The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. XI., No 5. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1882. If not paid in advance, $1.25

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H. V. MORTHIMER, Publisher.

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Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. Nov. 22.

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

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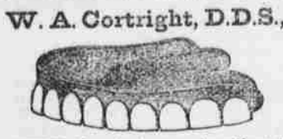
OFFICE: Bank Street, REBER'S BLOCK, Lehighton, Pa.
May be consulted in the German Language. Nov. 25.

W. A. Cortright, D.D.S.,



OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House,"
Mauch Chunk, Pa.
Patients have the benefit of the latest improvements in mechanical appliances and the best methods of treatment in all surgical cases. NITROUS-OXIDE administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk should make engagements by mail. jj8 y1

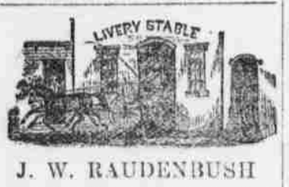
THOMAS KEMERER,
CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The Following Companies are Represented:
LEHIGH MUTUAL FIRE,
READING MUTUAL FIRE,
WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual House Thief Reserve and Insurance Company.
March 29, 1873 THOS. KEMERER.

CARBON HOUSE,
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.

PACKERTON HOTEL.
Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton
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 fine stables attached. Sept. 16-y1.

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, 1873



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

PENSIONS for Soldiers, Widows, Parents and Children. Any disease, wound or injury entitles. Millions appropriated and working force doubled. Prompt work and homes made happy. Fee $10. Apply now. Widows, re-married, now entitled during widowhood. Great success in INCREASE cases. BOUNTY and Back Pay and Discharges procured. Deserters entitled to all discharges under new laws. DATENTS for Inventors. Land Warrants PATENTS procured, bought and sold. The "WORLD & SOLDIER" (weekly paper). Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions, blanks and bounty table.—N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Pension, Patent and Land Atty's, Washington, D.C. [3-102

The CARBON ADVOCATE one year for $1, and Kendall's Horse Book as a premium.

Railroad Guide.

Philadelphia & Reading R. R.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

NOVEMBER, 12th, 1882.

Trains leave Allentown as follows:

(Via PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.)

For Philadelphia at *5.00, 6.45, 11.40 a. m., and *3.10 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia at *5.05 a. m. and 3.35 p. m.

(Via EAST PENN BRANCH.)

For Reading and Harrisburg, 6.00, 8.40 a. m., 12.15, 4.35, and 9.05 p. m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, 6.00, 8.40 a. m., and 4.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Harrisburg, and waypoints, 9.05 p. m.

Trains for Allentown leave as follows:

(Via PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.)

Leave Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m. and 1.00, *1.35, and 5.15 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Philadelphia, 8.00 a. m., 3.15, and *4.20 p. m.

(Via EAST PENN. BRANCH.)

Leave Reading, 7.50, 10.15 a. m., 2.00, 3.55, and 6.15 p. m.

Leave Harrisburg, 5.20, 7.50, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

Leave Lancaster, †7.30 a. m., 1.05 and †3.40 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, 5.20 a. m.

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

The *5.00 and 6.45 a. m. trains from Allentown, and the *1.35 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'r & 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

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, Lehighton.
PRICES VERY LOW FOR CASH. The public patronage solicited. julyl-tf

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, 1882 y1 Proprietors.

Lewis Weiss,
BANK STREET, first store above Iron, calls attention to his new and fashionable stock

All of which he is Selling at VERY LOWEST 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.
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.

