

Editorial Mention.

FEDERICK DOUGLASS denies the statements that his worth \$100,000 or \$150,000, and declares that both his fortune and his annual income are very greatly over estimated.

EXAMS of unworthy evangelists, temperance lecturers, reformed men of all sorts, who want to tell "the story of their lives" and give you half of the proceeds. Such is the advice of the "Christian Advocate" to Methodist pastors.

THE debt statement shows decrease of the public debt during the month of April to be \$2,851,402; cash in the Treasury, \$19,350,401; gold certificates, \$81,331,620; silver certificates, \$80,771,831; certificates of deposit outstanding, \$10,105,000; refunding certificates, \$368,950; fractional currency outstanding, \$446,681,016; total currency outstanding, \$7,008,975; total redemption for ten months of fiscal year, \$114,834,575.

MICHAEL KATZMAN claims to have discovered a large deposit of minerals on his farm in Lebanon county which will assay \$1,000 per ton. It consists of iridium, platinum, quicksilver, copper, tin, cobalt, gold and nickel. We are impressed with the belief that a similar find was made some time ago at Beaver Run, near here—the owner of that land is not quite so happy as he was before Dr. Hall's find—of nothing!

THE commissioner of internal revenue has just published the regulations governing the redemption of internal revenue stamps. Check and general proprietary stamps will be redeemed at their face value, less five per cent. The blanks on which stamps are printed will be destroyed unless the claimant requests their return, in which case the work redeemed will be impressed on the check or draft, which will then be returned. Stamps will only be redeemed when presented by a bona fide owner or a duly authorized agent.

DISSENT people will read with a thrill of gratification that one William Peck, a wife whipper, of Annapolis, Md., was on the 25th ult., scourged so severely under sentence of the court by which he was convicted that he appeared piteously for mercy. William doubtless enjoyed himself immensely while beating his defenseless spouse, and thought it delightful fun, but when the lash was applied to his own back the performance wasn't so agreeable to his feelings, and he howled lustily like the coward that he is. Pity is wasted on such fellows.

LEADVILLE now has a population of 25,000—some 20 men to 1 woman. The streets night and day are kept quiet free from improper persons, and ladies can walk about without fear of annoyance. The tax from gambling houses realizes \$400 a month, and that from dance halls \$200. Chinamen have been kept outside entirely. Two wandered, unwarded, into the town three years ago. There was a double funeral almost immediately afterward, and those Chinamen have never been seen since. A correspondent recalls Talmage's visit, and says that the imminent divine did not cease from his visit to the dives without much unbecoming ostentation. Leadville, he says, has never been more prosperous than to-day, and is good for five years yet.

WE read in a London paper: "We are, so to say, in a state of siege, certainly under the very strictest military surveillance. As night comes on we see all the public buildings delivered over to soldiers, gates are closed, sentinels with rifles loaded with ball cartridge pace rapidly to and fro, and some large apartments in the town turned into a guard. This has a noisome martial aspect, absolutely quite picturesque, and worthy of being commemorated by some enterprising B. A.; soldiers are gathered round the blazing fire, arms are glittering in the light, the drum major is waiting to beat to arms, and all are on the alert, ready to rush into the streets and do some bloody business there. This, he it remembered, is the heart of London in 1883! The Irish terrier has got the English bull dog very badly scared, to say the least."

COL. LEVY L. TATE, a prominent and veteran newspaper man of Williamsport, died Monday evening, aged almost seventy-three years. He had been confined to the house for over three months with kidney troubles. Deceased was born in Clearfield County. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1863. He was a practical printer, and had founded nine papers during his long career, having operated in Clearfield, Jefferson, Columbia and Luzerne counties. At the time of his death he was editor and proprietor of the Luzerne Democrat, a Democratic weekly, published in Williamsport. All his life the colonel was an ardent Democratic politician, being a very enthusiastic admirer and follower of Andrew Jackson. He leaves a widow, who was his second wife, and a large family of grown up children.

