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One year, each insertion..... 10 cts.
Six months, each insertion..... 15 cts.
Three months, each insertion..... 20 cts.
Less than three months, each insertion..... 25 cts.
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Local notices 10 cents per line.

H. V. MORTIMER, Publisher.

CARDS.

Attorneys.

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

Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will buy and sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents a specialty. May be consulted in English or German.

Physicians and Dentists.

W. A. DERHAMER, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases. Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd Sts., Lehigh, Pa. April 2, 1878.

N. U. S. Examining Surgeon.

FRANCIS J. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE: BANK STREET, READING, LEHIGH CO., PA. May be consulted in the German or English.

DR. C. W. BOWER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

May be consulted in the German or English language. OFFICE: Opposite Durling's Drug Store, BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA. Jan. 1878.

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

OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House," Mauch Chunk, Pa. Patients have the benefit of the latest improvements in mechanical appliances and the best methods of treatment in all surgical cases.

THOMAS KEMMER, CONVEYANCER, AND GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

The following Companies are Represented: LEHIGH INSURANCE CO., PHILADELPHIA FIRE, WYOMING FIRE, PHOENIX FIRE, LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA.

CARBON HOUSE,

J. W. RAUDENBUSH, PROPRIETOR, BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA. The Carbon House offers first-class accommodations to the traveling public.

PACKETON HOTEL,

LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR, Packeton, Penn'a. This well known hotel is admirably fitted, and has the best accommodations.

DAVID EBBERT'S

Livery & Sale Stables. This well known hotel is admirably fitted, and has the best accommodations.

FAST TROTTING HORSES,

ELEGANT CARRIAGES. And newly lowered prices than any other livery in the County.

J. W. RAUDENBUSH

Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE in connection with his hotel.

PENSIONS for Soldiers, Widows,

Parents and Children. Any claims, wound or injury entitles. Millions appropriated and working force doubled.

Drop in at the Carbon Advocate

OFFICE FOR Cheap Printing! All of which he is selling at VERY LOW EST CASH PRICES.

PENSIONS for Soldiers on any

disease, wound or injury. Bounty, Back Pay, Discharges for Officers, and all kinds of LAND WARRANTS bought and sold.

LAND

Claims a specialty, and WARRANTS, BOUNTY, and LAND WARRANTS bought and sold.

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. XI, No. 17.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1883.

If not paid in advance, \$1.25.

Railroad Guide.

Philadelphia & Reading R. R.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

Trains leave Allentown as follows:

(Via PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD.)

For Philadelphia at 8:40, 9:45, 11:40 a. m., and 2:10 p. m.

(Via EAST PENN. BRANCH.)

For Reading and Harrisburg, 6:00, 8:40 a. m., 12:15, 4:35, and 9:05 p. m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, 6:00, 8:40 a. m., and 2:10 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Harrisburg, and waypoints, 9:05 p. m. Trains for Allentown leave as follows:

(Via PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD.)

Leave Philadelphia, 7:40 a. m. and 1:00, 3:10, and 6:15 p. m.

(Via EAST PENN. BRANCH.)

Leave Reading, 7:20 a. m., 3:15, and 6:20 p. m.

(Via PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD.)

Leave Harrisburg, 5:25, 7:50, 9:50 a. m., 1:40 and 4:00 p. m.

Leave Lancaster, 17:30 a. m., 1:01 and 1:40 p. m.

Leave Columbia, 10 a. m., 1:10 and 2:40 p. m.

(From King Street Depot.)

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading, 7:20 a. m., 3:15, and 6:20 p. m.

Leave Harrisburg, 5:25 a. m.

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

The 8:40 and 9:45 a. m. trains from Allentown, and the 11:40 and 2:10 p. m. train from Philadelphia, via Parkington Railroad, have through cars to and from Philadelphia.

J. E. WOOTEN, General Manager.

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

November 9th.

JOHN R. G. WEYSER,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

West End Brewery,

MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

Pure Porter and Lager Beer

Delivered all over the State.

October 8, 1881 '71

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF

CLOTHING

Boots, Shoes,

Hats, Caps,

or, Gents' Furnishing Goods

GO TO

CLAUSS & BROTHER

THE POPULAR

Merchant Tailors,

Bank Street, Lehighon.

PRICES VERY LOW FOR CASH. The public patronage solicited.

Central Carriage Works,

Bank St., Lehighon, Pa.,

Are prepared to Manufacture

Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs,

Spring Wagon, &c.,

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

Repairing Promptly Attended to.

TRIXLER & KREIDLER,

April 28, 1882 '81 Proprietors.

