The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. XI., No 12. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1883. If not paid in advance, $1.25.

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Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
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OFFICE: Opposite Durling's Drug store, BANK St., Lehighton, Pa. jan. 14-y1

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OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House,"
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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. jy8 y1

THOMAS KEMERER,
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The following Companies are Represented:
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POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Home Taliens 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 travelling 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 19-y1.

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Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton
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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.

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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 Funeral purposes and Weddings. DAVID EBBERT
Nov. 22 1873

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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 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. For $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 dues under new laws. PATENTS for Inventors. Land Warrants FOUND. Procured, bought and sold. The "WORLD & SOLDIER" (weekly paper). Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions, blanks and beauty table.—N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Pension, Patent and Land Attys. Washington, D.C. [1t-m2

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 *2.10 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia at *5.00 a. m. and 3.35 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, *1.30, 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, 5.55, 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, † 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.

C. G. HANCOCK, Gen'l Pass'r & Ticket Agent.

November 6th

JOHN R. G. WEYSSER,
PROPRIETOR OF THE
West End Brewery,
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.
Pure Cider and Lager Beer
Delivered all over the State.
October 8, 1881 y1

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF
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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. july1-tf

Central Carriage Works,

Bank St., Lehighton, Pa.,
Are prepared to Manufacture
Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs,
Spring Wagon, &c.,
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April 28, 1882 y1 Proprietors.

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Letter Heads,
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Envelopes,
Statements,
Programmes,
Pamphlets,
&c., &c., in Best Manner, at
Reasonable Prices!

THE N. Y. SUN.
NEW YORK, 1883.

More people have read THE SUN during the year just now passing than ever before since it was first printed. No other newspaper published on this side of the earth has been bought and read in any year by so many men and women.

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

Because its news columns present in attractive form and with the greatest possible accuracy whatever has interest for humankind: the events, the deeds, and misdeeds, the wisdom, the philosophy, the notable folly, the solid sense, the improving nonsense—all the news of the busiest world at present revolving in space.

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 tune 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 dissent as plainly and forlornly as when supported by general approval. THE SUN has absolutely no purpose 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, nor 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.

All this is what we are told almost daily by our friends. One man holds that THE SUN is the best religious newspaper ever published, because its Christianity is undiluted with cant. Another holds that it is the best Republican newspaper printed, because it has already whipped half of the rascals out of that party, and the proceedings against the other half with undiminished vigor. A third believes it to be the best magazine of general literature in existence, because its readers miss nothing worthy of notice that is current in the world of thought. So every friend of THE SUN discovers one of its many sides that appeals with particular force to his individual liking.

If you already know THE SUN, you will observe that in 1883 it is a little better than ever before. If you do not already know THE SUN, you will find it to be a mirror of all human activity, a storehouse of the choicest products of common sense and imagination, a mainstay for the cause of honest government, a sentinel for genuine Jeffersonian Democracy, a source for wickedness of every description, and an uncommonly good investment for the coming year.

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DAILY—55 cents a month, $6.50 a year with Sunday edition, $7.70.
SUNDAY—Eight pages, $1.20 a year.
WEEKLY—$1 a year. Eight pages of the best matter of the daily issues; an Agricultural Department of unequalled merit, market reports, and literary, scientific, and domestic intelligence make THE WEEKLY SUN the newspaper for the farmer's household. To clubs of ten with $10, an extra copy free. Address
I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher,
THE SUN, New York City
November 25-w6

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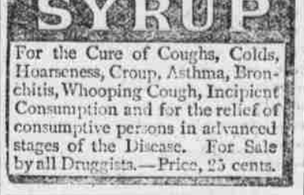

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POPULAR
Drug & Family Medicine Store,
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You can always rely upon getting STRICTLY Pure and Unadulterated
Drugs and Medicines.
DURLING carries the largest stock PATENT MEDICINES in the county.
DURLING has an elegant stock of DRUGGIST SUNDRIES, FANCY and TOILET ARTICLES for the ladies as well as the gents.
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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.

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EDISON MUSIC CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
dec. 24-m6.

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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, exerting its regular discharge.
Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve & quickly cure.
In this season to cleanse the system, every one should take a thorough course of it. (3)
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
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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 articles can be bought for elsewhere. Here are a few of the inducements offered:

Parlor Sets at from	$50 to $60
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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.
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KEEP NOTHING FROM MOTHER.