ESTATE papers record the death, in England, of Col. Bell-Martin, formerly of Ballinacree Castle, county Galway. This will result to some a sad story. On Oct. 30, 1850, he died, in the Union Place Hotel in New York City, Mary Letitia, wife of the above, and only child of Thomas Barnewell Martin, M. P. for Galway. Mrs. Martin, who had been familiarly known as the Princess of Connaught, had been the largest landowner, in point of acreage, in the United Kingdom, her ancestor having purchased, early in the eighteenth century, a vast tract from a London company, which had bought confiscated lands. Although vast in extent, the property never yielded more than \$40,000 a year, and the Martins were the reverse of economical. The family years of 1847-8 found the estate covered with mortgages. Mr. Martin died of famine fever, and his daughter could not collect a penny from her bankrupt estate. The mortgages—a London insurance company—foreclosed, and she was forced to abandon her native halls, to the heartfelt regret of her people, who had just idolized her, for she was to them all that Lever has gained in depicting her character as "Mary Martin" in his "Martinis of Cro-Martin." She died ten days after her arrival here, in consequence of premature excitement on board a sailing vessel.

LETTER FROM WM. CRAIG.

BLAIR SPRINGS, Neb., April 28, 1883. MR. MORTIMER:—According to promise I will now write to you from this part of the GREAT WEST. It is now about five months since I with my family left our romantically situated home in much beloved old Lehigh Gap, gave the parting hand and fervent adieu kiss, moistened with copious tears, to near and dear relatives, bade warm-hearted good byes to a host of kind neighbor friends who very regally gathered at the railroad station at our departure, and started for the far off State of young Nebraska. Now but those who have had a like experience know what it is to undertake such a far away move with a family of children, thus severing them suddenly from such relations, and especially an aged grandmother, to whom their frequent visits or presence of the past was a great source of pleasure and satisfaction. There is a sadness that seizes the heart for the time which can be seriously felt but not expressed. Looking forward to the future interests of our boys and girls, and the benefit of our shattered health as parents that we might derive in the change, are the principal reasons that induced us to take this step, and the duty ourselves of all such comforts for the time being that the East affords above the West. A safe, pleasant and undelayed journey of four days, brought us to our destination. Our car of household goods which we had dispatched two weeks prior to our leaving, to our very agreeable surprise reached the station here just the night previous to our arrival. This was a perfect God-send of fortune to us, and in a day we were snugly ensconced in our Nebraska (small) house, which we had engaged several weeks ahead. The extreme West is proverbial for small houses, a miserable custom we do not mean to lapse into, as well as we shall endeavor to adhere to all else that is good which we were accustomed to and practiced in the old Keystone State. This includes besides all else "war to the knife," and a whole scale extermination of bed-bugs, cockroaches and all else of the kind, indigenous to western soil and spontaneous to a goodly portion of western habits.

THE past winter was an unusually severe one for Nebraska. The thermometer standing several mornings 20 degrees below zero. Having heard, while in the East, of the severe blizzards in this western country, we had the opportunity of going through a number of them this past winter and can now speak from experience. While they are not as intense in severity as we imagined from reports received, they are nevertheless sharper than the sleet storms of Pennsylvania, which is the blizzard storm here. The ladies muffle up the face and neck at almost any time during the winter, much more than we ever saw it before. Although there are occasional colder days here in mid-winter than in Penna., we have interspersed now and then pleasant sunshiny days not customary in Pennsylvania, and then cold weather does not seem to set in as early, and spring weather opens up much ahead of my native State. While you have been having snow and cold rains and awful frosts in March, we have been having mostly pleasant weather, generally good roads—but an occasional day of high wind. It is not at all unusual for farmers here to sow their spring wheat in February. One of the pleasant winter features of Kansas and Nebraska is the almost entire absence of rainfall. Plenty of stock is kept with no more roof than the open canopy of Heaven, and a straw protection, supported by stakes set deep in the ground, to shelter from the north winds.

