The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. XI., No 31. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1883. If not paid in advance, $1.25

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H. V. MORTHIMER, Publisher.

The Carbon Advocate.

An Independent Family Newspaper Published every SATURDAY, in Lehighton, Carbon Co., Pa., by HARRY V. MORTHIMER.

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May 19, 1883-m6*] LEHIGHTON.

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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 and German. Nov. 22.

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W. G. M. Seiple, Physician & Surgeon,
Has Removed his Office and Residence from Second St. to SOUTH Street, in the building formerly occupied by A. J. DOLLENMAYER, where he will be pleased to see his friends and patrons. ☞ OFFICE HOURS: from 6 to 9 o'clock P. M. March 31, 1883.

DR. W. W. REBER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
MAIN STREET, PARRYVILLE, PA.
May be consulted in the English or German Language. March 24, 1883.

W A. DERHAMER, M D.,
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Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd sts., Lehighton, Pa. April 3, 1875.

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U. S. Examining Surgeon,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
OFFICE: Bank Street, REBER'S BLOCK, Lehighton, Pa.
May be consulted in the German Language. Nov. 30.

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. 13-y1

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. NITROUS-OXIDE administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk, should make engagements by mail. 35 8 y1

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CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
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READING MUTUAL FIRE,
WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Detective and Insurance Company.
March 29, 1879 THOS. KEMERER.

CARBON HOUSE,
J. W. RAUDENBUSH, PROPRIETOR,
BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.
The CARBON HOUSE offers first-class accommodations to the Traveling 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 10-y1.

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

DAVID EBBERT'S
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.

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
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☞ YOUTH AND MIDDLE-AGED. Would you be restored to SOUND Manhood? Send stamp and you will get advice in sealed envelope. Address, Prof. J. Y. ROSAN, Ogdensburg N.Y. july1y1

Railroad Guide.

Philadelphia & Reading R. R.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

MAY 27th, 1883.

Trains leave Allentown as follows:
(Via PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.)
For Philadelphia at *5.00, 6.45, 11.40 a. m., and *3.10 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
For Philadelphia at *5.05 a. m. and 4.30 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, 7.35 a. m., 9.05 p. m.

Trains for Allentown leave as follows:
(Via PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.)
Leave Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m. and 1.00, *1.55, *4.30, and 5.15 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
Leave Philadelphia, 8.30 a. m., 3.30, and *4.20 p. m.
(Via EAST PENN. BRANCH.)
Leave Reading, 7.30, 10.15 a. m., 2.00, 3.50, and 6.15 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5.20, 7.50, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
Leave Lancaster, †7.30 a. m., 1.00 and †3.40 p. m.
Leave Columbia, 7.30 a. m., 1.10 and 3.40 p. m.
† from King Street Depot.
SUNDAYS.
Leave Reading, 9.00 a. m. and 6.00 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 7.00 a. m. and 4.00 p. 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 *1.55 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.
May 27th, 1883.

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

Central Carriage Works,

Bank St., Lehighton, 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.
TREXLER & KREIDLER,
April 26, 1882 y1 Proprietors.

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F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D.C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular, &c. may5-tfc

$72 a week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed, we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly so well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. dec2-y1*

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co. Portland Maine.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time." $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co. Portland Maine.

LAND Claims a specialty, and WARRANTS, ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIPT bought and sold. Large Stock, and Highest Prices paid. Do you want to sell or buy? If so, write to A. A. THOMAS, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C. jan. 5-tf c.

DROP IN AT THE
Carbon Advocate
OFFICE FOR
Cheap Printing!

A CARD.
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send Self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City. aug. 18-1y.

Go to THOMAS' Drug Store for
WALL PAPERS AND BORDERS,
The Latest Styles; Largest Stock in Town,
And the Lowest Cash Prices!
Durling's Old Stand, Reber's Block, Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

No Patent—No Pay.
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Address: LOUIS BAGGER & CO., Solicitors of Patents and Attorneys at Law, Le Droit Building, WASHINGTON, D. C.

