The Carbon Advocate.

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

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—Corner of Bank Street & Railway, 2nd building above the Carbon Advocate Printing Office.
[May 19, 1883-m0*] 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 SIXTH Street, in the building formerly occupied by A. J. DOLLESNMAYER, 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.,
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. 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. 11-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.
LORILLARD FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Home Building Association and Insurance Company.
March 29, 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. 15-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, 1882

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. 700 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 6-4t e

YOUTH AND MIDDLE AGED. Would you restored to SOUND health and vigor and you will not, Manhood? read this sealed envelope. Address Prof. J. V. HOAN, Ogdensburg N.Y. july17y1

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

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfilment of its promises.*
The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.
The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE
WHISKERS
Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.
PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS
OF
Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Blood Disorders,
the best remedy, because the most searching and thorough blood-purifier, is
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles, $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-m6.

KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.
No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated KIDNEY-WORT as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.
PILES. This distressing complaint is very apt to be associated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicine have before failed. If you have either of these troubles PRICE $1. USE Druggists sell KIDNEY-WORT
It acts at the same time on the Liver and Bowels.

No Patent—No Pay.
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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.

Buy Your Spring and Summer
DRESS AND DRY GOODS,
Groceries, Queensware, etc.,
—AT—
C. M. SWEENY & SON'S,
Old Post-Office Building, Bank St. Lehighton.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
Trade Mark. BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to Cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED
Laboratory 77 West 3d St., New York City, Druggists sell it.
LYKENS, DAUPHIN CO., PA.
DR. CLARK JOHNSON:—
My body was literally covered with Tetter, for which I could get no relief until I took your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP, which has effectually cured me. I recommend it highly.
ENOCH BEEGER.

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 ost Office Building, BANK Street, LEHIGHTON
April 14, 1883-1y

THE MODEL AMERICAN GIRL.

A practical, plain young girl;
Not-afraid-of-the rain young girl;
A poetical posy,
A ruddy and rosy,
A helper-of-self young girl.

At-home-in-her place young girl;
A never-will-face young girl;
A toiler serene,
A life pure and clean,
A princess of peace young girl.

A wear-her own-hair young girl;
A free from-a stare young girl;
Improves every hour,
No sickly sunflower,
A wealth of-rare-sense young girl.

Plenty room in-her shoes young girl,
No indulger in-blues young girl;
Not a bang on-her brow,
To fraud not a bow,
She's a just what-she-seems young girl.

Not a reader of-trash young girl;
Not a cheap jewel flash young girl;
Not a sipper of rum,
Not a chewer of gum,
A marvel of sense young girl.

An early retiring young girl;
An active, aspiring young girl;
A morning riser,
A dandy despiser,
A progressive American girl.

A lover of prose young girl;
Not a turn up your nose young girl;
Not given to spluttter,
Not "utterly utter,"
But a matter of fact young girl.

A rightly ambitious young girl;
Red lips most-delicious young girl;
A sparkling clear eye,
That says, "I will try,"
A sure-to succeed young girl.

An honesty courting young girl;
A never seen flirting young girl;
A quiet and pure,
A modest, demure,
A fit-for-a-wife young girl.

A sought everywhere young girl;
A future-most fair young girl,
An ever discreet,
We too seldom meet,
This queen-among queens young girl.

A DUEL WITH PILLS.

I.

Yesterday, intently gazing into a show-window on Canal street, a feeble, white-haired old gentleman recalled memories of a tragedy which in the burly-burly of life, seems to have passed into oblivion.

In 1847, outside of the city proper, there was, perhaps, no more delightful a place of resort than at the Bayou bridge. It was par excellence the great suburban attraction at the time, and between boating parties on the waters of the bayou, and card reunions over the tables of old Barledue's gambling-saloon out there, the jeunesse doree of New Orleans of that day managed quite comfortably to while away many a leisure moment. Possibly no two young gentlemen enjoyed the quiet hospitalities of Barledge more than Alphonse Riviere and Henri Delagrave; in fact, most of their afternoons were spent in the dimly-lighted saloon of the old gamester, at whose shrine all the card-loving element of the city paid homage.

