The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Jun'r, Publisher. | INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live." | $1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. XII., No 41. | LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1884. | If not paid in advance, $1.25.

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CARRY THIS KISS TO MOTHER.

BY THEO. D. C. MILLER.

Carry this kiss to mother,
A dying soldier said;
While on the field of battle
He lay beside the dead;
And tell her I am thinking
Of home and friends afar,
Ere I am called to journey
Above the shining star.

Carry this kiss to mother,
And tell her not to weep
When I am laid forever
With comrades brave to sleep!
This night will soon be over,
And then life's day will come,
When I can meet my mother
Within the angel's home.

Carry this kiss to mother—
Last token of my love—
And tell her in life's morning
I'll wait for her above!
My feet will tread the valley,
Where flowers immortal grow,
Where souls will live forever,
And sunbeams brightly glow.

Carry this kiss to mother,
So she may feel and know
How very much I love her
When I am called to go;
And tell her not to sorrow,
But dry each falling tear,
While waiting for the dawning
Of life's bright morn so clear.

Carry this kiss to mother,
When I am laid to rest;
And tell her I shall never
Lean on her loving breast!
Our home in dear New England
Will charm my eyes no more,
But I shall be so happy
Upon the other shore.

Carry this kiss to mother—
The last one I shall send;
Now Heaven is drawing nearer,
My earth-life soon will end!
But o'er the silent river
The home of love I see,
Where I shall dwell forever
Beside the crystal sea.

Happy the Ending.

It moved a good many people to wonder when Alice Oakes was engaged to Theodore Max.

As for Paul Norman, he was thunderstruck. He sought the presence of Miss Oakes, and with stern face and knitted asked a question:

"Alice, have you been trifling with me all this while?"

At that she turned pale and sat back into her chair and looked at him with terror-stricken eyes.

"Paul Norman, did you really love me?" she asked.

"I loved you. I thought you loved me. I was waiting for prosperity, for fortune. When it came I would have spoken," he said. "Did you know that?"

"No I did not know it," she said in a despairing tone. "I thought you were merely flirting. I thought if you meant seriously you would tell me so."

Then Paul Norman went down upon his knees, and caught her hand and pressed it to his lips. He pleaded: "You love me as I love you. You must be mine."

All she answered was: "It is too late; my word is given."

And he arose and left her.

She had accepted Theodore Max in a fit of pique. She had thought herself slighted by Norman. Norman would not speak while the advantage of wealth was no greater on his side. She quite understood now.

The wedding day drew near. Her dresses were being made, her house newly furnished. One day she drove to a great china manufactory to make purchases, and the smiling manager inquired if she would like to see the people at work, and when she assented he accompanied her himself over the great building.

In an inner room the decorators worked; among these were women. One delicate and very pretty girl was deftly scattering over a pale blue dish a wreath of palest pink sweet peas.

The occupation seemed a charming one. It struck the fancy of the young lady. The girl looked up and smiled.

"I wonder if you could teach me to do that?" she asked.

"Ah, yes, madame," replied the girl with a foreign accent. "If madame could take lessons in the evening I should be delighted to earn a little more."

"Come to me to-night," said Alice, "and we will talk it over."

And at night the girl came, an innocent, simple little creature, who needed little urging to talk of herself.

She was from Dresden; she had learned to paint china there—mademoiselle had heard of the great china works there—all the world had.

She longed to return, but she had a purpose in coming to America—and it was not accomplished. No, mademoiselle was mistaken—it was not to make her fortune. She would tell mademoiselle, who looked so kind. It was to look for her lover. Oh, he adored her and she adored him. They were both in the china works, but her grandfather would have her marry her cousin, and he turned Theo from the door—yes, and with anger and threats, if he should come again.

They met once, and vowed eternal constancy; then he came to America.

He thought she was married, but Providence had arranged otherwise; her cousin was dead and her grandfather also. So she had come to find Theo. Did mademoiselle ever hear his name? That would not be likely, but she asked everyone—"Theodore Max, from Dresden."

Theodore Max, from Dresden? Miss Oakes started violently.

