The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. XI., No 8. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1883. If not paid in advance, $1.25

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The Carbon Advocate.

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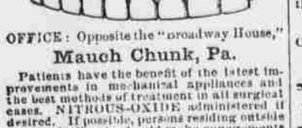

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Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral purposes and Weddings. DAVID EBBERT
Nov. 22, 1874

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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 *5.05, 6.45, 11.40 a. m., and *3.10 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia at *5.05 a. m. and 5.35 p.m.

(Via EAST PENN BRANCH.)

For Reading and Harrisburg, 6.00, 8.40 a. m., 12.15, 4.30, and 9.05 p. m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, 6.00, 8.40 a. m., and 4.30 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, 7.30, 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., 1.00 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 *5.05 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.

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General Manager.

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November 6th

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PROPRIETOR OF THE
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MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

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October 8, 1881 y1

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THE POPULAR
Merchant Tailors,
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PRICES VERY LOW FOR CASH. The public patronage solicited. july1-tf

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Of every description, in the most substantial manner, and at Lowest Cash Prices.

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LEHIGHTON, PA.

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Reasonable Prices!

THE N. Y. SUN.

NEW YORK, 1883.

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We are creditably informed that people buy, read, and like THE SUN for the following reasons, among others:

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Because people have learned that in its remarks concerning persons and affairs THE SUN makes a practice of telling them the exact truth to the best of ability three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, before election as well as after, about the whales as well as the small fish, in the face of discent as plainly and fearlessly as when supported by general approval. THE SUN has absolutely no purposes to serve, save the information of its readers and the furtherance of the common good.

Because it is everybody's newspaper. No man is so humble that THE SUN is indifferent to his welfare and his rights. No man, no association of men, is powerful enough to be exempt from the strict application of its principles of right and wrong.

Because in politics it has fought for a dozen years, without intermission and sometimes almost alone among newspapers, the fight that has resulted in the recent overwhelming popular verdict against Robesonism and for honest government. No matter what party is in power, THE SUN stands and will continue to stand like a rock for the interests of the people against the ambition of bosses, the encroachments of monopolists, and the dishonest schemes of public robbers.

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THE SUN, New York City
November 25-n6

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TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS and BRACES—always a large stock on hand.

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Go to DURLING'S with your prescriptions. Go to DURLING'S for your Patent Medicines.

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aug. 5-y1.

AGENTS wanted, to sell Edison's Musical Telephone and Edison's Instantaneous Piano and Organ Music. Enclose stamp for circulars and terms.
EDISON MUSIC CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
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IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
LIVER
It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.
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In this season to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it. (!!)
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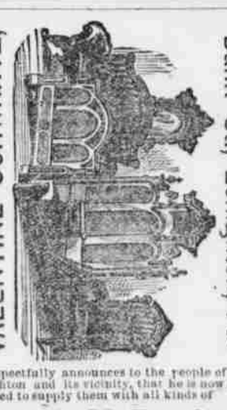

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Household Furniture

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 $90
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In this connection, I desire to call the attention of the people to my ample facilities in

THE UNDERTAKING BUSINESS

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Patronage respectfully solicited and the most ample satisfaction guaranteed.

V. SCHWARTZ,
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Job Printing neatly, cheaply and promptly executed at this office. Give us a trial and be convinced.

THE SEA-MAIDEN.

There was a lily and rose sea-maiden
In marvellous depths of far-away seas,
Whose eyes were blue, and whose head was laden
With luminous curls like the honey of bees.

Half hidden by corals and swaying rushes
And vines of the ocean, she sat arrayed
In a tremulous veil of delicate blushes
And robes of quivering light and shade.

The sun-fish came to worship her graces,
The dog-fish lingered and marvelled beside,
And she gayly smiled in their whimsical faces,
And sang them songs till they laughed or cried.

A poet of earth looked down upon her,
And loved, and beckoned, and told his love;
But her soul was coy with a sea-maiden's honor,
And she would not go to the world above.

So there he stayed by the crystalline water;
He leaned and gazed with heart on fire:
And died at last for the ocean's daughter—
Died of sorrow and long desire.

And still she sits in the peace of ocean—
The peace of the mouth of ocean-caves—
A damsel without an earthly emotion,
Who cares not for men, their loves, nor their graves.

