The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. XI., No 47. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883. If not paid in advance, $1.25.

Advertising Rates.

We desire t 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:

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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. 22.

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. 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.,
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. 3'5.

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. jy8 y1

THOMAS KEMERER,
CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEGAN ON MUTUAL FIRE.
READING MUTUAL FIRE,
WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual House Thief Elective 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 10-y1,

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

Mauch Chunk House,
Susquehanna Street, Mauch Chunk, Penna.,
T. F. FERR, Proprietor.
When visiting at the County Seat this Hotel will found to be first-class in every respect. Wines, Liquors, Lager Beer, Cigars and other Refreshments of purest quality at the Bar. Terms very moderate. Patronage solicited. Sept. 22, 1883

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
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

WM. DUFFY & SON,
of East Mauch Chunk,
are prepared to do all kinds of
Plastering & Ornamental Work,
at shortest notice. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate for good work. sep15tf

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

Mrs. Fath has much pleasure in announcing to the ladies of Lehighton and vicinity, that she has just returned from the City with a large, elegant and fashionable assortment of the very latest novelties in
FALL AND WINTER
Millinery Goods,
INCLUDING
Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers, &c., suitable for Ladies, Misses and Children's Wear. Call and see for yourselves, and be convinced my stock is large as the largest, as good as the best, and my prices as low as the lowest.

MRS. E. FATH,
BANK Street,
Second door below the M. E. Church. [sep15m3

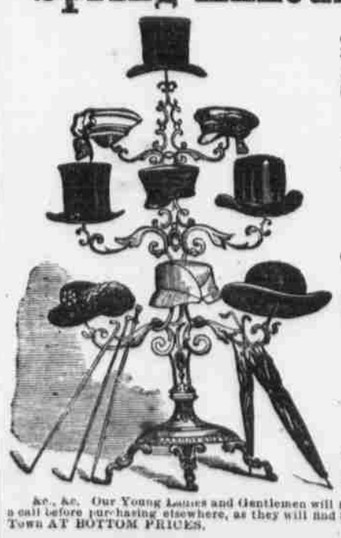
Look to Your Interests!

James Walp,
Successor to A. D. MOSSER,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds of
Stoves
Ranges,
Heaters,
Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, House Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.
Is now offering extraordinary Bargains for Cash!
He is the only Agent in town for the sale of the
Bessemer, Sunshine, Othello, New Champion and Apollo Ranges; Montour, Lighthouse, Excelsior Penn, and Eclipse Cook Stoves; the Princeton, Early Dawn, Belmont and Real Double Heaters, with a variety of other Square and Round Heaters,
All of which he is now offering at the Very Lowest Prices
Also, on hand every kind of STOVE GRATE and FIRE BRICKS. Dealer in all the best makes of PUMPS.
Roofing and Spouting, Prompt and Cheap.
Store on SOUTH Street, a few doors above Bank Street.
Patronage invited; satisfaction guaranteed. June 30, 1883-y1

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 BERGER.

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 4, 1883-1y

THE FALL OF THE ANGELS.

The account of the origin of sin, the fall of the angels and the creation of the human race, in the Buddhu Gusdma's Doctrine, is one of the most beautiful traditions on the subject to be found in the whole range of classical or Oriental literature. The allusions to sin having been caused by the use of food, to the sons of God having come down to earth and to a deluge, all point to the same primeval traditions which are preserved in sacred writ.

High o'er the deluged earth, the tide
Rose up from the realms of night,
Till the waters danced at the golden gates,
And joyously hailed the light;
And the lotus gleam'd on the murky waves,
As pure as the drops of snow,
So fair, that the Dewas wond'ring gazed
On these waifs from the world below,
And long'd to seek for that unknown land,
Where the fragrant lillies grow.

Then they bade farewell to heaven, and made
Each lotus cup their bark;
And their rays lit up the sunless void,
As stars when the moon is dark.
Like an infant clasp'd to its mother's breast,
As they floated o'er the deep,
They drank long draughts of the lilies' breath,
Till they felt earth's odors steep
Their senses in strange drowsy dreams;
Then they wondering sank to sleep.