There was a quiet air about the place that seemed almost religious, and even the parchment-faced old man who mechanically handled the little ivory ball in roulette called out the numbers in a suppressed voice, as if he feared to disturb the quiet. The faint "click" of the "chips" as eager players dallied with them was, perhaps, the loudest sound to be heard there, and even that came to the ear in a subdued way. On the floor a bright covering of matting hushed the footsteps, while at the windows dark yellow curtains let in only just enough light for the illumination of the gaming table.

Riviere was a dashing fellow of twenty-two, with a large estate in the parish of St. James and a round account in the old Union bank. He had passed successfully through the Ecole polytechnique in France, and taken a bout in Algeria, and returned to Louisiana as accomplished and companionable a gentleman as one could wish to chat with. He was fond of his horses, his wine, and a quiet game of cards. Refined in his manner and dignified in his deportment, he was a warm favorite wherever he went, and his entry into old Barledue's establishment was always the signal for a cordial greeting from all who might be present.

On this particular June afternoon Riviere, with the activity of a gymnast, leaped from his buggy in front of the saloon, and, throwing the reins to his negro servant, told him to drive the horse into the shade of the pecan trees in the yard. Switching a delicate ivory headed cane with a nervous, jerky motion, he crossed the broad gallery, and, unannounced, entered the gambling-room. Most of the players were wrapped in attention to their game, but one there was who turned his head at the entrance of the last comer. This was Delagrave. He felt that a crisis was at hand, but even with this knowledge he did not strive to elude its coming. That morning he had been accepted as the lover of Mad. Celestin, one of the most beautiful and wealthy widows of the lower coast, and Riviere, who had been for the past year her most devoted admirer, was left to nurse his disappointment as an unsuccessful suitor. Riviere had had no hesitancy in letting the world know that he wanted to marry the coquettish little widow, and, further, he, in a very plain way, gave people the information that he did not want interlopers paying their devoirs at the same shrine. These matters are hard to arrange exactly as one would wish. One finds much difficulty in closing all avenues of approach, for love is not unlike the light which the photographer in his dark room finds so much difficulty in keeping out. It steals in under doors, through nail-holes and even down the chimney. At least so it had been the case at Mad. Celestin's, for jealous and watchful a rival as Riviere was, Delagrave had made the conquest under the very eyes of the enemy, and the widow had that day so informed the unsuccessful suitor.

Riviere was very pale as he approached the group of men around the table. What with the yellow light shining through the curtains and his bloodless appearance, he seemed rather a ghastly corpse than a living body, but there was motion and voice in him, which soon dispelled such an illusion.

As he neared Delagrave the latter turned to confront him, when Riviere, with a voice that seemed to come from behind the door of a tomb said: "Delagrave, we can not live on this globe together; it is not large enough."

Delagrave, quietly puffing his cigarette, in a cold and impressive tone replied: "Yes! you annoy me. It would be better if you were dead."

Riviere's face flushed, and, reaching forward, he laid the back of his hand gently against Delagrave's cheek. The game was at once interrupted. The slap which was as light it did not crimson the young man's cheek, was enough to call for blood, and leaving the house he sought an intimate friend. To him he had opened his heart. It must be a battle a outrance. Such was the enmity between himself and Riviere, only a life could wipe it out. The old doctor—who had grown up, it might be said, on the field—shrugged his shoulders and remonstrated, but at last acquiesced and said, "Very well, then; it shall be to the death."

II.

