The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. XII., No 16. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1884. If not paid in advance, $1.25.

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We desire it 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.

Attorneys & Counsellors.

T. A. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—Corner of Bank Street & Bankway, 2nd building above the Carbon Advocate Printing Office.
May 19, 1883-m* 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. DELLENBAUGH, 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 21, 1883.

W. A. BERHAMER, 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.

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-y

Drs. Bauer and Eiskamp,
Have determined to remain in LEHIGHTON all Winter, and will continue to pay special attention to
CHRONIC AFFECTIONS
AND
SURGICAL DISEASES.
Office Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.
October 13, 1883-tf

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. ANÆSTHETIC administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk, should make engagements by mail. 1y8 y1

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 with 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. 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, near the hotel, Lehighton. jan22-y1

A PRIZE. Send 6c. for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me. (1)

Railroad Guide.

Philadelphia & Reading R. R.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

OCTOBER 28th, 1883.

Trains leave Allentown as follows:

(Via PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.)

For Philadelphia at *5.10, 6.50, 11.40 a. m., and *2.10 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia at *5.00 a. m. and 3.20 p. m.

(Via EAST PENN BRANCH.)

For Reading and Harrisburg, 6.00, 8.40 a. m., 12.15, 4.30, and 9.05 p. m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, 6.00, 8.40 a. m., and 4.30 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Harrisburg, and waypoints, 9.05 p. m.

Trains for Allentown leave as follows:

(Via PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.)

Leave Philad'a, 4.30, 7.40 a. m. and 1.00, *1.30, *4.00, and 5.15 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Philadelphia, 8.00 a.m., *4.30 p.m.

(Via EAST PENN. BRANCH.)

Leave Reading, 7.30, 10.15 a. m., 2.00, 3.50, and 6.1 p. m.

Leave Harrisburg, 5.20, 7.50, 9.00 a. m., 1.15 and 4.40 p. m.

Leave Lancaster, 47.30 a. m., 1.00 and 13.40 p. m.

Leave Columbia, 7.50 a. m., 1.10 and 3.40 p. m.

(From King Street Depot.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading, 7.30 a. m.

Leave Harrisburg, 5.20 a. m.

Trains via "Perkiomen Railroad" marked thus (*) run to and from Depot, Ninth and Green streets, Philadelphia, other trains to and from Broad-street Depot.

The 5.10 and 6.45 a. m. trains from Allentown, and the *1.35 and 5.15 p. m. trains from Philadelphia, via Perkiomen Railroad, have through cars to and from Philadelphia.

J. E. WOOTTEN,
General Manager.

C. G. HANCOCK,
Gen'l Pass't & Ticket Agent
May 27th, 1883.

ALLEN LINE of STEAMERS
TO AND FROM
EUROPE!
Prepaid Passengers from England, Ireland, and Scotland, can embark at either Liverpool, Glasgow, Queenstown, Londonderry or Galway.
FARE AS LOW AS BY ANY OTHER ROUTE!
Drafts on England, Ireland, and Scotland.
H. V. MORTHIMER, Agt.
CARBON ADVOCATE Office,
LEHIGHTON, PA.

M. HEILMAN & CO.,
BANK STREET, Lehighton, Pa.,
MILLERS and Dealers in
Flour & Feed.
All Kinds of GRAIN BOUGHT and SOLD at REGULAR MARKET RATES.
We would, also, respectfully inform our citizens that we are now fully prepared to SUPPLY them with
Best of Coal
From any Mine desired at VERY
LOWEST PRICES.
M. HEILMAN & CO.
June 23

Central Carriage Works.

Bank St., Lehighton, Pa.,
Are prepared to Manufacture
Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs, Spring Wagon, &c.,
of every description, in the most substantial manner, and at Lowest Cash Prices
Repairing Promptly Attended to.
TREXLER & KREIDLER,
April 26, 1882 y1 Proprietors.

BUY YOUR
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
QUEENSWARE, &c.
At CHAS. B. RHAOD'S, AG'T,
NEW STORE, nearly opposite the NEW ROUND HOUSE,
Bank St., Lehighton, Pa.
Everything of the very best quality and at lowest prices. oct. 27-m6.

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, Lock Drawer B, Washington, D. C.

Thomas' Drug Store.
Wall Paper, Borders and Ceiling Decorations,
Just received, call and be convinced before purchasing elsewhere.
—PURE DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES.—
Prescriptions carefully compounded
At THOMAS' Drug Store,
Durling's Old Stand, Reber's Block, Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

THE SUN.

