

Advertising Rates.

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

CARDS.

Attorneys.

T. A. SNYDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office: Corner of Bank Street & Bankway...

W. M. RAIBER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Bank Street, Lehigh, Pa.

Physicians and Dentists.

REMOVED.

W. G. M. Seiple, Physician & Surgeon. Has removed his office and residence from Second St. to South St. in the building formerly occupied by A. S. ...

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

W. A. DERHAMER, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases. Office: South East corner Iron and Bank Sts. Lehigh, Pa.

DR. C. W. BOWER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. May be consulted in the German or English language. Office: opposite the drug store, BANK ST., LEHIGH, PA.

W. A. Cortright, D.D.S., DENTIST. Office: Opposite the "Broadway House," Mauch Chunk, Pa.

THOMAS KEMMERER, CONVEYANCER. GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT. The following Companies are represented: BERKIN IN MUTUAL FIRE, READING MUTUAL FIRE, WYOMING FIRE, POTTSMILLE FIRE, LEHIGH FIRE AND TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

CARBON HOUSE, J. W. RAUDENBUSH, PROPRIETOR. BANK ST., LEHIGH, PA. The Carbon House offers first-class accommodations to the traveling public.

PACKETTON HOTEL. Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehigh. LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR. Packerton, Penna.

This well known hotel is admirably refitted, and has the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders.

Mauch Chunk House, Susquehanna Street, Mauch Chunk, Penna. T. F. FEHR, Proprietor.

DAVID EBERT'S Livery & Sale Stables. When stabling at the County Seat this Hotel will be the first choice in every respect.

DAVID EBERT'S Livery & Sale Stables. 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.

FAST TRIPPING HORSES. ELEGANT CARRIAGES. And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Livery in the County.

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.

WM. DUFFY & SON, of East Mauch Chunk, are prepared to do all kinds of Plastering & Ornamental Work.

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 27, 1883.

If not paid in advance, \$1.25

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.



Ladies, Misses and Children's Wear. Call and see for yourself, 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.

Tia 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.

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. Estimate invited; satisfaction guaranteed. June 30, 1883-37.

Buy Your Spring and Summer Dress and Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, etc., AT

C. M. SWEENEY & 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

BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN. Guaranteed to Cure Dyspepsia. AGENTS WANTED. Laboratory 77 West 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

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.

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,

LEWIS WEISS, Old Post Office Building, BANK Street, LEHIGHTON. Sec. Br. Our Young Ladies and Gentlemen will do their best to give him a full and complete order, as they will find the BEST SELECTIONED STOCK IN TOWN AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Thomas' Drug Store. With Medicine the most important in Quality and not Quantity, and the knowledge of Dispensing the same. Go to THOMAS' DRUG STORE for Pure Drugs and Patent Medicines.

At THOMAS' Drug Store, During the Old Stand, Reber's Block, Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

on why it might not terminate in a tragedy. Miss Bohun laughs. "Even that," she says, "would be better than nothing. This place has grown so dull since the Stewarts left, and those men at Cook's hall!"

"Look here, Dorothy, throw it up," says Mr. Disney, leaning over her chair, and bending his head until his face was very near to hers. "for my sake."

"Well, if you can bring me some fear, I'll take it; but I don't see where you'll get it, as there's nothing of the kind in the parish, and I'm convinced that nothing less could save me from this thing."

"Then you are quite determined not to give it up?" says Disney, coldly, drawing himself to his full height.

"I never was so determined in my life," says Miss Bohun, with some just indignation. "I am remarkable for never saying 'no' to anybody. You yourself have frequently told me I had the sweetest nature in the world, and it is quite too late to alter Lady Rodney's arrangements now."

"No doubt you are right, as you always are. I'm sorry I can't be present on the nineteenth, but it is impossible, as I shall have business that will detain me about that time."

"Very pressing business?" "Yes, very pressing business." "Ah!" says Miss Bohun.

When Disney has been absent two days, his thoughts undergo a decided change. He left Dorothy in the manner he had, seems to him now, to have been not only an unmanly, but a most unwholly action.

There is only one way out of it. He will write to her, and humbly apologize for his conduct.

The night passes wearily enough, and the morning brings him no relief. He is still indescribably miserable, and sinks into the belief that there is no balm in Gilead for his uneasy spirit.

