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- One year, each insertion..... 10 cts
- Six months, each insertion..... 5 cts
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H. V. MORTIMER, Publisher.

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. XI, No 16.

LEIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883.

If not paid in advance, \$1.25.

The Carbon Advocate.

An Independent Family Newspaper Published every TUESDAY, in Leighton, Carbon Co., Pa., by **HARRY V. MORTIMER.** OFFICE—BAKWAY, a short distance above the Lehigh Valley R. R. Depot. TERMS: \$1.00 per Annum in Advance. EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PLAIN AND FINE **Job Printing** AT VERY LOW PRICES.

CARDS, Attorneys.

W. M. RAPSHER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
BANK STREET, LEIGHTON, PA.

Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Practice in any Court. Conveyances made. Title guaranteed. Settling Estates of Deceased promptly made. Settling Estates of Deceased a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. Nov. 15.

Physicians and Dentists.

W. A. BERHAMER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases. Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd St., Leighton, Pa. April 2, 1875.

N. B. REBER, M. D.,
D. S. Examining Surgeon.
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office: Bank Street, REBER'S BLOCK, Leighton, Pa. May be consulted in the German or English. Nov. 7.

D. C. W. BOWER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
May be consulted in the German or English language. Office: Opposite Darling's Drug store, BANK ST., Leighton, Pa. Jan. 11-75.

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

Railroad Guide.

Philadelphia & Reading R. R.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.
NOVEMBER, 1882.

Trains leave Allentown as follows:

- For Philadelphia at 5:00 a. m., 11:40 a. m., and 5:30 p. m.
- For Reading and Harrisburg, 8:00, 8:40 a. m., 12:15, 4:3, and 9:00 p. m.
- For Lancaster and Columbia, 8:00, 8:40 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia at 5:00 a. m. and 5:30 p. m. (Via EAST PENN. BRANCH.)

For Reading and Harrisburg, 8:00, 8:40 a. m., 12:15, 4:3, and 9:00 p. m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, 8:00, 8:40 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.

D. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

The great superiority of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP over all other cough remedies is attested by the immense popular demand for that old established remedy.

D. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 cents.

"VET."

"V. a. t. Vet." What does it mean Upon your soldier's faded coat? His hand is hard and rough and brown; I see a scar along his throat; His eyes seem looking far off still; His nose sticks out a foot and grim. Mother, what means that little word, Upon a sleeve so worn and dim?"

It means, my child, that ragged hand Has wielded musket long and well; Has sent the iron thunder home; And tamed the song of screeching shell. It means that, steady, staunch and true, He fairly won that ragged war; While you and I sat safe at home, And read the news about the war.

What wonder if the mouth is grim, That said so many times "good bye?" Life's common words are idle breath, Beside those earnest battle cries. What wonder if the gaze is dim, And yonder strangely linger yet? The eye that has looked straight at Death His image may not soon forget.

And this is what it means, to earn The title "veteran," on a coat; To march through flood and field, or lie Where rebel rifles swept the moat; To serve the guns in rifle pits; To sleep beneath the silent sky; To dream of home and wake to war; To see a comrade drop and die;

To hear and heed the fearful song, Which whistling Minie bullets sing; To faint and fall, and longing lie For one cool draught from rocky spring. And this my child, is what it says, That little word of letters three, Go, clasp his hand, and give him thanks, For battles fought for you and me.

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

JOHN R. G. WEYSSER,
PROPRIETOR OF THE **West End Brewery,**
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

Pure Porter and Lager Beer
Delivered all over the State.
October 2, 1881 '81

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF CLOTHING
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, or, Gents' Furnishing Goods

CLAUSS & BROTHER
THE POPULAR **Merchant Tailors,**
Bank Street, Leighton.

PRICES VERY LOW FOR CASH. The public patronage solicited. July 17 '81

Central Carriage Works,
Bank St., Leighton, Pa.

Are prepared to Manufacture Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs, Spring Wagon, &c., &c. Of every description in the most substantial manner, and at lowest Cash Prices. Repairing Promptly Attended to.