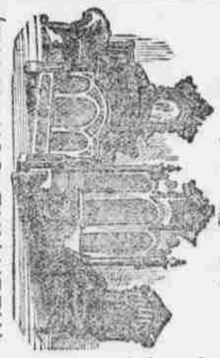
With Medicine Quality not Quantity is the greatest importance; next is the Knowledge and Experience to Correctly Prepare and Dispense the same

At A. J. DURLING'S
POPULAR
Drug & Family Medicine Store,
Bank Stree Lehighton,
You can always rely upon getting STRICTLY Pure and Unadulterated
Drugs and Medicines.
DURLING, carries the largest stock PATENT MEDICINES in the county.
DURLING has an elegant stock of DRUGGIST'S SUNDRIES, FANCY and TOILET ARTICLES for the ladies as well as the gents.
DURLING makes HORSE and CATTLE POWDERS a specialty. His 23 years experience in the drug business gives him a great advantage in that line.
TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS and BRACES—always a large stock on hand.
WINES and LIQUORS, both foreign and domestic. He has a Clinton Grape Wine and a Dry Catawba Wine. Just splendid and cheap.
WALL PAPERS and BORDERS—the largest assortment in Town.
Go to DURLING'S with your prescriptions. Go to DURLING'S for your Patent Medicines.
Go to DURLING'S for your fancy articles. Farmers and horsemen go to DURLING'S for your Horse and Cattle Powders.
aug. 5-y1.

AGENTS wanted, to sell Edison's Musical Telephone and Edison's Instantaneous Piano and Organ Music. Enclose stamp for catalogue and terms.
EDISON MUSIC CO., Philadelphia, Pa. dec. 24-m6.

KIDNEY WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
R-H-E-U-M-A-T-I-S-M
As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE $1. LIQUID or DRY, SOLD by DRUGGISTS. (24) Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.
Acts at the same time on LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS and URINARY ORGANS.
KIDNEY-WORT

VALENTINE SCHWARTZ,



Bank St., Lehighton, Pa.
Respectfully announces to the people of Lehighton and its vicinity, that he is now prepared to supply them with all kinds of
Household Furniture
Manufactured from the best Seasoned Materials at Prices fully as low as the same article can be bought for elsewhere. Here are a few of the inducements offered:

Parlor Sets at from	$50 to $60
Walnut Marble-top Dressing Case	$25
Bedroom Suites, 3 pieces	$40 to $65
Painted Bedroom Suites	$18 to $40
Cane Seated Chairs, per set of 6	$6
Common Chairs, per set of 6	$4

and all other Goods equally cheap.
In this connection, I desire to call the attention of the people to my ample facilities in

THE UNDERTAKING BUSINESS
with a NEW and HANDSOME HEARSE, and a full line of CASKETS and COFFINS. I am prepared to attend promptly to all orders in this line, at lowest prices.
Patronage respectfully solicited and the most ample satisfaction guaranteed.
V. SCHWARTZ,
oct12 BANK St., Lehighton.

Wanted, Salesmen,
To canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Unequalled facilities. No experience required. Salary and expenses paid. 100 acres of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, etc. W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N.Y.

The Christmas Prayer;

OR,

ANNIE AND WILLIE.

'Twas the eve before Christmas: "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed.
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
For to-night their stern father's command had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven,
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of, than ever before;
He told them he thought this delusion a sin
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried, but in vain, for I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me sorrow because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say.
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan't we p'ay dest as mamma did den,
And ask Dod to send him with p'esents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too." And without a word more,
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for, we're sure to receive.
You must wait just as still, till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are seeking of thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work box that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."
"P'ease, Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to night,
And b'ing us'some p'esents before it is'ight.
I want he should dive me a niee 'ittle s'ed,
Wid b'ight shinin' 'unners, and all painted 'ed;
A-box full of tandy, a book and a toy;
Amen, and den, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumber both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes;
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed,
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked for kiss;
But just to make sure, I'll steal up to the door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers.
His Annie's "Bless papa" draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange I'd forgotten," said he, with a sigh,
"How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the staircase, and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers, and silk dressing gown,
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet.
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From a box full of sweets to the tiny gold ring.
Indeed he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then homeward he turned, with his holiday load,
And, with Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery 'twas stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A workbox, well filled, in the centre was laid,
And on it a ring, for which Annie had prayed.
A soldier, in uniform, stood by a sled
"With bright, shining runners, and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As it getting ready more presents to drop.
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,
What care I if bank stock fell ten per cent. more?
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted,) and left before light;
"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know."
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said
That their blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray, by the side of her chair,
And that God, up in heaven, had answered her prayer.
"Den we dot up and p'ayed dest as well as we tould,
And Dod answered our p'ayers. Now, wasn't he dood?"
"I should say that he was, if he sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.)"
Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

COMING HOME CHRISTMAS;

OR,

Seeing Better Days.