THIS town of Blue Springs is nicely located on elevated ground and overlooks Blue River. It derives its name from a bubbling spring close by. Has a population of 1600 according to this Spring's census and has a steady healthy growth of bright prospects. The river affords an excellent water power at this point, and is a great mill of moderate size has been in operation for several years. The Union Pacific Railroad, which strikes this place with a north and south R.R., and which is about to be extended to Lincoln, the capital of the State, have purchased this mill property and site and intend erecting a new mill of immense capacity, costing about \$50,000. This water power is unexcelled by any in the State, as the river has a good fall and the dam is built on rock foundation, and will prove to be of invaluable advantage to the town. The great C. & Q. R.R. in its through line west to Denver, Colo., pass at Wymore, one mile south of here. These two places will eventually grow together, although there is a brisk spirit of rivalry between the two towns now. There is every probability that Blue Springs will at no distant day become a railroad centre and the county seat of a new county. This county of Gage is at present double the size of neighboring counties. The county seat is Beatrice, a thriving town of about 4000 inhabitants, north of Blue Springs. The Indian reservation in the southern part of this county, comprising an area of 40,000 acres, commences about 1 1/2 miles south of this place. The Indians have moved to Indian Territory and these lands will be thrown on the market ere long. As soon as this vast farming area is disposed of and occupied, efforts will be made for a division of the county; in which event Blue Springs, the second largest town to Beatrice, will be located in the geographical centre of the new county, and cannot fail, on account of its additional other advantages, to become its county seat. Gage county is a stock county in the main. Corn is the chief raised and grows luxuriantly. Wheat does not ordinarily well, but corn stands at the head, and where corn is king, pork and beef will thrive. The surface of the county is gently and beautifully undulating, and it is a rich treat for the Eastern man to gaze on these broad acres when covered with nature's verdure. I should not neglect to mention here that sorghum cane is raised already to considerable extent in this country. As its growth is similar to corn, it thrives where corn will. The syrup made from it takes the place of the New Orleans baking of the East, and is very little inferior to it. The raising of the cane and manufacturing of the sorghum will ere long become quite an industry of Nebraska.

Water is obtained in abundance from wells, in depth from 20 to 50 feet—neither drought nor wet seems to affect the water supply. It is about always the same. Close to the town are magnificent stone quarries, but hardly developed as yet. The stones are soft and easily dressed, and are a beautiful cream color. Nebraska's population in point of intelligence is far above the average. The last census report says that in Iowa only 24 out of every 1000 of her population cannot read, showing the least illiteracy of any state in the Union. Nebraska rates the next highest—25 to every 1000 not able to read. I find this part of the State represented by about every State, and a few residents even from Va., and Maryland; though Iowa, Illinois and Ohio, figure the most numerous. I had occasion to be in a store one day when a remarkably tall, gaunt young farmer stalked in. After he went out, a bystander acquainted with the young giant remarked, that fellow stretches 6 1/2 feet and grows in Illinois. While these Western folks are remarkably glib-tongued in nature, they also have a nature to represent everything in a high-sounding scale, are apt to effigy every little town and bigify everything else. Anything of a stable is called a barn though a horse needn't "moor nace" six inches to trace himself, nor prick his ears to touch the stable roof, and though the mow be outside, in the shape of a stack flung over the bushes and ropes slung over it with stones pending to each side to keep the hay on TERRA FIRMA. Seventeen years ago while on a trip west, in company with Dr. H. H. Riegel, of Catawqua, and Wm. H. Gish, of Statington, spending along, we suddenly struck along what was to us a small stream of water. The Dr. in his usual inquisitive way quickly accosted a passenger near by: "Friend, what creek is this?" "Creek! Humph, why that's the Miami river." The joke was too good, the Dr. almost succumbed. March is the customary moving month in Nebraska. It is really amusing to see the covered wagon fittings—"prairie schooners" as they are dubbed here—go through town, still further westward, hol a small stovepipe generally peeps a smolting through the cover in front. I noticed one of these "prairie schooners" wending its way through town a few weeks ago, on route, as I suppose, for Dakota. The following novel sentence was painted in awkward style on the side: "Dakota or Bust." I was told by a Kansas friend that not long ago he noticed one of these moving trains traveling westward, evidently disgusted with or had some misfortune further west and was retracing his steps. The motto on his schooner read: "Going home to my wife's folks." Continually moving to do better is a contagious habit to some of these extreme western folks, seeking after some sweet Eldorado where they can suddenly get rich with little or no exertion and have abundance of leisure, seems to engross very strongly the minds of a certain class of this western population. But these migratory characters seldom acquire the longing of their hearts, proving over again that a "rolling stone gathers no moss." Here is an instance however of how some people do hit it and become amazingly wealthy. Mr. ———, originally from Indiana, owned a farm a mile south of Blue Springs. He could not read nor write, but the C. & Q. R.R., Co., built their road through his farm and made a town site of it, and to day he is worth from \$100,000 to \$200,000—all within 2 years. He has learned to write his name within the last year. He still tries to be very saving, as he calls it, though others class him in the penurious line. His apparel does not indicate any command of dollars whatever. Wishing to see the gentleman one day on a matter of business, I addressed a man standing on a street corner, thus: Do you know Mr. ———? "Yes, sir." "Have you seen him about?" "Not to-day." "I'd like to see him, but I don't think I would recognize him if I were to see him." "Well, I tell you, he wears awful poor clothes." I went to his abode of a house a short distance from town, which was about 1418 ft. one story high and the room divided up with calico curtains, instead of being partitioned off by studding, lathing and plastering. His little ten year old boy, sandy hair and face blotched with monstrous freckles, strutted about wearing a pair of pair of boots leaving a protruding of all we went to great toe. Mr. ——— says "git" for get and "ax" for ask. He is about 50 years of age and wishes he was 18 and knew what he now knows (?). I suppose he is glad he came West for he has struck prize.