The next day he grows even more despondent, and finally decides that to-morrow, come what may, he will—metaphorically speaking—throw himself at her feet and implore forgiveness.

How slowly the train seems to move, and how intolerable seems the delay at each station to Disney, as the next morning he travels on his way to Bromley. One half hour more, and he is fulfilling the guard's demands for the shattered remains of his mutilated ticket, and awakes to the fact that he has actually arrived at his destination.

Hastily procuring his baggage, and engaging the first car convenient he immediately proceeds to the hall. Arriving there, he dismisses the man, and giving his luggage to the incontinent Williams, he enters the house.

How good it seems to him being back again, and how small by this time have Dorothy's sins grown in his eyes! After all, how could she do it? He is sure she hated having to do it. And how could she refuse Lady Rodney, after promising to play her part? And, besides, how many women act in private theatricals, and why shouldn't Dorothy, who is evidently fitted by nature for that sort of sport? And when one comes to think of it dispassionately, there are few things, so—indeed as little talented, and little drawing-room pieces, and all that!

In fact, when they are married, he doesn't see why they shouldn't have private theatricals once a month. That green room at Kingsmore is just the place for a stage—footlights and drop scenes, and so on.

He is getting positively enthusiastic over the theatricals, which subject has carried him as far as the drawing-room, when it suddenly occurs to him that Miss Bohun is not there, as the man has led him to suppose.

No doubt she is in the conservatory, which she so much affects. He pines. He thinks he will give her a pleasant surprise, and cautiously moving aside the curtain, just he may not too readily break in upon the reverie that is doubtless filled with him, see gazing upon the little first maid behind his eyes. He draws his breath quickly, and then—what is it? In the distance stands Dorothy—her features eloquent, her eyes alight, her lips parted, as a smile found and tender hovers round them.

Her feet kneel Ponsoby's, his hands tightly clasped, his whole attitude betraying devotion to the most intense.

Even as Disney watches them, stricken to the heart by this cruel picture on which he has been so unwittingly introduced, a passionate outbreak of words comes from Ponsoby's lips.

"Darling," he says, "I appeal to you for the last time, and implore you to listen to me! Do not, I beseech you, let the adoration of another—" "That's me," Disney says, between his compressed lips—"blind you to the underlying love I offer! On you are centered all my hopes of future happiness! Do not sentence me to a life-long despair, but say you will be mine!"

Disney waits with maddening impatience and beating heart for her reply. It comes very nervously from Dorothy's pretty lips.

Her head is bent modestly, and her hands lie passively in Ponsoby's.

"How can I answer you?" she says, in distinct but wavering accents. "And yet why should I not unbend my mind? Truth is always best. My heart has long been in your keeping, and if you wish it, it is yours."

It is too much! Sick at heart, Disney turns away, not caring to listen to words evidently not meant for him to hear. The dreadful awakening has come! All his dreams of bliss have been shattered by this sudden and painfully unexpected blow; and Dorothy, his love, whom he has believed so true as the angels, is not proving more in his eyes now than a practiced flirt and heartless woman of the world!

His first thought is to return to the city; his next to remain. Has he not heard somewhere "second thoughts are best"? Yes; he will remain, and see it out to the bitter end; and when this looksome play has come to an end, he will tell her what he thinks of her, and how she has willfully broken his heart and ruined his life.

At dinner he is compelled to meet her; but everybody being present, his exceedingly cold greeting passes unnoticed by all except by Dorothy herself. She cannot mistake the change in his whole demeanor. Where is the tender pressure of his hand to which she had become accustomed? Why did he come at all if he is still filled with bitter thoughts? There is some faint comfort in the remembrance that she did not ask him to return.

But what has become of the pressing business? Why has he come back in such a hot haste?

He carefully avoided her all the evening and next morning at breakfast, as if possible, more markedly cold and distant toward her.

She is saddened and disheartened; but pride comes to the rescue. She decides in herself that she will show him how little she has taken to heart his coldness and indifference.

Never before, perhaps, as during this miserable day Miss Bohun appeared so gay, so bright, so full of life and spirits; and yet in the solitude of her own room, while dressing for this looksome play, she shed many a bitter tear.

At nine o'clock the curtain rises. The guests settle themselves in their seats and prepare for anything.

Miss Rodney, arrayed in a very exquisite costume, fresh from Worth, appears before the audience, shimmering and glimmering and doing her utmost to imitate a real live countess, while in reality she only succeeds in resembling a very inferior countess.