They slumber'd on, till the waters fell;
Then earth appear'd once more,
A lonely isle, that bloom'd amid
A sea without a shore.
There was no sun to guide them there;
No stars appear'd in sight,
But the rays of heaven around them streamed,
And the Dewas' path was light.
Where'er they went, the daylight came;
When'er they left, 'twas night.

Wild with delight, they roamed afar,
On, the new-born earth was fair!
Ah! little they dreamed, as they wreathed its flowers,
And drank up its odorous air,
A change was stealing o'er their forms,
They were breathing lust and hate;
Alas! that folly was learned so soon,
And wisdom learned so late!
Burning with new-born wild desires,
They longed for food—and ate.

They ate, alas! and were gods no more,
They felt their radiance fade;
And the darkness gathered o'er their heads,
In a deep'ning murky shade,
That shut from their eyes Nirvana's gates.
Too late they strove to fly:
Their idle pinions long before
Had dropp'd from their wings. The sky
Could only be reached through the gates of the grave,
They first must learn to die.

Then they trembling raised a wail of grief,
So loud, that to heaven it rose,
Where each long lost Dewa's voice was heard
Mourning its human woes.
Though the gods gazed down through the viewless void
They wept and watch'd in vain
For those wand'ring lights; their glimmering rays
Were never more seen again.
But the gods still mourn for the Dewas lost;
And their tears are the drops of rain.

BESSIE'S LOVERS.

A low, irregular line of houses straggled somehow into the square, with here and there a jutting gable frowning forward, as if resenting the attempt at regularity.

Gothic, Tudor and Saxon seemed to have had an equal part in this strange medley of buildings; while, as if to add to this chaos of construction, the rector's house looked down upon the group from the hill above, and brought your minds at once to the forward frets of the great queen.

Strange how the mind of a people will stamp itself upon even sticks and stones!

This square, which was mildly frowned upon by the rector's house, was the abode of some fifty gentlewomen—"the widows of clergymen, being of good repute, whom ye Countess of Glencower hath minded herself to do God's service, by affording them shelter and food and raiment, until it shall please the Lord to take them unto himself."

In the valley below, there stretched from the hill-side a waving mass of pine and larch, and rustling sycamore, folding in their emerald embrace the dark fells and white-frothed coursing of a nimble rivulet.

As you turned this winding road to the right, up the hill towards the rectory, the old church, with its ruined architecture, raised its spires before you, calling to mind the time when Canute lifted the banner of Christ against the black Raven of the North.

It is an ancient, sleepy village, which had scarce changed in all the rolling years; and one might even have supposed the worm-eaten gate leading to the church-yard coeval with the times afore gone, since post and rail seemed to have long gone past their office.

Leaning against the rail was a maiden of some eighteen years of age, her bright piquant face half turned against the setting sun. A light, dull-grey cashmere gown, fitting closely to her figure, was relieved only by a faint pale rose-bud at her throat.

Most women are pretty in the eyes of men, and all can captivate if they but rely on that softness which is their nature, and not seek to win a tawdry appearance by aping the masculine.

Man yields his admiration to this for a moment, and resents it in his heart, much as a woman resents in the stern sex any approach to effeminacy.

Bessie Lee was a woman and a child, she scarce knew her own heart, hardly comprehended for what else the Supreme Being had formed her, save to be dainty in all her ways, and drink in each day the sweet homage of man.

She loved, for woman's nature is to love, and the excess of that divine passion, as yet unfulfilled within her, outpoured itself upon every one with whom she came in contact.

She could not help loving. It was her instinct, and she obeyed it. The aged gentlewomen of the house, full of bye-gone years, and bitterness for the present, felt their gall turned to honey as she ministered to their wants; and the laborer ceased to think of the daily toil which hungry mouths caused him, if Bessie Lee came but near to warm him into better manhood.

This was her instinct, her better nature. She could not help doing good; but books had taught her other things, and beyond all that she had conceived an idea of love from the frothy dreams of romancers.

Life is not made of romance, Bessie had woven her future of roses and sunshine.

Thus much for her character. Her form and face were perfect. She was the daughter of one of the inhabitants of the refuge.

By her side stood a tall, grave man of some seven or eight-and-twenty, speaking in a low, earnest voice upon some theme to which the girl seemed to pay but petulant attention.

"Life has romance enough in it for all of us, dear Bessie," he said, "if we but gild each morning with the sunshine of an honest endeavor."