TRAXLER & KREIDLER, Proprietors.
April 26, 1882 '81

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

Household Furniture

Manufactured from the best Domestic Materials at Prices fully as low as the market rate, can be bought for cash here. Here are a list of the substances offered:

- Parlor Sets at \$100..... \$50 to \$60
- Walrus, Mahogany, Dressing Cases
- Bedroom Suits, 8 Pieces..... \$30 to \$40
- Painted Bedroom Suits..... \$15 to \$20
- Case Bedstead, Chairs, per set of 4..... \$10 to \$15
- Chamber, Chairs, per set of 4..... \$10 to \$15
- and all other Goods equally cheap.

In this connection, I desire to call the attention of the people to my well equipped office

"Only my love to Mrs. Gilmore."

Now, Mrs. Gilmore was the mother of Nell's persistent adorer, Christopher Nelson Gilmore, and the families had been intimate for years.

"I'll bet Nell to take the middle of household goods to work to call on Mrs. Gilmore as a little out of order."

She fitted away, her sunny curls dancing on the soft May breeze, and putting two and two together, remembered that Chris had not been in the house for twenty-four hours.

Y-nally I tried to recall a similar interval when he was in Wryburn, and I was prepared to attend promptly to all orders in this line at respective prices.

Persons respectively solicited and the most ample attention guaranteed.

V. S. SCHWARTZ, Proprietor.
BANK ST., Leighton.

THE UNDERTAKING BUSINESS

with a new and HANDSOME BEARER, and a full line of CASKETS and COFFINS. I am prepared to attend promptly to all orders in this line at respective prices.

Persons respectively solicited and the most ample attention guaranteed.

V. S. SCHWARTZ, Proprietor.
BANK ST., Leighton.

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

do, even Aunt Jane and papa, in emergency.

"Belle," she said, in a low, grave tone, "Chris has gone to Cape Town."
"Gone?" I cried. "Why, he was here yesterday!"
"He has gone to visit his uncle, the one who offered him a business opening some time ago. Chris did not want a business opening, as he has plenty of money; and, Belle, Mrs. Gilmore says it is all my fault that she is left alone and childless."
"Scarcely your fault, dear," I said, my heart aching for the pitious strain in the sweet voice, the pain in the bright eyes. "You were right to refuse to marry a man you do not love."
But Nell only grew whiter, and went slowly to her own room.

After that, in all the family lamentations for Chris, so many years a sort of adopted brother in our midst, Nell never spoke of him.

The next winter, Meg, our eldest, was married; and, as if matrimony was a contagion, Jane followed her example; then Maude, Lizzie, and even Kate, our baby.

Nell, the prettiest, smartest, sweetest of all, had, in a moment, spent two winters visiting Meg, and by all accounts, captivated hearts by scores, but coming back to be the life and brightness of our home.

"There must be one old maid in every family," she said; and when I suggested my eminent fitness for the position, she smiled softly, and said, "Mr. Brooks says you are the household angel, so please let us hear no more nonsense."
"There's Aunt Jane, too," I replied, mildly.
"Belle," she said, severely, "will you stop talking nonsense? Aunt Jane, indeed!"

It really did seem as if Nell was in earnest about a single life; but, after all, she was only twenty-four, and looked about seventeen, when, one day, she should walk into the Parsonage parlor, as coolly as if he had left it the day before, but Chris.

We were all there as he came in, but before he had spoken to Aunt Jane I saw that Nell had vanished.

Did Chris see her run out of the door as she entered the front window? I think he did.

There was a subdued twinkle in his eyes as he inquired for my intimates, not at all consistent with his words of sympathy.

Presently Nell came in, with a quiet smile of greeting, and a perfect composure of manner, but Chris was a match for her.

It was as good as a play to watch those two, so completely did they ignore the fact that he was a discarded lover who had been sent away by her cruelly.

They conversed easily and gracefully—Christopher's African experiences, varied by the descriptions of the family weddings, the new homes, the brothers-in-law's the children, and a thousand other details, in which our caller expressed the greatest interest.

After that he dropped in as of old, making himself agreeable and useful to everyone in the house, especially tender, as he has had been, to me.

Indeed, I found myself wondering sometimes if he was going to take Nell's mocking advice, and all the others leaving appropriated, for himself to me.

He took me for long drives in his mother's pony-carriage, and was always ready to hear of Nell's conquests, showing no jealousy, but a great deal of amusement, over her ecstasies.

"She was a bona coquette!" he said, once; "and yet nobody can call Nell vain. It has been a matter of course with her to be admired ever since she could run alone."
"She is our beauty now, as of old," I answered; and Chris assented cordially.

