The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. XIII., No 24. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 2. 1885. If not paid in advance, $1.25

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H. V. MORTHIMER, jr., Publisher.

The Carbon Advocate

An Independent Family Newspaper Published every SATURDAY, in Lehighton, Carbon Co., Pa., by

HARRY V. MORTHIMER.

OFFICE—BANKWAY, a short distance above the Lehigh Valley R. R. Depot.

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Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth extracted without pain. Gas administered when requested. Office Days—WEDNESDAY of each week. P. O. Address, LITZENBERG, Lehigh county, Pa.
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A BOOK ON
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The above named book of near 100 pages by DR. SHOEMAKER, the well-known experienced Aural Surgeon, will be sent free to any address. Every family should have this Book. The book is illustrated, and fully explains in plain language all
Diseases of the EAR and CATARRH,
and how to treat these ailments successfully. Address,
Dr. C. E. Shoemaker,
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Dec. 6, 1884.1y*

HOTELS AND LIVERY.

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.
1½ way 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 and the very best liquors. Also fine stables attached. Sept. 16-y1.

Mauch Chunk House,
Susquehanna Street, Mauch Chunk, Penna.,
T. F FEHR, 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. Terms very moderate. Patronage solicited. Sept. 22, 1883

Beer Saloon and Restaurant
1143 Vine St., Philadelphia.
Dennis Gilbert, Proprietor.
The Bar is furnished with choice Cigars, Fresh Lager, and other refreshments. Persons from the Lehigh Valley visiting Philadelphia are respectfully invited to give me a call. DENNIS GILBERT.
March 29, 1884—tf.

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

Thomas' Drug Store.

GREAT
REDUCTION!

Just received a large stock of the very latest paterns of

Wall Papers
—AND—
Borders,

which I offer at the following reduced prices:

GILTS, 25 & 30c.
White Blanks, 10 & 12c.
Brown B's 7, 8 & 10c.

All must be sold in a few months. Call at
THOMAS'
DRUG STORE for bargains.
Durlings' Old Stand, Bank Street, LEHIGHTON.

T. J. BRETNEY,
Respectfully announces to the merchants of Lehighton and others that he is prepared to do all kinds of
Hauling of Freight, Express Matter and Baggage
at very reasonable prices. By prompt attention to all orders he hopes to merit a share of public patronage. Residence, corner of Pine and Iron Street, Lehighton, Pa.
Orders for hauling left at C. M. Sweeny & Son's Store will receive prompt attention.
T. J. BRETNEY.
Oct. 12, 1881-3m.

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CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE.
READING MUTUAL FIRE.
WYOMING FIRE.
POTTSVILLE FIRE.
LEHIGH FIRE, and the
TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief etective and Insurance Company,
March 29, 1879 THOS. KEMERER.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few day than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5.00 easily earned 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. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co. Portland, Maine. (dec. 20—1y

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Latest Styles, made and put up, if desired.
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No. 61 Broadway, Mauch Chunk, Pa.,
Below the Broadway House.

$200,000 in presents given away. Send six cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, or all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me. Dec 10-1y

Subscribe for the ADVOCATE, only $1 per year.

New Liquor Store
The undersigned respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a
Wine and Liquor Store,
in the Building next to the "Carbon House,"
Bank St., Lehighton,
and is prepared to supply Choice Brands of WINES and LIQUORS,
RYE WHISKIES, BRANDIES, RUM, GIN, ALCOHOL, MINT, BITTERS, KIMMEL, &c., &c., at Very Lowest Prices. BOTTLES AND DEMIJOHNS CHEAP.
William G. Heilig,
March 7-y1 Lehighton, Pa.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

BY W. J. LINTON.

There's a time—the proverb tells us—
For all things under the sun;
Even so may be proper seasons
For good works to be done,
And for good words to be said,
In the fear lest I or you
May miss the happy occasions,
Let us here note down a few,

When the trees are heavy with leaves,
When the leaves lie underfoot,
When fruit on the board is frequent,
And while there is rind or root;
When the rain comes down from the heavens,
When the sun comes after rain,
When the autumn fields are waving
With the weight of golden grain;

When the hills are purple with heather,
When the fells are black with cold,
When the larches are gay with their tassels red,
When nuts are shrivel'd and old;
Whenever there's growth in the spring-time,
Or June close follows May,
And so long as the first of January
Happens on New Year's day;

When mushrooms in spring the meadows,
Or toadstools under the trees,
When the goats gyrate in the sunshine,
When the oak-boughs strain in the breeze;
In the days of the cuckoo and swallow,
When the sea-gulls flee the foam,
When the night-jar croons in the gleaming,
Or the owl goes silently home;

When the lake is a placid mirror,
When the mountains melt in mist,
When the depths of the lake are as pillars of gold
On a floor of amethyst;
When a rainbow spans the morning,
When the thunder rends the night,
When the snow on the hills is rosy red
With the blush of the wakening light;

When the soul is heavy with sadness,
When the tears fall drop by drop,
When the heart is glad as the heart of him
Who climbs to a mountain top;
When youth unrolls like a bracken-frond,
When age is grandly gray
As the side of a crag that is riven and scarr'd
With the storms of yesterday:—

Believe that in all of these reasons
Some good may be done or said,
And whenever the loving thought and will
Are loving enough to wed;
And well is it with the happy heart
That hath thoroughly understood
How the "time for all things under the sun"
Is always the time for good.

FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.

Unmarried at twenty-two. I was rich, entirely my own mistress, and considered more than pretty; and still, in spite of many excellent opportunities to change my condition, I was rapidly drifting on towards old-maidenhood; no wonder people called me hard to please.

I had admirers and suitors in plenty; where is the heiress who has not? And two men loved men.

I say "two men." There were many who made professions, and of whose sincerity I have no means to judge, but these two I can answer for as for myself, and I know they loved me.

Never were two people more unlike each other, in looks, in taste, disposition, temper, everything. It seemed the strangest thing in the world that both should fancy me.

Even their respective circumstances and positions in life offered a striking contrast. George Redfern was a wealthy and influential banker, forty years of age, grave, quiet and reserved in manner, and with an indisputable and enviable standing in society—a man against whom no breath of reproach or blame had ever stirred; while Robert Dene—my Robert, whom I loved—was comparatively poor, having only his salary as confidential clerk in the Redfern bank (out of which he supported a widowed mother), and was one of those merry, cheerful, light-hearted fellows who somehow—perhaps from their love of company and pleasure—get the name of being "wild," without deserving it. Certain it is that Robert merited no word of evil, though there was a time when it looked otherwise.

Mrs. Dene had been my dear dead mother's friend. Naturally I often went to visit her. She was a great invalid, and hardly ever went out, except for an occasional quiet drive with her devoted son, who idolized her; so much so that I grew positively jealous.

For Robert and I understood each other, as lovers will. He was very sensitive and high-minded. I thought, at first, that because I was an heiress he would never speak the love I knew he felt, and which I longed to hear; but the welcome declaration came at last.

And I had Mr. Redfern to thank for it. I met him at Mrs. Dene's cottage one evening, when he had stopped to speak to Robert on some business, having chanced to see him in the garden as he was riding past.

I was at the window, leaning out, and he saw me. I knew, afterwards, that that was the reason he astonished Robert by accepting his invitation to come in.

He was a very quiet retiring man, going little into society, and bearing the reputation of a confirmed old bachelor, but after that evening he changed.

I seemed to meet him everywhere. He made the acquaintance of people whom I visited. He took to going to balls, theatres, operas; and when I had met him a good many times, he requested permission to call on me.

Robert heard of it, and grew jealous. One evening he came to me, his dear handsome face looking gloomy and sad enough.

"We have been friends for years," said he, "and I believe you like me well enough to grant me a favor. I love you, Kate. That's no news to you; is it? Well, I never should have told you so—never should have asked you to become my wife, because you are rich and I am poor; but, my girl, I can't stand quietly by and see another take what I'd have died to win; so I want you to tell me truly if you intend to marry Redfern, and if it's 'yes,' I shall go out of the country, and stay out until I can get over it."

Oh, the happy girl I was when I heard him! The precious words I had longed for were spoken at last. He might have seen the joy in my face, I felt my cheeks burn, and my eyes grow bright with happiness; but he kept his face gloomily turned away.

So I stole up to him, half shy, half bold, all joyful, and slipped my hands about his arm.

"And can you 'get over it,' do you think?" I asked demurely.

He looked at me then, and disengaged his arm. He thought I was trifling with his pain, and was vexed at me.

"This is no jest with me, Miss Craven, whatever it may be to you," he said quite sharply; "I did not expect that you would make it one. Yes," very coldly, "I am not a love-sick fool. I do suppose I shall get over it."

I looked at him reproachfully. I felt the tears spring to my eyes at his words and tone.

"You don't love me as I love you, then, Robert," I said softly; "for if you go away and leave me so, I'm afraid I never shall get over it."

"Oh, my darling!"

How quickly his face brightened as he caught my hand.

"You say that, Kate? You mean it? You don't love Redfern—you won't marry him?"

"I love you," I answered, as his dear arms clasped me close; "and you only will I marry."

And so we were engaged. And Robert drove me over to the cottage, there and then, to tell his mother.

"She will be so pleased," he said. "I believe that she suspected my feelings. But I would not confide them to her, lest the fear of disappointment and pain to me should distress her."

How he loved her! A little jealous pang shot through my foolish heart.

"I fear you love her best," I said impulsively.

"My darling," he said half chidingly, "one does not measure or compare such sacred loves; each and both is dearest." But my mother suffers from an affection of the heart. Any anxiety or pain must injure her, and a sudden shock would kill."

And then it was I first understood rightly his devoted care of her, a care in which, from that hour, I shared.

Next day Mr. Redfern proposed to me. My heart, in spite of its own happiness, ached for the bitter pain he showed when I told him I was engaged already.

"I had set my every hope on you—I cannot give you up!" he cried, with an intensity of passion that startled me. "Oh, child, have mercy on me! Think again—give me time. I am richer than you think; if you are ambitious—"

I interrupted him.

"I am not; I have wealth enough, and covet only happiness. I shall marry Robert Dene, the man I love."