Few people knew what sort of a party it was driving down the shellroad bordering Bayou St. John. Two carriages stopped just on the bridge leading to the island formed there by bifurcation of the bayou, and four gentlemen alighted. Savalle, a well-known character here forty years ago, accompanied Riviere, and old Dr. Recquet was with Delagrave. The seconds had met previously and arranged everything. Delagrave, as he stepped from the carriage, looked furtively around for the case of pistols, but seeing none, he was a little disconcerted. After walking about one hundred yards from the carriage the party stopped and the doctor motioned them to approach closer. When they had done so, he called them by name, and said, "Gentlemen, we have discussed this matter nearly all last night, and both M. Savalle and myself feel satisfied that there is no solution to the differences between you but the death of one. The world is so formed that both can not live in it at the same time." The two men nodded. "Therefore," the doctor went on, "we have agreed to make the arbitrament as fair as possible, and let fate decide." He took out a black morocco case and from it produced a pill-box containing four pellets. "One of these," said he, "contains a positively fatal dose of prussic acid, the other three are harmless. We have agreed that each shall swallow two of the pills, and let destiny decide." Savalle inclined his head and said, as the representative of Riviere, he agreed.

The two men were pale, almost bloodless, but not a nerve trembled or muscle contracted.

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, "we will toss for the first pill." Savalle called out "tails," as the glittering gold piece revolved in the air. It fell in a bunch of grass, the blades of which, being separated, showed the coin with the reversed Goddess of Liberty uppermost. "M. Delagrave, you have the first choice," said the doctor.

Reposing in the little box, the four little globes seemed the counterpart of each other. The closest scrutiny would not develop the slightest difference. Nature alone, through the physiological alembic of the human stomach, can tell of their properties. In one there rests the pall of eternity, the struggle for breath, the failing of sight, the panorama of years rushing in an instant through the mind, the silence and peace of sleep for evermore, the ceremony, the burial-case, the solemn cortege and the close, noisome atmosphere of the grave. All these were contained in one of these little pellets. Delagrave having won the first choice, stepped forward and took a pill. With a calmness which was frigid he placed it on his tongue and with a cup of claret, handed him by the doctor, washed it down.

"And now, M. Riviere," said the doctor. Riviere extended his hand and took a pill. Like his opponent, he swallowed it.

The two men stood looking one another in the face. There was not a quiver to the eyelid, not a twitch to a muscle. Each was thinking of himself as well as watching his adversary. One minute passed. Two minutes passed. Three. Four. Five. "Now, gentlemen," said the doctor in solemn tones, "it is time to make a final drawing."

This was the fatal chance. Both men were ready for the cast of the die. Savalle tossed the gold piece aloft, and the doctor cried out "Heads." "Heads" it was, and Delagrave took a pill from the box, leaving only one. "Now, said the doctor, "the remaining one is for you. You will please swallow them together."

The two men raised their hands at the same time and deposited the pills on their tongues and took a draught of claret.

One second passed, and there was no movement. Two seconds, and neither stirred. Then—"Good God!" exclaimed Riviere, his eyes starting from their sockets. He turned half around to the left, raised his hands above his head and shrieked a long, wild shriek that belated travelers even to this day say they hear on the shell road, near the island.

He fell prone to the earth, and, save a nervous contraction of the muscles of the face, there was no movement.

Delagrave took him by the hand as he lay on the damp grass, and said in a tender voice: "I regret it, but it was to be."

The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in New Orleans, and for weeks the cafes were agog with the story of the duel. The beautiful widow, horrified at the affair, would never see Delagrave afterward, and is now a happy grandmere on Bayon Lafourche, having married a wealthy planter two years after the fatal event.

Delagrave, weighed down with the trials of an unhappy life, wrinkled and tottering, strolls down Canal street of warm afternoons, assisted by a negro servant. Having a bare competency he has never actually suffered from want; but he shows evidence of great mental anguish. The sight of a pill-box will make him shudder, and the taste of claret will give him convulsions.

PRESIDENTS AND THEIR TAILORS.

How Presidents Dress—Stories of Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur.

A fashionable tailor established himself in Washington during Grant's term, and his experience dates from that time. "We have never begun to sell as many clothes here since Grant went out of office," said he the other day. "I made all of Grant's clothes. He was very liberal and easy to please. The public men of his time were great buyers of clothes. It was a common thing for a Senator or Member to buy a dozen suits a year. Grant's Cabinet people were very dressy."

"How was it under Hayes?"