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral.
No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.
"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me. HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the child patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours, MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
153 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. F. BRAUDON."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

AGENTS wanted, to sell Edison's Musical Telephone and Edison's Instantaneous Piano and Organ Music. Enclose stamp for catalogue and terms. EDISON MUSIC CO., Philadelphia, Pa dec. 24-m6.

KIDNEY-WORT
HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or a disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use KIDNEY-WORT at once (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action to all the organs.
Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weakness, KIDNEY-WORT is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.
Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
Address, "The Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, the same as one."
KIDNEY-WORT
Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

REMOVAL!
Miss ALVENIA GRAVER
(Formerly Mrs. Wehr & Sister)

respectfully announces to her friends and the ladies generally, that she has removed her
Millinery & Notion
STORE, from SOUTH Street, into the new building next door to Dr. Reber's Block,
Bank Street, Lehighton,
and that has just received from the City a large and elegant assortment of the very
Latest Styles of Spring and Summer
MILLINERY GOODS,
Comprising HATS, BONNETS, PLUMES all Shades, FLOWERS, RIBBONS AND NOTIONS, which she is offering to the ladies at prices fully as low as the same article can be bought for in the cities. Call and examine. No trouble to show goods.
Agent for the Bethlehem Steam Dye Works.
Remember, MISS ALVENIA GRAVER,
April 21, 1883-m3 Next to Reber's Block, Bank St.

Spring Announcement!

The undersigned calls the attention of his many friends and patrons to his Large and Fashionable Stock of
Spring Goods,
Consisting of
BOOTS AND SHOES
Of every description and Style in the Market, including a special line of
Lady's Fine Shoes
Also, a full line of
Umbrellas, Sun Shades, Hats, Caps,
&c., &c. Our Young Ladies and Gentlemen will find it to their advantage to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere, as they will find the BEST SELECTED STOCK in TOWN AT BOTTOM PRICES.
LEWIS WEISS.
Old Post Office Building, BANK Street, LEHIGHTON
April 14, 1883-1y

Hold Your Head up Like a Man.

If the stormy winds should rustle,
While you tread the world's highway,
Still against them bravely tussle,
Hope and labor day by day;
Falter not, no matter whether
There is sunshine, storm or calm,
And in every kind of weather,
Hold your head up like a man.

If a brother should deceive you,
And should act a traitor's part,
Never let his treason grieve you,
Jog along with lightsome heart;
Fortune seldom follows lawning,
Boldness is the plan,
Hoping for a better dawning,
Hold your head up like a man.

Earth, though e'er so rich and mellow,
Yields not for the worthless drone,
But the bold and honest fellow,
He can shift and stand alone;
Spurn the knave of every nation,
Always do the best you can,
And no matter what your station,
Hold your head up like a man.

John and I.

"Come, John," said I, cheerfully, "it really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and lock the door after you."

My visitor rose—a proceeding that always reminded me of the genius emerging from the copper vessel, as he measured six feet three—and stood looking reproachfully down at me.

"You are in a great hurry to get rid of me," he said.

Now I didn't agree with him, for he had made his usual call of two hours and a half; having, in country phrase, taken to "sitting up" with me so literally that I was frequently at my wits' end to suppress the yawn that I knew would bring a troop after it.

He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, this John Cranford, old for his age—which was the rather boyish period of twenty-two—and every way worthy of being loved. But I didn't love him. I was seven years his senior; when, instead of letting the worm of concealment prey on his damask cheek, he ventured to tell his love for my mature self, I remorselessly seized an English prayer book, and pointed sternly to the clause, "A man may not marry his grandmother." That was three years ago, and I added encouragingly.—

"Besides, John, you are a child, and don't know your own mind."

"If a man of nineteen doesn't know his mind," remonstrated my lover, "I would like to know who should. But I will wait for you seven years, if you say so—fourteen—as Jacob did for Rachel."

