cures at any stage of the disease. Has cured cases so terrible that bones came from the nose.
Dr. Every's Diamond Catarrh Remedy is mild and pleasant, affording Immediate Relief and prompt cure in all cases of Catarrh, Influenza, Hay Fever, Bronchitis.
It will remove Polypus and effectually cure Watery and Purulent Discharges from the Head and Throat, and Fœtid, Sickening Breath; perfectly restore impaired Smell, Taste and Hearing; relieve Headache, Break up Colds in the Head; Strengthen the Voice and Eye; Purify, Regulate and Render Clear and Active every Organ of the Head and Throat. Price, 50 cents.
Dr. Every'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.
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Ask your Druggist for these remedies and take no other; or will be sent Free on receipt of price.
Descriptive Pamphlets Free.
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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 delightful stimulant, a potent 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. 25th, 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.
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Put up in Quart Size Bottles. Price $1.00.
LAWRENCE & MARTIN, Proprietors, CHICAGO, ILL.
Sold by DRUGGISTS and GENERAL DEALERS Everywhere.

ALL IS VANITY.

Oh! but to turn and walk with thee,
Thou friend so faithful and so kind,
In some sequestered path, and leave
Life's dusty highway far behind!

To tread with thee some humble way
That, rough and rugged though it be,
Should lead to sweeter, truer life
Than all my days have brought to me.

To climb the hill, to grope the pass,
To bear all burdens, strong and glad;
To leave this tinselled play, and walk
In glorious work day garments clad.

To live and love as those hearts may
Who dwell in peace at Nature's feet;
To take the rude life of the hills,
And make it beautiful and sweet.

To hear the song of birds; to feel
The ruddy touch of mountain breeze;
To read the lessons of the brooks,
And find companionship in trees.

To know the blessed, tender calm
Of fireside hours; to laugh, to cry,
In joy, in grief; and, trusting God,
To love and labor till we die.

A GIRL'S STRATAGEM.

Phoebe Mays was Farmer Mapes' bound girl. This fact alone explains why her life was a hard one, for Farmer Mapes was no easy master—penurious, grasping and exempt from the feelings of charity and forbearance.

But Phoebe had plenty of courage, and a sunny nature on which sorrow rested but lightly. Had this not been the case every spark of spirit would have been crushed from her generous young heart long ago.

It was a dark night but oppressively warm. There was no moon up, and the sky was obscured with clouds. Phoebe had carried a dozen fresh eggs to Deacon Baily's about a mile and a half from the farm, and was returning home the longest way.

She walked through the fields gaily, her torn straw hat pushed back on her short, black curls; her warm brunette skin flushed with exercise.

A feeling of freedom pervaded her. In the silent night, with the vast heavens above, and only the solemn croaking of the frogs disturbing the calm peace, Phoebe's buoyant heart was happy.

She skipped along, touching the tall clover with her birch switch, and singing softly to herself.

"I suppose they will raise a row because I'm so late. But let them, I'm used to that! I can stand it!" she thought with a gay little laugh.

She was nearing an opening to a strip of meadow land, when voices arrested her attention. Gruff, menacing voices, with a sound of wicked triumph in their tones.

Phoebe's cheek blanched at the sound—her heart seemed to stand still.

"The roughs from Thomaston again!" she thought. "I wonder what mischief they are up to now. Maybe they will burn Mapes' barn, or kill us all in our beds to-night as they threatened the last time he sent them to jail.

She crouched down in the shadow of the stone wall, and listened with intense eagerness; she even tried to restrain her breathing, knowing well the imminent danger she was in.

"He has been stopping at 'The Grove' for the summer, and a fine stuck-up gentleman he is too, with his music playing in the middle of the night, and his statues with fine names stuck in every corner. There he is, I say, with all his money, a poor crippled thing, not able to put one foot before the other, and only an old woman in the house! Just think of it—will ye? Both the men servants off to Carrolton till the morning, and only an old woman and a cripple between us and—gold!"

The gruff voice fell into a husky whisper and ceased. Others took up the strain.

"Aye, aye. It would be worth the risk! They say the cove has heaps of money!"

"And an easy matter to settle him if he whipped out a pistol, for he cannot move from his chair without help!"

"Well, we won't stop to fool any longer!" the gruff voice which had spoken firs continued. "Just you do your part and I'll do mine. I must go about my own business now. At eleven o'clock, you know where to wait for me!"

And after a few more whispered remarks, all arrangements were concluded and the party separated.

Phoebe did not move from her hiding place till the last sound had died away. Then she stood up, her pale face looking out of the darkness like a spirit's her large, black eyes horrified and strained.

