

Advertising Rates.

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CARDS.

Attorneys.

W. M. RAPHNER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.

Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate, Conveyances, settle down. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates and a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. Nov. 22.

Physicians and Dentists.

W. A. DERHAMER, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases. Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd sts., Lehigh Valley, Pa. April 3, 1875.

N. B. REBER, M. D., U. S. Examining Surgeon, PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE: Bank Street, Lehigh Valley, Pa. May be consulted in the German Language. Nov. 25.

W. A. Cortright, D.D.S., DENTIST, OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House," Mauch Chunk, Pa.

THOMAS KEMERER, CONVEYANCER, AND GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT. The following Companies are represented: LEHIGH VALLEY MUTUAL FIRE, WYOMING FIRE, POTSDAM FIRE, LEHIGH FIRE, and THE TRAVELERS ASSOCIATED INSURANCE CO. Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Home Theft and Fire and Life Insurance Companies. March 29, 1875. 110 S. KEMERER.

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. Hooded Shells and Stables, with attentive Hostesses, attached. April 19-21, 1875. 110 S. KEMERER.

PACKERTON HOTEL, Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehigh Valley. LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR, Packerton, Penn'a.

This well known hotel is admirably refitted, and has the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent tables and the very best liquors. Also new stables attached. April 19-21, 1875. 110 S. KEMERER.

DAVID EIBERT'S Livery & Sale Stables, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.

FAST TROTTER HORSES, ELEGANT CARRIAGES, And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Livery in the County.

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, Lehigh Valley. (1875-76)

PENSIONS for Soldiers, Widows, Parents and Children and working men. Great success in INCREASE cases. Bounty and Back Pay and Discharges procured. Desires entitled to all dues under new laws. PENSIONS for Inventors, Land Warrants, PATENT procured, bought and sold. The "WORLD & SOLDIER" (weekly paper). Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions, blank and bonus table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Pension, Patent and Land Agents, Washington, D. C. (1875-76)

DROP IN AT THE Carbon Advocate OFFICE FOR Cheap Printing!

The Carbon Advocate one year for \$1, and Kendall's Horse Book as a premium.

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. XI, No. 4.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1882.

If not paid in advance, \$1.25

Railroad Guide.

Philadelphia & Reading R. R.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains. NOVEMBER, 12th, 1882.

Trains leave Allentown as follows: (Via PERKINSON RAILROAD.)

For Philadelphia at 6.00, 6.45, 11.40 a. m., and 7.10 p. m.

(Via EAST PENN. BRANCH.)

For Reading and Harrisburg, 6.00, 6.40 a. m., 12.15, 4.35, and 9.00 p. m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, 6.00, 6.40 a. m., and 4.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Harrisburg, and waypoints, 8.05 p. m. Trains for Allentown leave as follows: (Via PERKINSON RAILROAD.)

Leave Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m. and 1.00, 7.15, and 5.15 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Philadelphia, 8.00 a. m., 3.15, and 4.30 p. m.

(Via EAST PENN. BRANCH.)

Leave Reading, 7.30, 10.15 a. m., 2.00, 3.45, and 4.15 p. m.

Leave Harrisburg, 5.20, 7.50, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.50 p. m.

Leave Lancaster, 11.30 a. m., 1.00 and 13.40 p. m.

Leave Columbia, 7.30 a. m., 1.00 and 3.40 p. m. (From King Street Depot.)

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading, 7.30 a. m.

Leave Harrisburg, 6.30 a. m.

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

The 6.00 and 6.45 a. m. trains from Allentown, and the 7.15 and 5.15 p. m. train from Philadelphia, via Perkinson Railroad, have through cars to and from Philadelphia.

J. E. WOOTEN, General Manager.

C. G. HANCOCK, City Ticket Agent, November 6th

JOHN R. G. WEYSER,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

West End Brewery,

MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

Pure Porter and Lager Beer

Delivered all over the State.

October 8, 1881 '81

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF

CLOTHING

Boots, Shoes,

Hats, Caps,

or, Gents' Furnishing Goods

GO TO

CLAUSS & BROTHER

THE POPULAR

Merchant Tailors,

Bank Street, Lehigh Valley.

PRICES VERY LOW FOR CASH. The public patronage solicited. July 1-15

Central Carriage Works,

Bank St., Lehigh Valley, Pa.

Are prepared to Manufacture

Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs,

Spring Wagon, &c.,

of every description, in the most substantial manner, and at Low Cash Prices.

Repairing Promptly Attended to.

TREXLER & KREIDLER, Proprietors.

Lewis Weiss,

BANK STREET, first store above Iron, call attention to his new and fashionable stock

Hats, Caps, &c., &c.,

Boots and Shoes!