"I know—I know, dear," she replied; "but life cannot be all bread and cheese, and solemn word and solemn mode. Oh, Ralph! I should die if I couldn't have excitement, and you have drawn such a gloomy picture."

"Is it gloomy, then, dear, to be the associate and helpmate of one who, God being his help, honestly endeavors to do his duty. I cannot paint the life of a poor London doctor to you in glowing colors, Bessie. If I did I would be untrue to you myself."

"You are trying me very hard, Ralph," she said, turning her face hastily, that he might not see the angry tear which rose to her eyes.

He looked at her wistfully and sadly, slightly releasing the pressure he had placed upon her tiny hand.

After all, he thought, was this dainty petulant village maid the one to buffet the billows of life's great ocean.

Could he ever make the delicate child understand him, and be to him in all that second self, lacking which in the great business of life no man is perfect.

Was it fair, was it honest, to her or to him to tear up this primrose and kill it with the deadly town air?

He could not say. His heart would only moan back in answer to reason—"I love her—I love her!"

Yet, as stern stuff was in the man, he could not show it to her save in his earnestness and manhood.

Ralph Braybrook's heart had no room for jealousy, but a numb pain tugged at his heart-strings when he saw her turn away from his society to mix with some nimble-tongued youth, when, as if the load of his sombre shadow being taken off her, she could laugh with the rest. He could have cried then in very bitterness, "Pray thee, weep, May Lilian," for this constant "gaiety without eclipse;" but he was not a man to wear his heart on his sleeve, and many a time had he turned away murmuring, "Poor child, she is so young! so young!"

He had known her from childhood with that brotherly intimacy so dangerous for a man, so fatal to a woman's love.

She had for years past regarded Ralph in the light of her protector, who would in process of time become her husband.

He was her mother's friend, almost the only being whom she could lean on in the world; and so, when in his grave, quiet way Ralph had proposed, it hardly cost her a flutter of the heart to say "Yes," and the rich blood scarce crimsoned her bright young face.

She had—ah! fatal words—"grown so used to him."

He came down to the quiet village to see them but rarely, for it was a poor, crowded neighborhood where he had his practice, and the poor are exacting; but he always talked hopefully and cheerfully in his own grave way of the little home to which he hoped to bring his bride.

Of late he had noticed a strange apathy about her which alarmed him even more than her childish petulance, and it was his trying to seek the cause of it which led to the conversation above.

"Trying you hard!" he said, "I do not understand, Bessie, dear, I try to understand you, but I cannot."

"No; it is that—you cannot," she said, "and some men are like that, I suppose, playing with women's feelings as they would with a little baby, hurting it to death nearly with their unconscious brute-playfulness.

"You don't understand me—you never will understand me, and it is better that you should cease trying."

Had some unseen hand plunged a dagger into his bosom he could not have turned so deadly pale.

"Bessie! Bessie!" he moaned, "don't say that."

The cry was the short, quick cry of agony, and she turned her averted head to him, and would have sprung to his arms, but ere she could frame an excuse for her words, his pride leaped to relieve his bitter anguish.

He drew himself up coldly, while drops of ice-cold perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"Be it as you wish then, Bessie," he said. "I am not one to compel a gentlewoman to an alliance against her wish."

Ere she could realize it he was gone, and she was left stunned and stupefied at the effect of her own words.

Gone, her protector gone! her girlhood's companion parted from her forever! It could not be!

"He never loved me!" she said bitterly "and now I know well he never loved me!"

"What, Miss Lee! and sitting like Dido?" cried a voice; "am I MAL A PROPOS, or may I act the role of comforter?"

She looked up, and saw the handsome sunny face of Lord Ellesmere looking down upon her.

"Give me leave to speak, Miss Lee," he said, dropping his voice to a low, impassioned tone, "I would not jar upon your feelings for the world. I see you are in grief; let me sympathize with you—believe me, your grief robs me of all joy."

She suffered him to place her hand upon his arm and lead her away, suffered him perhaps, because sympathy is most dear to us all; and he had come to her in her hour of weakness.

She knew Lord Ellesmere as handsome, gay, and witty, but a man against receiving the attentions of whom Ralph had often warned her.

"I will show Ralph," she mused, as she suffered the young nobleman to lead her along toward the wood, "that he is not altogether so indispensable to me as he imagines!"

