

Advertising Rates.

We desire to be distinctly understood... The following are our rates...

CARDS.

Attorneys.

T. A. SNYDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—Corner of Bank Street & Derry...

W. M. RAISHER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office—Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

Physicians and Dentists.

REMOVED.

W. G. M. Seale, Physician & Surgeon. Has removed his Office and Residence from Second St. to South St. Street...

D. W. W. WEBER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office—Main Street, Parkville, Pa.

W. A. BERHAMER, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office—South East corner Iron and 2nd Sts. Lehighton, Pa.

N. B. WEBER, M. D., U. S. Examining Surgeon. Office—Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

D. C. W. BOWER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office—Opposite Derry's Drug Store, Bank St., Lehighton, Pa.

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

THOMAS KEMMERER, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT. Office—Main Street, Lehighton, Pa.

CARBON HOUSE, J. W. RAUDENBUSH, PROPRIETOR. Office—Bank St., Lehighton, Pa.

DAVID EBBERTS, Livery & Sale Stables. Office—Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

MARK STREET, LEHLIGHTON, PA. FAST TROTTER HORSES.

ELEGANT CARRIAGES, And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Livery in the County.

J. W. RAUDENBUSH, LIVERY STABLE. Office—Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

Funerals, Weddings or Business Trips on shortest notice and most liberal terms.

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. VOL. XII., No. 4. LEHLIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883. If not paid in advance, \$1.25.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.



Mrs. E. 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...

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

Ho! For Holiday Goods! C. M. SWEENEY & SON. Have received an enormous stock of HOLIDAY GOODS, comprising Dress and Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, etc.

Old Post-Office Building, Bank St. Lehighton. MOTHER NOBLE'S HEALING SYRUP. 20 Million Bottles sold in 10 years.

THE MARVELLOUS WEBBER SINGING DOLL. A Mechanical Wonder. Last year we first introduced this...

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

Thomas' Drug Store.

With Medicine the most important in Quality and the knowledge of Dispensing the same. Go to THOMAS' DRUG STORE for Pure Drugs and Patent Medicines. Special attention given to Prescriptions.

The Press!

The Foremost Republican Newspaper! For the Presidential Year, 1884. Weekly Price \$1.00 a Year.

THE SUN. New York, 1884. About thirty million copies of THE SUN have gone out of our establishment during the past year...

LIFE'S STORY.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born; A helpless babe to greet the light With a sharp wail, as if the morn' Foretold a cloudy and a night...

JOHN'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

It was the afternoon before Christmas day, and honest John Graham was packing up his butter tubs and the remainder of his Christmas marketing before returning to his expectant family far off in the country.

All day long the great market-house had been full of overflowing with an eager crowd of people, busy with the buying of their Christmas cheer; and John's fat turkeys, ducks, and country, home-made sausages had been so well patronized that not one remained to burden his two strong horses, which had drawn the whole heavy load into the great city on the afternoon previous.

Many a kindly greeting of the season had been given honest John by his smiling customers; for St. Nicholas gives to all who love him a happy face and light heart in his own festive season.

One thing yet remained to be done, and John would have sooner lost his strong right hand than have neglected this pleasant duty. There must be a nice present bought for the kind wife at home, and a happy thought flashed through the good man's mind. He would buy Margery a new bonnet, for times had been hard this winter, and although she had made no mention of it, John well knew in his heart that it would be the very thing to please her. Then there was a little Dolly, who, with her eyes as black as a sloe-berry and bright as stars in a frosty night, had stood on tip-toe to kiss him as he sat in his wagon, walled up in a blanket to keep out the cold, and who ran down the walk to open the wide gate, kissing her hand to him until he was hidden from her sight by the wall of the road.

"Pussy shall have her doll she has asked for so often and a good big box of sugar-plums, too," he softly promised himself, a loving look coming into his mild brown eyes, as, calling his boy to finish his preparations for him, he rolled forth on his errand of love. He stroled along the busy streets, looking into the store-windows with wondering curiosity until a milliner's display caught his eye, and he paused in front of the window.

His big, burly frame, with its rough overcoat, took up so much room and looked so utterly out of place that many a curious, smiling look was cast upon him. He stood so long a time trying to conquer his diffidence and enter the store that a little street gamin sang out with a nasal twang, "Say, old 'un, sell us yer complexion best! Buy the one with the peaked top, old cabbage-head!"