"I have seen no face so winsome since I left home," he said; but he spoke with the frank admission of a brother, and gave no token of a love-sick swain.

Had he outlived his love, I wondered, and came home to prove to Nell that her days of tyranny were over?

I think Nell suspected that he had, always even-tempered, Nell became fitful and capricious; bright and laughing when Chris was with us, often silent and sometimes gloomy when she thought herself unobserved.

She lost her color, and I caught her more than once rubbing her cheeks when going down stairs to see Chris, and she was a dozen times a day.

"What ails Nell?" she asked, carelessly. "I'm going down the street."
"None," I said; "I did not think you could be spared."
"Aunt Jane is rather grumpy about it," I said, adjusting a coquish wreath of apple-blossoms upon her hat, "but I want to get the smell of spoons out of my nose. I may stop at Gilmore's, have you any message?"
"Only my love to Mrs. Gilmore."
Now, Mrs. Gilmore was the mother of Nell's persistent adorer, Christopher Nelson Gilmore, and the families had been intimate for years.

NELL AND CHRIS.

There were only seven of us, all girls, in the dear old parsonage at Wryburn, where papa had lived for thirty years.

Under the daisies in the pretty country churchyard dear mamma had slept since Kate was a wee baby, and Aunt Jane had come to care for the motherless children of her brother as soon as the calamity fell upon him.

We were a rosy-cheeked, healthy set of girls, rather good-looking, Nell being ever beauty, and I the only invalid.

I am a cripple, but I am not going to bother you with my story, excepting as my observations are recorded.

It was in the spring, and my sisters and Aunt Jane were very busy with householdwork.

I was in my room, knitting; papa wandering about, disconsolate at the invasion of his study, and consequent interruption of his literary work, when the murmur of voices from the porch floated up to me, and I mentally exclaimed, "Dear me! Chris is proposing to Nell again!"

"And nobody ever will, or ever can love you as I do," Chris was saying, when Nell's voice struck in.

"There, that window fairy dazzles you! Who says I can't clean glass? Oh, I beg your pardon, Chris. No, of course!"

"But, Nell, do listen to me! Chris, didn't you ask me to marry you when I was in my cradle? I am sure you have asked me once a week ever since, I want you know, or ought to know, by this time. Why can't you ask somebody else, just for variety? I am sure any of the other girls will make a much better wife than I will; that is," said Nell, with a sudden spasm of loyalty for the rest of us, "if any of them would take you."

"How can I care for anyone else when my whole heart has been yours all my life?" said Chris, disconsolately. "It is cruel to trifles so with true love."

"Don't be an idiot," said Nell, sharply. "I never trifled with you! I told you that you were a horrid boy, and I would never marry you, when you used to steal apples to present to me, and I never, never told you anything else."

"No," sighed Chris.

"Then why don't you let me alone?"

"Here Aunt Jane, her head tucked up in a manner that defied description, came upon the scene with, "O, here's Chris! Chris, do run over to Saith's and get me a paper of carpet tacks!"

Chris departed.

Presently Smith's boy brought the carpet tacks, and Nell was left alone for the remainder of that day, as far as Chris was concerned.

The next day the cleaning went forward briskly, but it was still early in the morning when Nell came to my room equipped for a walk.

"Any letters?" she asked, carelessly. "I'm going down the street."
"None," I said; "I did not think you could be spared."
"Aunt Jane is rather grumpy about it," I said, adjusting a coquish wreath of apple-blossoms upon her hat, "but I want to get the smell of spoons out of my nose. I may stop at Gilmore's, have you any message?"
"Only my love to Mrs. Gilmore."
Now, Mrs. Gilmore was the mother of Nell's persistent adorer, Christopher Nelson Gilmore, and the families had been intimate for years.

gretted it when Nell's arms stole around my neck, and a face wet with tears was pressed against my own.
"Will he die?" she whispered. "Oh, Belle, what shall I do if he dies?"
Then, as if ashamed of letting even my loving eyes read her secret, she rushed away and locked herself in her room.

Such restless misery followed that my heart ached for her.

She made Aunt Jane spend almost all her time at Mrs. Gilmore's, and undertook the housekeeping herself, letting papa take the care of his sister's care.

But she seemed to live in a sort of breathless expectation of the news from Chris.