"Tell me how he looks," she said; "in the least like this?" and she drew from her work-basket a photograph; "it might be his own portrait."

"It is!" cried the girl. "Oh, do you know him?"

"I think I do," said Alice. "I will send for him. What shall I say?"

"Only say that Sophy Brett never married her cousin Andre, and is here," said the girl.

But Miss Oakes only telegraphed to Theodore Max: "Come at once."

"Theodore," she said to him, before she led him into Sophy's presence; "you loved Sophy Brett once."

He answered frankly:

"Fondly. But I could not marry her, so I came away."

"She is free," said Alice.

"What can you know of Sophy?" asked her lover.

Alice drew her engagement ring from her finger and gave it to him.

"Give this to Sophy," she said. "I will give her a dowry. I see you love her, I know she loves you, and I found out long ago that I never loved you at all. Go to my boudior you will find her there."

Again the world wondered. When wedding veils are bought and wedding breakfasts ordered people expect a wedding ceremony.

They were not disappointed, but the bride was not Alice. The feast was at her home. She graced the ceremony with her presence. She was as gay as the bridegroom, and as lovely as the bride, and far more elegant. And she kissed little Sophy with unaffected tenderness, and shook hands heartily with Theodore Max as the young couple bade her adieu and went off upon their wedding tour.

But while the guests still lingered Alice Oakes stole away into the conservatory, where a tiny fountain tossed its waters into a marble basin, and there, as though for her, as indeed he was, stood Paul Norman. His dark face glowed with joy.

"Alice," he whispered, "have you come to me at last?"

Her only answer was to drop her head upon his bosom.

And you may be sure there was another wedding soon, and that this time Alice was the bride.

MADELAINE.

Madelaine Rogers was just 16, a beautiful, sunny creature. Pretty, too, and as good as she was pretty; yet withal as full of fun as a "nut is full of meat."

Wiseacres were wont to shake their heads at her many escapades. Mothers with grown daughters did not wish them to be too intimate with her, and would have liked to "cut" her; but as this was impossible they lectured their progeny continually.

She was the grandchild of Mr. Albion Rogers, a gentleman genial and courtly, but with not too much of this world's goods. Madelaine never felt comfortable under the eye of those matrons who are always ready and willing to give advice without being asked for it.

So she generally could be found down in the orchard reading, or paddling with bare feet in the brook.

Thus we find her one warm day. She had improvised a tune for some verses in the book lying in her lap, and was leaning back against the tree, singing in a sweet, clear voice:

Madame, farewell, I'll none of your wealth;
Youth is mine, and freedom, and health;
I'll wander o'er mountain and dale.

Chirp in your cage with its gilded door;
Maid once married comes forth never more—
You are welcome to jailer and jail!

"That's just the way I feel, but people never let a body alone. Now, if I could only go off as these girls did and be alone for a while I think I should feel just about right. I'm a born bohemienne, I do believe. I don't seem to care what folks think about me. If I could only get ——. Oh, my! what was that! I'm sure I heard a branch break; gracious me! and my feet bare, too. I declare it's a man, and a stranger, too. Oh, dear! I'm always in trouble. What shall I do?"

"Beg a thousand pardons, miss; my intrusion was absolutely unavoidable, I assure you. I was not aware of your presence until too late to turn back. I am Leslie Lorraine, at your service. Here is my card. Pray excuse me. Good day," and he was gone.

Poor little Madelaine stood there, looking after him, utterly discomfited, her face flushed and tears of mortification in her eyes.

She knew that he was Mrs. Dale's brother, who had been expected for a week past; and that he should catch her in such a plight!

What would his haughty sister say if she knew? Would she invite her to the ball she was to give in honor of his return? She knew Mrs. Dale was very proud of her family and her position. She was the leader of Daleville's best society, and lived at the Daleville mansion.

That evening her grandfather received invitations for the ball, and Madelaine almost decided not to go, but her parent insisted. Leslie Lorraine's father and he had been friends in their youth, and he wanted to know his old friend's boy.