"You forget," I replied, laughing at his way of mending matters, "that a woman does not, like wine, improve with age. But seriously, John, this is absurd; you are a nice boy, and I like you—but my feelings toward you are more those of a mother than a wife."

The boys eyes flashed indignantly, and before I could divine his intention he had lifted me from the spot where I stood, and carried me infant fashion to the sofa, at the other end of the room.

"I could almost find it in my heart to shake you!" he muttered, as he set me down with emphasis.

This was rather like the courtship of William of Normandy, and matters promised to be quite exciting.

"Don't do that again," said I with dignity, when I recovered my breath.

"Will you marry me?" asked John, somewhat threateningly.

"Not just at present," I replied.

"The great, handsome fellow," I thought, as he paced the floor restlessly, "why couldn't he fall in love with some girl of fifteen, instead of setting his affections on an old maid like me? I don't want the boy on my hands, and won't have him!"

"As to you being twenty-six," pursued John, in answer to my thoughts, "you say it's down in the family Bible, and I supposed it must be so; but no one would believe it; and I don't care if you are forty. You look like a girl of sixteen, and you are the only woman I shall ever love."

O John, John! at least five million of men have said the same thing before in every known language. Nevertheless when he fairly breaks down and cries, I relent—for I am disgracefully softhearted—and weakly promise then and there that I will either keep my own name or take his.

And John looked radiant at this concession, for love is a very dog in the manger. It was a comfort to know that if he could not gather the flower himself, no one else would.

A sort of family shipwreck had wafted John to my threshold. Our own household was sadly broken up, and I found myself comparatively young in years, with a half invalid father, a large house, and very little money. What more natural determination than to take boarders? And among the first were Mr. Cranford and his son, and sister, who had just been wrecked themselves by the death of the wife and mother in a foreign land—one of those sudden, unexpected deaths, that leave the survivors in a dazed condition, because it is so difficult to imagine the gay worlding who has been called hence in another State of being.

Mr. Cranford was one of my admirations from the first. Tall, pale, with dark hair and eyes, he reminded me of Dante, only that he was handsomer; and he had such a general air of knowing everything worth knowing (without the least pedantry, however) that I was quite afraid of him. He was evidently wrapped up in John, and patient with his sister which was asking quite enough of Christian charity under the sun, for Mrs. Shellgrove was an unmitigated nuisance. Such a talk! babbling of her own and her brothers affairs with equal indiscretion, and treating the latter as though he were an incapable infant.

They stayed with us for three years, and during that time I was fairly persecuted about John. Mrs. Shellgrove wrote me a letter on the subject, in which she informed me that the whole family were ready to receive me with open arms—a prospect that I did not find at all alluring. They seemed to have their hearts set upon me as a person peculiarly fitted to train John in the way he should go. Everything, I was told, depended on his getting the right kind of a wife.

A special interview with Mr. Cranford, at his particular request, touched me considerably.

"I hope," said he, "that you will not refuse my boy, Miss Edna. He has set his heart so fully upon you, and you are everything that I could desire in a daughter. I want some one to pet. I feel sadly lonely at times, and I am sure you would fill the vacant niche."

I drew my hand away from his caress, and almost felt like hating John Cranford. Life with him would be one of ease and luxury; but I decided that I had rather keep boarders.

Not long after this the Cranfords concluded to go to housekeeping, and Mrs. Shellgrove was in her glory. She always came to luncheon in her bonnet, and gave minute details of all that had been done and talked of about the house in the last twenty-four hours.

"It is really magnificent," said she, lengthening out each syllable. "Brother has such perfect taste. And he is actually furnishing the library, Miss Edna, after your suggestion. You see we look upon you quite as one of the family."

"That is very good of you," I replied shortly; "but I certainly have no expectation of ever belonging to it."

Mrs. Shellgrove laughed as though I had perpetrated an excellent joke.

"Young ladies always deny these things of course; but John tells a different story."

I rattled the cups and saucers angrily; and my thoughts floated off, not to John, but to John's father, sitting lonely in the library furnished after my suggestion. Wasn't it, after all, my duty too marry the family generally?