Thus, deep in the calms of woman's life, covers
Herself some maiden on sureate sands
Of duty and innocence, far from lovers,
From beatings of heart and reachings of hands.

—*The Sunday Times.*

FERGUS MACLEISH;
OR,
The Last Elm of the Avenue.

He was a tall, handsome fellow, with dark complexion and curiously light, eager eyes; by name I discovered, Captain Angus MacLeish, of the Thirty-fourth (Royal Cromarty) Highlanders. (Here I may introduce myself to my readers, Lieutenant Jones, Royal North Wales Militia.) Captain MacLeish was rather stiff and high and mighty at first, I thought—very much the Highland chieftain. "Caolchairn," or some such pretty name, was, I found, his correct designation. Still, I let him see that I considered a Jones of Prybullych the equal of any man in her majesty's service, and we gradually warmed into sociability over the landlady's blazing fire, and such refreshments as the Green Lion afforded.

The landlady's prediction was verified in less than the time mentioned. The storm blew over, the clouds parted, and a clear white moon shone out.

Half an hour's quick walking brought us to the top of the hill, under which lay the little town of Clinqhaven. Its red roofs looked pretty and picturesque in the moonlight beyond, and to westward the sea and the marshes stretched away gray and mysterious; below us a row of lighted windows showed where the barracks stood.

"That's a welcome sight," said MacLeish.

"Were you ever here before?" I asked.

"Never. I only heard of the place last week—ah!" he stopped short.

I looked round in amazement. He was standing upright and rigid, his eyes fixed on some point in the road before us, his finger extended.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked, looking down the road—white and lonely—and seeing only a mile-stone standing distinctly from the dark hedge.

"There!" His eyes dilated with a fixed stare of horror, his breath came short and quick, and at last, with a sharp cry, he swayed forward and fell insensible on the path. I thought he tried to say something, but failed to understand him. The soldiers had halted, and two came rushing up vociferating in some unknown tongue. They knelt beside him and raised him all stark and white, in the moonshine. I gave a few directions, to which they vouchsafed not the smallest attention; but somehow they contrived to support him between them, and we proceeded to the barracks; no great distance fortunately.

I questioned the sergeant, who had looked on meanwhile with undisturbed composure. He declined to commit himself to any opinion whatever. The privates were "Caolchairn's" own people, poor ignorant Highland bodies, who could hardly speak English. And here Sergeant Tulloch's communication came to an abrupt stop, and I could only extract, in addition, that the Highlanders knew best what to do with their chief, and that "he'll be a' richt in the morn."

So he was. He appeared on parade right enough. I found that he and I were in the same section; also that of all the sixty officers composing the "course," he was the only one with whom I had the slightest acquaintance. He was in the same position, I fancy—so we fraternized to a certain extent—walked over to Boatstown together—the popular amusement of the period, and worked at the red book in company. He was an odd young fellow, as starchly repellant as a Spanish Don one moment, and the next boyishly expansive and communicative. I think he was really desperately shy—the result of home-breeding. He gave me a description of his Highland home one day, with his mountain and moor, loch and forest, where the MacLeishes lived in feudal state, naught appertaining to the true dignity of a real Highland chieftain being lacking, from the pipers to the deadly feud. The MacLeishes of Tuchoran had killed, burned, betrayed, massacred and generally made themselves mutually unpleasant from time immemorial. The two branches of this amiable family sprang from twin brothers, and, according to tradition, were to carry on the same bloodthirsty relations till they became simultaneously extinct.

"And may I ask how you and the representatives of the other line conduct yourselves when you happen to meet in society now-a-days?" I inquired. MacLeish laughed.

"We don't meet. Tuchoran was sold generations ago, and the MacLeish of that date died abroad. We have often tried to trace out his descendants, but with only partial success. Perhaps it is just as well," he continued with an embarrassed laugh, "for they say that though we don't slay and plunder now-a-days, the—curse is on us yet. When one of each line shall meet, then follows calamity.

I looked as profoundly impressed as he could desire.

"Ten years ago a clergyman in the South—chaplain to a hospital—wrote to my father to say his cousin, Fergus MacLeish, lay dying—mortally wounded in some discreditable brawl. My father, good man, started at once. He was in time to see the dying man and to promise to befriend his only son—a boy about fourteen. Fergus MacLeish died with his hand clasped in my father's. It was their first and last meeting."