NEW YORK, 1884

About sixty million copies of THE SUN have gone out of our establishment during the past twelve months.

If you where to paste end to end all the columns of THE SUN printed and sold last year you would get a continuous strip of interesting information, common sense, wisdom, sound doctrine, and sane wit long enough to reach from Printing House square to the top of Mount Copernicus in the moon then back to Printing House square, and then three quarters of the way back to the moon again.

But THE SUN is written for the inhabitants of the earth, this same strip of intelligence would girdle the globe twenty-seven or twenty-eight times.

If every buyer of a copy of THE SUN during the past year has spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or his grandfather has spent another hour, this newspaper in 1883 has afforded the human race thirteen years of steady reading, night and day.

It is only by little calculations like these that you can form any idea of the circulation of the most popular of American newspapers, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of American men and women.

THE SUN is, and will continue to be, a newspaper which tells the truth without fear of consequences, which gets at the facts no matter how much the process costs, which presents the news of the world without waste of words and in the most readable shape, which is working with all its heart for the cause of honest government, and which therefore believes that the Republican party must go, and must go in this coming year of our Lord 1884.

If you know THE SUN, you like it already, and you will read it with accessioned alligence and profit during what promises to be the most interesting year in its history. If you do not know THE SUN, it is high time to get into the sunshine.

Terms to Mail Subscribers.

The several editions of THE SUN are sent by mail, postpaid, as follows:

DAILY—50 cents a month, $6 a year; with Sunday edition, $7

SUNDAY—Eight pages. This edition furnishes the current news of the world, special articles of exceptional interest to everybody, and literary reviews of new books of the highest merit. $1 a year.

WEEKLY—$1 a year. Eight pages of the best matter of the daily issues; an Agricultural department of unequalled value, special market reports, and literary, scientific, and domestic intelligence make THE WEEKLY SUN the newspaper for the farmer's household. To clubs of ten with $10 an extra copy free. Address

I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher,
THE SUN, N. Y., City.

CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, ROSE-COLD, HAY-FEVER. EXPELS CATARRAL POISON. HEADACHE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BRO'S, OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.
HAY-FEVER
Causes no Pain or Dread. Gives Relief at Once. Not a liquid or snuff. Applied with finger. Thoro' treatment will CURE.
Price 50 cents, by mail or at druggists.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.
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CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
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READING MUTUAL FIRE,
WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Home Protective and Insurance Company.
March 29, 1873 THOS. KEMERER.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cts. for postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes—young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. dec15-1y*

Executor's Notice.

Estate of SOLOMON STEIGERWALT, Deceased.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of Solomon Steigerwalt, late of East Penn Township, Carbon County, Penna., deceased, have been granted to Alonzo Steigerwalt, residing in West Penn Township, Schuylkill County, Penna., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make the same known without delay, to

MOSES SCHERKENBACH, Executor,
or to FREYMAN & KERSER, his Att'ys.
December 27, 1883-w3*

Commander Winfield S. Schley.

We this week present our readers with the likeness of Commander Winfield S. Schley, of the United States Navy, who will have charge of the expedition that will soon sail for the Arctic regions in search of the Greely party. From the sad fate of a long list of Arctic explorers and relief parties who have gone to the frozen regions of the north never to return, it will be readily conceived that he who volunteers his services to penetrate that iceberg-cemetery of heroic explorers in search of lost humanity or their remains, is a man of that patriotic bravery which commands the admiration of the whole civilized world. Upon a tablet which bears the names of a score of valiant Arctic heroes will now be placed the name of Winfield S. Schley, and time will invest it with either the brilliancy of a successful humane accomplishment, or the sad halo of another sacrifice of human life for fellow humanity.

Winfield S. Schley was born in Maryland in 1839, and is now in his forty-fifth year of age. He was appointed to the Naval Academy in 1856 and graduated in 1860. At the opening of the civil war in 1861 he was attached to the frigate POTOMAC as Master, and stationed at Ship Island. In 1862 he was transferred to the steam gunboat WIXONA of the West Gulf blockading squadron, and was in all the engagements which led to the capture of Port Hudson, La. So conspicuous was his bravery during this conflict that on the 16th of July, 1862 he was promoted to a Lieutenancy. Soon he was transferred to the gunboat WATERS of the Pacific squadron in which he served two years, during that period being commissioned as a Lieutenant Commander. In 1867 he was assigned to the Naval Academy, where he remained as instructor until 1871, when he was transferred to the BERMICIA in the Asiatic fleet. After several foreign tours he again returned to the Naval Academy for three years, and on July 10th, 1874 was promoted to Commander. He then commanded the ESSEX on the South Atlantic Station during 1877 and 1878 has been variously assigned. At the time of his selection to command the Greely Relief Expedition he was under service in the Naval Bureau of Equipment and Navigation.