John then ruddy roamed to a sense of his position, shook his big and covered the stars. Good humor and love held his heart in John's heart this blessed Christmas-tide, and left no room for unkind feelings for any one.

The smiling saleslady, wondering at her odd customer, displayed several bonnets to John's astonished eyes, fairly bewildering him with the variety of shapes, colors, feathers, flowers, and the many other varieties that she exhibited to him. At last he sank into a chair, saying, "Well, ma'am, I guess I'll have to leave it to you; I can drive a plow and manage a farm, but I can't buy a woman's bonnet."

The woman laughed heartily, and picking out one of quiet gray silk, with a rose and gray feather, presented it to his tired gaze, and our good farmer, glad to be quit of this burdensome task, went to him than a whole day's haying-making, caught the bonnet box, and muttering a murmur paid the fashionable price of the woman named, only too glad to get off so easily.

Next came the toy store. There he found less difficulty, and soon picked out an immense doll, almost as large as the human Dolly, and to this was added the box of goodies so dear to the heart of all little ones.

Now then he was all ready, and in another half-hour was patting over the stones of the city toward the country.

The horses, as if knowing whether they were bound, laid themselves to their work right willingly, every now and then playfully turning toward one another and nodding, as if exchanging their ideas on the many queer sights they had seen in the wonderful, smart city. John turned up the collar of his overcoat and tucked in his blanket closely around him, for he faced the wind and the sunset sky looked gray and lowering. In fact, in less than half an hour snowflakes began to fall, at first slowly and softly, then faster and faster, until the air grew thick and misty with the quick and falling flakes.

The stout horse bent their heads to the gusts of wind that whirled the snow around in their faces, and John urged them on in cheery tones. Once he stopped, and lighted his lantern, which he carried for such emergencies, and the rays fell far into the road ahead, just enough to make darkness visible.

As the horses paused at the top of a steep hill, John again breathed after their long pull. John thought he heard a feeble cry on the side of the road. He listened intently and heard it repeated. He hurriedly snatched up the lantern and proceeded in the direction from whence the sound came, and there, by the top of the light he carried, and all crouched up under a blanket shawl, was a baby about nine months old.

"My eternal!" exclaimed John, "I've found my Christmas box. Poor, we're lakin'! What hard-hearted wretch left you here to die, you poor little innocent!"

The baby stopped crying and looked at him with her finger in her mouth and her great blue eyes fixed, half in wonder, half in fear, on his pitying face. John held out his arms coaxingly, and a smile came over the baby's face and "Coo coo," broke in hissing tones from the rosy-bud mouth. He tenderly lifted the little creature, and opening his coat folded her close to his great, warm heart.

No sound save that of the bitter wind disturbed the stillness, no track of any living being was to be found, and John with his burden in his arms, clambered back into his wagon, and, closely netting the little one, chirruped to his stout horses, that knew the road too well to need much watching.

overcoat and tucked in his blanket closely around him, for he faced the wind and the sunset sky looked gray and lowering. In fact, in less than half an hour snowflakes began to fall, at first slowly and softly, then faster and faster, until the air grew thick and misty with the quick and falling flakes.

The stout horse bent their heads to the gusts of wind that whirled the snow around in their faces, and John urged them on in cheery tones. Once he stopped, and lighted his lantern, which he carried for such emergencies, and the rays fell far into the road ahead, just enough to make darkness visible.

As the horses paused at the top of a steep hill, John again breathed after their long pull. John thought he heard a feeble cry on the side of the road. He listened intently and heard it repeated. He hurriedly snatched up the lantern and proceeded in the direction from whence the sound came, and there, by the top of the light he carried, and all crouched up under a blanket shawl, was a baby about nine months old.

"My eternal!" exclaimed John, "I've found my Christmas box. Poor, we're lakin'! What hard-hearted wretch left you here to die, you poor little innocent!"

The baby stopped crying and looked at him with her finger in her mouth and her great blue eyes fixed, half in wonder, half in fear, on his pitying face. John held out his arms coaxingly, and a smile came over the baby's face and "Coo coo," broke in hissing tones from the rosy-bud mouth. He tenderly lifted the little creature, and opening his coat folded her close to his great, warm heart.