THE Temperance sentiment here, like in Iowa and Kansas, is far in advance of Pennsylvania and other Eastern States. As a rule people are opposed to the liquor traffic, and an improvement over this defective system in the Eastern States, is that all alcoholic drinks are dispensed at saloons only and not gustoarily at hotels. The law of Nebraska, very wisely prohibits saloons from placing "screens" at their entrances, and the use of stained glass in the windows, a common practice in the East. The "high license" system is the law in this State—the next best thing to prohibition. When I was a boy I studied Geography, my atlas pointed out "The Great American Desert," what now embraces the fertile states of Kansas and Nebraska, the now Great American farming country. It is singular that these rich and boundless prairies which are fast becoming the granary of the continent, so to speak, were deemed nothing else but an immense piece of barren waste and destination. Time and experience through R.R., facilities have demonstrated differently, and in half a century to come, this comparatively sparsely occupied territory will be teeming with a population wonderful to relate. It has its drawbacks and unpleasantness to be sure, like every other locality, especially because it is new; but such a fertile soil, disposed so bountifully and advantageously by kind Providence in a generally healthy climate is destined, by the aided culture of the hand of man, to surpass anything on this continent in productiveness. Groves are being extensively planted, fruit trees set out, and in less than a quarter of a century, this once forestless area will be gradually changed and beautified. The rising generation shall reap the glad fruition of these hopes. Here is room for the apparently overcrowded portions

of the East, and a young man of determination, stick and character has an all favorable chance to carve out for himself an ample if not an immense fortune.

THE CARBON ADVOCATE comes regularly to hand—a welcome visitor on account of county and especially news. The "Lehigh Gap Gossip" by "St. John," and the "Lower Townsmen's Chirpings" by "Confidence," do interest us very pleasantly, as it concerns the immediate neighborhood of our former home—that is to say it is interesting when the matter is of a substantial and edifying character, instead of being silly and nonsensical.

I have now written more than I proposed when I started out and, will close. I may have something more to say by and by. Should this induce letters of inquiry to me in reference to this part of the GREAT WEST and requiring answers, I will simply say that such parties will please not neglect the courtesy of enclosing a three cent stamp for return postage—otherwise the letters might not be answered. Yours respectfully, WM. CRAIG.