And in this way she made an effort to rouse herself from her sadness, until presently she had forgotten Ralph altogether, and was listening, breathless with interest, to accounts of the great world and its fine ladies.

What a change this must be from the life of a poor doctor's drudge in a crowded East-end practice.

"You must be very happy with so much gaiety, Lord Ellesmere," she said with a sigh.

"Who can be happy without the one thing alone which constitutes true happiness? Ah! Miss Lee—Bessie—let me call you Bessie!—if you could only know how, sick of all this gaiety, I have yearned for you! Night after night have I slipped away from my gay companions, that I might see your shadow; Bessie, I love you, madly, devotedly! Come with me; be my wife; and you shall outshine them all—wealth, talent, birth, shall bow before you, for you will be my queen!"

And she, poor fool, thinking of her revenge, and intoxicated with her triumph, accepted him, and suffered herself to be drawn towards the flame, as many a silly moth had been before.

It was night ere she reached home, accompanied by her new lover, intoxicated with praise and triumph.

"He was a lover!" she kept repeating to herself, noble and witty and passionately devoted.

"Did not love flash out upon her from his great blue eyes, and did he not show her a thousand little attentions, of which Ralph had never thought?"

So she twisted the great diamond engagement ring, which Lord Ellismere had given her, around her finger, and dreamed her dream.

He had asked her to keep the engagement secret until he could obtain his father's consent, and she had promised.

Otherwise what pleasure she would have had in saying, "Ralph Braybrook chose to leave me, and I accepted Lord Ellesmere."

"Bessie," cried her mother; "in the name of everything you love, child, what have you suffered to come between you and Ralph?"

"We have quarreled, mother, and the match is broken off," said Bessie, setting her lips defiantly.

"Oh, my child, my child!" cried her mother; "do not play fast and loose with an honest affection like his. He is almost broken-hearted. Remember, men are not to be treated like toys; they have feelings which must be respected."

"And so have women, mother," said the girl; "ask me no more. I have done with Ralph."

But for all that her conscience smote, and once or twice she had almost resolved to write to Ralph, and make up.

In the morning, however, came a splendid bouquet and a passionate note from his lordship; so she allowed herself to drift with the current,

A month passed.

Bessie was haggard and pale, and yet persuaded herself that she was desperately in love with Lord Ellesmere.

"One afternoon she received a note from her lover, urging her to meet him by the poacher's oak in Ellesmere Park.

It was their usual trysting-place.

It was pouring with rain when she started, and showed every indication of a stormy afternoon.

But something unusual about the note seemed to demand her attendance on the spot.

When she arrived there she found him pacing up and down in the most agitated manner.

"All is discovered, Bessie, my darling!" he said, rushing to embrace her; "you must aid me or I am lost."

"How?" she cried, terrified.

"You must away to London with me at once. I have got a special license; once married I fear nothing; the estate is entailed, and I will soon persuade my father to forget his anger."

"Oh, Reginald!" she cried, "alone."

"Certainly, darling," he said, "now—this instant! I have no time to wait, for even now my father is posting down from London."

"I dare not, Reginald," she said, clinging close to him, for the storm had now burst with such violence that it terrified her; "I am afraid;" and then suddenly she released herself, and drew back, looking at him with a new-born fear.

"Afraid of what?" he said. "I call God to witness that I mean to be true to you; if not, may this lightning strike me dead."

Then there came a blinding glare of light, a horrid crashing of branches.

Lord Ellesmere lay at her feet, and a man dashing through the trees caught the shrieking girl in his arms and bore her away.

It was Ralph, who had sought refuge from the storm in the woods, and witnessed the meeting.

Months passed ere Bessie recovered from that fearful shock, and, if it took some of the joyousness and giddiness out of her life, it made her a fitter companion for her first betrothed.

In the Sleeping Car from Chicago.

A lady sat with her only child;
The poor little fellow was almost wild.
He was making a noise like a circus band,
For a horrible felon was on his hand.

A quiet old man remarked to the mother:
"I think we can stop this pain and bother.
I've a bottle of PAIN KILLER here," said he,
"And I think it will cure him; let us see."

He poured some drops on a moistened rag,
And wrapped the felon, as if in a bag,
And soon the suffering child was calm
As the voice of a summer evening psalm.

