The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. XI., No 37. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1883. If not paid in advance, $1.25

Advertising Rates.

We desire it to be distinctly understood that no advertisements will be inserted in the columns of THE CARBON ADVOCATE that may be received from unknown parties or firms unless accompanied by the CASH. The following are our ONLY terms:

ONE SQUARE (10 LINES),

One year, each insertion	10 cts.
Six months, each insertion	15 cts.
Three months, each insertion	20 cts.
Less than three months, first insertion $1; each subsequent insertion	25 cts.

Local notices 10 cents per line.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Publisher.

CARDS,

Attorneys.

T. A. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE: Corner of Bank Street & Bankway, 2nd building above the Carbon Advocate Printing Office.
May 19, 1883-m6*] LEHIGHTON.

W. M. RAPSHER,
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 and German. Nov. 25.

Physicians and Dentists.

REMOVED.

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. HOLLENBACH, 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 21, 1 83.

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

N. B. REBER, M. D.
U. S. Examining Surgeon,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
OFFICE: Bank Street, REBER'S BLOCK, Lehighton, Pa.
May be consulted in the German Language. Nov. 25.

DR. C. W. BOWER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
May be consulted in the German or English Language.
OFFICE: Opposite Darling's Drug Store, BANK St., Lehighton, Pa. jan. 14-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. jy8 y1

THOMAS KEMERER,
CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE,
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 23, 1877 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 19-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, 1879.

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, Lehighton. jan22-y1

PATENTS. ANDERSON & SMITH, Solicitors of U. S. and Foreign Patents, No. 709 7th Street, cor. of G, opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C. Correspondence solicited. No charge for advice. No fee charged unless Patent is allowed. References, Lewis Johnson & Co., Bankers, and Postmaster, Washington, D. C. Pamphlet of Instructions free. jan 6-1f o

☞ YOUTH AND MIDDLE-AGED, Would you be restored to SOUND Manhood? Send stamp and you will receive in sealed envelope. Address, Prof. J. Y. FOAN, Ogdensburg N.Y. july1-y1

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Toilet Articles and Perfumery. Choice Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes. Special attention given to Prescriptions,
At THOMAS' Drug Store,
Darling's Old Stand, Reber's Block, Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

No Patent—No Pay.
PATENTS
obtained for Inventors in the United States Canada and Europe, at reduced rates. With our principal office located in Washington, directly opposite the United States Patent Office, we are able to attend to all patent business with greater promptness and despatch and at less cost than other patent attorneys who are at a distance from Washington, and who have, therefore, to employ "associate attorneys." We make preliminary examinations and furnish opinions as to patentability, free of charge, and all who are interested in new inventions and patents are invited to send for a copy of our "Guide for obtaining Patents," which is sent free to any address, and contains complete instructions how to obtain patents and other valuable matter. We refer to the German-American National Bank Washington, D. C.; the Royal Swedish, Norwegian and Danish Legations, at Washington; Hon. Jos. Casey, late Chief Justice U. S. Court of Claims; to the Officials of the U. S. Patent Office, and to Senators and Members of Congress from every State.
Address: LOUIS BAGGER & CO., Solicitors of Patents and Attorneys at Law, Le-Droit Building, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A MARVELOUS STORY
TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.
FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 29, 1882.
"Gentlemen: My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
has had in his case: I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.
Yours truly, W. M. PHILLIPS."
FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since then. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully, HIRAM PHILLIPS."
AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

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-n.6.

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 your ills, 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.
KIDNEY-WORT
Address as the Cuthbertson Chem. Co.
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,
Next to Reber's Block, Bank St.
April 21, 1883-m3

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

BUT I CAN TRUST.

I cannot see, with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me;
I only know He hath said: "Child, follow me."
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before;
I only know God could keep wide the door;
But I can trust.

I find no answer, often when beset
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,
And often have but strength to faintly pray:
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,
If ripened fruit for God will there be found;
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;
But this I know, God watches all my path—
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight!
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light,
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,
To see while here the land beyond the river;
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;
So I can trust.

A REBEL GIRL IN CAMP.

Near the beginning of our late civil war, Lieutenant Graham was stationed with a few men to guard a gap in the Virginia mountains. The blockade of the whole South at that time was very rigorous, and supplies of any kind were rarely smuggled through the Union lines.