No sound save that of the bitter wind disturbed the stillness, no track of any living being was to be found, and John with his burden in his arms, clambered back into his wagon, and, closely netting the little one, chirruped to his stout horses, that knew the road too well to need much watching.

Wondering, solemn thoughts came to John as he sat there with the baby in his arms, of that other little baby, who came to this world so many centuries ago that very night; who was born among the dumb beasts and cradled in the manger of a stable, but who withal drew the whole heavy load into the great city on the afternoon previous.

Many a kindly greeting of the season had been given honest John by his smiling customers; for St. Nicholas gives to all who love him a happy face and light heart in his own festive season.

One thing yet remained to be done, and John would have sooner lost his strong right hand than have neglected this pleasant duty. There must be a nice present bought for the kind wife at home, and a happy thought flashed through the good man's mind. He would buy Margery a new bonnet, for times had been hard this winter, and although she had made no mention of it, John well knew in his heart that it would be the very thing to please her. Then there was a little Dolly, who, with her eyes as black as a sloe-berry and bright as stars in a frosty night, had stood on tip-toe to kiss him as he sat in his wagon, walled up in a blanket to keep out the cold, and who ran down the walk to open the wide gate, kissing her hand to him until he was hidden from her sight by the wall of the road.

"Pussy shall have her doll she has asked for so often and a good big box of sugar-plums, too," he softly promised himself, a loving look coming into his mild brown eyes, as, calling his boy to finish his preparations for him, he rolled forth on his errand of love. He stroled along the busy streets, looking into the store-windows with wondering curiosity until a milliner's display caught his eye, and he paused in front of the window.

His big, burly frame, with its rough overcoat, took up so much room and looked so utterly out of place that many a curious, smiling look was cast upon him. He stood so long a time trying to conquer his diffidence and enter the store that a little street gamin sang out with a nasal twang, "Say, old 'un, sell us yer complexion best! Buy the one with the peaked top, old cabbage-head!"

John then ruddy roamed to a sense of his position, shook his big and covered the stars. Good humor and love held his heart in John's heart this blessed Christmas-tide, and left no room for unkind feelings for any one.

The smiling saleslady, wondering at her odd customer, displayed several bonnets to John's astonished eyes, fairly bewildering him with the variety of shapes, colors, feathers, flowers, and the many other varieties that she exhibited to him. At last he sank into a chair, saying, "Well, ma'am, I guess I'll have to leave it to you; I can drive a plow and manage a farm, but I can't buy a woman's bonnet."

The woman laughed heartily, and picking out one of quiet gray silk, with a rose and gray feather, presented it to his tired gaze, and our good farmer, glad to be quit of this burdensome task, went to him than a whole day's haying-making, caught the bonnet box, and muttering a murmur paid the fashionable price of the woman named, only too glad to get off so easily.

Next came the toy store. There he found less difficulty, and soon picked out an immense doll, almost as large as the human Dolly, and to this was added the box of goodies so dear to the heart of all little ones.

Now then he was all ready, and in another half-hour was patting over the stones of the city toward the country.

The horses, as if knowing whether they were bound, laid themselves to their work right willingly, every now and then playfully turning toward one another and nodding, as if exchanging their ideas on the many queer sights they had seen in the wonderful, smart city. John turned up the collar of his overcoat and tucked in his blanket closely around him, for he faced the wind and the sunset sky looked gray and lowering. In fact, in less than half an hour snowflakes began to fall, at first slowly and softly, then faster and faster, until the air grew thick and misty with the quick and falling flakes.

The stout horse bent their heads to the gusts of wind that whirled the snow around in their faces, and John urged them on in cheery tones. Once he stopped, and lighted his lantern, which he carried for such emergencies, and the rays fell far into the road ahead, just enough to make darkness visible.

As the horses paused at the top of a steep hill, John again breathed after their long pull. John thought he heard a feeble cry on the side of the road. He listened intently and heard it repeated. He hurriedly snatched up the lantern and proceeded in the direction from whence the sound came, and there, by the top of the light he carried, and all crouched up under a blanket shawl, was a baby about nine months old.