Lewis Weiss,

BANK STREET, first store above iron,

calls attention to his new and fashionable

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

Boots and Shoes!

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

An inspection invited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.

PENSIONS for Soldiers on any

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LAND

Claims a specialty, and WARRANTS, BOUNTY, and LAND WARRANTS bought and sold.

THE UNDERTAKING BUSINESS

with a NEW and HANDSOME BEARER, and a full line of CASKETS and COFFINS, can be had at lowest prices.

Job Printing neatly,

cheaply and promptly executed at this office. Give us a trial and be convinced.

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.

What! Twenty years? It seems but yesterday. That I, amid a patriotic throng, Enlisted as a soldier in the fray.

That wise man said could not last very long. How fresh the barracks and recruiting scenes, The drill, the guard-mount and the dress parade.

The pork, the muck, and oh, ye gods! those beans! They fade from recollection? Nary day! It cannot be—too freshly sounds the crack Of fractured hand-tack 'neath the soldiers' blow!

I hear them rattle in my harness, As firm as granite and as white as snow. Again they vanish as the days go by. Yes, one by one, miles of march to do, I reach the last one with a weary sigh, And view it cross-eyed—thus it seemed like two.

I stand again, a chevroned "non-commissioned." A new recruit, 'neath war's destroying hail! I hear the rattle of bullets, and I wish I had an overcoat and coat of mail. I do not find that fear all fades away. As I heard of, when in deadly strife, I'd rather march on Independence Day.

Behind the great big drum and festive fife. Not twenty years? My legs are aching yet. From lifting mud for Barnabie—he whose luck At Frederickburg, one night as black as jet And raining pitchforks, stands in history "stuck!"

Also! 'twas there I did the fearful deed— That holds me up unto the world's deep scorn; Starving, aye, frenzied, in my awful need, I robbed a male of half an ear of corn! And twenty years have down—the fates forbid!

It seems but Collier day a voice intoned, "You Yank, there, drop that gun!" And drop I did. "Yes, I'd have dropped all Uncle Samuel owned, Had it been on me. As it was, I shed Muck and cartridge-box, the while an eye Looked keen along a rifle at my head, Yes, I obeyed! I cannot tell a lie.

THE TRUTH AT THE RIGHT TIME.

When General Sturgis went on his great expedition at the southwest, the main body of his command halted at Salem, and a detachment of three hundred men was sent out to reconnoitre the road to Ripley, a little town, southwest of Corinth.

When within a few miles of that place, the advance guard of the detachment came upon and captured a squad of half a dozen rebel cavalry without firing a gun. As the prisoners were closely examined with a view to eliciting such information as they might be able to give. A gaunt straggling man, who seemed to be the leader of the rebel party, was conducted to the officer in command of our advance, who asked him:

"What regiment do you belong to?" "I won't tell," was the pointed reply of the rebel.

"How far is it to Ripley?" was the next question. "Don't know," answered the man, sullenly, with the true Rebel's grit.

"Who is your commander?" "Won't tell." "How far off is the command to which you belong?" still inquired the persevering Federal, pretending not to notice the crusty demeanor of his prisoner. Here that rebel informed him in terms that would not be altogether comely in print, that he would see him in a much hotter region than Mississippi before he would tell him any thing at all.

"Very well," said the officer, drawing and cocking a revolver, "I will send you there to wait for me."

"You may shoot me if you want to," said the Confederate, "but you will be sorry for it."

"Why?" "Because there are a hundred men ever yonder in the woods, and if they hear you shout they will come up and murder every man of you."

"Well," said the officer, "since you have told me just what I wanted to find out I guess I won't shoot you."

In thirty minutes the whole hundred men were prisoners.

KIND O' WANTED TO BE IN FRONT. Sergeant Hunter, of the Kentucky artillery, exhibited the bravest qualities in the conflict of Spring-Field, Mo. His superb figure never failed to attract the eye in the ranks of the Guard.

He had served in the regular cavalry, and the Body Guard (Fremon's noted men) had profited greatly from his skill as a drilmaster. He lost three horses killed under him in the fight. As soon as one was killed, he caught another by the reins; the third horse taken by him in this way rode into St. Louis. The Sergeant slew five men. Said he:

"I won't speak of those I shot—another may have hit them; but those I fought with I can't forget. My sabre I am sure of, because I felt them."

At the beginning of the charge he came to the extreme right and took position near a Major Zegony, whom he followed closely through the battle. The Major, seeing him, said:

"Why are you here, Sergeant? Your place is with your company on the left."

"I kind o' wanted to be in front," was the answer.