While Miss Faulkner, from the hall, who is in private life her intimate friend, now makes a poor pretense of waiting upon her as confidential maid, and renders herself perfectly ridiculous by giving herself sufficient airs for a half dozen countesses.

Both are distinct failures. Everybody tries to applaud, but disparaging remarks fall lightly on the air.

The faint applause brings to life two hardy veterans, who, for some time past have given themselves gratis to the open arms of Morpheus, and have contentedly reclined thereon.

"I think Miss Bodey has a better chance of getting off than the girl in general," sleepily draws number one. "Do you?" replies number two. "Well, I'm not much of a judge about that sort of thing; but my opinion is neither will get off before the other. You see, my dear fellow, when women are born with a talent for acting like those two—two tyros, they don't get easily settled in life."

Then the curtain draws up for the second time, and somebody comes slowly to the stage—somebody who sets Cyril's pulses awfully throbbing.

It is Dorothy. She is very pale, and her eyes are a little languid; but she is just a degree lovelier than she ever was before.

Disney hardly bears how the play progresses. Not a syllable makes itself heard to him; he can only tell himself how lovely she is looking, and that she is false as she is fair.

Her eyes are on the ground; and suddenly some words strike upon his ear—words that bring back to him a scene fraught with grief and anger. He starts, and lifts his head, and for the first time eagerly regards the players.

Ponsoby is on his knees before her. He is holding her hands. His whole attitude is as if that fatal afternoon in the conservatory. He is again pouring forth his soul in words of extravagant passion.

And then Dorothy's voice rises, clear but sad, and devoid of the warmth that had characterized it during the rehearsal. "My heart has long been in your keeping, and if you wish it, it is yours."

As she finishes her speech she raises her eyes and fixes them steadily, and with keenest reproach, on Disney, who returns her gaze, with eyes full of consternation.

Then the scene changes and Miss Bohun makes her exit, amid applaudings loud and deep.

The curtain drops; so, I may almost say, does Disney. How bitterly he now regrets his unparadisiacal jealousy! Where shall he hide himself from Dorothy's justly reproachful gaze!

Nothing he can ever do will make her forgive him—of that fact he feels assured; and he calls to mind the happy days that have been, "rememberance sits upon him like a ban;" he feels "they should beware who charges lay in love."

"Yet in spite of his despair, he determines to make an effort to regain his lost position.

He will go to her. Rising suddenly, he follows her to the green room, where he knows she must be.

She is there, and alone. "Dorothy," he says, entreatingly. "She turns with a start. "Can you spare a few moments?" "Can you wait until the morning, or is it a matter of life and death?" she speaks very coldly.

"That your answer shall decide." "My answer?" "Yes." Going up to her he takes both her hands in his, and holding them in a close clasp, says, eagerly; "Darling, I have been a fool, a brute, everything you would not be hard enough. I will go on my knees for your forgiveness, if you will only grant it! Did you know half the misery I have suffered I am certain you would."

"I'm not sure that I shall." "What! I shall die if you throw me over like this—I shall indeed."

The Carbon Advocate.

An Independent Family Newspaper. Published every SATURDAY, except on Public Holidays. Lehighton, Carbon Co., Pa., by HARRY Y. MOOREHEAD.

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.

SEVERAL KINDS OF GIRLS. Oa to a most interesting topic the "Merchant Traveler" gives the following pointers:

A good girl to have—Sally Weston. A disagreeable girl—Annie Mowley. A fighting girl—Miss Mag. A sweet girl—Christina Mowley. A very pleasant girl—Janice Reilly. A "summer girl"—Helen Mowley. A sick girl—Nellie Vale. A smooth girl—Annie Bates. A steady girl—Corra Andes. One of the best girls—Ella Galt. A clear case—E. Lucy Date. A poetical girl—Polly Goo. A flower girl—Rhoda Dudson. A musical girl—Sarah Nade. A profound girl—Metta Phylax. A star girl—Meta Orie. A cunning girl—Janiss Mine. A nervous girl—Hester Jael. A musical girl—Callie Stinson. A lively girl—Auntie Matton. An uncertain girl—Eva Neesant. A sad girl—Ellis G.

A serene girl—Mollie Fy. A great big girl—E. Lie Plant. A warlike girl—Milla Tary. The best girl of all—Your own.