They sat at the spinning together,
And they spun the fine white thread;
One face was old and the other was young
A golden and silver head.

At times the young voice broke in song
That was wonderfully sweet;
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm
For her joy was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson,
Interwoven with silent prayer:
Taught to her gentle, listening child,
As they two sat spinning there.

"And of all that I speak, my darling,
From my older head and heart,
God giveth me one last thing to say,
And with it thou must not part.

"Thou wilt listen to many voices,
And oh! woe that this must be!
The song of praise and the voice of love
And the voice of flattery.

"But listen to me, my little one,
There's one thing that thou must fear—
Let never a word to my love be said
Which her mother may not hear.

"No matter how true, my darling one,
The words may seem to thee,
They are not fit for my child to hear
If they cannot be told to me.

"If thou'lt ever keep thy young heart pure,
And thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is said to thee by day
At night to thy mother's ear."

IN THE GLASS.

The village of Slapton was as quiet a village as can be. There are few houses in it; and the congregation that gathered every Sunday at the parish church came chiefly from the farms that were scattered broadcast over the country.

The vicar was the Rev. Herbert Gardner, and he was the happy father of some half a dozen children, the eldest of whom, Mattie, was a charming girl of twenty. There was little society in the village, and Mattie's chief ideas of the world at large were drawn from the occasional visits she made to a relative who lived in the neighboring country town. Still, though she was homely and unsophisticated, there was none of that affected simplicity you so often see in girls.

She was a frank, fearless, outspoken girl, full of life and spirits, and never so happy as when rambling about the old vicarage garden, picking baskefuls of roses for some sick boy or girl and carrying them with sunshine into some darkened home.

And in such works of real love and charity the last few years of her life had been mainly spent. Her father called her his "curate;" and, as the living was a small one, she was the only curate he had.

Mattie had been free as yet from 'heart disease,' though a neighboring 'squire's son had made several awkward attempts at lovemaking, and, though Mattie quite recognized the compliment he paid her, she never for a moment regarded him in any other light than as a friend, and remained herself perfectly heart-whole. This had happened when she was eighteen, and time had gone on smoothly enough, and at twenty she was still happy in her uneventful lot.

But the smooth run of life's wheels was interrupted at last, and the wheels were jolted out of their usual tracks; for about this time there came to the village a young surgeon who was looking out for a good opening for practice, and had determined to settle down here. As a matter of course he and Mattie often met in the houses of the poor, and, although not a word of love had passed between them, people began to associate their names together, and to speak of what might happen as a certainty.

One day when Mattie was as usual, among her roses, a servant came to say that Dr. Robertson had asked for her father, and as he was from home, for her. When she entered the room with her basket of roses on her arm, the doctor might well be excused if he wondered which were the fairer—the roses in the basket or the rose with the basket. If such thoughts passed through his mind he quickly put them aside, for he said:

"I came to ask Mr. Gardner if he would step down to old Silas Jones's, who is very ill with fever. They are very poor and any help you could give them would be of more use than medicine."

"Papa is from home," she said, "and will not return till to-morrow. But I will take them some beef-tea and port, if you think that would be good for him."

"Nothing could be better," replied the doctor. "But you must not go there yourself, for fear of infection. I am going past the house, and will take them myself, if you will give them to me."

"No, thank you, doctor," said Miss Mattie. "I never shirk my duty nor delegate it to others, so I will take them myself."

"Anyway, let me walk with you, if you are going now, and we can talk about the case as we go."

In a few minutes the beef-tea and the wine were ready, and Mattie sallied forth with the doctor. And this was the way they talked about the case:

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Glorious!" said Mattie.

"What has become of you in the evenings lately? I used to see you frequently but now you are never to be seen."

"Minnie has not been well lately, so I have stayed at home on her account. It is pleasant to know that some one misses me," she said, laughing.

"I miss you a great deal, Miss Mattie—almost as much, if not quite as much as your own people do. This is Jones's cottage; so now let me take the things in."

"No, indeed; I shall go in myself," said Mattie.

"No, decidedly no," said the doctor. "It can never be your duty to rush into uncalled for danger. I am obliged to see these people, so let me take the basket in."

From that day it began to dawn on Mattie's heart that here was one man who had missed her when she was absent and who tried to keep her out of danger.

And little by little this thought grew bigger and took root, until there came a sort of echo to it, which said, "I miss him, too. I wish he had not to risk his life by going to see fever cases."