Worse! worse! very low! such were the disheartening tidings day after day, until there came one dreadful night of agonized watching, and Chris changed for the better.

Convalescence was slow and tedious; but one day, when we were all in the drawing-room, there was a soft rattle across the room, on the porch, down the garden, and a jay-ring in Nell's voice, crying, "Oh, Chris!—dear Chris!—you are here again!"

"Then I saw him leaning one hand on her shoulder, one on his cane, as he came feebly up the path, pale, thin and weak, but Chris restored to us.

Spring came round once more, and Nell and Aunt Jane bided themselves with the usual extra householdwork.

One more voice floated up to me from the porch.

"You were cleaning those windows when I went away, Nell!"

"Please, Chris, don't!" Nell pleaded.

"Don't repeat the offense for which I was banished, Nell. But I must, darling. It is for the last time."
"Hush!" I whispered at this crisis, as Aunt Jane entered my room. "Chris is proposing to Nell."
"Well," said my aunt, "that is an old story."
"But she has accepted him, I said exultingly, as a faint, "Yes, dear Chris, I know you are the only man I could ever love," stole up to me.
"Ahem!" said Aunt Jane. "You and I, Belle, will be the old maids of the family, after all."
And Aunt Jane was right.

Dear papa says—I know it was only his kindness, but it is pleasant to hear—that he could not spare the last of his girls to any husband.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

KIDNEY WORT
IS A SURE CURE
FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND LIVER.

It has specific action on the most important organs, enabling it to remove all impurities, stimulate the healthy secretion of bile, and by keeping the bowels in free motion, inducing the healthy action of the lungs, and by its purifying effect, it cures all diseases of the kidneys, such as Malaria, Dropsy, Hematuria, Neuritis, Catarrh, etc., and all other diseases of the urinary system, every case of which is cured by its use. It is sold by DRUGGISTS. Price 25 cts.

VALENTINE SCHWARTZ,
BANK ST., Leighton, Pa.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

The POSITION of the CLUB on QUESTIONS OF THE DAY, ETC.

"Hush a letter," said the old man as he held up a massive, "dated at Washington" an "in a splendid flourish, axim" to have de position of dis club on various questions an' subjctes deified for de benefit of de public. De Secretary of State kin post up in his office de following facts:

"On religion dis club rather leans to de Baptist kind, but am not so bigoted as to stan' idly by an' see a Methodist Church consumed by fish or cat' food by a freshet.

"On politics we vote split tickets, aimin' to elect de smaller rascal an' to beat maddest nominalists.

"As to free trade and protection, dis club can't express its contempt for a gov'ment which levies a tariff of ten per cent on women's corsets an' can't bring a million-dollar official embezzler to justice.

"On civil reform and protection, dis club can't express its contempt for a gov'ment which levies a tariff of ten per cent on women's corsets an' can't bring a million-dollar official embezzler to justice.

"On our own reform, we don't stop ober our shirks. De cry am as hollow as an old log an' as thin as de voice of a Connecticut baby.

"On social etiquette, we set wid a fork, address every gentleman as 'Kernal,' an' we generally manage to start for home before being kicked out.

"On de temperance question, we argue dat if a man don't know 'em' don't let whisky get de upper-hold of him, he'd better be tied to some lamp-post wear de fool-kiln kiln find him.

"As to de labor question, pay far's wages, demand squar' work, an' keep de doors open for demagogues who encourage strikes.

"Dat's whar' and how we stan', from chery Sunday mornin' to Saturday night, an' I may add, dat we shall be happy any time to connect wid Congress, give advice to de Legislature, an' throw out walbumish suggestions to social bodies. Let us now attack de reg'lar program of business."

THE SICK.

The Committee of de Sick reported dat Chas. Chas. Green, a local member, had applied for relief on de ground dat he had fallen against a hot stove in a grocery and severely burned his legs while de fending de Lime-Kiln Club from de aspirations of a white man. The committee had decided upon de application, holding dat Brother Green should have either taken his coffee and gone home, or else moved out on de sidewalk before beginning his argument.

They also reported dat Elder Sturdy Taylor was sick in bed with blood poisoning, and had filed his claim for \$3 per week.

"Does any of de committee know how he pizened his blood?" asked de President.

"None of dem did."