—A miser is often surprised at close "quarters."

—Billiard playing is a sort of green baize ball game.

—The women who do fancy work don't fancy work.

—Is a lost girl a Maid of the Mist.

—A sherry cobbler will never mend your old shoes.

—Anger is a passion which may be red in the face.

Denver Doings.

Mr. J. A. McBeth, Pacific Express Office, Denver, Col., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of an excruciating pain in the neck, and also toothache. One application did the work.

—Slang is always objectionable. Instead of saying "a dead give away" you should say "a posthumous donation.

—Old Beeswax—"No sir, never contradict a lady. It's waste of effort. Just give her time and she'll do it herself.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT. It is pleasant to take, and affords immediate relief—we refer to JADWIN'S TAR SYRUP. For sale at Thomas' drug store.

—It seems only proper to suggest that all those St. Louis stories of kidnapped girls should be sent down the Niagara Rapids. Are they not made of the missed,

—A Beaufort bachelor so greatly admired the way in which his housekeeper prepared his coffee that he proposed and was accepted. This is a pointer for a woman with ambition in that direction.

—ACKER'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS NEVER Fail. Sold by Dr C T Horn, Lehighton, and E A Horn, Weissport.

—Writing a wrong is the forger's work.

—The most common skylight—A star.

—A foul tip—Giving the waiter a bad quarter.

—A master of free-hand drawing—A pick-pocket.

—It is nature that makes all the fuze about peaches.

Acker's Celebrated English Remedy for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption. Sold by us on a guarantee by Dr Horn, Lehighton, and E A Horn, Weissport.

—A newspaper reporter always writes (joke) wrong.

—Young ladies should not forget that Goliath died from the effects of a bang on the forehead.

—There's a tide in the affairs of bank presidents which taken at its flood leads to the penitentiary.

Baltimore, Md.—Rev. W. H. Chapman, says: "I deem Brown's Iron Bitters a most valuable tonic for general ill-health."

—It is claimed that a new, and the original version of the ten commandments has been discovered. Unless it permits a man to bear false witness in a case of swapping horses, it is illy adapted for use in these progressive days.

—The banks are very careful now; an iceman's note, endorsed by a plumber, is the only paper that is considered really first-class.

The universal verdict, "The *Hop Plaster* is the best porous plaster ever made." Only 25 cts.

—The man who slipped on a peach skin lately said, as he collected his members, that he was making a regular trip. The last trip would come later in the season.

—There are two or three dozen different ways of spelling Shakspere's name, and if you begin with capital S, and run in about a dozen letters, you are sure to strike one of them.

Many forget that the hair and scalp need cleansing as well as the hands and feet Extensive use of Ayer's Hair Vigor has proven that it is the best cleansing agent for the hair—that it prevents as well as removes dandruff, cools and soothes the scalp, and stimulates the hair to renewed growth and beauty.

—An aged observer has come to the conclusion that there are always two great difficulties in the way of an old citizen. One is to identify himself at the bank; the other to get his name correctly published in his home newspaper.

—The difference between a hungry man and a glutton is one longs to eat and the other eats too long.

—"Blood will tell," so be careful how you make confidants of your relatives.

—Why is wine that has been bottled for years like an unmarried lady of advanced age? Because it is old maid, and none the worse of it.

—"Papa, are cannibals those that live on other people?"

"Yes, my son."

"Then Uncle George must be a cannibal, for mamma says he is always living on somebody."

—The man who bragged all summer about his being a good skater has begun to drop that subject, since the weather has commenced to get cold, and now brags of his capability as a swimmer.

—What is a house without a baby?—Well, comparatively quiet.

—An Irish wit, hearing that a stingy and slovenly barrister had started for the Continent with a shirt and a guinea, observed, "He'll not change either till he returns."

—A little girl was walking on the street the other day when she saw a very bow legged man with a short coat on. "Oh ma!" she cried, "there's a man with a tunnel under him."

—The long winter evenings are rapidly approaching, making the present a good time to subscribe for THE CARBON ADVOCATE. Only $1.00 a year.

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

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SYRUP
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Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.
The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:
"78 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882.
MESSRS. J. C. AYER & Co., Gentlemen:
Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for this above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.
Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."
The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all *Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility*, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.
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