The sturdy gossips of the seaside village who went about with their skirts well tucked up and their bare brown arms ready and able for any work, looked askance at the Widow Minton, with her pitiful meagerness of aspect, her flickering black eye, and her trailing old gown. They nudged each other, and said: "Better days—Lord save us!"

But the widow did not trouble the neighbors much, nor they her. A body who couldn't do a heartsome han's stirring was best left alone to her brooding; and the widow's smoky little cabin, solitarily apart on the sea-shore, was left pretty much to herself and her son Tom.

Tom was a sturdy, brown-faced lad, who picked up a living by doing odd jobs for the boatmen, and now and then taking a day for fishing. Tom had probably never seen better days. The widow shook her head over him—so stupidly content, poor Tom! so beaming and good natured over beggarliness and hopelessness. A tall, well-grown fellow, with bare feet, a torn straw hat and a red shirt, Tom took the world easily, looking with reverent eyes on his mother's by-gone gentility, but by no means seeming to covet it for himself.

The minister of the parish, mistaken soul, deemed it incumbent to make a call on the widow; and, on charity bent, it is said he unwarily offered to employ her services in his household for a season. He deemed it his duty to rouse the old woman to activity.

He did rouse her; and it is averred that he never found time to call at the cabin again. Did he take her for a common household drudge, or a low-born field-hand? She thanked God she had too much spirit left yet to put herself under anybody's feet. He hadn't far to go to find scores of drudges and diggers, but he might go farther before he knew a lady when he saw her.

It might have been the afternoon after the good man's visit that the widow sat idly brooding at her cabin-door. Her eyes had a wandering, far-away look, and her face was thinner and keener than ever. Beyond the bluff which sheltered her cabin stretched a far line of sea-coast, the white sand gleaming silvery in the sun. Far off a group of bathers, in bright dresses, frolicking between shore and water. They came from the great hotel down beyond; she could almost catch the sound of their voices as she sat slowly rocking in her doorway. It was a quiet afternoon; the air was soft and soothing, and the widow's heart, so full of bitterness, felt itself sweeten and soften in the stillness. This part of the shore, sheltered by the overhanging rock was seldom disturbed by intruders, but presently the watcher's eye caught sight of a young girl splashing and frolicking in the water just beyond the rocks. It was a pretty sight, the rounded arms, the curving shoulders, the swaying, floating figure. And perhaps the old woman recalled with a sigh the time when she was young and blithe too, and had as cheery a voice as that with which the fair swimmer hailed her companions in the distance.

Gazing absently on the smiling scene, a reverie fell upon her ear and when she looked again, the young water nymph had disappeared. She had probably swam ashore behind the rocks. The widow turned away, hugging her thin shawl over her thin shoulders, and thought that the sea wind was chilly. Hark! What was that? Surely she heard a cry. No merry shout or ringing laugh this; it might be the cry of a wild bird on its way to its mate.

She couldn't have got beyond her depth, the young creature, surely! But la! what of it if she had? Dying young, a body gets quit of a deal of trouble. And—Yes, surely, that was a scream. The widow looked sharply out. Would Tom never come? The tide was rising, and—and certainly something was the matter. She called—she beckoned frantically to the bathers beyond—they seemed both blind and deaf.

No one, not one soul at hand, and that young thing in peril of life! A minute she stood still, listening—a feeble old woman, with a haggard, scared face, to whom no one would have dreamed of looking for help.