And from that day there was less cordial friendship and there was more shy reserve in her intercourse with the doctor. And sometimes Dr. Robertson did not know what to make of it, and one evening he said:

"Want have I done to vex you, Miss Mattie?"

To which she replied, "Vex me. Why nothing, of course! Whatever made you think you had?"

"My own stupidity, I suppose," replied he. "I should be very sorry to vex you, Miss Mattie."

"Then don't talk about it, else you will."

"What a lovely rose that is! Would you mind giving it to me to show that you are not vexed?" said the doctor.

"There are plenty on that bush," she answered. "You can take as many as you like."

"But won't you give me that one? I am going away for a fortnight and it will be a keepsake—if you will give it to me. Do, please."

"If you really want it you shall have it," she said, as she took it from her bosom and gave it to him."

And he, as he pinned it in his coat, said: "It will remind me of a rose even fairer than itself."

"For shame, doctor," said Miss Mattie. "I will not stop to hear such gross flattery"—and away she ran toward the house.

"Shake hands first," he cried. "I am going to-morrow, early. One may get smashed up on the journey, so I should like to part friends. It is a long way to Manchester."

She gave him her hand, saying: "Good-bye, Dr. Robertson; I wish you a pleasant journey."

He had been gone about a week when, as Mattie was coming down the street, if street it could be called, the doctor's housekeeper was standing at the door with a paper in her hand. When Mattie drew near the old woman cried out: "Laws a mussy, Miss Mattie, but do'ee just read this paper. My own eyes binna so good as they oncest was," and the old lady held out a crumpled newspaper.

And Mattie read: "On the 24th inst., at the parish church, Manchester, James Robertson, M. D., only son of Peter Robertson, M. R. C. S., and L. S. A., of Manchester, to Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of the late Isaac Jefferson, of Polton."

For a moment Mattie was speechless with mingled feelings. Then came the reflection that this garrulous old woman must not see her pain. And, summoning up all her resolution, she said:

"If you write to him wish him much happiness for me."

In the solitude of her chamber she looked into her heart and learned her secret. This man, who was another's husband, had made himself dearer to her than anyone on earth could be; and she had been mistaken in supposing that he cared for her.

Oh, shame, shame, to love where she was not loved—to give her heart unasked! Still, she never told her love—the secret was her own and she could keep it inviolate and meet him on his return without flinching. And, although she had no power to put him out of her heart, she could and would prevent her mind from dwelling upon him.

One morning she heard that the doctor had come home. She was standing among her roses with a very sad heart, when she saw Mr. Robertson passing up the road with a lady. He lifted his hat to her and she tried to return his salutation as she would any other friend, but somehow the warm blood came to her cheeks and it was but a stiff and unfriendly little bow that she gave them. And while she stood thinking of it all, and wondering why she should be so unhappy, she heard footsteps behind her on the gravel walk, and turning, saw Dr. Robertson advancing, eagerly to greet her. Again the crimson tide flooded her face, making her look very lovely in her confusion. But she managed to stammer out something about 'Glad to see you,' when the doctor broke in with:

"Not half so glad as I am to see you. I have been to a wedding since I left Slapton, and enjoyed my holiday immensely."

"Yes, I know," she said; "I saw your wife walking with you this morning."

"Did you, indeed?" he said, while a smile of quiet joy lit up his face. "And where were you looking when you saw her. In the glass?"

She looked at him quickly, then her eyes drooped before the expression of his eyes, and again the telltale blush overspread her face and neck.

"Where did you see my wife, Mattie?"

"In the road," said Mattie.

"No, that was my sister," he replied.

"In the newspaper," she urged.

"That was my cousin," he explained. "Come here. Did you look in the glass this morning?"

"Yes," whispered Mattie.

"Then that's where you saw my wife—if you saw her anywhere."

And, of course, that settled it; and you all know what happened as well as I can tell you.

"My mother's awful fickle," said little Edith to Mrs. Smith, who was making a call. "When she saw you coming up the street she said, 'There's that horrid Mrs. Smith; I hope she isn't coming here,' and a minute after she told you she was real glad to see you."

WANTED TO LEAVE.

Adolphus wore his breeches tight;
Of this he did not think
When he put on the roller skates
To show off at the rink.
His first adventure was his last,
He'll put on skates no more;
He tried to kick the roof all in,
And sat down on the floor.

When Dolphy dropped the girls all laughed—
It was an awful fall—
And when they had their backs all turned
He backed up to the wall.
He called a friend, took off the skates,
And giving him the wink,
Said, "Jim, lend me that long-tailed coat,
I want to leave the rink."