One morning, as the lieutenant sat smoking in the door of his tent, one of his outlying pickets presented himself, red and bloom with running.

"I've got 'em sir! It's some of thim rebels—hookin' it across the lines. I brought 'em to with a round turr!"

"Where?" exclaimed the lieutenant, as he jumped to his feet. He was young and zealous, and had not yet had a chance to prove his zeal. "Rebels breaking the lines, eh! Well done, Wright!"

"Carrying provisions, sir!"

"No doubt! No doubt! Arms and ammunition, too, of course. Where are they? Were they taken prisoners?"

The man looked sheepish. "They're back in the woods, sir. I just fetched it along."

"I? What on earth"—The lieutenant followed Wright, who ran to the woods, dashed behind a copse and hauled out a little girl of about ten years of age carrying a basket. A donkey stood beside her.

"There they be lieutenant! She was footin' in past the pickets, singing Dixie to herself as easy as you please."

"Take your hands off the child! I thought you had captured a dozen men, you braggart! Who are you my child?"

"I'm Dora Nettley, sir."

Dora was a chubby, freckled child, with honest, brown eyes, which reminded the lieutenant of his little sister away out in Michigan. Still, important information, maps and despatches had often been carried by women and children since the war began, and this might be a bearer of information, a child though she was.

"Where did you come from, Dora?"

"From Martinsburg, sir."

"And what have you in that basket?"

The child's face grew red, she shut her lips tight and remained silent."

"Search it, Wright."

"Here's tea, sir, and a little package of sugar, and here's a bottle of quinine pills."

"Where are you going with these things, Dora?"

She looked wildly from side to side, her chin quivered, and then she burst into passionate sobs. "Oh let me go sir! It's my mother. She is down on the plantation, all alone. The negroes have all followed your army, and my mother's alone and sick. I just thought I'd buy her a little tea and sugar and medicine."

"How do you know she is sick?"

"Patsey told me. Patsey's the coachman. He followed the soldiers up to Martinsburgh. He said there was nobody to take care of her."

"And you rode from Martinsburgh here on this donkey?"

"Yes, sir."

"And meant to pass the lines?"

Dora nodded and her eyes sparkled. This kind faced lad was not so terrible a foe, after all. "I was just going down the gap road. I have ridden it on Spot a hundred times before."

Wright's face was eagerly turned to the officer. "Oh, let the child go, lieutenant. What harrum kin she do with her bit of tea for her sick mither? I wished I'd been in bether business when I tetched you, sissy."

"I wish you had," said Dora, simply.

"How does it happen that your mother is alone?" asked the lieutenant. "Where is your father?"

Dora's cheeks glowed a fiery red. She looked at the ground uncertainly. She was a quick-witted child, and had seen the sympathy in the officer's eyes. If she could hide the fact that her family were actively concerned with the Confederates, there was a chance that she would be allowed to pass. But—to lie!

"Where is your father, Dora?" he repeated.

"In the army!" she faltered.

"Fighting for the Union?" said Graham, quickly.

"There was a long pause. "He is with Lee," she said at last.

"And your brothers?"

"They are with Dick Ashby."

The young officer turned away impatiently. He had hoped to find a pretext for being of service to the child.

"Walk down the field a bit, lieutenant, and have your back this way," whispered Wright. "I'll give her the wink to be off. And what harrum's done?"

"No. I am sorry, Dora, but I cannot let you pass through the gap. It is against orders."

She did not make any noise, but dropped on the grass and buried her face in her hands. "Oh, I want mother!" she sobbed. "Oh, I want mother."

"Ye see, child," explained Wright, "no support or comfort kin be carried to the inimy."

"She's not an enemy," cried Dora, angrily. "She's—mother."

"Come with me, Dora," said the lieutenant. He lifted her on the donkey and led her to the farm-house, where the wife of General R. had her quarters. She was a gentle, motherly woman, and he told her the story.

"I am going to the commanding officer to telegraph for a permit for her to pass the lines. You can discover whether she has anything contraband concealed about her. But I would stake my life on the honesty of the child."

"You will have a ride of twenty miles in the hot sun, lieutenant," said Mrs. R. "Do you know the child?"

"No; but I cannot help thinking, what if that poor woman yonder were my mother, and this child little Alice!"