What a revelation this work of sin and plotting was to her. And she had been crouching only two yard's away from men who could discuss the killing of a fellow-creature without a touch of pity.

Oh, what would her fate have been if discovered? She shuddered at the thought and remembering the victim of their awful plot, she started forward eager and brave to foil them in their design.

"The poor young gentleman at 'The Grove,' lying so helpless; oh, I must save him—I must! Farmer Mapes will beat me black and blue for my absence, but I shall have to bear it."

She vaulted lightly over the stone wall and ran across the field, her nimble feet bearing her swiftly along. Then across the road, over a stile and through more fields, taking all the short cuts she knew so well, until she stopped at last before a stone wall with barred gate.

In a second she had clambered over the wall and dropped in the soft soil of a flower bed.

The little, gray stone house, with its hanging balconies and jutting bay windows, looked very lonely as she stood watching it, all the upper casement windows opened, to admit any wandering breeze that might happen to blow that way.

"They would find it an easy task to kill him—poor fellow!" she thought, going up to the heavy, oaken door and knocking softly.

The old woman before referred to, opened it.

"Well, Phoebe Mays!" she cried, sharply, after peering into the face of her visitor, "what may you want?"

"Good-evening, Mrs. Tompkins!" the girl said, catching the wrinkled hand in her warm grasp, and slipping slyly past the woman, into her cheery kitchen, "I've come to stay awhile."

"And who gave you leave to come gadding around here, I'd like to know! What brings you out this time of night? I suppose you ran away from old Farmer Mapes—but you can't stay here, not for an hour! I will just step up to Mr. Ives——"

Phoebe jumped up from her chair and laid her hand heavily on the woman's shoulder, her great black eyes burning with excitement.

"Mrs. Tompkins, do you love your master?"

"What business is that of your?"

"Do you love him?" Phoebe reiterated, with compressed limps.

Mrs. Tompkins shrank back, somewhat awed.

"Love him! I nursed him when he was a baby, and he has been as dear as my own child to me! Of course I love him!"

"And would you save him from danger if you could?"

"Of course I would."

"Then help me. I have come to save him—no matter from what. But if you drive me from the house to-night, you may live to regret it bitterly to-morrow! Now do just as I direct you."

The trembling woman obeyed Phoebe's commands with alacrity; after that, and twenty minutes later she stepped from a little bedroom, dressed like a fashionable young man. Her tall, well-made figure looked admirable in Mr. Ives' cast off suit, and a white Mackinaw straw hat was set on her short, black curls.

"Lead the way, Mrs. Tompkins. Remember that I am a beloved nephew of yours."

Phoebe followed to the floor above, and with a terrible groan, Mrs. Tompkins opened her master's door and ushered Phoebe into a dimly lit sitting room.

"This is a young nephew of mine, Mr. Ives—a beloved nephew of mine!" she blurted confusedly; "come to stay over night as he is in this part of the country. I thought you might like to have some one to talk to, seeing as you are so lonesome all day."

A slender, white hand closed over Phoebe's brown fingers, and a soft, high-bred voice bade her welcome.

She sat down by his side, noting at the same time with feminine accuracy even in the shadowy room the peaceful resignation in the dark, kind eyes and the marble pallor of his face.

He talked in an eloquent dreamy way of music, books and their authors, and strange countries; opening to her dazzled eyes visions of wonderful beauty!

"I wish I could talk as you do!" she said regretfully. "Oh, I wish I was as educated and refined as you are!"

Mr. Ives laughed, and Mrs. Tompkins below wondered at the unusual sound.

"My dear boy, how serious you look!" then his face clouded over. "I wish I was strong and healthy like you are! I wish I could feel free and hopeful as you do! Now, whose case is more pitiable? Yours may be remedied—mine never can!"

Phoebe sighed in pity, and at that moment the clock struck eleven.

She took a cigar and stepped out on the balcony. Mrs. Tompkins rolled her young master's chair to his bed-chamber and Phoebe was left alone.

Half an hour passed, and still she paced the balcony in full view of the road. Her hat was tilted over her eyes, the cigar was held up bravely between her lips, glowing like a red eye through the gloom, while she puffed the clouds of smoke up lazily into the air in the most approved fashioned, and all the while her heart beat faster and faster at every sound, and the cigar was making her miserably sick.

"They will think when they see me that the guests from New York, expected next week have arrived to-day, and that will put an end to their awful scheme!" she thought, hopefully.

Twelve o'clock at last.

A man walked hastily and silently up the road, and at the side of the house she heard stealthy steps and the bushes rustling.

Still smoking, and with the same leisurely step, she advanced to the end of the balcony over the place from which the sounds had proceeded.