"What could I say to such a man?" exclaimed Zegony speaking of the matter afterwards.

"An Irish woman, needing some silk and some tape, sent her husband for them. The silk was shown, but the buyer thought the price too great. The clerk explained that all silk goods were dear, owing to some disease at the time prevalent among the silkworms. The tape was next examined, and the Irishman thought that a little stiff as to price. "And indeed, sir," says he, "the likewise a disease a-prevaler among the 'spaworms!'"

"To a correspondent: No, you are mistaken. Father Tiber never occupied the Papal chair. He thought too much of his bed.

A WAR MEMORY.

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Carradine's Love.

Nature, I say? Of course you will exhibit it, Carradine?" "No," answered the painter, quietly.

"Not" repeated the other in surprise. "But, my dear fellow, you must, or I shall betray your secret, and you will have a swarm of visitors, worse than the plague of Egypt, let in upon you."

Carradine hesitated. A chance word in his friend's speech had suggested a possibility that made his heart leap in spite of sober reason.

"You are right," he said. "I shall send the picture for exhibition. It will be better so."

After his visitor had left him alone again, Carradine bent long over his easel, gazing equally every face amid the visitors whom taste or fashion had brought to look at the now celebrated artist's latest success. Every night he went away unsatisfied, and every morning he returned with hope springing afresh in his heart.

Still, the object of his search, whatever it may have been, does not appear; and one day, discouraged at last, he resolved to go no more on so fruitless an errand. Shutting himself in his studio, he began to paint, and strives he would, he could command neither hand nor fancy. Finally, tired of repeated failure, he abandoned work, and yielded to the impulse which drew his steps in the customary direction.

When he entered the small side-room in which his picture hung, he found but two persons within, a young man and a girl.

Carradine could not see the faces of these two, but with an earnestness for which he was at a loss to account, he followed their retreating figures as they moved slowly toward his picture. But the next moment an exclamation of astonishment burst from the lips of the young man.

"Why, here is your portrait, Lellia! What does it mean? Who can the painter be?"

With that, he placed the wreath beside his easel and began to paint. The face, as it grew on his canvas, presented a young girl in the dewy morning bloom of first youth, with shadows in the great dark eyes and a half smile about the bright curved lips, like an embodied summer sun shower. It was thus that his artist pictured the ideal of the child woman, whose infantile look and smile for eight long years had been his own dream of love.

Carradine had not had an "easy life. An orphan from his earliest years, poor and unfriended, he had striven hard for the means to gratify at inherent idleness for art which was always clamoring to find expression in form and coloring. He had fought and he had won; but now, at 26, he stood in the place which he had gained for himself almost as much stone at the very heart as he had been eight years before, when the child's gift came to him as a prophecy.

It was not that he was friendless. There were men who liked and sought him, women who would have gladly taught him to forget his loneliness in their affection. But though his nature responded readily to any kindness, there was one chord, deeper than all, that remained untouched; and, from the sweetest glances, his thoughts went back to the unknown child that had smiled down on him so long ago.

The ideal had become his great source of enjoyment, and, a dreamy softness shaded his dark gray eyes, as line by line and tint by tint took him back into that past, which, all lifeless as it was, seemed to him, in those moments, more real than the busy present. Yet now, in reviewing that one bright vision of his memory, it was not so much the lovely child that he saw, in fancy, as the beautiful girl whose face, with fuller lips and sweeter, looked out at him in his own canvas.

Instinctively, he hardly knew why, he disliked to work on this picture in any other presence, and he devoted to it only his hours of a solitude. So it happened that it was nearly finished when, by some chance, a friend discovered him bedding over it. He absorbed to notice any approach. As the hour opened, Carradine rose listlessly, turning his head to the wall, so as to conceal the face upon it. This little sacrifice, however, was destined to be of no avail. Having been marked by the intruder—one of those cordial, well-meaning people, good-natured to a degree, but with little delicacy of perception—the action at once aroused his curiosity.

"Ah, mister painter," he said, with a laugh, "let me see what it is that you work at by yourself till it steals away your eyes and ears. Only one peep?"

With that, he laid his hand on the frame, and, receiving no forbidding word from Carradine, turned it round. The next moment he was loud in his praise.

"But who is it, Carradine? If it is a portrait I'll me where to find the original, and I will if it is a seven days' journey!" Carradine smiled.

"If I myself knew where to find such an original, I should not be here to tell you, my good friend," he answered evasively.

"Oh, a fancy sketch," said the other, mislead, as the artist had desired. "I might have saved myself the trouble of asking. No real flesh and blood face ever looked like that—the more alike to

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