Mrs. R. took the girl up to a little chamber which she told her should be her own until the lieutenant returned; kissed her and left. She felt impatient with the dreadful turmoil, and sorrows of the war. This poor mother dying alone perhaps, and the child wandering through the country! Why was there no one who could set it all right?

In the meantime Dora had hidden her basket, locked the door, and kneeled down by the side of the bed. She was praying with all the strength of her little heart to God to help her. And on the other side of the mountain, in a solitary house, her mother lay alone, her hands covering her pale, worn face, while she too spoke to the Friend, who had been her Friend in whom she had trusted all her life.

Down the valley galloped the lieutenant—a stranger to them both—promoted, he thought, by dint of real likeness of the child to his sister. Yet was there not some One who heard their prayers and made of this man the agent to answer them? the One who could and would in his own good time set all this turmoil and all others right?

At the end of the day Lieutenant Graham opened the gate of the farmhouse. Mrs. R. with Dora hurried to meet him.

"I know by your face you have succeeded," she said.

"Yes; the General is the most inexorable of foes as far as men are concerned, but he has a wife and children of his own. Here is a permit and an order for a guard to take the child through the pass."

The officer himself rode with the guard into the gap. "Good-by, my little prisoner. You will soon be with your mother, and I hope you will find that she will not need the medicine you are carrying her," he said as they parted.

"Dora's eyes were full of tears. "You have been so good to me, she said, dropping Spot's reins and holding out both hands. "I wish I could do something for you."

"Go, be good to the first Yankee who falls into your hands, you little rebel," he replied, laughing.

There is a sequel to our little story. Mrs. Nettley with her daughter, removed for safety to her brother's plantation in the eastern part of the State, where they remained during the war.

After a skirmish which took place in the neighborhood, Major Nettley's house being spacious, was taken as a temporary hospital, to which the wounded of both sides were carried. Dora and her mother were busy among them, doing what they could to alleviate their sufferings until the surgeons had dressed their wounds.

There was one young man of about twenty who was wounded in the leg. Dora, as she raised his head to give him a drink of water, met his eyes. They had a strangely familiar look.

"What is your name?" she said as she took the cup from his mouth.

"Felix Graham."

"What regiment?"

"Ensign, Fourth Michigan."

Dora ran to her mother, fairly stammering in her excitement.

"He is so like the lieutenant at the gap, mama! And the same name! And I promised! I promised!"

Mrs. Nettley in her turn grew interested and excited. She went to the commandant when the time came for sending the wounded Union officers away.

"There is a young man among them," she said, "Whose wound will probably prove fatal if he is moved. I owe a debt of gratitude, as I believe, to one of his family—or at least to one of his name. If you will leave him I will nurse him as faithfully and as well as I can."

Mrs. Nettley was a woman whose requests were usually granted. Felix Graham remained in her house for two months.

Four years after the war was over, our old friend Colonel Graham (formerly lieutenant), came home to Michigan from San Francisco, where he had engaged in business after his discharge from the army.

It was his first home-coming, and there was great rejoicing, and a gathering of all the Graham clan, big and little.

"But where is my new sister?" he said to Alice. "I wish I could have got back in time for the wedding. To think Felix went to Virginia for a wife, after all!"

"Here they come," said Alice, as steps were heard on the porch without, and the boys ran half out to meet Felix and the bride with him. "He's come! he's come!"

The door opened, and Felix, bearded and sun burned, came in; a shy, shabby young girl following him. Her eyes were brown and oddly honest and Frank Colonel Graham, his hand out, stopped perplexed.

"Who? Dora!" he said. "Dora?"

"Yes, Dora," she answered. "I kept my promise," laughing mischievously. "You told me to be good to the first Yankee who fell into my hands. Here he is; I thought the best thing I could do for him was to marry him."

Dora's mother and uncles followed her to Michigan. Since then there have been many family gatherings, where the Nettleys and Grahams—once such bitter foes—recall the events of the war, seeking only to remember how much that was human, and tender, and brotherly, was mingled with the terror and misery of that far-off time.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

—"The first woman didn't wear earrings," remarked Brother Talmage at a late conference meeting. "No," remarked a quiet little man in the corner, "nor anything else."

—Caution in the premises: "Hadn't I better pray for rain to-day, deacon?" said a Binhamton minister on Sunday. "No, to-day, dominie, I think," was the prudent reply; "the wind isn't right."