"My eternal!" exclaimed John, "I've found my Christmas box. Poor, we're lakin'! What hard-hearted wretch left you here to die, you poor little innocent!"

The baby stopped crying and looked at him with her finger in her mouth and her great blue eyes fixed, half in wonder, half in fear, on his pitying face. John held out his arms coaxingly, and a smile came over the baby's face and "Coo coo," broke in hissing tones from the rosy-bud mouth. He tenderly lifted the little creature, and opening his coat folded her close to his great, warm heart.

No sound save that of the bitter wind disturbed the stillness, no track of any living being was to be found, and John with his burden in his arms, clambered back into his wagon, and, closely netting the little one, chirruped to his stout horses, that knew the road too well to need much watching.

Wondering, solemn thoughts came to John as he sat there with the baby in his arms, of that other little baby, who came to this world so many centuries ago that very night; who was born among the dumb beasts and cradled in the manger of a stable, but who withal drew the whole heavy load into the great city on the afternoon previous.

Many a kindly greeting of the season had been given honest John by his smiling customers; for St. Nicholas gives to all who love him a happy face and light heart in his own festive season.

"Well, father," said Dolly, giving her baby a hearty kiss and setting him down on the floor until she had tied on her own hood and folded closely her warm shawl, "I must be getting toward home. Ned will be waiting his supper, and it's a goodish piece to walk against this black wind. I hate to leave you all alone, but Charlie will soon be in. '86 be sure to come to-morrow night after church and we will have a merry Christmas." So saying, Dolly picked up her baby with a loving squeeze, and, nodding gayly, left the house.

"So like her mother," murmured John to himself, as he turned with a sigh into his solitary home and filling his pipe, he settled himself in the warm chimney-corner. The embers glowed brightly on the hearth, casting a pleasant glow on the shining parterre ranged on the dresser and half illuminating the dusky corners of the large, old-fashioned kitchen.

John, getting into the coat, saw many a pleasant sight. First peered out a smiling baby face, next came a little, golden-haired lassie, with bright, fairy figure, flying down the path with outstretched arms to meet him, turning his faded into a slender school girl, with large, serious eyes, the very color of the midsummer sky, hovering around him with an eager love and anxious to forestall his slightest wish; next came a sick-chamber, with a poor, weary, pain-worn occupant tenderly nursed and soothed by the same sweet face and gentle hand; then a sad and weepy time, when all the world seemed empty and his loneliness became all but heart-breaking; but even amid this blackness was one bright face, ever winsome and kind, and ever striving, with all the might of a loving heart, to all the gap left by death.

"God bless my Christmas box!" John murmured softly—when there stole an arm around his neck, a voice spoke in his ear, and a soft kiss fell upon his cheek.

"Why father, dear, how long have you been asleep? The fire is all out and your pipe too. They kept me longer at the church fixing the greens than I thought for; you should see how pretty it looks. Hark, father! listen to the Christmas carol they are practicing it for to-morrow."

The golden head was drawn closely to the breast where it had laid so helplessly seventeen years ago, and, in the soft gloaming of the twilight, John and his Christmas baby listened with hushed breath to the mysterious, beautiful voices borne to them from the neighboring chancel.

The Horse Kicked Him. The horse is a noble animal, and one of the best friends of man. Yet no man wants even his best friend to kick him in the back. Mr. Lilly, of Lowell, Mass., received such a kick from a horse in 1865. Ever since he has been a martyr to spinal suffering. PERCY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER has relieved him from a great agony. What he has been using this valuable remedy he has enjoyed his life as he never could have done otherwise. "Accidents will happen." Provide against them by procuring PAIN KILLER.

Whenever you see your name below from the side of the pan you may know that your flour or corn starch is done. A little whitening applied to white paint when washing it will clean it quickly and take the yellow tint away.

We don't give away final bottles of JADWIN'S TAR SYRUP, for if we did, every body would be cured, and we would be obliged to quit business for want of funds. At Thomas' drug store.

In making any sauce put the butter and flour in together and your sauce will never be lumpy.

Quantity, Quality and Purity are the three inducements offered to purchasers of JADWIN'S TAR SYRUP, which is the only Cough Syrup known to contain pure Pine Tar. For Sale at Thomas' drug store.