For a moment all was silent as though the villains held their breath with dismay.

Her sharp ear caught an oath of enraged disappointment hissed out; the bushes rustled again, and then all was silent.

She waited another hour, but heard nothing more. Her strength was gone, her brain was reeling.

The task was done and Philip Ives' life would not be sacrificed that night, and poor Phoebe, worn with excitement, just managed to reach the long window and fell in a dead faint across the threshold—for the first time in all her strong young life.

When Philip Ives, after a wakeful night, propelled his invalid chair at dawn, into his sitting-room, the first sight that met his eyes was the figure of Mrs. Tompkins' nephew lying senseless on the floor. But no! Surely there was some mystery, for the face, with the morning sunlight shining upon it, was that of Phoebe Mays, whom he had often seen bringing eggs and butter to "The Grove."

Two hours later Phoebe stood before him in her old print dress and told him the story.

And that day the would-be murderers were safely lodged in jail.

"And now I must return to Farmer Mapes—if he will take me back," said Phoebe wearily.

"Why should you return to a life I know you abhor?" Philip asked, taking her hand. "Let me help you begin the education you so much desired. I will pay whatever he demands to compensate as much as possible for your loss."

So Phoebe was freed from her bondage, and sent to school, from which she graduated a few years later, "a noble woman nobly planned."

She married Philip, and loved him with all the strength of her warm heart.

He died while still young, leaving her mistress of his large fortune, and Phoebe mourned him deeply. Her sunny nature came out of the trial "refined by pain," but while she lived no one ever filled the place in her heart which Philip's death had made vacant.

A BOLD STROKE.

"No, I refuse."

"Reflect a moment, Myrtle. I beseech you! You hold my life and happiness in your hands," and the voice of Adelbert Tompkins trembled as he spoke the words with an earnestness that forbade, even for a single instant, any doubt as to their being the outpourings of his heart.

Myrtle Mahaffy was a beautiful girl, just budding into sweet womanhood, and Adelbert loved her dearly. They had wandered together this summer afternoon from the matinee to the street car, and he had asked her to be his wife. It was in answer to this question—the earnest appeal of a man whose whole nature was wrapped up in a passion he could neither control nor cast aside—that Myrtle had spoken the words with which our story opens. She had watched him closely during an acquaintance of some two years, and noticed with pain how he sedulously avoided candy stores and ice cream saloons. "I can never marry a man," she had said to her mother one day, "who shies at the sight of a candy store like a country horse at a fire-engine," and when the expected avowal came, she kept her word.

Adelbert turned round in a dazed sort of way after Myrtle had rejected him, and walked swiftly toward the dry goods store which had been so fortunate as to secure his services.

All the afternoon Adelbert stood moodily behind the ribbon counter, thinking of how he could revenge himself on the naughty girl who had wrecked his happiness. At precisely 4½ o'clock a fierce joy lighted up his countenance, and putting on his hat, he left the store.

* * * * * * *

As the bell of St. Agnes' church were striking 9, a young man sprang lightly up the steps of a magnificent residence, and was soon seated in the sumptuously furnished parlor. The proprietor of the house, a benevolent looking old gentleman, entered the room. "Do you wish to see me?" he said to Adelbert Tompkins—for it was he who had sprung up the steps so lightly.

"Yes," he replied, "you are the person I seek."

"What would you?" asked the old gentleman.

"You are the cashier in the —— bank, I believe?" said the young man.

"I am."

"You have been stealing the concern's money. Do not seek to deceive me—You are a cashier; 'tis enough. Give me $20,000 or I will expose you and ruin your life. Having heard me twitter, you can choose your own course."

For an instant the cashier did not move, and then, going to an elegant escritoire which stood in a corner of the room, he wrote a check for $20,000, certified it, and handed the piece of paper, now a fortune, to the young man.

"I have but one favor to ask," he said, "and that is that you'll marry my daughter. I wouldn't like to let as sure a thing as you go out of the family. She has $100,000 in her own right, and when I am dead and the bank directors are in jail on account of my book-keeping, it will suffice to keep you in comfort."

* * * * * * *

Two months later Myrtle Mahaffy, the cashier's only child, became Adlebert's bonny bride. One child, a blue-eyed boy with golden hair, has blessed the union, and as he sits on his grandfather's knee in front of the fire, and asks in his innocent, childish way, if "papa isn't a smart man," the old gentleman kisses him fondly and says in soft, low tones:

"You're singing on the right key now, sonny."

SHORT OF MEAT.