—*Courier-Journal.*

JOKES AND SATIRE.

It is noticeable that the difference between the jokes and fun of the present day and those of our fathers' time, is that now they are based usually upon some whimsically absurd, but perfectly good-humored, view of an ordinary subject; while in old times the repartee of witticism had the sharp crack of a whip in it, and cut deeply, without regard to the feelings of the victim.

American women of society of the Revolutionary era, were noted for their brilliancy and sharpness of retort; but there was always necessary a butt for their wit, who we may be sure did not join in the homage of their powers. Col. Tarleton, for example, dancing on a waxed floor, fell headlong at the feet of his hostess, a Southern belle.

"Do not be chagrined, colonel," she said quickly, helping him to rise. "You are not the first Briton who has bitten the dust before a Yankee rebel."

"I hope smoking is not offensive to you," said a German baron to an American lady, lighting his pipe on the deck of a steamer.

"I really cannot tell," she said indifferently. "No gentleman has ever smoked before me."

A commander-in-chief of the army in his later years was less deferential in his manner than suited the idea of haughty Virginia belles.

"And how do you find yourself, Miss Cabell?" he said one evening, leaning familiarly on the back of her chair.

"But poorly, general," she replied. "Old age is creeping too close upon me."

Now, to our modern taste there is more sharpness than good breeding in this kind of retort. Nor is it so difficult to acquire a reputation as a sayer of sharp things as may be supposed, provided a woman sets herself to look out for the bizarre, unexpected side of every subject, and is reckless as to the amount of satire with which she flavors her jokes. It is the bitter flavor in a joke which will give it popularity.

Young girls who have a certain kind of cleverness, and little beauty, are often tempted to indulge in cutting sarcasm, to draw attention to themselves in society. But, however much their audiences in balls and parties may applaud or appear amused, they may be assured that all women avoid the sarcastic wit when they would seek a friend, and men also, when they choose a woman as a wife. In neglected, solitary middle age they learn how dearly bought were their short triumphs.

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.

This elaborate calculation is sometimes found in old family Bibles:

	Bible	Testament	Total
Books	39	27	66
Chapters	929	260	1,189
Verses	23,214	7,959	31,173
Words	592,439	181,253	773,692
Letters	2,728,100	838,380	2,566,480

APOCRYPHA.

Chapters	183
Verses	6,081
Words	152,185

The middle chapter and least in the Bible is Psalm cxvii.

The middle verse is Psalm cxviii, 8.

The middle time is 2 Chronicles iv 16

The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35 543 times, and in the New Testament 10 684 times.

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,855 times.

BIBLE.

The middle book is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is Job xxix, between the 17th and 18th verses.

TESTAMENT.

The middle book is Thessalonians.

The middle chapter is between Romans xiii and xiv.

The middle verse is Acts xvii, 17. The last verse of Ezra vii, contains all the letters of the alphabet.

2 Kings xix, and Isaiah xxxvi, are alike. The above took three years casting up.

ON WIMMIN'S RIGHTS.

The following are the opening sentences of the address on this subject by Mrs. Skinner.

Miss President, feller women, and male trash generally—I am here to-day for the purpose of discussing woman's rights, recussing her wrongs and cussing the men.

I believe the sexes were created perfectly equal, with the woman a little more equal than the man.

I also believe that the world to-day would be happier if men never existed.

As a success man is a failure, and I thank my stars my mother was a woman. [Applause.]

I not only maintain these principles, but maintain a sightless husband besides. They say man was created first. Well, suppose he was. Ain't first experiments always failures? If I was betting I would bet $2 $0 they are.

The only decent thing about him was a rib, and that went to make something better.

And they throw in our faces about taking an apple. I'll bet five dollars Adam boosted her up the tree, and then only gave her the core. [Great applause.]

And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instinct, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian Bend and said, "'Twasn't me, 'twas her," and woman has since had to father everything and mother it too.

What we want is the ballot; we are bound to have it. If we have to let down our back hair and swim in a sea of gore. [Sensation.]

The Carbon Advocate.

An Independent Family Newspaper Published every SATURDAY, in Lehighton, Carbon Co., Pa., by
HARRY V. MORTHIMER.
OFFICE—BANKWAY, a short distance above the Lehigh Valley R. R. Depot.