Commander Schley is now actively engaged in selecting and organizing the crew of 150 that will accompany him, and expects to sail on his mission early in April. The expedition will be composed of three vessels, and will be equipped for a two years absence. Mr. Schley will leave behind him an anxious wife and interesting family of children, and a nation that will bid him and his brave comrades a God-speed and a safe return.

FUNNY SIGHTS.

I saw a cow-hide in the grass,
A rush light on the floor;
I saw a candle stick in the mud,
And a bell punch at the door.

I saw a horse fly up a creek,
A cat nip at her food;
I saw a chestnut burr, and heard
A shell bark in the wood.

I saw a jack plane off a board,
A car-spring off the track,
I saw dust off the floor,
And then a carpet tack.

I saw a monkey wrench a hat
From a lady's pate,
I saw a rattle-snake a bird,
And a hogs-head on the plate.

I saw a brandy-smash a glass,
I saw a shooting star;
I heard the corn stalk in the field,
At a pig-iron crow bar.

I saw a pin-wheel off a post,
And a wheel wright in a shop,
I saw a gin-sling upon a bar—
I saw a ginger-pop.

I saw a horse-fly over a field,
I saw an ox-rest, too;
I saw a shad-roe and a clam-bake,
I saw a chicken-stew.

I saw a sword fish from a bank,
I heard the water spout;
I saw tobacco spit, and then
I heard an eye-ball out.

I saw a fence rail at the inn;
I heard a waist-band play
A lovely strain—a sweet spit-toon—
And then I went away.

An Incident of War Times.

Yes, said the old Sergeant, many suffered during the war who never saw a battle field and there were some stirring scenes a good way in the rear. I am probably not the only one who yet recollects a lively scene that occurred at an Illinois railroad town in the spring of 1864. Our command formerly the McLellan Dragoons, was part of the 12th Cavalry; had seen nearly three years' service in old Virginia; and veteranized "had our furlough save, recruited our maximum quota in Chicago, and was on its way to the front once more. Our destination this time was the Southwest, and we started out on the C. A. & St. L. road.

Early the first morning out, our train made a halt of some minutes at a little prairie station. Of course the boys were soon out of the cars and exercising to get the crocks out of their backs and legs. It was just the time of day—generally was with soldiers—to be on the look out for something to refresh the inner man. A restaurant was discovered across the way. It was a long narrow, one-story building, divided into two rooms by a board partition rising a little above a man's head but lacking a yard or so of reaching to the ceiling. In the front room a small but spunky son of the Emerald Isle presided, and dispensed such substantials as sausage, cheese, crackers, herring, sardine, lager, "old rye," etc. The rear room evidently served as kitchen, dining room, dormitory and "general using room," and constituted Bridget's domain.

Patrick received his first squad of customers from the cars with a bland smile, and a "God bless you, b'ys! they yes soon whip them darnsted rebels, and come home in forty days or less." He meself, shure, that wud go and lilip yes, but I can't be having me business and Bridget and all the little ones. Begorra, it's meself likes to see the brave b'ys goin' off to fight for their country." And so his tongue kept time with his busy fingers as he dexterously waited upon his customers.

But he soon had more than his hands full. The little room became crowded, and as each was afraid the whistle would call before he could secure his coveted drink, lunk, or piece, no one sailed his turn, but all vociferously demanded to be waited upon at once. Really there was more of Pat in demand than there was in him. It was impossible for the little fellow to simultaneously be in a score of places and waiting upon as many different customers at the same time. Smiles were chased away by frowns, and blarneying was superceded by scolding. As he became more vexed, the soldiers grew more boisterous, mischief and devilry dancing on every face. The boys grew louder and more persistent in their orders.