"De Elder am a purty fair man an' a member who silius pays his dues," continued de President, "but he has a little fallin' in. If he finds a bottle of de street he don't kever what de libe reads so long as de contents tickle his palate. He foun' a bottle one day 'week an' swallowed half its contents befo' he discovered dat he didn't 'specially relish it. He's ole an' tough an' will probably pull free, but he can't have any money from de club just de same. A man of his age who can't hold medicine from Mrs. Winslow's soothin' syrup must suffer de consequences."—De-trait Press.

"—Hnt to a lazy man—Eldow a free bed in a hospital and society tyrologist."

"OLD ROSEY," NOT "OLD PAW."
General Rosecrans was one of those wide-awake commanders who couldn't be caught napping. He was accustomed to visit all the camps and outposts, to see that the soldiers under him were thoroughly on the alert. One night, the General, accompanied by Major Bond, mounted his horse and galloped out to camp Sheridan the stamping ground of General Pike's enrolled militia. It was in-dlight when the two officers arrived at the centre of the camp, and dismounted. A soldier came forward from some place of concealment and hailed the officers—"Who goes there?"

"Friends," answered the General. "Friends, eh? Well, what next?"
"Nothing next; but you are all prisoners."

The militia got his eyes open by this time, and seeing the stars of a Major General before him, supposed the veritable old Paw Price had him in hand. He dropped his gun by his side, folded his arms, and appeared resigned to his fate. A German soldier now came up and asked what was going on. He was told that the camp had been captured, and he had to surrender.

"We will see about that," said the German, tightening his belt and preparing for a fight. The two soldiers then escorted the General and his aid to head quarters, and when they discovered that it was "Old Rosey" and not "Old Paw," who had captured the camp, they felt greatly relieved and made up their minds not to be caught napping again.

"PAT AND A MISSISSIPPI TIGER"

The dogged, obstinate, and licker character of the rebel Galt troops was one of the familiar facts of the war, as the following incident which happened near Martinsburg, Va., will show. A son of Eric captured one of the famous "Mississippi Tigers," but while bringing him to the Union camp, the tiger, an immense fellow, managed to free himself and ran. The plucky Irishman declined to use his musket, but chased him with the wildest speed. At last, seeing him, if they went in the most logical style of rough-and-tumble. The "Tiger," maddened by the stinging words which the lusty Irishman dealt, leaped his hip, nearly severing his thumb. For the "Pat" dropped the soldier then, and retaliated in the same way; finally he conquered him after a tremendous wrestling, which dislocated his shoulder. The next day he visited the son of the "Reputation State," in the hospital, went up to him and shaking his well worn a leary grin observed, with his Irish brogue, "I haven't a bit of a grudge again as ye; I jabber'd ye are almost as good as meeself."

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NOT "JEFF" BUT GEOFFREY DAVIS.

Among the "gentleman" furnished with lodgings for the night at the Union street station house in ———, was an Irishman. He had a large amount of masonry in his hat—in other words he was unmistakably tipsy. When such persons are brought to the station house the first process is to search them. This process is intended not only to benefit the prisoner and prevent him from being robbed by other gentlemen or ladies who may be placed in the same cell.

The prisoner is next asked concerning his name, occupation and nativity. These points are recorded, and reported to the warden next morning. If the prisoner is too drunk to answer questions, the explanation is made when he pays his fine, or goes to jail. The Irishman in question proved to be a character in his way, as the following show:

"What's your name?" asked the turnkey, as he was brought in.

"My name's Davis, an' it's as good as one as yours any day in de year."

"Very well; what's your first name?"

The Irishman told it; and the turnkey recorded it on his slate, "Jeff Davis."

Though decidedly drunk, the Irishman was anything but an ignoramus. He looked at the turnkey's memorandum, and saw the name "Jeff Davis."

"What the devil's that?" he sharply asked, with forefinger pointing to the slate.

"Why, it's the name you told me was yours."

"Told you so?"

"Of course you did. Didn't you say your name was Jeff Davis?"

The Irishman looked at him in silence for a moment. Then, clearing his fat he brushed it menacingly over the turnkey's hat saying—

"As 't warran't for yer gray hairs of your ignorance, one of de other, I'll make de use of ye till ye couldn't tell it from a turtrip."

"And for what?" asked the turnkey, looking up in surprise.

"For writin' down me name like de name of de black-hearted Judas of de Jefferson Davis."