"Well! No harm came of it, I suppose."

"My father never saw his home again. He was killed in the great railway accident on the Great Northern."

"What became of the boy?" I asked, presently.

"Young Fergus? He was an utter good-for-nothing. My mother gave the chaplain carte-blanche, and he did his utmost to reclaim him. It was no use. He was in and out of prison half a dozen times, and at last we shipped him off to the colonies—but I'm almost sure I met him last year at the Derby."

"How did you know him?"

"By his likeness to myself. It's curiously strong. Also by another mark—a cut on one eyelid—that gives him a most sinister look. The chaplain mentioned it to me."

"Did anything happen?" I could not resist asking. MacLeish's face grew dark.

"Don't ask me—enough to ruin my life, and make it little worth having from henceforward. Hullo! it's seven o'clock Do you dine at mess to-night?" and he left me to dress. Next day, instead of our usual secluded seat on the shingle, by a deserted Martello tower, I suggested that we should take our books to the parade, studying in public being a Clinqhaven fashion.

"Where's the Parade? I've never seen it yet," he remarked. I marched him eastward forthwith. It was half-past twelve on a bright autumn morning, the sun was shining, the sea dancing, bevies of pretty children rollicking on the shingle, and three of the prettiest girls in Clinqhaven taking a brisk turn after bathing. The prettiest bowed to me, and looked as if we might come and talk to her if we liked; but all that MacLeish said was; "It was a bad place for working, and that he wanted to go to town to buy some red ink."

"This way," I said. "You don't mean to say you've not been down the Lady's avenue?"

We turned through a gate into a cool shade of some pollard elms that made a bowery walk across some low lying meadows to the town. "Some dead and gone country lady—bless her considerate soul—planted this grove and bequeathed it to the town. It's the prettiest thing in Clinghaven."

"The town doesn't seem to appreciate it," said MacLeish. "It has been let go to the bad. These trees want thinning, and some young ones planted in those gaps."

"The Mayor and corporation are awaking to a sense of their duties, I see," I said presently. "They are actually breaking up the ground and getting fresh earth in. I suppose it's twenty years since it was last done—and it will be twenty more before it is done again."

MacLeish did not answer; he seized my arm suddenly and pointed, with outstretched finger, to the last elm of the avenue.

"There!" he exclaimed; "he is there again."

I saw nothing but two wheelbarrows, a plank and two spades sticking upright in the newly broken earth.

"Hold up!" I said. "Don't faint here, for heaven's sake!" and I shook him roughly. He looked at me vacantly, and I hurried him on. Presently he passed his hand across his eyes and drew a long breath.

"My grave—or his!" he muttered.

He said no more till we reached the barracks, when he turned to me, quite calmly and collectedly: "Laugh at me if you will—it can do no harm. I have seen him again. The third time will be the last." And he closed his door gently upon me.

* * * * * * *

I hadn't a chance of making many friends, sociable and agreeable as the Clinqhaven residents were, and was surprised to meet some Welsh friends established in one of the Parade houses for the season. They were a gay, hospitable set, with half a dozen pretty daughters and as many sons, all holiday-making as hard as they could. Something was always going on at the Pryse-Davieses, and I and many of my friends were made cordially welcome at any time. I conveyed numerous invitations to MacLeish—all politely but firmly declined. A picnic to Eastcliffe Bay—a boating party up the river to Lynas Castle—an afternoon dance; finally a seat on the drag to Northwold races.

On our return from our walk up the avenue, I found another of Miss Winnie Pryse-Davises's pretty little notes lying on my table, and a second addressed to Captain A. MacLeish.

"A dance after the races! Bless the girls, what constitutions they have! Is it worth while bothering MacLeish to go, I wonder? What can make them so crazy to cultivate his acquaintance?"

I gave no encouragement to Miss Winnie's hopes of his acceptance when I met her on the Parade that evening.

"Such a shame!" she said. "We want you all to come in uniform. It will make the room look so much better. Yours is lovely, I know—but a Highland dress!"

"Well, there are some 93d men here. Shall I bring them?"

"Oh, as many as you can, by all means, but I had set my heart on your Highland chief." Here three more Miss Pryse-Davises hurried up, excitedly and delightedly. "He's coming, Winnie? Here's his note!"

I could hardly believe my eyes.