"I can't stand this," she said. "Seems I might pull out that old scow myself. "Tom!" she screamed, with a yell that held the concentrated energy of ten years. But no Tom appeared. And it was the widow herself, with those withered old hands that disdained the minister's kitchen work—it was the widow herself, who, straining, tugging, and with her gray hair fluttering in the wind, unloosed the old dug-out from its moorings and trembling, unskillful armed with a rude paddle, went spinning out dizzily over the water. It leaked, the old scow; it scorned the broken paddle and the heavy oars, but finally it came drifting out blindly and dizzily to the object of her search. A plump hand, with a glittering ring upon it, clutched the edge of the boat, nearly upsetting it. A young, eager face, with streaming hair, looked up from the waves, and gasping, shuddering, half-drowned, and wholly scared, the young water-nymph was presently aboard the old craft.

"Oh, how frightened I was!" she cried; "I felt sure I was losing all my strength, and would go to the bottom. Oh, you good soul! you dear soul! how ever did you get to me in this water-logged craft?"

"It has seen its best days, certain," said the widow, tugging at the oars.

"You don't look able for such work," said the girl.

"I have seen better days," was the quiet answer.

And then—oh, sufficient reward of all her efforts!—this real lady, this fair young girl with the soft hands and the pretty bathing dress, actually replied, "I thought so."

"Here, give me the oar," she added, still panting. "But, my dear soul, we'll never be able to row down to that point, where I left my clothes, and I can't walk to the hotel; I'm awfully tired. Can't you put me ashore at your place, and send word for me down yonder?"

The little dark cabin on the shore brightened up with an unwonted luster as the widow sheltered her young charge, and changed her wet garments for some of her own.

"If my Tom would only come I'd send him for your things."

"Oh, no matter! I'll wrap your shawl around me and walk down myself after I've rested a bit. I'm not hurt, you know, only scared. Dear me, how I was scared. My old nurse used to teach me not to scream; but if I hadn't screamed, where should I have been now, I wonder?"

Mrs. Minton, would gladly have parted with the last shred she possessed, and gone shivering the rest of her days, to see her worn-out gown donned so handsomely by the bright lassie.

"They have seen better days, the clothes, miss, and I'll not deny that they have been in good company in their time; but they're not fit for a lady now."

Her companion laughed; a pretty, mischievous laugh. She read the weakness of her rescuer, and treated it tenderly.

"Whatever a lady has worn is fit for a lady to wear," she said, and forwith wrapped herself, smiling, in the old gray shawl.

And at that moment Tom, with his red shirt gleaming in the setting sun, and a string of fish on his shoulder, stood in the doorway.

He stopped when he saw the guest standing upon the hearth-stone, a bright fire behind her, and the kettle boiling cheerily. She nodded to him familiarly. Tom thought he must be dreaming.

"Tom and I are acquainted," said she.

"Are you?" responded the astonished widow.

"Yes," said the girl; "I've watched Tom many a time walking along the shore with his red shirt, and once he took father and me out rowing. Tom, your mother saved my life."

"Saved your life!" echoed Tom, who never in all his life had heard of his mother's doing anything before.

Tom, stupid and staring, was hurried on in search of the missing garments. And meanwhile his mother betook herself to making a cup of tea for her protege. It was wonderful how a little warmth of human feeling had roused this woman to life and activity again.

When Tom returned, laden with various articles of apparel, the two were quietly sipping their tea together at the old round table.

He did not return alone, however. Following him came a tall, gray-headed gentleman.

"Here's father!" cried the girl, springing forward. "Oh, father, this good lady saved my life!"

Lady! The Widow Minton wanted to kiss the beautiful rosy lips that pronounced the words.

"Well, my dear," said the old gentleman, good-humoredly pinching the plump cheek, "she has done it very thoroughly. You certainly don't look very near death just now."

Whereat the story, with due enlargement and variation, was told with a pretty pout. The father smiled, but also he furtively wiped away a tear.