"Didn't you say that was your name?"

"I did not. Overhaul your dictionary ye old smashum. It's ignorance, that's all dat ails ye. But out dat Jefferson. Instead of a J put a G, and then spell out me name Geoffrey Davis. Beised, if my name was Jefferson I'd change it to Peter, so I would!"

With this remark the speaker disappeared into the cell, whow-dart the officer was hollering open for him. Two minutes afterwards his snoring resounded through the whole building. He didn't mind the degradation of de lock-up, but hadn't quite descended to de lev' l of de pettiest whose name he was supposed to wear.

TO YOUNG MEN.

The true girl to be sought for, she does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally, she is not rich. But oh! what a heart she has when you find her! So large and pure and womanly. When you see it you wonder if these showy things out-deer these women. If you gain her love, your life is a grand one. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first-class hotel. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no magnificence or anything upon her. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain her friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how little happiness is in your money. She'll make you love her, and she'll not let you be a brute, and teach you how to truly write you scorn a poor, fashionable society that think itself happy. Now do not let a girl think it is a duty, I can't afford to marry. Go, find the true woman, and you can. Throw away that cigar, turn that ash can, wear a man's outfit, and seek your wife in a sensible way.—(Oliver Wendell Hillimes.)

Twenty Years Ago.

In 1863, Mr. Wilson, now of Lawrence, Mass. was in the Commissionary Department in Washington. Somehow or other, he was taken with a violent access of the throat. Several Army Surgeons examined him, but could not find that it was a case of diphtheria, and that it was hopeless. After they had given him up, he tried Peasey's Peasey's Peasey's. The next day he was cured, and in two or three days he was well.

FADING AWAY.

Any one who would try to make the task of getting out of a parlor more efficient than it is, must expect to be criticized.

In "Lothair" Drisell has one of his characters say that no one should say "good-bye" but in departing should fade away like a summer cloud. That is sweet, isn't it? And practical, too. Imagine a man who weighs two hundred and thirty pounds when it is "right time," trying to fade out of a morning call like a summer cloud. He would fade, wouldn't he? Especially if he happened to collide with a rocking chair as he was fading.

Or, think of a man trying "fade" out of a parlor like a summer cloud, with his bossiness' meant good snapping at his legs. Just think how he would "fade."

And fancy a young man "fading" away in the evening, when he wanted to get out of the hall before he could reach the front porch and the chilling tones of his footstepers already, crumpling on a gravel.

"BUCHUPAIBA."

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

—The price of beef is so high in New York that they think of putting a signal station on top of it.

—A Chicago doctor advises: "Don't mistake dropsy for consumption." That's right! That's constant mistaking delirium tremens for malaria is bad enough.

—Among other ways for notifying the fish during Lent, the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser suggest, "Eat a welsch rabbit, with mince pie, every night before retiring. Spiculate in oil."

—Several large brewery and distillery firms have failed since the beginning of the year. When a brewery can't make money the times may be regarded as pretty hard.

A. D. Spelling & Sons, Wellsboro, Pa., say: "We do not hesitate to recommend Brown's Kidney and Bladder Pills."

—A girl just returned to Hannibal, Mo., from a high school, said upon seeing a fire-engine at work: "Who would ever have dreamed such a very flamboyant looking apparatus would have so much wattle!"

—A husband (24 m.), after a certain lecture—"well, all I've got to say is, if you are a person of such refinement and good breeding, you ought to be a ere talking to a drunken fellow at this time of the night."

—The Chicago Times is of the opinion that a President's term should depend upon good behavior. Does the Times want a Presidential election every two weeks the year round?

—A Woman entered a saloon in Jersey City, kicked over the table, smashed a dozen glasses, shook her fist under the brewer's nose, and called him a fiend, and led her husband over by the ear. The brewer from over the Rhine closed one eye significantly, and remarked to a terrified customer: "By chinks! maybe she was mad about somethin'—eh?"

—Under the microscope a hair has rough edges like a rasp. No wonder, then that a young man's matches often tickles a girl's nose.

—No man is perfect, and it is, perhaps, a good thing that there isn't. A perfect man nowadays would be regarded as a freak.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

W. A. BERHAMER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases. Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd St., Leighton, Pa. April 2, 1875.