The house was finished and moved into, and John spent his evenings with me. I used to get dreadfully tired of him. He was too devoted to be at all interesting, and I reached that state of feeling which, if summarily ordered to take my choice between him and the gallows, I would have prepared myself for the latter with a sort of cheerful alacrity.

I locked the door upon John on the evening in question, when I had finally gotten rid of him, with these things in full force; and I meditated while undressing on some desperate move that would bring matters to a crisis.

But the boy had become roused at last. He, too, had reflected in the watches of the night; and next day I received quite a dignified letter from him, telling me that business called him from the city for two or three weeks, and that possibly on his return I might appreciate his devotion better.

I felt inexpressibly relieved. It appeared to me the most sensible move that John had made in the whole course of our acquaintance, and I began to breathe with more freedom.

Time flew, however, and the three weeks lengthened to six without John's return. He wrote to me, but his letters became somewhat restrained; and I scarcely knew what to make of him. If he would only give me up, I thought; but I felt sure that he would hold me to that weak promise of mine, that I should either become Edna Cranford or remain Edna Carrington.

"Mr. Cranford" was announced one evening, and I entered the parlor fully prepared for an overdose of John, but found myself confronted by his father.

He looked very grave, and instantly I imagined all sorts of things, and reproached myself for my coldness.

"John is well?" I gasped finally.

"Quite well," was the reply, in such kind tones that I felt sure there was something wrong.

What it was I cared not, but poured forth my feelings impetuously to my astonished visitor.

"He must not come here again!" I exclaimed. "I do not wish to see him. Tell him so, Mr. Cranford! tell him that I had rather remain Edna Carrington as he made me promise, than to become Edna Cranford."

"And he made you promise this?" was the reply. "The selfish fellow! But, Edna, what am I to do without the little girl I have been expecting? I am very lonely—so lonely that I do not see how I can give her up."

I glanced at him, and the room seemed swimming around—everything was dreadfully unrest. I tried to sit down, and was carried tenderly to the sofa.

"Shall it be Edna Carrington or Edna Cranford?" he whispered. "You need not break your promise to John."

"Edna Cranford," I replied, feeling that I had left the world entirely and was in another sphere of existence.

If the thought crossed my mind that Mr. Cranford had rather cheerfully supplanted his son, the proceeding was fully justified during the visit which I soon received from that young gentleman. I tried to make it plain to him that I did him no wrong, as I had never professed to love him, though not at all sure that I wouldn't receive the shaking threatened on a previous occasion, and I endeavored to be as tender as possible, for I felt really sorry for him.

To my great surprise, John laughed heartily.

"Well, this is jolly!" he exclaimed. "And I am not a villian, after all. What do you think of her, Edna?"

He produced an ivory-type in a rich velvet case—a pretty, little, blue-eyed simpleton, who looked about seventeen.

"Rose," he continued—"Rose Darling; the name suits her, doesn't it? She was staying at my uncle's in Maryland—that's where I've been visiting, you know, and she's such a dear little confiding thing that a fellow couldn't help falling in love with her. And she thinks no end of me, you see; says she's quite afraid of me and all that."

John knew it at I wasn't a bit afraid of him; but I felt an elder sisterly sort of interest in his happiness, and had never liked him so well as at that moment. And this was the dreadful news that his father had come to break to me when his narrative was nipped in the blood by my revelations and the interview ended in a far more satisfactory manner than either of us had anticipated.

So I kept my promise to John, after all; and as Miss Rose kept hers, he is now a steady married man, and a very agreeable son-in-law.

JUSTICE THAT PARALYZED THE BAR.