Patrick soon thought further endurance impossible, and ordered the entire crowd out of the house. The boys continued good-natured and jolly, but, entirely ignoring the proprietor's right to order them out, continued their profusion of orders; and then arose the voice of Bridget pouring epithets over the partition on "ye dhirty blackguards." Pat in his frenzy, of rage shouted "Bridget, turn the big dag loose. Sit Bryan onto them, the dag—and bad luck take 'em!" A little door in the partition opened, and a large, fierce-looking, bob-tailed, crop-eared, spike-collared bull-dog sprang through, accompanied by a perfect cloud of "Go for 'em, Bryan, the brave! Tear the dhirty, cowardly, botherin' thaves to pieces!"

No doubt Bryan was brave enough, but when he came into that crowd he was probably confused, and before he made up his mind which to seize, several hands laid hold of him. Each leg, his collar, and even his stump of a tail afforded a handle; and he was soon straddling through the air, enroute over the partition. Judging from the sound it was quite evident he lit upon the table, spread for the morning meal of the family, and fell from that into a trundle-bed full of children.

Well, you know the old Dragoons were in all the milks of the old Peninsula campaign; but right there in that shebang was about the liveliest little rattle we had ever heard. Pat was frothing with rage, and actually pounding his bar and wails with his fists, and screaming "Ye nager-loving, abolition, thaving Yankees; ye merthirin' Idaesis monkeys; out of me house this minute, I tell yers!" Old Bryan was soon upon or among us again, hissed on and encouraged by Bridget. He was as terrible as a mad bull, leaping, snapping and biting in every direction; but his exposed points were too numerous to guard against such a foe. Before he had an opportunity of tasting blood he was again describing a circle over the partition.

That time his destination was the top of the cook-stove. His howls and yells of mingled rage and pain rose to a high key, and vied with the screeches and screams of Bridget, who was almost choking with rage. The whole family of milkers joined their voices in the melee. Antietam was nowhere. Pat was pounding sunsets, upsetting kegs, kicking boxes to pieces and breaking his own bottles and tumblers. Bryan, with spirit that would have done honor to the Old Guard, doggedly returned to the charge. But he began to show signs of hard service. Hot grease from the cooking breakfast was dripping from his head, and ears; and patches of burnt hide, bordered with singed hair revealed where the points of attack had been hottest. Blinded with grease and rage he was an easier prey than before, and was soon on his third journey, paving and gouging the air through which he was traveling.

Just then the whistle sounded for the "all aboard," and we made good time getting across the street to the cars. Not even the bravest veteran had any desire to be left behind on that 8 12. As the train rolled out we had a glimpse of an interesting trio congregated on the pavement. Pat was shaking his fists after us, each clutching the neck of a broken bottle; Bridget swung a broken broom-stick over her head, while Bryan appeared to be sitting down and sliding, evidently endeavoring to cool his seared seat of war, on the moist pavement, and at the same time trying to scratch both ears and to lick himself under the short ribs.

So you see that the fighting was not all at the front, and that others than soldiers felt the sad effects of war.—"Cross Sabers," in the West End Advocate.

WORTH A LICKING.

Some years ago in Georgia that band of Christians known as secessionists were having a grand revival. One day when the meeting was in full force a storm came up, and a young gentleman who was out hunting with his servant took refuge in the church door. Being curious to see the service, the two hunters crept up into the gallery, and there hid in a place where they could observe without being observed. "Come, Lord, come, our robes are ready. Come, Lord, come," cried the preacher, while all present gave a loud "Amen." "Marse Gabe," whispered Cuffy, lifting his hunting horn to his mouth, "let me gib dem jist one toot." "Put that horn down, or I'll break your head," replied the master in a whisper. The horn dropped by Cuffy's side, and again the minister cried: "Come, Lord, come; we are all ready for Thy coming. Come, Lord, come." "Do, Marse Gabe—do jist lemme gib 'em jist one little toot," pleaded Cuffy, wetting his lips and raising the horn. "If you don't drop that horn, Cuffy, I'll whip you within an inch of your life," whispered the exasperated master. "Blow, Gabriel, blow; we are ready for His coming. Blow, Gabriel, blow," pleaded the minister. Cuffy could no longer resist the temptation, and sent a wild peal ringing from end to end of the church; but long before its last echo died away his master and himself were the only occupants of the building. "I's ready fur de licking, Marse Gabe," said Cuffy, showing every tooth in his head, "for I clare to gracious it's worf two lickings to see de way ecemmon farm cattle kin git ober de ground wid skeared 'Secessionists behind dem."