N. B. REBER, M. D.,
D. S. Examining Surgeon.
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office: Bank Street, REBER'S BLOCK, Leighton, Pa. May be consulted in the German or English. Nov. 7.

D. C. W. BOWER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
May be consulted in the German or English language. Office: Opposite Darling's Drug store, BANK ST., Leighton, Pa. Jan. 11-75.

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

CARBON HOUSE,
J. W. RAUDENBUSH, PROPRIETOR,
BANK ST., LEIGHTON, PA.

The CARBON HOUSE offers first-class accommodations to the traveling public. The best of food and service. Telephone 1000. Union Clerks, Waiters and Liquors always on hand. Good Steaks and Steaks, with select first-class, attached. April 19-21.

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

This well known hotel is admirably suited, and has the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent tables and every best liquor. Also, a billiard room. Open Sept. 16-21.

DAVID EBBERT'S
Livery & Sale Stables

And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Livery in the County.

Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral services and Weddings. **DAVID EBBERT** Nov. 22, 1875

BANK STREET, LEIGHTON, PA.

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

Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral services and Weddings. **DAVID EBBERT** Nov. 22, 1875

LIVERY STABLE

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. Leighton. (Jan 21-83)

DROP IN AT THE Carbon Advocate OFFICE FOR Cheap Printing!

PENSIONS for Soldiers, Widows, Parents and Children
Any disease, wound, or injury entitles Millions appropriated and working force doubled. Prompt work and home made happy. Fee \$10. Apply now. Widows re-married, now entitled during widowhood. (Circulars) in **HARRISBURG** cases. **Hobby and Hack Pay and Discharge** prepared. Desires entitles to all dues under new laws. **PAID UP** for Inventors. **Land Warrants PAID UP** (prepared, bought and sold. The "BILLS" & "SOLID" (stocky paper). Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions, blanks and bounty tables. **W. W. FITZGERALD & CO.** Pension, Patent and Land Attys., Washington, D.C. (1-10-82)

Philadelphia & Reading R. R.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.
NOVEMBER, 1882.

Trains leave Allentown as follows:

- For Philadelphia at 5:00 a. m., 11:40 a. m., and 5:30 p. m.
- For Reading and Harrisburg, 8:00, 8:40 a. m., 12:15, 4:3, and 9:00 p. m.
- For Lancaster and Columbia, 8:00, 8:40 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia at 5:00 a. m. and 5:30 p. m. (Via EAST PENN. BRANCH.)

For Reading and Harrisburg, 8:00, 8:40 a. m., 12:15, 4:3, and 9:00 p. m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, 8:00, 8:40 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.

JOHN R. G. WEYSSER,
PROPRIETOR OF THE **West End Brewery,**
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

Pure Porter and Lager Beer
Delivered all over the State.
October 2, 1881 '81

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF CLOTHING
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, or, Gents' Furnishing Goods

CLAUSS & BROTHER
THE POPULAR **Merchant Tailors,**
Bank Street, Leighton.

PRICES VERY LOW FOR CASH. The public patronage solicited. July 17 '81

Central Carriage Works,
Bank St., Leighton, Pa.

Are prepared to Manufacture Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs, Spring Wagon, &c., &c. Of every description in the most substantial manner, and at lowest Cash Prices. Repairing Promptly Attended to.

TRAXLER & KREIDLER, Proprietors.
April 26, 1882 '81

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

VALENTINE SCHWARTZ,
BANK ST., Leighton, Pa.

Respectfully announces to the people of Leighton and its vicinity that he is now prepared to supply them with all kinds of

Household Furniture

Manufactured from the best Domestic Materials at Prices fully as low as the market rate, can be bought for cash here. Here are a list of the substances offered:

- Parlor Sets at \$100..... \$50 to \$60
- Walrus, Mahogany, Dressing Cases
- Bedroom Suits, 8 Pieces..... \$30 to \$40
- Painted Bedroom Suits..... \$15 to \$20
- Case Bedstead, Chairs, per set of 4..... \$10 to \$15
- Chamber, Chairs, per set of 4..... \$10 to \$15
- and all other Goods equally cheap.

In this connection, I desire to call the attention of the people to my well equipped office

"Only my love to Mrs. Gilmore."

Now, Mrs. Gilmore was the mother of Nell's persistent adorer, Christopher Nelson Gilmore, and the families had been intimate for years.