Terms: $1.00 per Annum in Advance

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PLAIN AND FANCY
Job Printing
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

"ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY-FIVE."

One of our exchanges—the Grenville (N. Y.) SENTINEL—presented a bill to the board of supervisors for $183 75 and was allowed $1.75. The SENTINEL editor gave vent to his feelings in the following:

"Whoever cheats the printer
Out of a single cent,
Will never reach the heavenly land
Where good Elijah went.

To the board of supervisors,
In their future home so hot,
Will have no printers' bills to cut,
For there they enter not.

So wreak your vengeance while you can,
You'll scarce make us feel sick;
You'll have the pleasure by and bye
Of chewing red hot brick.

When we in transient glory
Look down in your warm hive,
We'll send the following message:
"One dollar and seventy-five."

WHAT IS CASE.

Printer—A place to hold type.
Express Agent—Two dozen of beer.
Lawyer—Every suit that I have.
Doctor—That patent of mine.
Preacher—Every sinner I see.
Grammarian—The relation of nouns.
Merchant—The place to show goods.
Librarian—Some shelves for books.
Architect—The face of a house.
Undertaker—The place for your corpse.

And a hard case is the man who takes a paper five or six years and then orders it discontinued without paying for it.

This exhausts our knowledge on caseology, or the science of cases.

"SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES."

She had the jumping tooth ache
The night when first we met;
Her face was marked with anguish,
Her eyes with tears were wet.

I told her PERRY DAVIS'S
PAIN KILLER was the thing
To cure the jumping tooth ache,
And take away its sting.

Next evening when I saw her,
I asked her, "Did you get
That bottle of PAIN KILLER?"
Said she: "All right—you bet!"

CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

A correspondent of the Pulla. Record sends to that paper the following receipt for diphtheria from an English doctor who never lost a case when giving this treatment:

"One teaspoonful of sulphur in a wineglassful of water. Stir with a stick, not with metal. Use as a gargle, some to pass down the throat. When not possible to use as a gargle blow a little powdered sulphur through a quill into the throat. This will give instant relief."

It is now known that diphtheria is caused by animalculæ just below the roots of the tongue, and powdered sulphur is the most powerful agent (and least harmless) known. My own children have had the diphtheria—one of them severely—growing worse under the care of a good physician. I suspended his medicines and applied powdered sulphur on a flat stick (a fair pinch, the child projecting its tongue), just across the lower part of the tongue. This gave immediate relief, and after two or three applications the child recovered.

In a large town in Western New York there was an epidemic of diphtheria, and every case was fatal up to the time this remedy was made known to the people there, when only one child died of all those who had used it. I have mentioned it to others with like results. This remedy should be made known in districts where diphtheria prevails.

"BUCHUPAIBA."

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

—A dancer's road to ruin is a towpath.

—A heavy mash—"Truth crushed to death."

—Raising food from the plate to the mouth is the best health lift.

—Don't despise a thing because it's little. A quart jug will hold more than most men.

S. Wilton, Wrightsville, Pa., says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters superior to any medicine I ever used."

—The toothless man ought to be a sweet talker, for all his words must of necessity be gum drops.

—Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

Skeletons are now sold at the ridiculously low price of $25. At that rate almost every family can have one in the closet.

☞ Diamond Dyes will color any thing any color, and never fail. The easiest and best way to economize. 10 cents, at all druggists.

—The zodiacal sign for the opening of winter is a goat. The goat is a hard butter, and hard butter is almost always a sign that the weather is cold.

—The turtle is so slow that he has to take his home with him when he goes out for a walk. Otherwise he might not be able to reach home by bedtime.

—An old bachelor says: "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never knew a man in love that did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I could."

A Toothsome Morsel.

This from the *Madison (Wis.) Democrat* conveys its own moral:—Hold on! We are reminded of the fact that an aching tooth was last night cured by the application of St. Jacobs Oil. The young fellow got mad over his raging tooth in the ball room, and rushed straightway to a drug store where he applied the good old German Remedy; in ten minutes the toothache had gone.

—Mrs Ray, the first woman that went to Leadville, dug in the mines, scouted the plains as scout, took in washing, and now has a fortune of $1,000,000. Her husband unhesitatingly regards her as a "bright ray."

—Woman's love. "Do you believe that a woman nowadays would die for the object of her love?" asked a bachelor friend. "I don't know whether she'd do or no," answered the Benedict, "but I've known her to go wild when the trimming didn't suit her."