Tepid water is produced by combining two-thirds cold and one-third boiling.

A Thorough Course of Acker's Blood Elixir will remove all taint from the blood. It cures Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils and Pimples. Sold by C. T. Horn, Lehighton, and E. A. Horn, Weisport.

Salt sprinkled over a carpet will brighten the colors.

Lewyville is seriously thinking of starting a permanent art gallery. She has begun in the right way by securing cabinet photographs of H. Myr Watterston and Mary A. Johnson.

Wart Will Stop My Coughing At Night! Guarantee Acker's English Remedy will. Price 10c. Sold by Dr. C. T. Horn, Lehighton, & E. A. Horn, Weisport.

If Robert Johnson is sincere in his desire to learn the cause of Democratic success in New Jersey this year, he had better look in his front parlor mirror to have his pardonable curiosity gratified.

A clear head is indicative of good health and regular habits. When the body feels heavy and languid, and the mind works sluggishly, Acker's Cathartic Pills will wonderfully assist to a recovery of physical buoyancy and mental vigor. The constipated should use them.

Mr. Tom Thumb is exhibiting in one of our local dime museums. She is indeed a wonderful human curiosity, being considerably shorter than William H. English, the smallest man in the country.

Lewisville, Ind.—Rev. J. S. Cain says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for nervous prostration and found it entirely satisfactory."

Flannels should not be washed very often. Change the garments frequently and air those taken off in the open air and sun. Flannels they are really soiled do not wash them.

A pretty morning cap may be made out of a blue cambric handkerchief. Border it with narrow lace, turn up the corners and tack down. A bow of ribbon on the top will be an improvement.

The Carbon Advocate.

An Independent Family Newspaper. Published every TUESDAY, in Lehighton, Carbon Co., Pa., by HARRY V. ROBERTSON. TERMS: \$1.00 per Annum in Advance. Job Printing AT VERY LOW PRICES.

The error of the South. James, Pa.—Mr. Robertson W. White, traveling for A. C. Alfred & Co., dealer in Fireworks and Celebratory Balls, was greatly pleased with the "Carbon Advocate," he asserts that in his own city, as well as in the case of others, the only thing found to relieve this painful malady was St. James' Oil. This wonderful preparation has the endorsement of such men as Dr. Robertson, General James Senator Daniel W. Forbes, and an army of others.

Chlorine and phosphorus, as reported much and cost little. "It is life worth living." Not much anybody shoots the cat in the next year.

We know Dr. Crozier's Heart Regulator will cure Heart Disease. 30 years use and many persons of prominence testifying prove it. "Hazardous Doses," \$1 per bottle at druggists.

There are nations which flourish and ripe amidst trials, which would only wither and decay in an atmosphere of ease and comfort.

The total force of police and constabulary in England and Wales is, according to the recently published "Statistical Abstract," 33,173, being a larger number by 141 than in 1881.

No other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among the people as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the best combination of vegetable blood purifier, with the Lids of Potassium and Iron, ever offered to the public.

When the doctor advised Brown to take care of his health, Brown remarked with a sickly smile, that it really was so poor that he didn't think it was worth while taking care of.

If you deal with a vulgar mind, life is reduced to beggary. When a woman smiles from ear to ear, it is real merriment, say her mouth goes back on her.

DR. 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 25c.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral. No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs, none so fatal with the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trill or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has won great celebrity for its efficacy in a forty year's trial with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken at all cases without delay. A Terrible Cough Cured. In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and restored me to the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 45 years old, hale and hearty, and an satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL. JOHN C. CROSBY, Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

CRAMP—A Mother's Tribute. "While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with cramps, it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried, in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was resting easy. The doctor told that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Success yours. Mrs. J. C. CROSBY, 120 West 125th St., New York, May 16, 1882. I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not believe in any other remedy for cramps, colic, and other ailments of the young. It is a truly wonderful remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. Lake Crystal, Minn., March 15, 1882.

HOP PLASTER A GREAT SUCCESS. A weekly made at home by the instructions. Best business now in need. It will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for the cause of the Hop. You can work to spare time, or give your whole time to it. You can work nearly as well. No one can fail to make money, money by engaging at once. Write for full particulars. Address: HOP PLASTER, 100 West 125th St., New York, N.Y.