Colours, Pa.—Rev. J. D. Zehring says "I was paralyzed in my right side. The use of Brown's Iron Bitters enabled me to walk."

—One who knows says that, in the country, they blow a horn before dinner, but in town they take one.

—If you ask a ball-headed man how he would prefer to be upholstered, he'll likely express a desire for no hair on it's top of his head.

—A four-legged boy baby is a bird born in that land of wonderful events, Georgia. He will be a lightning double clog performer if he lives.

—Now that the excitement raised by the Prince Napoleon has died out, we suppose nothing short of a new circus-joke would wake Europe from her face-d security.

The Breakfast Bell! The breakfast bell stimulates my car: Its cheerful tones ring loud and clear. For me it is used to sound in vain, So great was my dyspeptic pain. PAIN KILLER came to my relief And banished my dyspeptic grief. PAIN KILLER made me strong and well And now I'm glad to hear the breakfast bell. Druggists sell PAIN KILLER'S PAIN KILLER.

—Pools, who has heard that scientists are trying to discover how small travels, says it isn't how small travels that worries him so much as the way it sticks to a fellow. He says coffee doesn't seem to do it a bit of good.

—An exchange tells of a young lady who, after a happy marriage of six months, on being asked if she was much troubled with cold feet, snipped, hesitatingly, and with simplicity replied, "Yes, yes, but they're not my own."

Penetrated to the Bone. Alderman John Baxter, Toronto, Canada, avers that St. Jacobs Oil will penetrate to the bone and drive out pain. I know it, for I have tried it; its bits mark every line.

—It is the sagacious remark of a keen observer of tourists, and he offers it to the traveling public, that you can generally tell a newly-married couple at the dinner table by the indignation of the husband when a fly alights on the wife's butter.

"I write this," said a man, addressing a gentleman who owed him money, "to inform you that you are a liar."

"Your postage stamp was wasted," the reply came. "As I knew that I was a liar before I ever had any business relations with you."

—EVERY Promise backed by a guarantee. Acker's Dyspeptic Tablets will give immediate relief. Price 25 & 50 Cts. Sold by Dr. Horn, Lehighton, and E. A. Horn, Weaversport.

It is estimated that over 500,000 tons of paper are made in this country every year, and yet the man who shaves himself has to hunt around for over fifteen minutes before he can find a piece of it that date wipe his father upon, sadly says a man who evidently knows how it is himself.

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.

A succession of direful shrieks is heard on the first floor. Fond mother! "What is the matter with Billy?" Colored servant: "Plena, ma'am, he is crying about the new laces." He can't have any more. He has had four successful already. "Dem is de berry ones he is whooping about. He's all swollen up."

Owenton, Ky.—Inv. J. N. Beck, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters and consider it one of the best tonics sold."

—Lover, the novelist, noticing that the hand of a woman who was bringing him some tea at a small country hotel shook tremulously, kindly said to her, "I am sorry to see Biddy, that you have a weakness in your hand." "Oh, your honor," she replied with a glance of indelible humor, "the weakness is not in my hand, but inside the tea-pot."

An elastic skin, buoyant spirits, and clear complexion, are among the many desirable results of pure blood. The possessor of healthy blood has his faculties at command, and enjoys a clear and quick perception, which is impossible when the blood is heavy and sluggish with impurities. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and vitality restorer.

—It is said the spots on the sun cause the eclipses, but this can hardly be, for the eclipses knock the spots off every-thing they come near. Hence it is the difference between cause and effect; for the cause, the spot is on the sun, but the effect is seen on the spot. This is bad, we know, but it is no worse than the cyclone.

Avoid cheap goods. The Hop Plaster cures pains and aches where other plasters simply relieve, 25 cts. at all drug stores. —Subscribe for the Advocate, only one dollar a year.

D'BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease.—Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 c.

SCROFULA. and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Itchings, Ringworm, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the Skin, and the direct result of an impure state of the blood.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stimulates and regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, moves and strengthens the vital forces, and speedily cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Eczema, Gout, Catarrh, General Debility, and all diseases arising from an impure or corrupted condition of the blood, and a weakened vitality.

HOP PLASTER. A new and improved plaster. It is said that the spots on the sun cause the eclipses, but this can hardly be, for the eclipses knock the spots off every-thing they come near.