Our Washington Letter.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT. WASHINGTON, D. C., April 30, 1883. Ex-Congressman and ex-Land Commissioner Burdette, once well known and prominent in Washington circles, but for some years past "out of sight and out of mind," was about the city last week. He is a dark-eyed, stout, dark complexioned man, somewhat past middle age, with an air of melancholy reserve. He rarely speaks, and has almost no intimate friends. The circumstance which once made his name familiar over the land has perhaps been forgotten by most people. After his appointment as Land Commissioner by President Grant he went along quietly for some time, made a good officer, and appeared contented. His methods of doing business were direct, his decisions clear, and his dark eyes never expressed unrest. But one day he disappeared from his office without leaving behind a single trace. There was nothing the most imaginative detective could call a clue. He had gone away without resigning. Various rumors floated about for several days. By some it was said he had taken passage on board an outgoing European steamer, and had jumped overboard the first night. Although no one knew anything, it was generally concluded Burdette had committed suicide. The fact of his going off and leaving a good officer argued in favor of the suicide theory. Not a word was heard of the missing man for two years. Then, without a word of warning, he walked into his own house in the little Missouri village where he had lived before going to Washington. He at first could make no explanation. He was worn out with fatigue. After a night of rest he was able to tell his story. It was a remarkable one. He had lost consciousness in his office at Washington the day of his disappearance, and when he regained his right mind again so as to recognize his old self he was in Australia, and nearly two years had passed. Of that period he could not remember one word prior to the time when he came to himself in Australia. I wonder what jolly spirit returned to earth occupied the Burdette tenement for two years. The adventures of a stolen body. What a subject for a novel.

THE center of attraction of the dead-letter office is the recently established museum where the eyes of visitors can feast on almost anything from a needle to an anchor. In fact, it contains everything that can be enumerated. This acquisition to the many objects of interest to those sight-seeing here is the work of Major E. J. Dallas, chief of the dead-letter office, who has been indefatigable in his efforts to place on exhibition all articles held in the office that would show or give an idea of the class of articles held through the mail. Another object in view was to avoid the annoyance of visitors to the rooms where the clerks are engaged, when the time of the clerks is taken up explaining the character of articles and work of the office. By the new arrangement every convenience is afforded the visitor, who is properly received by a lady in charge of the museum, who gives a graphic description of everything contained therein and such other information as may be desired by the visitor relative to the working of the office. DON PERRO.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 30, 1883.

While discussing the speakership of the next House of Representatives the other day, somebody asked why Frank Hurd, of Ohio, had not been brought out. Undoubtedly, he would make a good speaker, but he is not a candidate, and notwithstanding his popularity, there are reasons why his candidacy would not be wise or successful. But this reminds me of a circumstance connected with the electoral count of 1876. Mr. Hurd was a member of Congress then, and one of the ninety Democrats who stood out to the last against the outrage of counting in Hayes. He had in his possession facilities which would have enabled him to defeat the count had not his high sense of honor prevented his using them. His room at Wormley's hotel was next to the one in which the famous conference of Republicans leaders was held, and he overheard, by accident, some of the strategic schemes for deceiving the Democrats and the propositions made to certain southern members in order to gain their acquiescence to the work of the commission. Yet Hurd never made any use of his knowledge. Neither has he since ever given an account of what he heard. He told me once, says a well known western correspondent, about the fact of his being made an involuntary eavesdropper, and when I asked him what he heard, he replied, "Enough to have defeated the counting in of Hayes beyond a peradventure, but I could not have afforded to have him count in, then to have used illegitimate means to defeat that end. I could not afford to go down in history as an eavesdropper, and so I held my tongue, and never telling any of my associates until the fight was over."