—"Ice cream—one dollar per gal." "Well," said a down-Easter, as he walked into the saloon, "that's a pretty steep price to charge for one gal, but, Maria, I'll see you through, no matter what it costs. Here's a dollar, waiter; ice cream for the gal."

—It is estimated that in England 10,000 women and girls chew gum. The ties between that country and America are growing stronger every year, by gum.

—An exchange says: "A Mississippi dog bit off a boy's nose and swallowed it." This shows the thoughtfulness of the dog. If he had swallowed the nose without biting it off it must have proved fatal to the boy.

—The dudine, after critically examining the magnificent proportion of the dude, timidly remarked: "George, darling, if I am going to wear the breeches after we get married, you will have to get them made larger than that."

—True caution: "Ma," said Jennie Parvenu at Newport, "they said those Smiths who have got the Jones cottage are awful stylish and have got a pedigree." "Got the pedigree, have they?" said Mrs. Parvenu, excitedly; "well, you keep away from them, for I don't want you to catch it."

—Manipulating the mercury: "What's that, John? Is that the stage coming?" asked the summer hotel proprietor of the porter. "Yes, sir; I guess it is." "Then hurry up and put some ether under the bulb of that thermometer on the porch. They'll be here pretty quick and we must have it down to 75 at least."

—One who moved among the elite. "It's a shame," said Mrs. Parvenu at Newport, the other day, "that they do not elect my son one of the stockholders in that there Kasino. He's offered 'em $500, has a dog cart, plays tennis and talks just as silly as any of them men what go round with other men's wives. And we move in select circles, too."

—Feeding a press: Two boys met in front of the SUN office yesterday afternoon. The youngest of the two said: "Hello, Tom. Are you working?" "Yes," Tom replied. "I'm working around in Spruce street, feeding a press." "Feeding a press?" repeated the inquirer. "Why, you overgrown Turk, you're not able to feed yourself, let alone a press."

—Verbatim copy of a letter from an Irishman to his son in Dublin: "DEAR SON. If you are well when this letter reaches you we are all well. By the bearer, I send you my old brown coat; get a 'new one' made out of it. Your mother sends you unbeknowing to me, five pounds. I hope you will not spend them foolishly; if you do, I just can tell you that you are a silly goose, and I remain your affectionate father. P. S.—Your sister Sally wanted me to tell you to send her a shell comb, but as I forgot it this time, and the letter already sealed, I will mention it in my next."

—Recognized the impression: Personally, the most amusing thing which I enjoyed at the seashore didn't cost me a cent. There was a crowd along the beach. The German mother of five children lost their father in the jam and for an hour rushed to and fro in search of him. Then she sat down to rest and the three larger children deployed within sight. "Mother, come here!" cried one, excitedly. The youngster pointed to a spacious indentation in the sand. It had been made by pressure, not by scooping. The woman eyed it critically. "Yaw," she presently remarked: "your fadder made dot by sitting himself down. I know dot."

—Plantation philosophy: None but de po' despise de rich.—Even among de animals a kind ack is recollected longer den a mean one. A dog may forgit a place whar somebody kicked him, but he neber forgits de place where somebody gin him a piece of meat.—De evil in a man's face is plainer den de good. We sometimes see a glass filled wid water so clear dat it looks like dar ain't nuthin' dar, but put muddy water in de same glass an' it's mighty plain.

—Charley quite outwitted: She leaned her head upon his shoulder and said, in her most insinuating tones: "Charley, dear, I've heard so much about dudes I want you to get me one." Charley smiled at her innocence, but resolved to humor it. "Would you prefer a French dude?" he asked. "I think not," she answered squirming coyly. "How would a German dude suit?" "I don't think it would suit at all. I don't understand German." "Well, what shall it be, then?" It was her turn to smile as she said, with an arch look: "A yankee dude 'll do."

—"When are you going to make me that pair of new boots I ordered?" asked Gus De Smith of his shoemaker. "When you pay me for the last pair I made you." "Whew! I can't wait so long as that; I must trade somewhere else."

A COMPLETE APOLOGY.