A Methodist minister traveling in Michigan was entertained by a family, whose hospitality was greater than their means, and who were short of meat. In order to spread a good dinner for the parson, it was decided to slay the pet hen which belonged to the little boy of the family. This was a sacrifice, but the interests of religion and hospitality seemed to demand it, and so the bird's neck was wrung. After dinner the minister was asked to lead in family devotions, which with true clerical courtesy he consented to do. The family being all called together, all knelt down on the floor which was of boards, liberally adorned with knot holes. While the prayer was going on, a lonely little chicken, one of the children of the deceased hen, came running under the house lamenting the loss of its mother. The afflicted little lad put his mouth to a knot hole and sympathetically said to the chicken: "Peepy, peepy, I didn't kill your mother. They killed her for that big old preacher's dinner."

That "big old preacher" was startled out of all sense of prayerfulness and suddenly brought his devotional exercises to a close.

—Only one man in ninety-two is mean enough to slyly put a long blonde hair on the shoulder of a man whose wife is a brunette.

THE COLD SHOULDER IN CHURCH.

We know a man, well educated, polite, agreeable in all private intercourse, who did a very impolite thing the other day in church. When the sermon began, he half looked up, with no encouraging expression on his face, but with the air of a suspicious man, who "does not believe there is much in it," but is willing to wait a little and see. He was clearly prepared not to be interested. If all the church attendants greeted their preachers thus, they would break him down at the outset. Our friend soon dropped his eyes turned as far round as the seat would let him, and fairly gave the minister the cold shoulder. He did not shut his eyes; that would have been less discouraging. The minister might have thought—"Poor man, he has been hard worked in his business, and though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak." He was provokingly wide awake. But he looked down, straight and hard, as if he would look the floor through, and look out an underground passage by which to escape. There he sat, stern and rigid, seeming to feel sour, discontented, bored. His whole attitude said—"That sermon is not worth much, I wish I could hear something better."

Well, the sermon might have been poor; we have a right to speak on that point. But it cost labor. Weary, though pleasant hours were spent in thinking it out, in casting and recasting it, in trying to make its central truth stand out prominent and impressive. And its truth was one of great moment. Even though, in the estimation of its unwilling hearer, poorly set forth, it deserved serious and respectful attention. But there sat the hearer saying all the while by his manner—"I wish you were in Joppa!" In one place he did look up, as if about to show some interest, but he soon relapsed into the disgusted state. As a whole, it was most decidedly a case of cold, very cold shoulder.

We are sorry he was so ill satisfied. We wish every man he hears were a star preacher, able to fascinate and entranse him. But as most preachers are not extraordinary men, we do not see how he is to get along. He is a church member, and it would scarcely be reputable to stay away from church; and it may not be convenient to go every Sabbath where brilliant orators are to be heard. He must go to church; and he must hear some sermons which claim no more than to be plain, simple presentations of religious truth. Now we ask, is it polite for him to frown on a minister in the very house of worship? If he cannot be pleased, may not others be profited? And if the preacher has any right to preach, is it not best to show a decent interest in the services?

Perhaps we mistake our friend. Perhaps he is pretty well satisfied, but "that is his way." If so it is a most unfortunate way. Gentlemen do not treat each other so in the parlor, or the counting-room; why should they in the church? The thought will do to dwell on and carry out. Let all church-goers pay good and evident attention to the preacher, and they will encourage him more than they think of. And if they wish to get better sermons, that is just the way to bring it about.

THE COLORADO DESERT.

There is an old adage which says that Arizona was the last spot on earth to be created; that Yuma is the outpost of the nether regions and the hottest place in the world. Everyone knows the story of the two soldiers who, while stationed at Fort Yuma, died and going straight to Hades, returned in a short time for their blankets! Be that as it may there can be no doubt that parts of Southern California and Arizona are among the hottest regions of the world. Neither the Desert of Cobi in Asia nor the Great Sahara in Africa can be worse, in this respect than their small relative, the Colorado Desert, in California. A protracted journey of some four weeks over this desert gave me an excellent chance to see it in its worst aspect, and I purpose trying to give others an account of its most interesting features. The desert occupies almost the whole of the large county of San Diego. It is some one hundred and fifty miles long and fifty miles wide, and the Southern Pacific Railroad runs through the center of it. About sixty miles from Los Angeles, the railroad encounters a very steep grade one hundred to one hundred and ten feet to the mile, and it continues for twenty-two miles. At the summit, known as San Gorgionio Pass, begins the descent into the desert, and every mile brings you to a more desolate country. At Whitewater Station, twenty miles from the summit, the desert commences in earnest. First a few flowers enliven the scene. Large Œnotheras, three or four inches in diameter, grow on small stakes five or six inches high. Large plants of Abronia maritima, with clusters of brilliant purple flowers, spread over the ground. A little Gilia (C. Leammoni), with white corolla and yellow center adds its beauty to the scene and the only shrub Larrea Mexicana, or cresote-plant, with yellow flowers and sticky leaves and branches reminds you of the forest you have left behind.