Mrs. Dale took her brother to call on several of the families; but on the occasion of her visit to the Rogers she was alone, for which Madelaine was very thankful.

The evening the ball was given Madelaine and her grandfather did not arrive until late. The rooms were thronged with the elite of Daleville society. Leslie was at the door helping his sister to receive their guests when they were announced. When his eyes fell upon Madelaine he started forward, and, as soon as his sister had introduced them, put her arm through his and led her to a seat.

Everybody seemed surprised, but the most surprised person was Cecily Dale.

Madelaine blushed rosy red at this mark of recognition. She knew the eyes of all Daleville were on her.

They talked and danced together almost all the evening, even to the exclusion of some of Mrs. Dale's most intimate friends. He told he thought of her almost constantly since he first saw her, but had begun to think she was a will-o'-the-wisp until he saw her this evening. When they were going home he attended them to their carriage. Madelaine had enjoyed herself and was in a very happy frame of mind.

After the guests had departed, and Mrs. Dale was alone with her brother, she remarked:

"Leslie, I did not know you had seen Miss Rogers before this evening. May I ask where it was you met?"

"Certainly, sis. I met her in an orchard not far from here on the day of my arrival."

"Well, I wish you had not made yourself quite so conspicuous this evening with her. She is a perfect hoyden."

"My dear sister, I cannot see in what I made myself conspicuous. I presume if I had chosen Miss Eldridge or any other young lady it would have been all proper."

"I tell you, Leslie, she is a child, and —and I hope you have said nothing to her that will lead her to think you are serious."

"My dear Cecily, do not make yourself nervous over me. I am a man, and of age. Good night."

Mr. Rogers had invited him over to dine next day, and he had accepted. So that afternoon he told his sister not to wait dinner for him, as he had an invitation to dine out.

"Are you going to Rose cottage?"

"Yes, I am. Why?"

"I do wish you would think of what I said last night, Leslie."

"Cecily, I do not like to be rude, but there are some things a man would rather adjust for himself."

So he visited Rose cottage, and it was only the first of many visits. He knew this little hoyden watched for his visits. He saw the bright color come and go in the peachy cheeks; and, although his sister never ceased to expostulate, he turned a deaf ear and gave his heart into the keeping of this child-woman, who had grown wonderfully quiet and dignified under the overpowering influence of a deep, true, and lasting love.

Once again he finds her in her accustomed seat at the brook and there tells her of his passionate love for her.

"My darling, say you will be my little wife. I know you love me, for your eyes told me the secret long ago. Will you make me the happiest of men, my dear one?"

And her answer was given him not only with eyes but with lips also.

Madelaine Rogers is now Madelaine Lorraine, and a better wife or a more dignified woman does not live.

MATTIE'S LUCK.

"Look, girls! What did I tell you? There here comes!"

"How handsome he is!"

"And just see Mattie—she's all smiles. 'Oh, my heart it is a-burstin' whene'er I gaze upon him!' That's her song now, isn't it!"

The cluster of smart-looking young waiter-girls giggled and smiled as the youthful gallant passed by, but he neither saw nor heard them; his eyes were fixed on Mattie, and he went directly to her counter, seating himself on the stool before her with an easy grace and a totally unembarrassed air.

It was noon and the huge coffee-house, as bright as a new pin and clean as wax, was beginning to fill up with youths and men of all descriptions, from the dapper, gayly-dressed clerk, full of appreciation for the beauties of the fair, to the toil-stained laborer, whose thoughts were riveted solely upon his beef stew and section of pie.

Mattie's customer had only been a patron of the coffee-house a single week. The girl had been the first to wait on him, and, attracted by her comeliness, attention, and maidenly bearing, he had continued to patronize her counter. Their acquaintance in this brief space had ripened into a kind of friendship that was pleasing to both of them. They knew very little of each other as yet, but what they knew seemed eminently satisfactory. They had chatted a little about the theater, and the girl had told him that the height of her ambition was to see a certain popular play.