"When I was practicing down at Tombstone," said the lawyer, "a friend of mine had his ear chewed off one evening in a dispute with a prominent citizen who dealt faro. After seeing the doctor he came to me, and under my advice he had the prominent citizen arrested on a charge of mayhem. Next day we had the man up for his preliminary examination. My friend was there with his head bandaged, and so were the prominent citizen and his counsel, and the friends of both parties. The general public—and it's a pretty tough general public in Tombstone—crowded the court-room. The hour went by, but the Justice didn't turn up. Finally, Gen. O'Brian, the leader of the Tombstone bar, stuck his head up through a trap-door in the floor and said in his solemn way:

"Gentlemen, remove your hats. His Honor is here.' And he dragged the court up by the collar. He was limber drunk, and had been sleeping it off in the cellar. You never saw such a long adjournement from decency as that ornament of the bench was. A bath and a shampoo brought back some life to him, and he was able to walk without help to the court-room. Once in the chair behind his high desk he looked all right, and he went on with the case. We had taken the testimony of three witnesses to the row, and subsequent chewing of my friend's ear in the Excelsior faro parlors, when Gen. O'Brien and Col. Stephens, both on the other side, jumped up and objected to one of my questions. It was a law point and we argued and quoted authorities for about half an hour. It was a pretty hot set-to, and we were all on our feet when we finished, and turned around to the court for a ruling. He was looking straight before him up above us, as if he was sleeping with his eyes open.

"'Your Honor,' said the General, after a long pause, 'we are waiting for your ruling.'

"There was no answer. Then I chipped in with:

"'Your Honor, will you be good enough to give us your ruling?"

"'Wash that?' he said, trying to bring his eyes to bear upon me.

"'We want your ruling.'

"'Court's a'journed,' he said, trying to rise.

"We all protested, but his only answer was to strike his desk with his fist and cry out again that the court was adjourned.

"'Won't you fix the bail of this defendant?' demanded the general.

"'Now, shir,' said the court, who had got on his feet by this time, and was frowning heavily. 'Turn 'im loose. He'd oughter shawed the head off that tenderfoot, that's what he'd oughter done.'

"Well, gentlemen, what do you think the court did next? He just deliberately staggered over to the trap-door, lifted it, stepped down the stairs until only his head and shoulders were above the floor, and then pausing to glare at the paralyzed crowd of us, growled out:

"'Yeh can all go to ——.'

"With that he ducked and let the door fall, and I suppose had his sleep out on the dirty floor of the cellar."

DIED OF SURPRISE.

At one of the hotels the other day, a drummer went to settle his weekly bill, which he thought amounted to seven dollars and a half. The clerk told him it was only seven dollars.

"Ain't your rates seven dollars and a half per week?" asked the drummer.

"They are."

"Don't you advertise your rates to be seven dollars and a half?" inquired the drummer.

"We do."

"Then why don't you charge me seven dollars and a half? I don't want to live for less than any one else. The house is footing my bills, and there is nothing mean about me."

Seeing the drummer so angry, the clerk took off his diamond and explained:

"We are charging you the same as any one else."

"Then why isn't it seven dollars and a half?"

"Because you were away from dinner the day before yesterday, and that takes off fifty cents, the regular reduc—"

But a dull thud interrupted the clerk, who looked around and saw the drummer stretched dead on the floor. He will play on his drum no more. Subsequent investigation proved that the man had formerly resided in a metropolitan boarding house; and the jury rendered its verdict accordingly, giving it as its opinion that he died of excitement superinduced by sudden surprise.

—A Newark drummer, who traveled for a jewelry firm, has beaten his employers to the tune of several hundred dollars. He was a snare drummer.

—Subscribe for the CARBON ADVOCATE, $1 per year.

—Of Switzerland's army of 205,176 only 3,090 are in active service.

—The crown of the Czar is valued at two and a half million dollars.

—Nathaniel Stimpson, of Brooks, Me., a pensioner of the war of 1812, is 101 years old.

—The people of Indiana have taken up base ball with such eagerness that they play ball by the electric light.

Happy Once More.

St. Louis, Mo.—A *Chronicle* reporter was told by Mr. Alfred J. Pupin, of this city, that his nephew had the most obstinate case of inflamatory rheumatism which baffled all kinds of treatment until St. Jacob's Oil, the great pain-conqueror was used. It cured the young man, and he recommends it as the greatest cure for pains in the world.