One of our local journals aptly says that the Union Pacific railway company accustomed to dums from the government, will not be surprised to receive the

letter sent recently by Secretary Teller to Sidney Dillon, Esq., president, making an urgent demand for the immediate payment of the uncollected sum of \$1,086,924.88. No part of this debt is disputed, not even the 88 cents; neither is any part of it paid or tendered for payment; but it is now hoped that President Sidney Dillon will either renew the old excuse or put up a better one. A discouraged claimant once said the plan of the government was to assume that every bill it is asked to pay is fraudulent and then wear out the claimant in making him prove it a few times in the departments and before congressional committees. This statement came, of course, from the inflated imagination of an enraged claimant, and it is only of use in passing a suggestion that, if it were true, it may be said that the government has made a match in this railway, so long and so wide. It is the only corporation in the world with more assurance than the Washington gas company, and runs its trains as placidly while owing millions to the government as though it held a surplus invested in gas stock. Mr. Secretary Teller reminds Mr. President Sidney Dillon that by the act of 1878 he is enjoined from paying, making or voting any dividends to stockholders of the company until the five per centum of net earnings and the other money due the government has been paid; and after calling attention to this law, the Secretary of the Interior says to the road in effect that it will do well to pay what is incontestable due, and go into the law of the disputed parts of the debt afterward, the payment of the requirement for the year ending, December, 1882, not to prejudice any sums in dispute. If Mr. President Dillon takes a free and easy stand in the matter maintained by him toward the government, directors of the road, he will probably put the letter away in the pigeon-hole with the other government dums, and tell his secretary to wake him up when it comes time for another dividend. It will be interesting to watch the case and learn by the issue which is the greater, the government or a subsidized railway running through the middle of its territory.

Chalmers, of Mississippi, came on here to make himself solid in the matter of patronage, to secure absolute control of all appointments in his State, after the manner of Mahone in Virginia, and went home with his tail feathers considerably curled. His business was chiefly with the Post Office Department, and the new Postmaster-General had views of his own touching the matter. So Chalmers got left. It is even hinted that if Judge Greenham had his own way, without interference from his higher authority, Mr. Mahone won't be as potent in that department hereafter as he has been heretofore. The fact is, the new cabinet officer is disposed to administer to his department on business principles. He has stopped the practice of allowing appointments for clerkships from States whose quotas are full to credit themselves to other States. The other day a hungry office seeker applied for a certain place on the ground that the incumbent had it long enough. The Postmaster-General told him it would take him five or six months to decide that question, and advised the applicant meanwhile to look out for some other employment. Apparently, everything is lovely between the new head of the Post Office department and his subordinates, and if he fulfills the policy he has shadowed forth of requiring nothing of any of the people under him, whether high or low, but to attend faithfully to his business it is likely things will go on very harmoniously. AUGUST.

New Advertisements.

The Bi-Centennial CHORAL SOCIETY, OF LANSFORD, W. L. Evans, Leader, WILL GIVE ONE OF THEIR GRAND CONCERTS, School Hall, Lehighton Saturday Evening, May 5, 1883.

UPON WHICH OCCASION WILL BE RENDERED THE FOLLOWING CHOICE PROGRAMME:

Welsh National Air—Morgan Evans & Choir; Hallelujah Chorus—Handel's Messiah; Choir Song and Chorus—"That young man across the way"; Miss L. A. Jones & party; Duet—"Let us gather bright flowers"; Miss Evans and Griffiths; "Daughters of Israel," Nookumoo; Choir (was sung by 120 voices at Bi-Centennial); Comic Trio—"Dame Durden," by Trehear, Davis and Evans; Song and Chorus—"Poor Orphan Child," by Miss Griffiths and party; "Summer," Welsh and English, composed by W. A. Williams, M.M. Bach; Choir Song—"I wrote my love a letter," Miss Jones; Male Party—"Soldiers' Chorus," by W. A. Williams, M.M. Bach; Choir Song and Chorus—"Miss Richards and party Anthem"—In Jersey is God known," by Dr. Clark Whitfield; Choir Song and Chorus—"Benny, come back to the farm,"—Miss M. A. Ross and party; Party—"Come where my love lies dreaming," "Ye Nations offer to the Lord," (was sung with 120 voices at Bi-Centennial); "Mendelssohn's Lobpreisung," and is supposed to be his Master Piece.