An excited gentleman, who took exception to a personal notice made of him in the paper, called at the office the other day to demand a correction. He said he did not take any stock in newspaper apologies; that they were generally an aggravation of the original offense, and to guard against any such possibility he insisted that just what he would dictate should be printed in contradiction and precisely as he uttered it.

Perhaps the gentleman did not consider that, as he had a very bad cold in the head, his caution to print his remarks "precisely as he uttered them" would involve his name somewhat ridiculously, for he was especially emphatic in saying that he "did dot wadt ady dodsods about id;" but having agreed to his demand, we naturally feel in honor bound to abide by our promise, and the following is what he said and just as he said it:

"Id less week's dubber of dis dewspaper ad idem appeared stating that Bister Johd Dickolas spedt Sudday id Colubbus. As this was not in accordadce with the facts and codflicts with the geddimad's stadebedt to his fabily add friedds that he was id Greed Towdshib od Sudday, the correctiod is cheerfully bade that Bister Dicolas did sped Sunday in Green Townshib add dod id Colubbus, as erredeously doticed."

After Mass in a French Canadian Village.

After mass we gathered again in groups in front of the church. The parents were now triumphant in the strength of their opposition to emmigration, and the young people were quite ashamed and subdued.

But the Sunday business was not yet done. The town crier gathered everybody about him while he made his weekly announcements. He is still the country newspaper of Canada. But so far from being a literary emporium, he frequently can not read or write. He has, however, sufficient tongue, memory and assurance to deliver quite a column of public and private matter. He is often unwittingly comical, his pompous air being a ludicrous contrast to the simple facts he has to tell, and the illiterate blunders of his speech. First come the official announcements, legal advertisements, sheriff sales, police regulations, roadmaster's notices, new laws, etc., then private announcements are cried out—auctions, things lost and found, opening of new stores, new professional offices, etc. Sometimes he sells a pig or a calf, "for infant Jesus," the product of the sale being given to a collection for the poor. Not long ago horse races were advertised by him to take place on the road right after mass. The crier this day closed his list by announcing that the parish had an insurance policy to pay to one of its citizens. It seems that the parish generally insures itself. When any one loses his buildings by fire, some one solicits subscriptions to restore them. Each neighbor hauls a stick or two; the people ask permission of the priest to work on Sunday; and after mass they assemble and erect the building. If the loser be very poor man, carpenters are hired to finish the work for him. A portion of the congregation went away up the northern mountain that day, and spent the afternoon raising a log house and barn. All sorts of public assemblies are held in front of the church just after mass. Indeed, Sunday is the most animated day of the week in social, industrial and political matters as well as religious.—Ex.

—Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

—Weeds are generally the earliest risers in a garden bed.

—Surmises are not facts. Suspicions which may be unjust need not be stated.

—Nothing is sillier than a silly laugh.—Catullus.

—A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

—Books serve to isolate man; that which is told us by word or mouth is far more potent.

—It is a truth but too well known, that rashness attends youth, as prudence does old age.

—How many people live on the reputation they might have made.

—Love can gather hope from a marvelously little thing.

—Men make laws—women make manners.

—A detractor is his own foe and the world's enemy.

—Charity begins at home, but should not end there.

—He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.

—By asking too much we may lose the little we had before.

—Many silly people despise the precious, not understanding it.

—Do not grasp at the shadow and lose the substance.

—Magnificent promises sometimes end in paltry performances.

—Presumption begins in ignorance and ends in ruin.

—Little thanks are due to him who only gives away what is of no use to himself.

—Every truth has two sides; look at both before committing yourself to either.

—Necessity is the mother of invention.

—A coward can be a hero at a distance; presence of danger tests presence of mind.

—Troubles often come from whence we least expect them.

The Carbon Advocate.
An Independent Family Newspaper Published every SATURDAY, in Lehighton, Carbon Co., Pa., by
HARRY V. MORTHIMER.
OFFICE—BANKWAY, a short distance above the Lehigh Valley R. R. Depot.
Terms: $1.00 per Annum in Advance
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PLAIN AND FANCY
Job Printing
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

THE LIFE OF A MAN.

Man, born of woman, is of few days and no teeth. And, indeed, it would be money in his pocket sometimes if he had less of either. As for his days, he wasteth one-third of them, and as for his teeth, he has convulsions when he cutteth them, and as the last one cometh through, lo! the dentist is twisting the first one out, and the last end of that man's jaw is worse than the first, being full of porcelain and a roof-plate to hold blackberry seeds.