"We never did but one job for Hayes. That knocked him cold. He came down one hot summer day during his first year in the office and ordered us to make him a thin sack coat out of the best gros grain silk. The material was expensive. It cost us exactly $23 to get up that coat. We had heard that he was close, and, as we wanted to catch his trade, we put the price at $25. That paralyzed him. Oh, how he did kick! But he paid the bill. That was the last order we got from him. He had the rest of his clothes chopped out for him by his old tailor in Fremont. He sent his boys to us for ready-made suits, but we never made any money out of the White House under him. We had some of his Cabinet on our books, but there was very little dressing under Hayes. The purchase of clothes by public men fell off 50 per cent. I never expect again to see so much money spent in my shop as when Grant was President."

"How was Garfield?"

"He was a very careless dresser. He did not have much taste. He was rather slow pay when he was in Congress, but when he got into the White House he began to buy a much better grade of clothes and to pay greater attention to his dress. The day he was shot he had on a very handsome suit we made for him—price $60."

"Do you do much for President Arthur?"

"Not a dollar's worth. He does business with his old tailor in New York—the man who makes the suits for the members of the coaching club. He is a very high-priced man. He does not make the plainest business suits under $70. He was over here the other day to take an order for the President. He said he did not care anything for the President's trade. He was so hard to suit. He took up twenty pairs of trousers the other day, made the President's measure, and spent an hour with him trying them on before he could find a pair to suit. He says the only way he can get along with the President is to be right up and down with him. One day Arthur spoke very sharply to him about the fit of a coat, and the tailor turned his back on him. At least he said he did. Then the President said:

"Oh, come now, don't take any offense. I can't afford to quarrel with you."

"You see a first class tailor is a pretty independent man; but while he is particular with the President, he is very careless with the work for the President's servants. We used to furnish the White House liveries, but the job goes to the New York man now. The new livery coats of the President's coachmen and footmen, made of cream color hammer cloth, cost $125 apiece, but, God bless you! they are the worst fitting things I ever saw, except the clothes the Fremont tailor used to chop out for Hayes."

—A sonburst—the heir loaded.
—A train wr cker—the mule.
—Houses are now wearing polo-neighs.
—A good name for a gossipy woman is Lize.
—Cannibals have been known to eat their "fodder."
—A burst of confidence—Failure of a savings bank.
—When a man sits on a watermelon it is a mussed melon.
—Can't get drunk on water? Nonsense! Go on a yachting trip and see if you can't.
—When a young man wants to protect a young lady, he naturally puts his armor round her.
—The man with the biggest bills in his window is not always the safest person to give credit to.
—If a man who takes a mortgage is a mortgagee, it doesn't follow that a man who takes a goat is a goatee.
—"Great danger is often feared less den little ones," says Uncle Mose. "A cow'll git outen de way quicker for a horse den she will for a railroad train."
—The consciousness of wrongdoing is to the soul what a forgotten peg in a boot is to the foot. You can't be happy unless you do something about it.
—Why not subscribe for the CARBON ADVOCATE, only $1 per annum?