That morning as he took his seat in front of her counter he was a trifle nervous. Mattie noticed this, but attributed it to some pretty annoyance such as young men continually encounter. She smiled pleasantly and immediately waited on him with an alacrity that charmed and at the same time reassured him. They chatted for for a short space and finally Augustus took a small scented envelope from his pocket and placed it upon the counter. The girl glanced at it and saw that it bore the inscription "For Miss Mattie, with the compliments of Augustus Hare." She took it up and opened it and a flood of scarlet shot into her cheeks as she saw that it contained two matinee tickets for the play she much desired to see.

"Oh, Mr. Hare," she whispered, "I thank you, but I had rather not!"

"Where's the harm?" returned he. "You can get off before two o'clock, and take one of the girls along for an escort." And Augustus took up his cheeks and left. Mattie was a good girl and a member of a worthy family. First, however, she consulted her intimate friend and fellow-worker, Mary Draper, a thoughtless, dash-ahead, but well-intentioned girl.

"What would you do?" she asked after explaining the circumstances to to.

"I would go!" answered Mary, emphatically. "It isn't often a girl who has to slave for her living gets such a chance!"

So Mattie invited Mary to accompany her, and they went. The theatre was comfortably filled but not crowded. The dashing comedy rattled along and was acted deliciously. But, notwithstanding the pleasure the performance gave her Mattie was dissatisfied with herself. She felt that she had not done right in accepting the tickets from a young man of whom she really knew nothing except that he appeared to be a gentleman. Was his intention in giving her the tickets merely to gratify her, or had he ulterior designs that she was then unable to fathom?

The more she thought of the matter the worse it looked, and a great lump arose in her throat as she reflected how indiscreet she had been, and how her ill-advised action might be distorted to her disadvantage. Her reflections became unbearable, and in the midst of the performance she suddenly put her hand to her heart, uttered a low cry, and fainted.

As she sat back in her seat, limp, unconscious, and as pale as death, a young man darted from an obscure corner of the orchestra circle and rushed to her side. He hastily took her in his arms, and, bidding the amazed and terrified Miss Draper follow him, bore her out into the lobby. There was a slight commotion in the audience, but it speedily subsided, and the play was not interrupted.

In the lobby a dash of cold water and the application of smelling-salts to her nostrils speedily restored the ailing girl to consciousness. She opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was the cause of all the mischief, Augustus Hare himself, bending over her.

"Oh, Mr. Hare," she said faintly, "how wrongly I have acted."

But Augustus would not hear a word. He insisted upon silence, and dispatched an usher for a carriage. Assisted by Miss Draper, he led Mattie to the vehicle, and, refusing to leave her until she was safely at home, got in with the two girls, directing the coachman to drive to the address that he obtained from Mary.

The waiter-girl's mother was a trim and scrupulously neat little body, and the moment Augustus put eyes on her he liked her. When her daughter arrived in the carriage with a strange gentleman she was at first dismayed and then terrified. What did it all mean? But the sight of Mary Draper calmed her. Mattie was yet pale and distressed. She threw herself wildly upon her mother's neck and cried out:

"Oh, mother, I have done wrong! I have done wrong!"

The elder lady gazed with horror and suspicion at Augustus, but he stood his ground like a man, and in a few considerate words explained the entire affair, from the acceptance of the matinee tickets to the the catastrope at the theatre, concluding by saying, in a tone of great feeling:

"If there is any harm in the matter it belongs to me alone. Miss Mattie is entirely innocent. Perhaps I tempted her, but my intentions were of the purest, I can assure you."

Mattie gazed at him with gratitude beaming in her eyes, and her little heart went out to him, with all its maidenly affection, as it had never done to any young man before. Tears of contrition were rolling down her pallid cheeks, but Augustus thought they only made her look more beautiful and modest. He was enraptured with the little waiter-girl, and there was a tumultous flutter-ing in his manly bosom—an unmistakable indication that Cupid had fired an arrow at him and had not missed his mark.

"Well, bless my soul!" thought the dashing Miss Draper, "this is certainly the queerest flirtation I ever heard of in all my born days!"