Stone bruises line his pathway to manhood, his father boxes his ears at home, the big boys cuff him in the play ground, and the teacher whips him in the school-room. He buyeth Northwestern at 110 when he hath sold short at 96 and his neighbor unloadeth upon him Iron Mountain at 63¾, and it straightway breaketh down to 52¾. He riseth early and sitteth up late that he may fill his barns and storehouses, and lo! his children's lawyers divide the spoil among themselves and say "Ha, ha!" He groweth and is sore distressed because it raineth, and he breatheth upon his breast and sayeth, "My crop is lost!" because it raineth not. The late rains blight his wheat and frost biteth his peaches. If it be so the sun shineth, even among the nineties, he sayeth, "Woe is for me I perish," and if the northwest wind sigheth down in forty-two below he crieth, "Would I were dead!" If he wear sackcloth and blue jeans men say "He is a tramp," and if he goeth forth shaven and clad in purple and fine linen all the people cry, "Shoot the dude!"

He carryeth insurance for twenty-five years, until he hath paid thrice over for all his goods, and then he liteth his policy lapse one day, and that same night fire destroyeth his store. He buildeth him a house in Jersey, and his first born is devoured by mosquitoes; he pitcheth his tents in New York and tramps devour his substance. He moveth to Kansas and a cyclone carryeth his house away over into Missouri, while a prairie fire and ten million acres of grasshoppers fight for his crop. He settleth himself in Kentucky, and is shot the next day by a gentleman, a Colonel and a statesman, "because, sah, he resembles, sah, a man, sah, he did not like, sah." Verily, there is no rest for the sole of his foot, and if he had to do it over again he would not be born at all, for "the day of death is better than the day of one's birth."

A RUSSIAN STORY.

That crazy Emperor, Paul I. of Russia, during one of his drives, met a soldier whose countenance pleased him.

"Come into my carriage, lieutenant," said Paul.

"Sire, I am only a private."

"The Emperor is never mistaken, captain."

"I obey your orders, sire."

"Very good, commandant. Take your seat by my side. What lovely weather we have, to-day!"

"Sire, I dare not venture—"

"What are you saying, colonel?"

Unluckily for the new-made colonel, the Emperor had to be back to the palace early that morning. If the drive had continued a few minutes longer his chance companion would have been made a field-marshal. As it was, he was obliged to content himself with the grade of major-general.

But a few days afterward the same poor wretch, picked up by the Emperor in exactly the same way, had to go through the same gradations of rank, only in the reverse direction, and in half an hour from being a major-general, had to become a private soldier again.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

When the triangle had sounded the call to order and the rattling of many hoofs had ceased, the Lord John Dewdrop arose and offered the club the use of the following at very reasonable rates:

"Dont' saw of de handles of your wheelbarrer to keep a nabur from borrowin' it."

"De man who loses his temper will be sartin to lose his friends."

"If it wasn't for goslings dar' would be no geese. Gin a boy a chance to be a gos'lin' befo' expectin' him to be a gander."

"An egotist am a man on stilts. Let him alone an' he am sartin' to come down."

"Befo' praisin' de philanthropy of de man who has donated a site for an orphan asylum try an' diskiber if his wife won't doin' de kitchen work to save de expense of a hired gal."

"De man who has no friends to speak well of am a man to be avoided."

"Be guided in your outlay by what you kin afford—not by what your neybur brings home."

"Truth am mighty, but use it in small doses in criticising de acts of your friends."

"De peacock may make a fine display of colors, but when it comes down to selecting something solid doan' oberlook de gander. He am de same all de way frew, an' you allus know whar' to find him."

"De man who drops his wallet to test de honesty of de public shouldn't give hisself away by advertisin' a reward an' no questions axed."

On motion of Pickles Smith the club accepted the above at thirty per cent. of their face value, and the amount was passed to Lord John's credit on the cash book.

MISERIES OF MOSQUITO TIME.

They bite at night with great delight, and put most people in a nervous fright. Their bills they stick with poisonous prick in children's flesh and make them sick. On buzzing wing the insects sing, before inserting their wicked sting. Victims complain of cruel pain, and would rather not be bitten again. The pain to stop, apply one drop of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER as from the druggist's shop.