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

—Singular epitaph: "General Tom Thumb is dead. Peace to his ash."
—"Oh, where shall I find rest?" sang a lovely poetess. Why, darling, get a position as saleswoman in a store that doesn't advertise.
—The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.
—He—"May I call you revenge?" She—"Why?" He—"Because revenge is so sweet." She—"Certainly you may, provided, however, you will let me call you Vengeance." He—"And why would you call me Vengeance?" She—"Because vengeance is mine." And she became his in a few months after.
—"Don't be afraid," said a snob to a German laborer, "sit down and make yourself my equal." "I would biff to plow my prain out," was the reply of the Teuton.
—You can't make hay while the sun shines, if you flirt with grass widows.
—DINGRA us: A well dressed gentleman sauntered up to a street-car driver on Austin avenue to ask him what time it was, when the driver, with an emphatic gesture, called out: "Keep away from that mule. He kicked at a dude yesterday. He isn't afraid of anybody."
—Dar is many a rule what won't work both ways. Whiskey will produce a headache but a headache won't produce whiskey.
—"The idea of putting John on a jury!" exclaimed Mrs. Tompkins, when she heard that her husband had been drawn. "They might as well order a new trial right off. They won't get John to agree on a verdict. He is the most obstinate man I ever saw. I never knew him to agree with his own wife in anything, and it isn't at all likely he's going to agree with people he don't know anything about. A pretty juryman he is!"
—In the weakest place: "Good morning, Mr. Smith; how are you?" "Nod ad all well, thag you. I've fearful code id by head." "It's a strange thing about colds, isn't it?" "How do you bead?" "Why, they always settle in the weakest place."
—In Boston: "Say, sis," remarked the high school girl's brother, "you ought to see a new chap we've got at the store; he don't know beans." "Can I never teach you to use proper language?" inquired the high school girl, severely; "You should not say, 'He don't know beans,' but 'He is not sufficiently versed in botany to recognize the matured ovule of a common leguminous plant.'"
—PETER COOPER once said: "In all towns where a newspaper is published every man should advertise in it, even if nothing more than a card stating his name and business he is engaged in. It does not only pay the advertiser, but it lets people at a distance know that the town you reside in is a prosperous community of business men. As the seed is sown so the fruit recompenses. Never pull down your sign while you expect to do business."
—BILL Burdette says that his invalid wife made him all he is. "That's right!" mutters the WOMAN'S JOURNAL; "blame it all on your wife."
—The parasol question; Before marriage—"Excuse me, George. Did my parasol hurt you?" "Oh, no, my dear it would be a pleasure if it did." After marriage—"Great heavens! There was never a woman under the sun that knew how to carry a parasol without scratching a fellow's eyes out." "And there never was a man that knew enough to walk on the right side of a woman with a parasol." "There isn't any right side to a woman with a parasol."
—A "whistling buoy" has been placed in the ocean at Southeast Ledge. That's right. There is a number of whistling boys in this town who should also be placed in the ocean—as near the bottom as possible.
—The restaurant on the Lake Shore Road at ashtabula is kept by a veteran baker. A sprightly young traveler complained of one of the pies the other day. The old man became angry. "Young man," said he severely, "I made pies before you were born." "Yes," responded the traveler, "I guess this must be one of those same pies."
—An Erie, Pa., paper prints a story about a minister in Mercer who cured a dog of paralysis by praying over it for an hour. We don't doubt it. A prayer an hour long, by some preachers, would make a wooden dog get up and walk.
—"The boat has turned over and drowned your son," said a man, approaching a fishing party, and addressing an old gentleman. "Great Goodness," exclaimed the old gent, bursting into tears. "He was my hope in this life. He was the best boy in the place; and beside that he had the bait cup with him."

FIFTEEN HOURS A DAY.

Last week, an engineer and a fireman on an English loc motive had been at work fifteen hours, previous to which they had been out all night on a spree. The consequence was that they fell asleep simultaneously at their posts while on a rapid run, and, as their locomotive had no train attached, there was nobody to discover the danger until they dashed past a siding where they should have stopped. Then word was telegraphed ahead, and they were awakened by torpedoes on the rails.

Fright in the Farm House:

Family all taken sick at night. Unusual symptoms. Seemed like poisoning. What could it be? What had they eaten? Was it arsenic in the soup? Was it strychnine in the coffee? Was it rats' bane in the pie? None of these. The cistern had not been cleaned for a long time. The family had been drinking impure water. They might have died, only that they took PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. Family well. Farm house happy. Everybody pleased.

The Carbon Advocate.

An Independent Family Newspaper Published every SATURDAY, in Lehighton, Carbon Co., Pa., by
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SMOKING NOT ALLOWED.

The editor of one of the New York evening papers walked into the city department on last Wednesday morning, says the Washington CAPITAL. The city editor had just lighted a pipe of Killikinic, and several of the reporters were enjoying "corn cobs," preparatory to going out on the war-path after murders, insurance failures, and other events necessary to progressive civilization. The editor in chief looked at the smokers, made a rapid mental calculation of the number of cubic feet of air being adulterated with smoke, and said:

"Gentlemen, the order is that no smoking will be allowed during office hours. Smoking affects the lungs, irritates the air passages, and prevents men of ability from making a good newspaper."