"Well, madam," said he courteously, "accept my cordial thanks for looking after my little madcap Belle. She's my only child, you see, and as full of pranks as any dozen."

Belle playfully put her hand over his mouth. "I won't have my character traduced where they've been so good to me," she cried. "And oh, father, isn't this a beautiful place—such a nice view of the water! I mean to come down here every day and do my sketching."

"I'm afraid," said the sire, shaking his head, "this good lady will have cause to wish she had thrown you overboard."

"Oh no, father; she likes me and I like her. And I've fallen in love with Tom long ago, you know."

Tom blushed painfully. Something strange and new stirred in his mind. Compliments did not sweeten his thoughts as they did his mother's, for Tom had never seen better days, and felt as if he had been made a jest of.

A week passed during which the young girl strolled almost daily to the cabin. When she was there Tom seldom entered the house. He had grown shy and sulky; he sat on the shore darkly brooding, or went off silently to his fishing.

One morning Belle and her father departed. Belle kissed the withered cheek of her friend, and that was all. For when mention had been made of helping her substantially, the widow had drawn herself sharply up, all the lady shining in her eye.

"I may have seen my better days," she said, "but I haven't come to that yet. And if I needed any reward, I've got it now," she added, as she felt the soft blood mantling in the cheek that Belle had kissed.

Long after the two had left, Tom went about with a cloud on his face, and in his ear were those mocking words: "I'm in love with Tom." A disgust for his fishing life and for himself and for all their miserable surroundings of poverty filled the lad's heart with an unwonted bitterness.

"Mother," said he one day, as he sat darkly brooding over the hearth, "you said you were a born lady; why didn't you make a gentleman of me?"

"I hadn't any money left when you came," said the widow briefly.

"Then it's money that makes people gentlemen and ladies?"

"I don't know," said the widow, puzzled; "they somehow mostly have it."

One day Tom came and told her he was going to sea. There had been a man down looking for hands, and he had taken Tom gladly, for Tom was a handy fellow at almost any kind of sea craft, and would soon make a good seaman.

"And you must just bide here patiently till I come back, mother; for if there's better days anywhere, I shall bring 'em with me, be sure."

After that the sea looked bitter and colder than ever, and the solitary woman lived a sort of hermit's life. No cheery voice of gossiping neighbor lightened the dreary cabin, no children prattled about her; and only Belle, the bright, blithe-hearted lassie, seemed to remember to cheer her with a letter now and then. Belle was away now visiting some distant friends, but in kindly heart she kept a corner, it seemed, for the poor old woman who had saved her life.

Three years—four—passed away, and daily of a summer afternoon you might have seen the widow sitting in her doorway, eager and hollow-eyed, looking out for some possible ship that might be Tom's. Tom was not a good correspondent, but occasionally up at the little postoffice a wandering epistle waited her trembling hand. She was growing very old and feeble now; but Tom was getting up in the world—Tom was first mate of his ship—Tom was a success—Tom was a gentleman—and oh, above all things, Tom was coming home!

Not every one watches in vain, though we may not always be looking in the right direction. It was so with the widow. As she sat Christmas day, with strained eyes gazing on the far-off sun-lit sails, and seeing how some of them hovered nearer and nearer, and some, alas! took wing further and further away, the poor way darkened suddenly; there came rushing upon her, as if dropped from the clouds, a plump, dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked lady, who flung herself into the arms of the watcher with a cry of joy.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, half sobbing, half laughing—"oh mother! don't you know me? Why, I'm Tom's wife, and I've brought the captain with me!"

"Mother," said Captain Tom that night, "you've seen better days, perhaps, but I never have."

"For, didn't I tell you," said Mrs. Tom, archly, "that I was in love with Tom. And father owns half his ship, you know; so if Tom's captain, I'm second mate, you see. And we're going to take you away to where we found our better days."

"My Back is now Well."
That is what Mr. Clough, of Lowell, Mass., was happy to say after his wife had given him a good rubbing with PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER, and administered a dose inwardly. For four years he had been crippled with rheumatism, and suffered agony in his back. After using PAIN KILLER, he went to his business with comfort, and is now as well as ever.

