

Advertising Rates.

We desire to be distinctly understood that no advertisements will be inserted in the columns of THE CARBON ADVOCATE...

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—“Live and Let Live.”

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

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LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1888.

If not paid in advance, \$1.25

The Carbon Advocate.

An Independent Family Newspaper. Published every SATURDAY in Lehigh Valley, Carbon Co., Pa. by CLARENCE V. MORTIMER.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarse Coughs, Bronchitis, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral. No other cough medicine is so efficacious in its action as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

SHARP'S PAIN PLASTER. A LADY'S MANNERS. The Redimments of Business.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES. Choice Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

At THOMAS' Drug Store, Lehigh Valley, Pa. Toilet Articles and Perfumery. Special attention given to Prescriptions.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Mrs. Fath has much pleasure in announcing to the ladies of Lehigh Valley 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.

MRS. E. FATH, BANK Street, Second door below the M. E. Church. Ladies, Misses and Children's Wear.

Look to Your Interests! James Walp, Stoves Ranges, Heaters, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, House Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.

Roofing and Spouting, Prompt and Cheap. Store on SOUTH Street, a few doors above Bank Street.

Buy Your Spring and Summer DRESS AND DRY GOODS, Groceries, Queensware, etc., AT C. M. SWEENEY & SON'S.

Dr. CLARR JOHNSON'S INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP. Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood.

DAVID EBERT'S Livery & Sale Stables. This well known hotel is admirably refitted, and has the best accommodations for transient and permanent boarders.

Spring Announcement! The undersigned calls the attention of his many friends and patrons to his Large and Fashionable Stock of Spring Goods.

LEWIS WEISS, Old Post Office Building, BANK Street, LEHIGHTON. Spring Goods, BOOTS AND SHOES, Lady's Fine Shoes, Umbrellas, Sun Shades, Hats, Caps.

THE SACKED SING.

The shipowner slowly sailing in, Ben with a gloomy, threatening sky, And round her, by the tempest lashed, The waters of the bay rose high.

“All right,” said Mr. Stout, blandly, “there is twenty-five dollars. Take it to him, my good man, take it to him, and bring back the papers—quickly!”

“Why, oh, why! Why do you always put teaspoons into the vase upside down?”

“Story of an Honest Banker.” Andrew V. Stout, the well-known President of the Shoe & Leather Bank, who died recently in New York, embodied shrewdness with great honesty.

“Pshaw!” he said to his secretary; “no man could ever pick my pocket. I should just like to see anyone pick my pocket, I should!”

“The next day he got a confidential note from a party who said a friend of his had the pocket-book all safe, and that he would call at the bank the next day to arrange the matter.”

“I wonder if this man really will call, mused the banker as he wiped his eye glasses and cut off a basketful of coupons.”

“John L. Sullivan told me a good story of his own trip,” said Hoffa Bill. “He told it in this way: Arrived in Kansas City late in the afternoon, and when I finished my exhibition it was 11 o'clock. I strolled into the bar of the hotel, intending to take a night cap and go to bed, but I hardly put my nose inside that room before a fellow with long hair, big square, a wide brimmed hat and a bookish coat slipped me on the back.”

“That’s my name,” said I. “What’s your name, say?”

“And with that he threw his arm around my waist as we walked towards the bar. ‘Think I, if I put my paw around him I’ll have him sure if it comes to the worst,’ and I along my right arm around him. But, lo and behold, when I struck that arsenal around his waist, and

“I don’t know what time he might shoot, my arm went like that (shaking it), and I dropped it quicker than lightning. I set up the drinks, and kept them up, in the hope that he’d get so drunk he couldn’t see to shoot, but the more he drank the steadier he got.”

“Come down street a piece, till I introduce you to my friends.”

“O, Lord! thought I, but I was afraid of offending him if I refused, so out on the street we went. We didn’t go far; but by the light of the gas-lamps and stars I could see that the street was full of cowboys.”

“This in here” said my guide, when we came to a tough looking saloon, crowded with “tougher looking men, gentlemen, this here’s my friend, John L. Sullivan, and if any of yer boys are turkey to him, I’ll have holes in yer turkey made for us at the bar, and I’ll shoot him all round, and they grinned as if they’d like the fun of shooting pieces out of me.”

“Says I: ‘Let me order these drinks.’ ‘Ah, you’re a regular,’ says he; ‘my credit’s good here. Barkeeper, give me some fire and be quick about it. Yer John L. Sullivan, eh? Well, I’ll dyer know who I am, ————?’

“No, sir,” said I.

“Well, Mr. Comanche Jim, the killer from Killebuck’s Town, O, I’m a wolf, you’re a dog, and it’s my duty to howl, you.”

“His attempt at apology only drew forth more blows, and he finally returned home before his family were aware of what had been going on. Had the obstinate dude fallen into the hands of the lady’s brother he would in all probability have received a dose of cold lead. Efforts are being made to ferret out the identity of the man and if successful further sensational developments may ensue.”

“A Military Man Made Happy.” Washington, D. C., August 10. Kniff, in a letter stating his wife was cured of a painful ailment by St. Jacob’s Oil, writes that after receiving its magical cure of pain he was able to get to work, and to his delight, in less than a week he had a bottle of St. Jacob’s Oil, if he could not get it cheaper.

“Sixteen different Quack-medicine men claim to have invented the buck-saw. It is a letter stating his wife was cured of a painful ailment by St. Jacob’s Oil, writes that after receiving its magical cure of pain he was able to get to work, and to his delight, in less than a week he had a bottle of St. Jacob’s Oil, if he could not get it cheaper.”

“If people knew as much about what they think they know, as they think they know about what others think they know, they would know more than they think they know now.”

“The difference between a cat and a man is that one has the claws at the end of the paw, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.”

“A lady who drew a gentleman’s dressing gown at a recent church fair nox wants to draw a good-looking young man to put it in.”

“What will stop Mr. Comanche Jim from being a regular member of the Lehigh Valley Club?”

“The milk train does not stop at what stations. Except to take in water, and a gambler would rather let you out than let you in.”

“What is vinegar without a mother? It is orphan, very poor.”

“For what part is a man bound during courtship? Bound to Havre.”

“Ottawa, Is.—Dr. J. N. Armstrong says: ‘I have used Brown’s Iron Bitters in my family and recommend its use to others.’”