All of which he is selling at VERY LOW-EST CASH PRICES.

An inspection invited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.

Life and Fire!

E. K. Stroh, General Agent,

AT MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

Only good and reliable Companies represented. Also, Agent for the ITALIAN and ROTTERDAM LINE OF STEAMERS.

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.

D'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.

With Medicine Quality not Quantity is the greatest importance; next is the Knowledge and Experience to Correctly Prepare and Dispense the same

THE LOST BRIDEGROOM.

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Years ago in the little village of — there was a humble but neatly-kept cottage, where an old miner dwelt with his wife and one child—a son. And Alick was but a young boy when he first descended into the mines with his father.

One evening, as the old miner was returning home from a neighboring village, his attention was attracted by a little girl. She was weeping bitterly. A few broken, almost inarticulate words told that she had been deserted by her mother.

The child, weary and hungry, had cried herself to sleep, and while she was sleeping the unnatural parent had forsaken her.

The old man was touched by the incident. Raising her tenderly in his arms, he wended his way homeward. Entering the cottage he placed the light burden in his wife's lap, saying:

"God in his wisdom has seen fit to choose our home from all the other homes in the village to shelter this deserted child. Knowing your kind heart, I did not fear to bring the little one to you."

The dame pressed the good man's hand affectionately in reply, and Amy—the son of the child—was content before a simple repast.

Alick, on his return from the parish school, welcomed the little girl with every expression of pleasure.

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Taking the hand of the trembling girl within his own, Alick, according to the long-established custom of the village, led the way to the little vine-covered church, where the parish priest blessed their love. Children attired in flowers by the way-side and sang songs. Each guest had made a modest offering, but to none would Alick concede the nature of his gift, wishing, as he did, to excite an agreeable surprise.

When they had returned to the cottage Alick kissed his wife, telling her he would leave her but for a short season. He left the house, and with one last lingering look at the doorway where Amy stood waving a merry adieu, he hurried off in the direction of the old mines, and a curve in the road soon hid him from view. As his little figure disappeared Amy uttered a faint sigh, suggestive of a dull foreboding evil or the fullness of her mortal joy.

Days passed, and search had been made everywhere. Weeks passed; but months. But the bridegroom did not return. Nor could his absence and strange disappearance be accounted for. No clew was gained by those who searched untravailingly. At length hope was abandoned. The widowed bride clung tenaciously to one idea, which seemed almost like a folly in life or death, she would see her husband again before she was called away from earth. This belief afforded her comfort, and the neighbors, while they did not share the conviction, humored her in the thought, and spoke respectfully of the sad changes that sorrow had wrought in her fresh young face.

Forty years were gone, and but for the sad, wistful face of old Amy, and the whispered stories of the peasantry, the unaccountable disappearance of Alick would have been forgotten. But the tale told in an under-breath by many a hearty man, was that Alick had been carried off by an evil spirit, with whom he had held compact. Many even went so far as to say that his soul haunted the old cottage, and had been seen during stormy nights

in the mountains. Amy indeed asserted that she often heard his voice calling her, and the light that burned always from nightfall until dawn in her ancestral tomb that her heart ever kept vigil over his fate.

The old cottage still continued to be thought haunted by ghostly visitors, and because of this superstitious notion would occupy it. It gradually fell into decay. The women of the village rarely passed the dead miner's house without offering a prayer for the restless soul.

The old mines having been worked, it was at length determined that new excavations should be opened. Amid the operations a subterranean murmur was heard mingling with the sound of the pick. Suddenly a walling cry rent the air, and the earth seemed to tremble. Those already rushed in terror to the mouth of the pit, and the most fearless were about to descend, when the call-bell was rung violently. Every rope was at once put in use, while the miners were white and trembling with intense fear.

To every inquiry made they accorded the most disconnected replies, such as "a man," "a demon," "a miracle." A length from one old man they garnered that they had worked steadily to open communication between the new and the old mine, but finding only a small obstruction at last a sturdy blow was made and the dividing wall had given way; that when the cloud of dust had passed from before their astonished eyes they saw a young man; that he was lying upon a rocky bed; he seemed to be sleeping; that his cheeks looked fresh and fair, and that his lips were still red. Instead of approaching him they had fled in fright, filled with the belief that it was an evil spirit in human guise that had beheld.

The owner of the mine listened attentively. As the old man ceased he rushed forward exclaiming: "To the mine! To the mine!" Soon the truth was known. Ere many minutes three miners issued from the young man; the body of the irrepressible hero lay flat on the ground, and indicated a style worn years ago, and years ago; all were, however, in a perfect state of preservation. He seemed dazed as though for a few. In his hand he held a bag. It contained a gold cross, chain and medalion. Time had blackened these little pledges which the stranger had doubtless intended for some village maiden.