Peck's Bad Boy says he can sleep with his feet hanging out of the window the coldest of winter nights, if he can only be furnished with a good supply of Judwin's Pine Tar Syrup. Verily, it is a balm for the afflicted. Price, 25c. and $1 per bottle. For sale at Thomas' drug store.

A TERRIBLE KICKER.

"Please, sir," said the bell boy to a Texas hotel clerk, "number forty says there ain't no towel in his room."

"Tell him to use one of the window curtains."

"He says, too, there ain't no pillers."

"Tell him to put his coat and vest under his head."

"And he wants a pitcher of water."

"Suffering Cyrus! But he's the worst kicker I ever struck in my life. Carry him up the horse pail."

"He wants to know if he can have a light."

"Here, blame him! Give him this lantern, and ask him if he wants the earth, and if he'll have it fried only on one side, or turned over?"

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is designed to meet the wants of those who need a medicine to build them up, give them an appetite, purify their blood, and oil up the machinery of their bodies. No other article takes hold of the system and lifts exactly the spot like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It works like magic, reaching every part of the human body through the blood, giving to all renewed life and energy. $1 a bottle; six for $5.

—Longfellow wrote "Excelsior" in bed.—POST. Probably that is the season that now they call a sack of Shavings an Excelsior mattress.

—Did it ever occur to you how ashamed a pug dog must be of himself when he has to be seen in company with a woman who is fool enough to hug him about?"

—An old gentleman and his bride, aged eighty-two, entered a railway car the other day and took a seat by the stove. A youth occupying a seat behind said he overheard the following: Old gentleman to his bride—"Who's a little lamb?" Bride—"Be of us."

NO LONGER A QUESTION of odious we guarantee every box of Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. Price 25c. and 50c. Sold by Dr. Horn, Lehighton, and E. A. Horn, Weissport.

—The "test" road—A cheap boot.

—"Subdued snuff" is a handsome new color not to be sneezed at.

—A charity hat!—"Gimme ten cents for boy or loaf of bread with."

"You need better air," said the doctor to a poor but proud invalid lady of maiden age. "Ah, doctor, then please send me around some millionaire."

Lawyers and doctors' blunders have been the cause of more than one man's choking to death. Some persons have been known to choke from coughing. These instances are few if Jadwin's Pine Tar Syrup is used. Per bottle, 25 cents and $1. For sale at Thomas' drug store.

—When a girl has lost her spirits she doesn't stand a ghost of a chance. No one can re-spectre.

—An uptown plumber has married a milliner. Everything tends to consolidation and monopoly these days.

—Somebody asked the four year old son of one of our citizens what he would do if his father died. "Why," said the youngster, "I'd wear my new boots to the funeral!"

—"I tell ye, Bill, no girl can fool me. If I call on a girl and she doesn't say much and sets like she wants me to leave, and don't shake hands with me when I leave, and don't ask me to call again, it's very seldom I ever call back to see her."

—Subscribe for and read the ADVOCATE, it contains all the latest local news up to the time of going to press.

—How to catch a husband—Grab him by the hair.

—Youthful rashness skips like a hare over the messes of good counsel

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 25 c.

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THE SURE CURE
FOR
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
CONSTIPATION, PILES,
AND BLOOD DISEASES.
PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. C. Ballou, Hoosick, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. R. H. Clark, St. Nero, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. E. Sommerdin, San Ribl, Ga.
IN THOUSANDS OF CASES
it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.
It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.
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No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs; none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

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"In 1877 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed many a night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me. HORACE PATTERSON."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was already here 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 breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours, MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
153 West 126th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried." A. J. CRANE.
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 15, 1882.

"Suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRAGDON."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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Address, Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, P. O. Box 2063, Philadelphia, Pa.
Go and see the people who write the following letters, if possible.

A GENTLEMAN WELL-KNOWN IN EANESVILLE, DRESDEN, AND VICINITY, WRITES FROM PEKIN, ILL.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK:
Dear Sir—In the Winter of 1879 I was told by three prominent doctors that my wife had Consumption, and that she could not live until Spring. Soon after this a friend, who lives in Dayton, Ohio, recommended your medicines to her, but having been told that she was incurable, we had no faith in them. Her friend finally brought her a bottle of your Pulmonic Syrup, and insisted on her giving it a fair trial. She did so, and thank God, by its use her life was saved. She is now entirely well.
I am well-known here, as well as in Zanesville, Dresden, and Muskingum county, and would rejoice to the druggists and others in those towns who will remember my wife's case as a very bad one. I have recommended your medicines to great many, and I could never know them to fail in making cures where they have been given a fair trial. I am induced to send you this by the thought that it will be of such great use to suffering humanity.
A. W. WHITE,
Nov. 21, 1879. Proprietor White House, Pekin, Ill.