"Why, not?" said Mr. MacLeish to me that night. "I've been very ungracious to your kind friends. Let me off the races, and I'll be as civil as you please all the evening. Next Friday, is it? Well, I hope they won't make a late affair of it. I'm going to shoot in the match on Saturday.

So it befel that on Friday evening a resplendent figure presented itself in my room. Caolchairn in full war paint.

"Why, you are as bejewelled as an old dowager going to court," said I, gazing on him with respectful admiration. "You'd be worth something if you were melted down!" MacLeish laughed merrily. He was in high spirits, as excited as any school-girl at the prospect of a dance, asked me no end of questions about the Miss Pryse-Davises, and made me solemnly promise him introductions to all of them.

"By the way, I ought to have some money with me," I said as we passed through the barrack gate. "We may want a cab home."

"Nonsense; it's a splendid night; besides, I've plenty." And he drew out his purse as he stood under the lamp. "No, it's all gold; what a nuisance!"

I noticed a pair of hungry eyes gleaming out of the darkness as he poured the money back, and saw a ragmuffin figure move slowly off. "Luckily there are two of us," I thought.

It was a brilliant little dance. The rooms were prettily and gaily decorated, the local confectioner had surpassed himself in the supper, and the Pryse-Davies girls looked as fresh and bright as if they had not passed a whole day under a broiling sun on the race-course.

"Is this wise?" I asked Miss Winnie, as we stood in the open French window of the dining-room, that looked on to the Parade.

"What the open air? Oh, it never does me any harm; and the moon is rising so exquisitely."

There was a small enclosure in front of the house, and over the dwarf wall a crowd of shabby-looking people were gazing in at the brilliantly lighted room.

"I'll send two of the men round to order them off," she said.

The last that departed looked round at me with the curious eager eyes I had seen before.

Meanwhile the fun was becoming rather fast and furious. They were getting up reels. One of the Highland officers had brought his bagpipes, on which the miscreant was a distinguished amateur performer. MacLeish was one of the noisiest and gayest there. I could hardly recognize the proud reserved boy I knew. The Pryse-Davieses were bewitched with him and he with them.

"What has come to you, MacLeish?" I asked, when I came upon him, sitting in a dark corner alone, his face buried in his hands. He looked up with a queer, wild smile.

"I'm not mad, Jones, or melancholy. I'm FEY; that's what it is."

"Come home, now, that's a good fellow; it's past two, and you wanted to be early."

"Not a bit of it! I've a valse with Miss Winnie, and half a dozen other dances to dispose of."

The other men departed by degrees, but MacLeish stayed on to the last, and I with him.

I might have left him, but some instinct detained me. At last we took leave.

Our shortest way home was through the Lady's avenue, and I took it without reflection. Half way through the grove MacLeish stopped. He had forgotten some nonsensical commission for one of the girls.

"I'll overtake you," he said. "I must go back."

I was too provoked with him to argue, but walked on, then sat down in the gloom of an overturned wheelbarrow and waited.

Some one passed me a few minutes later. He was in the full light of the moon, and I recognized the same shabby figure I had seen twice before—a young, broad-shouldered, slouching rough. He seemed to disappear suddenly behind one of the trees as a footstep approached, and MacLeish's voice was heard singing a valse tune. I caught a glimpse of his Glengarry and plaid as he crossed a streak of moonlight, and the next moment heard a sudden exclamation. There came a scuffle, blows, and before I could reach them, a heavy fall, a groan.

MacLeish was on his knees struggling to rise, held down in the grasp of a fallen man. He shook him off as I got up, and staggered to a tree against which he leant panting and breathless.

"He tried to garotte me, and when I managed to twist out of his hands dealt me a heavy blow on the head. I only struck him once in self-defence. Is he damaged?"

I turned the fallen man over on his back. He lay still. I dragged him to the moonlight.

"MacLeish! He's dead."

But MacLeish had dropped on his knees beside him and was gazing in the dead man's face with a face as ghastly.

"Fergus! Fergus MacLeish! Have we met? At last!"

He rose, perfectly panic-stricken. It was his cousin, he was assured, and indeed the likeness would have convinced me of the fact, without the additional evidence of the marked eyelid.

MacLeish was distraught with terror. It was murder he had done; he should die a felon's death. Nothing I could say would reassure him.