For the CARBON ADVOCATE.]

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

—It is maintained by Nordenadield that the aurora is a permanent phenomenon in polar regions, appearing constantly when the sun is below the horizon and the moon is invisible.

—It was asserted by a Brazilian delegate to the Geneva Sanitary Congress that coffee is a natural antidote to alcohol, and that the consumption of alcoholic stimulants is comparatively small where coffee is a popular drink, as in his own country.

—Prof. Moos, of Heidelberg, has found good reasons for believing that many railway accidents have been due to defective hearing on the part of engineers or officers in charge of trains. Expert medical testimony shows that railway employes are especially liable to affections of the ear.

—A natural intermittent spring has recently formed in the French Alps. The water appears at regular intervals of five and seven minutes, about ten quarts being yielded each time. A singular circumstance is that one flow of water is lukewarm and colorless, while the next discharge is cold and wine-red.

—Scientific investigation by Prof. Ponfick, of Breslau, has verified the suspicion that all common mushrooms are poisonous. Washing and boiling deprive them of their poisonous qualities in a greater or less degree. Dried mushrooms require at least a month of drying, and are not really safe until after four months.

—Dr. Burcq has suggested that solutions of copper salts be used to impregnate clothing, furniture and building materials as a preservative against infectious diseases. He was led to offer this suggestion by observing that workers in copper—who absorb a considerable amount of dust from the metal—enjoy a quite general immunity from cholera, typhoid fever and like complaints, while copper salts protect various materials from parasites.

—Mankind is more indebted to industry than ingenuity.

—Little things console us, because little things afflict us.

—The scales of justice are for the weight of the transgressor.

—No one is ever fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.

—Matthew Rhoda, Allentown, Pa., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of nervousness, debility and indigestion.

—Truth is stranger than fish stories.

—Pressing business—running a cider-mill.

—A pair of slippers—the orange and banana shins.

—A printer, turned lawyer, knows what a good case is.

—Get the ADVOCATE one year for one dollar.

☞ The Diamond Dyes always do more than they claim to do. Color over that old dress. It will look like new. Only ten cents.

—The dealer in artificial hair is a firm believer in false profits.

—A musician in Cincinnati is named Sword. He grew from a little bowie.

—By the time a man has a skating rink on the top of his head he is too old to go skating.

At A Bad Time.
Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., writes to us from the Navy Yard at Mare Island, Cal.—An enforced residence of two years in California made me the subject of most painful attacks of rheumatism. Consultation upon my case by eminent Naval and other surgeons failed to afford me the slightest relief. Dr Hoyle recommended to me St. Jacob's Oil, the happy result of the use of which was my complete and wonderful cure.—*Washington (D. C.) Army and Navy Register.*

—A sure cure for sleeplessness is to imagine you have got to get up.

—A Cincinnati woman knocked her husband senseless with a copy of the Bible. The old version is good and strong yet.

—Hunting in the wrong cemetery for the headstone of a departed friend would naturally be called a grave mistake.

"BUCHUPAIBA."
Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

—Most men will shin and dodge, and come back at you on any argument, but no man will allow another to split hairs on the question of next in a crowded barber shop, when its his turn.

—A Chicago man has invented a cast-iron table-ware that looks just like porcelain, and is in ecstacies when he sees a servant girl drop half a dozen cups and shriek with horror at observing their failure to break.

☞ Farmers and others desiring a genteel, lucrative agency business, by which $5 to $20 a day can be earned, send address at once, on postal, to H. C. WITZINSON & Co., 195 and 197 Fulton street, New York.

—A young gentleman who was pledged to take a young lady to a party remarked to her on the afternoon previous to the event that he was going home to take a sleep in order to be fresh. "That's right," she replied, "but do not sleep too long." "Why?" he asked. "Because," she answered, "I do not want you to be too fresh."

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