Prices of Admission: CHAIRS, RESERVED SEATS, 50 CENTS; GENERAL ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

Doors open at 7:30 o'clock; Concert will commence at 7:40.

A special Train will run from Lansford to Lehighton on the evening of the Concert, returning after the performance, stopping at all Stations.

THOS. S. BECK, Manager.

Spring Announcement, 1883!

We desire to say to our friends and the public in general, that we have on hand the Largest and most

Complete Stock of Goods

—OF ANY— Tailoring Establishment

in this section of the County, comprising Cloths, Cassimeres,

Plain and Fancy Suitings, and Overcoatings, all Shades,

Which we will put up for you in our usual

FIRST-CLASS STYLE,

Best Fitting, Best Trimmed and Best Made CLOTHING IN LEHIGHTON.

We have also just received from the Manufacturers a Large Stock of Newest Styles of Ladies, Gents and Children's

Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, HATS AND CAPS, Gents Furnishing Goods, &c.,

All of which we are now offering at

Unprecedentedly Low Prices!

Very Respectfully, CLAUSS & BRO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS, Bank St., Lehighton, Pa.

March 24, 1883-y1



\$173.75 for a SQUARE of UPRIGHT ROSEWOOD PIANO, with Stool, Book and Music. Only \$50 for an Eight Note, Sub-bass and Octave-Cumpler ORGAN. Chapel Organ \$25. Pipe Organ \$25. OTHER ORGANES fully described in Illustrated Catalogue which is sent FREE with full particulars. VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME. Address or call upon DANIEL P. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

Spring and Summer! Dress Goods

A Special Invitation is extended to the Ladies of Lehighton and surrounding neighborhood to call and examine the immense stock of SPRING AND SUMMER Dress Goods

JUST RECEIVED AT E. H. SNYDER'S, Bank-st., Lehighton, Pa.,

comprising all the latest Novelties in Black and Colored Silks, Velvets, Plaids, Cashmeres, Serges, all-Wool Suitings, Gingham, Prints, Ac. Also, a full line of Blankets, Domestic, Shawls, Mullins, MUTTONS, TRIMMINGS, &c., all of which he is offering at very lowest prices. A nice line of

Silver-Plated Ware, Do call and see it. My stock of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Carpets, Oil Cloths,

QUEENWARE, GLASSWARE, &c., is full and complete. Cheap as the Cheapest, and Good as the Best. sept-4-71

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Every kind of STOVE GRATE and FIRE BRICKS kept constantly on hand. ROOFING and SPOUTING Done on short notice and at Low Prices. STORE ON SOUTH STREET, A few doors above Bank St., LEHIGHTON. Patronage solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. Feb. 10, 1883-17.

The Complete Bone Phosphate! MANUFACTURED BY THE ALLENTOWN MFG COMPANY, One of the Best Fertilizers for all kinds of FARM CROPS and GARDEN Vegetables, can be bought in large or small quantities of

M. HEILMAN, LEHIGHTON, PA. March 31-83*

Saloon Keepers and Others, Don't fail to buy your Champagne Pear Cider, Lager Beer, Root Beer, Nectar, Porter, &c., OF

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E. F. LUCKENBACH, MAUCH CHUNK, Pa. Dealer in all Patterns of Plain and Fancy

WALL PAPERS, WINDOW SHADES, Paints & Painters' Supplies, LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Notice to Trespassers. All persons are hereby forbidden from trespassing on the Land of the undersigned in Lehigh Township, Carbon County, Pa., for Hunting, Fishing or any other purpose after this date, under penalty of the law. THOMAS S. BETHERS, Lehigh Township, Carbon Co., Pa. March 17, 1883-77.

THE SUN IS ALWAYS INTERESTING! From morning to morning and from week to week THE SUN tells a continued story of the lives of real men and women, and of their deeds and their struggles. This story is more interesting than any romance that was ever dreamed. Subscription: DAILY (4 pages), by mail, \$10 a month, or \$25.00 a year; SUNDAY (8 pages), \$1.50 per year. WANTED: (2 pages), \$1 per year. I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, apr-28-81 New York City.

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