The city editor blushed, threw his pipe out of the window, and all the reporters were reluctantly preparing to follow his example, when a modest little jack-rabbit of a fellow, who had only been on the paper three days, jumped out of a cane-bottomed chair, and, walking boldly up to the chief, said:

"Excuse me; but are you the head of this establishment?"

"I am."

"Allow me to congratulate you, sir. My father, who is a postmaster in Orange County, says you are a good man; but I think you are wrong about smoking. History is against you, sir, and I'll prove it."

This was said in an easy flow of breath and to the astonishment of the city editor and reporters. The chief himself was evidently too surprised to knock the young man into the ash-box and order the janitor to remove him to the street. Observing the profound silence, the young man continued:

"I see you want proof. Dickens, Thackeray and Byron smoked, and did not need a plumber to fix their air passages. Then there were Milton (you have heard of Milton, the fellow who wrote the story about Adam and Eve) and Scott, the boss poet. Both of them smoked, and their mucous membranes were as good as new when they died. You may say these are exceptions. Well, Addison smoked, so did Charley Lamb and Campbell. History says nothing about their nerves being shattered. But these bright and glorious names are not all, for Burns and Locke, Scott and Dan. Webster, John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson and old Grant himself all smoked, and never died with their boots on. These are but a few of the smokers, and if you will listen a——"

At this juncture the fire alarm sounded; the editor jumped to his desk, while the veterans went down stairs four steps at a jump, leaving the young chap from Orange County in a whirl of speculation as to the probably result of his power. All doubts were removed on the following day, when he was made assistant to the base-ball reporter at a salary of five dollars a week.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Louise Alcott, who has written so charmingly and suggestively on the education of children, has now a chance to put her theories into practice. When her sister Mary died in Paris she left a little daughter whom Louise has adopted and will educate in accordance with her plan of bringing up children. This plan she states as follows; "Health comes first, and an early knowledge of truth, obedience and selfcontrol; then such necessary lessons as all must learn, and later such accomplishments as taste and talent lead her to desire; a profession or trade to fall back upon in time of need, that she may not be dependent or too proud to work for bread. No late hours, unwholesome pleasures and dress, no mixing of school and flirtation, but simple amusements, daily duties, and a purpose in life to keep them girls at heart, even while preparing for the work and happiness of woman."

OLD MAIDS AND CLOVER CROPS.

Professor Huxley quaintly remarks somewhere, that the fertility of the clover in any district ultimately depends in part upon the number of old maids. For the clover is fertilized by the bumble-bees; but the bumble-bees, again, are greatly thinned by harvest-mice; and the harvest-mice in turn are much devoured by cats, and the cats, finally, are chiefly kept by old maids. The more cats, therefore, the fewer harvest-mice, and the fewer harvest-mice the more bees.

WEALTHY JUDGES.

With only two exceptions the Judges of the Supreme Court are wealthy. Judge Bletchford is worth at least $15,000,000, and has no children—nobody but his wife and self; Judge Matthews is worth, at a very low estimate, $300,000; Wood, $100,000; Waite, $250,000; Field, $750,000; Judge Gray, $150,000, and he is an old bachelor; Bradley, $500,000, Judges Miller and Harlan are both poor men. Their only income is their salary. So you see we have the enormous sum of $15,050,000 represented by seven men in the Supreme bench—an average of $2,115,000.

THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Angela Cordelia, a Nevada miner, claims to be the strongest man in the world. His bones are all extraordinarily massive, though he weighs but 138 pounds. He can lift 200 pounds with one finger.

HELL GATE.

A lady from Boston upon entering the East River on board of a Sound steamer asked the names of the large institutions as they passed, and feeling a warm current of air sweeping off from shore remarked it. At this moment her informant said: "And this is Hell Gate." "I thought as much," she replied and sought the seclusion the cabin afforded.

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