Their courtship was a brief one, and when the May hyacinths were filling the air with their balmy perfume, and the gorgeous tulips were dazzling all eyes with their imperial beauty, Mattie and Augustus were quietly married. Mattie had long since abandoned the coffe-house and its intoxicating atmosphere of giddy flirtation, and since her disappearance Augustus had not been seen there. The waiter-girls talked the matter over among themselves, giggling and smirking as usual, but when they heard that Mattie had married a rich, youthful, and handsome husband, who was passionately devoted to her, and that that husband was her admirer of her former waiter days, they spoke enthusiastically of her luck, and there was not one of them who did not vote the coffee-house a glorious institution, fraught with matrimonial possibilities of the highest order.

His Last Rattlesnake.

An affecting incident happened in the island of Martinique in the summer of 18—. A fine, athletic negro named Gola, belonging to a wealthy planter, was desperately enamored of a pretty mulatto lass, called Juanita, living on the next plantation.

But Juanita was a coquette, and cruel as coquettes generally are. Having a slight tinge of white blood in her she looked down from an exalted height on poor Gola, who was blacker than the ink I am writing with. Still Gola did not despair, but pressed his suit on every opportunity.

At last Juanita, finding her lover so pertinacious that he must either be finally rejected or accepted, told him one day that she had a passion for rattlesnakes' tails; that she valued them in proportion to their length; but that as yet she had never been able to get a tail which consisted of twelve rings.

Now, if he brought her a tail with twelve rings she would be his.

Gola's heart sank, but still he determined to undertake this dangerous task. What was there he would not peril to gain Juanita? Day after day, Gola, with a burning brand of pine-wood in one hand and a short saber in the other, traversed the forests, listening for the ominous rattling of the snakes.

In point of numbers his success was prodigious, for there is no better method for killing snakes than the one Gola adopted—thrusting the burning torch in his face; and, as he detests fire, he is easily decapitated in the moment of his confusion.

Nevertheless, Gola could not find a single tail with twelve rings on it. He found some with eight or nine, and one which had eleven; but when he laid his last before Juanita she was still inexorable, and declared that even eleven and a half would not content her.

At last, one day, when almost despairing of success, Gola was crossing an open space, his ear was caught by a particularly loud and sonorous rattle.

He stopped and perceived an enormous rattlesnake gliding toward him. Its eyes were glowing with an intense fire; its bifurcated tongue was agitated with an inconceivable rapidity of motion.

Gola felt that the hour had come when he should either win Juanita or perish.

The size and appearance of the snake convinced him that it had twelve or more rings in its tail, and he awaited its approach with a beating heart.

The snake came gliding on, and when within about three feet coiled himself for a spring. Gola now seized the opportunity, and, dashing his torch in its face severed the head from the body with one blow.

It was with a throb of delight that he discovered on stooping down to examine his prize thirteen rings in the snake's tail. While he was separating them from the carcass he felt a slight pricking sensation in his heel. Turning around quickly he discovered to his horror, that he had placed one of his bare feet on the snake's head, in which the muscular action still continued, and that, all lifeless as it was, it had bitten him.

Gola now knew that he was a dead man, and his sole object was to see Juanita before he expired. Catching up his prize, which he had purchased with his life, he rushed across the fields with the speed of despair.

Every moment he felt the poison working more fatally in his veins, until at last swollen, breathless, speechless, and frothing at the lips, he rushed into Juanita's presence. He could no longer articulate, but holding out to her the thirteen rattles in his swollen hands and fixing on her one last look of devotion, he rolled on the floor at her feet, and after a few gasps breathed his last.

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"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief."
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—A young husband in this city is suffering from a severe case of tumor. It's two more—twins.

—A child is called a kid, we suppose because he will goat something as he grows older.

An Editor's Tribute.

Thereon P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had, for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at T. D. Thomas' Drug Store and get a Free Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.

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

—"I tolled you so," said the sexton to the bell that cracked and refused to peal any more.

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—In the eyes of a sanguine candidate for the Presidency all roads lead to the White House.

—First a man sues for a wife, then he sues for peace, and finally he sues for a divorce.

—The worst thing about a handsome woman is some other fellow's arm than your own.