"Leave him here. Who's to know anything about him," I said at last. "Society is well rid of him What on earth are you going to do now?"

He had seized one of the pickaxes left by the laborers, and was digging in fierce haste under the last elm tree.

"His grave was to be here," he said. "He came to show me the spot."

I suppose it was a mad thing to do, but seeing him resolved, I turned to with the spade and helped him. The earth, being newly laid, was light and easily moved, and we soon made a trench deep enough for a grave. Then we laid the body gently down, and shovelled the earth in with feverish haste. The broad staring moon showed every pebble on the pathway, every stray leaf on the earth. We removed all traces of the struggle, replaced the tools, and hurried home in utter silence.

MacLeish held out his hand without speaking, as he stopped at his own door. I took it without hesitation. I am glad to remember that. He fixed his wild, woeful eyes on me for a moment and then hurried away. I was too excited and horror-stricken to think, and I lay down, dreading the hours that had to pass before the morning. Strange to say, I slept quietly and dreamlessly far into the next day, and when I awoke I could not realize the tragedy in which I had taken part.

"I've dreamt it all," I kept saying to myself; and a dream is soon forgotten. I'll go and have a swim and then see if the Pryse-Davies girls are out on the Parade. It must be all a nightmare. Still, persuade myself as I might, there were two things I could not do; pass down the avenue or face MacLeish.

Where was he, I asked his servant. Gone to the ranges. I would go and meet the party returning. It would be best to get the first meeting over in public. I walked quietly along the pretty country lane, listening for the well-known crack of the rifles. All was silent. Then at a turn of the road, I came suddenly upon a dozen figures or so walking slowly and silently. Four of them bore a hurdle, on which lay something with an officer's cloak thrown over it.

"What is it?" I asked; though I knew beforehand what the very words of the reply were going to be, somehow.

"Poor MacLeish! He was in the butts, and came out to look at the target; they had ceased firing at it. We shooting at long range, and some one—don't know who—fired at the wrong target. Shot through the heart, he dropped without a cry, stone-dead.

I left Clinqhaven that night, and will never set foot there again as long as I live.

WHAT A QUEER CLIMATE THIS IS!

First it snowed
And then it blowed,
And then began to rain;
And then it blowed
And then it snowed,
And then it rained again.

With cold in head
I'm almost dead;
But yet I won't complain;
PAIN KILLER saves
From wintry graves
And makes us well again.

Nobody ought to be without PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

—When the button comes off the back of a man's shirt his choler begins to rise.

—"Blood will tell!" so be careful how you make confidants of your relations.

—When an obdinary notice ends, "No further seek his frailties to disclose," it means "Whisky killed him."

—A little Southern boy, when asked if his father had a good mule, mournfully replied, "one end of him is good."

"BUCHUPAIBA."

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

—"What are those horrible sounds upstairs?" "Oh, that's nothing but dear George; I suppose he has lost his collar-button again."

—Among the novelties announced for 1883 is an almanac with a new joke in it. Send in your orders early to avoid disappointment.

Make your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for 10 cents.

—No one has yet been able to tell why a woman will tremble and turn pale upon receipt of a telegram.

—Five bricks fell twenty feet and struck a Harrisburg colored man on the head. They caromed from his skull, leaving it uninjured, but broke his little toe.

H. H. Hetzel, Williamsport, Pa., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters with most happy results for dyspepsia."

—Georgians use whisky and onions and cure the chills. Such a combination is not only strong, but it would scare away the worst case of malaria that ever existed.

—An enterprising editor writes on "How to treat woman." The only safe way for one's pocket-book is to never show them a bill of fare. They have a fondness for large figures.

An Incident in Virginia.

Our old friend, Mr. Wm. Caughton, of Heathsville, Sheriff of Northumberland Co., Va., says: "We have many good medicines in our parts, but nothing which equals St. Jacob's Oil, the Great German Remedy. My family keep the Oil in the house at all times and use it for almost everything that a medicine can be used for. They claim that it is unequaled for rheumatism and all bodily pains—*Tappahannock, (Va.) Tide Water Index.*

—"I declare," exclaimed Fogg at a dinner table recently, "this is the most affectionate pie. I ever saw." "Affectionate pie!" cried every one at the table including the landlady. "Yes," said Fogg, "the upper and lower crusts are so affectionate that they won't allow anything between them."