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"Alick, friend of my childhood, my husband, I know that we would meet again on earth."

As she ceased speaking, her head drooped lower and lower, until it sank upon his breast, as if in prayer.

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THE HENRY V. KISS.

WHY MISS CARLYON THOUGHT THERE WAS TOO MUCH FASHION IN "PASSION SLAVE."

"Do you know why Miss Carlyon left the John A. Stevens Company, which has just closed at the 'Post-Dispatch' reporter this morning?"

"No."

"Well, it was owing to the way in which Mr. Stevens insisted on kissing her in 'Passion Slave.' Miss Carlyon's husband, Mr. Melville, is exceedingly jealous, and he insisted that her husband should be kissed on the ear or behind it, instead of on the lips, and out of this fuss the trouble began which ended in the division of the company."

Miss Carlyon, whose name of the stage is Mrs. Melville, was found at the Southern Hotel. She is a particularly pretty little lady, with the golden of golden hair, dark eyebrows and a smile that would melt wax. Likewise she observes the Biblical maxim: "If your foot is pretty, show it."

"Of course I have left Mr. Stevens," said she, "but it was because I did not like him or that exceedingly fat melodrama, 'Passion Slave.'"

"And then it was not a question of kissing?"

"I must admit that I did not like the way he kissed me. You see, Mr. Stevens always used the 'Henry V.' kiss, and it was decidedly unpleasant, as he was neither a husband, a relation or a lover."

"That is a kiss that has not reached us yet?"

"Oh, it's the kiss that Rignold uses in 'Henry V.' As he does it it is not so bad, but Mr. Stevens is the actor that Rignold is and the consequence is that every time he uses the kiss the whole house titters and there is a suggestion of indecency about it that is very annoying. Now, don't imagine that I am a prude, for I am not. I delight in love scenes on the stage, but there is art and there is awkwardness."

"What is the 'Henry V.' kiss?"

"Well, she blushed and laughed, 'what we call the Henry V. kiss in England is this: The gentleman comes behind the lady is standing and puts both his hands over her shoulders or her cheeks, so that the fingers of both meet just beneath her chin. Then he pulls her head back to his shoulder and kisses her for fully two minutes. After he kissed me that way once I always afterwards moved my mouth, so that he kissed me on the chin and not on the lips, but it was unpleasant in the extreme. As I say, I am not at all prudish, but I am an artist and I do not want to see stage business that has descended to the low variety theaters. It is stage etiquette that no gentleman should kiss a lady on the lips. Mr. Stevens has violated this rule over and over again."

"Did your husband tell Stevens that he must kiss you on the ear?"

"On my honor, no. My husband never spoke to him about it and it would be absurd to ask him to kiss my ear or kiss me behind the ear."

THE MEANING OF "BONANZA."

The "Stock Report" inquires the meaning of the word "bonanza." It is a Spanish nautical term, meaning primarily a fair and hence a favoring wind, but is employed by the Mexican miners to designate the period when they are in good luck, or in bonanza, in contradistinction to in horraz, or poor ground. It has been borrowed by our miners and given a more comprehensive significance, and, like many other words taken from foreign languages, has come into popular use to designate in a vague and general way any big thing or lucky stroke of fortune.

IN AN OLD BOOK.

BY L. P. S. B.

Pressed between the pages of an ancient time-worn book, I found a faded rose bud, Laid where I chanced to look; And silently and reverently I held it in my hand, And wondered if its meaning My heart could understand.

On a fragrant, leafy bush Once this flower did grow; It was sweet and full of scent, Many years ago; Some one must have culled it, Dead now many a year; For one must have loved it, And placed it there.

Perhaps some faltering lover, Who longed his tale to tell, Once placed it in a lady's hand, A sign he loved her well. Maybe her smile of pleasure, As she pinned it on her breast Gave to that bashful lover The strength to tell the rest.

And she, with fair head drooping, In modest, tender way, Careless the little flower, And wore it all the day; And when its petals faded, Some tender memory; Still comes there fragrant perfume From his shriveled heart, As if the withered rose bud, Could some sweet tale impart.

—Woman's Journal.

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BEING NEIGHBORLY.

There are some people who seem to base friendship on "borrowing" as long as you will lend to them. Neighbors of that stamp illustrate the impudence that demands without consideration, and the familiarity that breeds contempt. We find the following in the New York "Mercantile Journal":

He was a small boy, with dirt on his nose and a faded straw hat on his head, and feet so long unwashed that it was hard to tell where his toe-nails were located. He walked boldly up the steps, pulled the bell, and when the lady came to the door he said—

"Say, can you lend me your telephone for a few minutes?"

"Why, I can't say no."

"Well, I can't lend it back in half an hour."