—The recent parad of colored troops in Charleston was enlivened by a whistling accompaniment of 500 men.

—This is the most terse and honest obitnary that we have yet seen. "He was pretty mean in some respects—but then he was meaner in others."

"Thought the Child would Die."

This is what the Sisters of the Home for Catholic Children, in Boston, said about a poor little child who was racking itself almost to death with whooping cough. The child was suddenly taken with severe spasms and vomiting, and with frightful pains in the head. The Sisters write: "We used PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER with the most astonishing results. In a few hours the disease was gone and the child was well."

—"I can't hold the baby any longer," said a young father, "it's getting too heavy." "Pshaw, Edward! you used to hold me for hours and never complain."

—Nebraska has one women minister, one woman lawyer, six women county superintendents, and ten women physicians. Many women are engaged in editorial work.

Ayer's Sarsaprilla operates radically upon and through the blood, and it is safe, reliable, and absolute cure for the various diseases, complaints, and disorders, due to debility, or to any constitutional taint or infection.

—"I was so mad at George last night," said a girl, of her sweetheart. "Yes," said her ill-natured brother, "I noticed when I looked in the parlor you were up in arms."

—"When a man kums to me fur advice, I fined out the kind of advice he wants, and give it to him; this satisfys him that he and I are two az smart men az there is living."

Wadely, Ga.—Dr. B. R. Doyle says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters superior as a tonic to any preparation now in use."

—"Worth her weight in gold," is not the most complimentary thing that can be said about woman, as she would have to weigh 300 pounds to bring her value up to $100,000.

—"It is said that the greatest dread of a gambler is that he will be paralyzed." And one of the times when he is "paralyzed," is when he bets $1,000 on four kings and an ace and the other fellow throws down four aces and a king.

☞ With Diamond Dyes any lady can get as good results as the best practical dyer. Every dye warranted true to name and sample.

—A watchmaker, speaking of what he found in watches, said: "Small pieces of iron, tobacco, splinters of wood, and once I found a louse. Hairs frequently get into watches. I have found them coiled up and drawn tightly about the wheels."

—About 90,000 people cross the Brooklyn bridge every day. During the day the bridge is the hottest place in the two cities, from the fact so much iron and steel being used in the bridge and which always draws and retain the heat of the sun.

—The Rev. Dr. John Brown, who served for sixty-three years as rector of St. George's Church at Newburg, N. Y., is the latest man to be put forward as the "oldest Mason." He has been a member of Hiram Lodge at Newburg for sixty-six years.

☞ The Most Reliable, Carefully Prepared, and Best Purgative of the Present Age is

Brandreth's Pills.

They are compounded of Roots, Herbs and Gums of the most healing and beneficial kind.

As a Family Medicine they are unrivalled, curing Head-ache, Constipation, Liver complaint, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia—clearing the blood of all impurities—settling on the Liver, Kidneys and other important organs, removing the waste tissue, and adding years to the lives of all who use them.

For fifty years they have been used by the American public, and their constantly increasing sales show how they are appreciated.

A Perfect Remedy in 20 Diseases.

ASHFIELD, MASS.

I am verging on eighty years, and deem it my duty to suffering humanity to say that my long life is due to BRANDRETH'S PILLS which have been my sole medicine for half a century. I know the last forty-three years of my life is owing solely to their use. Your PILLS saved me many times after the best medical skill in several States had given me up as hopeless. I have had many converts to purgation with BRANDRETH'S PILLS, and have seen them perform almost miracles of cure. For children, a few doses have cured measles, scarlet fever, and whooping cough. In all female troubles and weakness I have never known them to fail. In adult males I have known them to cure the worst cases of dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney diseases, dysentery and diarrhœa; even dropsy, paralysis, and apoplexy have yielded to a persistent course of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In fact I have found them the true Life Elixir. They act as continual preventives against the effects of time, disease, and labor.

JOHN H. MANN.