ANOTHER CASE OF CONSUMPTION CURED AT LA PORTE, IND.

DR. SCHENCK:
About twelve years ago I was dangerously ill with Lung Fever. I had great trouble in breathing; every breath I drew caused me pain. I had three doctors treating me, but I grew worse all the time. I was at that time connected with the Lake Shore R. Co. One of my fellow-clerks induced me to get some of your medicines, saying that he had used them himself with entire success. I got five bottles of your Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. I used them according to the directions, and in a short time noticed a marked improvement in my health, which step up as I continued using your medicines. After taking several bottles each of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic I got entirely over my sickness. Since that time I have recommended your medicines to many other people living in La Porte, who used them with great success.
F. W. NEBELTHAU,
La Porte, Ind., Jan. 21, 1881. Ex-Trustee of La Porte Co.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—READ THIS LETTER FROM MR. ITTICK, OF LA PORTE, INDIANA.

DR. SCHENCK:
In the year 1879 I was suffering with Consumption, and had gotten so low that I had no hope of ever getting well again. I waited for death to put an end to my sufferings. There was one of my friends who was persistently trying to hope me to use your Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic, but I utterly refused to get any more medicine. I was disgusted with medicine. I had tried so many different medicines without its helping my case. Finding that I was not to be persuaded, he bought some of your Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic himself, and brought them to me. But first refused to touch them. I did not want to be disappointed, on that finally consented to try them, more to please my friend than anything else. I thought they would do me any good. I commenced taking the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic, and to my great surprise relief commenced. I continued, and was encouraged to continue using them. By a common improvement under their use, until in about three months I was well, to the surprise of the doctors, who said I had gone too far to be cured. I am now in perfect health, and I believe I am stronger than ever. I was permanently cured, as I have had no return of the complaint for a long time.
I owe my life entirely to your medicines. Nothing else saved me. I will send cheerful testimony to the great virtues of your medicines, if I know of several cases in this place where your medicines have been used with entire success. I am well-known here, being one of the well-known merchants in La Porte Co., and having been in the livery business for many years.
JOHN ITTICK.
N. B.—I can, and will, if necessary, swear before any Judge of the Peace, to all that I have said in the above statement.
JOHN ITTICK.
La Porte, Ind., Jan. 21, 1881.
THIS IS TO CERTIFY: That we have sold the medicines mentioned in these certificates to Mr. Nebelthau and others, and their statements are authentic and reliable.
FREDK WEST & CO., Druggists.

FROM MR. HARLEY P. HOPKINS, OF PROVIDENCE, R. I. HE IS CURED OF CONSUMPTION BY DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES, AFTER BEING GIVEN UP TO DIE BY SOME OF THE BEST PHYSICIANS IN THE CITY.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK:
Dear Sir—I have been cured of what three of the best physicians of this city told me was Consumption of the Lungs, by the use of your medicines. I was first attacked with the disease in October, 1880, and although I was from that time continually under the care of a physician, I grew worse and worse, until at last I was confined to my bed. I can hardly say that I was first attacked with the disease in 1880, for my lungs had been weak for many years previous to this, and I would quite often have severe pain in my breast, if I took the least cold or exerted myself too much in any way. I grew worse, my cough became very bad; I had night sweats so severe that my bed, through the night, would be as wet as though water had been thrown on it. I was continually raising blood and large quantities of offensive matter from my lungs, and at last had all the well-known symptoms of a confirmed case of Consumption.
At the request of my family, my physician called in two other doctors of this city, and they, after an examination, agreed that my case was incurable, and informed my wife that I had better be told that I could not live, as it was time would be very short for arranging my temporal affairs. They also said that no medicine would be of any use to me. The next day, my friend, Mr. H. I. Tuttle, hearing of my condition, sent to me a bottle of your Pulmonic Syrup, claiming it might relieve my cough, and was my opponent on sense. I began taking it, never expecting that it would cure me, but finding great relief from its use. When the first bottle was gone I began to get more; so I continued it until I had used seven or eight bottles. At this time I was so weak I could not walk 1 rod without resting. This was not a difficulty to bring me, however, as