SMITH A LIAR.

"Father," began a young Detroiter the other day, "were you in the war?"

"Yes, my son."

"Was it awful?"

"Yes!"

"Did you kill many?"

"Well, I shouldn't like to answer that question."

"And you're honest, pa?"

"I hope I am too modest to brag."

"That was what Mr. Smith meant the other day when he was telling the men down at the drug store that you hadn't any war record to brag of."

"He did, eh? Smith is a liar!"

"That's what I thought. He told the men that you ran so fast that he couldn't catch you on horseback, and any boy knows that a horse can catch a man with a stiff knee.

The Carbon Advocate.

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HARRY V. MORTHIMER.
OFFICE—BANK STREET, a short distance above the Lehigh Valley R. R. Depot.
Terms: $1.00 per Annum in Advance
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PLAIN AND FANCY
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AT VERY LOW PRICES.

THERE WERE FOURTEEN.

A stranger who appeared to have seen much of this cold and unfeeling world entered a ferry dock saloon yesterday, and after warming himself for a moment at the stove, around which was a large circle of mariner, he advanced to the bar and called for whisky and two glasses. A stiff drink was poured into each, and taking up one in his fingers, the man turned to the crowd and said:

"Gentlemen, if there is a liar present I invite him to step up and drink with me."

A sort of a tremor ran through the crowd, but no one moved. The stranger gazed around in blank astonishment, and finally said to one old tug captain:

"Well this beats me. What's the matter?"

"The matter is," slowly replied the captain, as he took his legs off the stove, "that any man who expects fourteen liars to drink out of one tumbler at the same time is altogether too fresh for this locality! You are no gentleman, sir—no gentleman!"

—The ox has a neat foot.
—A rifle club—A gang of burglars.
—Marriage is no uneven game—It's a tie.
—A grass widow is anything but green.

—Debilitated persons, and sufferers from wasting diseases such as consumption, scrofula, kidney affections, will be greatly benefited by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Æsthetic editors have their paste made from sun flour now.

—Open your heart a trifle wider than your mouth, and people will be chary of scandalizing your motives.

How to Save.

All hard workers are subject to bilious attacks which may end in dangerous illness. Parker's Ginger Tonic will keep the kidneys and liver active, and by preventing the attack save much sickness, loss of time and expense. Delay at such times means danger.—*Detroit Press.* See other column.

—The greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it. Skillful pilots gain their reputation during tempests.

—A Western paper reports the birth of a male child with wings. Probably nature intended him for a bank cashier.

"Beauty Unadorned (with pimples) is Adorned the Most."

If you desire a fair complexion free from pimples, blotches and eruptions, take "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

—The young man who is about to be married will, if shrewd, get it reported that the bride is very rich. Then there'll be more friends to make handsome presents at the wedding.

—The difference between a cat and a comma is that one has the claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

"Do Likewise."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:—"Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' In three months I was perfectly cured. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my cure and the treatment used, and earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks stating that they had commenced the treatment and were much better already."

Mrs. E. F. Morgan, New Castle, Me.

—Brick Pomeroy, who was "dead broke" a short time ago, has started his paper again. Brick, like a bad oyster, is very hard to keep down for any length of time.

—What is the defference between a civilized diner and person who subsists at the North Pole? One has his bill of fare and the other has his fill of bear.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," are sugar-coated granules—the original "Little Liver Pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrate on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

—"There!" triumphatly exclaimed a Deadwood editor, as a bullet came through the window and shattered the inkstand, "I knew that new 'Personal' column, would be a success.

—If people knew as much about what they think they know, as they think they know about what others think they know, we think they would know more than they think they know now.

PITTSBURG, Mass., Sept. 28, 1878.
Sirs—I have taken Hop Bitters and recommend them to others, as I found them very beneficial.
Mrs. J. W. Tuller,
Sec. Women's Christian Temperance Union

—"Mama," said a five year-old, the other day, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."

—The man who has the most confidential approach to the Czar is the editor of the Moscow Gazette, Mr. Kuikow. The Czar known that when he wants to find a reliable man he must look among us fellows!

The Doctors Disagree

as to the best methods and remedies, for the cure of constipation and disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort, agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting. Don't take pills and other mercurials that poison the system, but by using Kidney-Wort restore the natural action of all organs.—Ex.

—This is the Man who had a Notice