His face was white as death.

"You shall not marry him!" he said with a deep and bitter oath. "Never, while I live! I swear it!"

And he rushed out of my presence like a madman, leaving me shocked, frightened, perplexed, and with a strange sad cloud upon my happiness.

I said nothing about it to Robert, however. His relations with his employer continued pleasant, as usual; and I did not feel justified in disturbing them. I felt surprised when he told that Mr. Redfern had himself congratulated him, and made some slight but graceful allusion to the disappointment to himself; but I concluded to keep silence still. What was the use of creating ill will between them?

"Probably," I thought, "Mr. Redfern regrets his intemperate warmth and foolish words, and takes this method to let me know of it."

And I thought it a very good method too—infinitely pleasanter than a personal apology.

So the time flew swiftly by, and I had begun the preparations for our marriage, and our engagement was understood everywhere, when the storm which instinct had warned me of from the moment in which I had heard that bitter threatening oath, burst suddenly.

It was evening, and Robert and I were sitting together, talking such sweet nonsense as lovers will. We were alone, save for an aunt who resided with me, and had fallen asleep in her easy chair, when suddenly and unceremoniously the door was flung open wide, and three men entered.

Two of them were officers. The indignation which their rude entrance caused gave place to sickening fear when I saw the third—George Redfern!

He fixed his hollow, burning eyes upon me. Even in that moment of excitement I was sensible of a shocked surprise at the strange change in him since last we met.

"Men, do your duty," he said briefly.

The next moment Robert was under arrest.

I don't know what I said or did in the first horror of it. I remember clinging around Robert's neck, and being pulled away—by auntie, I think—and some one asking, "What's the charge against him?" Then came the stern answer from George Redfern's lips: "Robbery!"

With that word my senses came back to me. I tore myself from auntie's arms and flew to my lover's side.

"It's a lie!" I cried, looking straight into Redfern's face. "He is innocent!"

Robert turned grateful troubled eyes upon me.

"God bless you, my true love!" he murmured sadly.

And then Redfern's stern low voice broke in again:

"Men, search him!"

I saw it done. I saw them draw forth a roll of notes—ten—of twenty-five pounds each, and forming a larger sum than Robert could have come by rightly. I heard Redfern identify them as his own, and declare that none but Robert had access to the safe or vault. And then I heard Robert say, with a moan of agony:

"Oh, God! My mother!"

I understood it all. I stepped up to George Redfern, and looked in his face.

"Come with me into another room," I said. "I will make a bargain with you. Let your men remain with their prisoner here." And he obeyed me.

When we were alone, I said passionately:

"Mr. Redfern, you are a villain! You have plotted to separate me from the man I love, and blast his reputation. You shall fail in both. You know that he is innocent."

He answered quietly:

"I am not his judge, Miss Craven. He his self will tell you that I placed those notes in the safe in his presence, and that no one has since had access to it but himself. An hour ago I missed them. You saw where they were found. Let the law decide the rest."

I wrung my hands in agony.

"The law!" I cried. "Man, do you not know he has a mother whom such a charge will kill? Will you be a murderer?"

He caught my hand.

"No," he said hoarsely. "It is you—not I. You murder two of us, his mother—when she learns the story of his guilt, from which you could save her—and me—you murder me!—for the hour that sees you marry him sees me a corpse."

I snatched my hand away.

"I will marry him," I cried, "if the whole world calls him guilty!"

He answered quietly:

"And kill his mother?"

What could I do? Turn as I would, he brought me back to that a last.

The son's imprisonment on a shameful charge, and probable condemnation—for the plot was carefully laid—would kill his mother.

So I accepted the alternative he offered I promised not to marry the man I loved during the lifetime of the man I hated.

"Never while I live," he said.

That was my oath, and I have kept it. We went back together. George Redfern formally withdrew the charge he had made, and gave one of the notes to each officer as a bribe for silence.

So Robert and I were parted, and his mother's life was saved.

And the world wondered, and called me coquette, and "hard to please;" and a year went by and found me twenty-two—unmarried still—Robert's true love still—and miserable.

How many times had I seen George Redfern during that year? More than a hundred times. He had come to me praying, pleading for love—oh, how vainly! Often as I saw him, though, I noted how he changed—so terribly—so rapidly! Worn almost to a shadow. Pale, with all the life in him seeming to be centered in his burning eyes. They seemed lit with the fires of madness.

Poor George Redfern! It would be hard if I should not give him pity who gave me so much love.

The end came suddenly. One winter's night a messenger summoned the two whom he had wronged to his bedside. He was dying.

Just the same as ever—strange, abrupt, half-crazed. He took Robert's hand without noticing me, and stared into his eyes.

"I've brought you pain and sorrow, haven't I? Ah, that's nothing! You have brought me down to death. I loved that woman—loved her. Ah, Heaven, that doesn't express it! I became a villain for her sake. I liked you, Robert, I meant to make you partner some day. Kate," turning suddenly towards me, "you know I took the notes out of the safe. No matter; I've made amends I'm dying, and Robert Dene is my heir."

It was true. We remained with him till the last. In the cold quiet morning he was cold and quiet too—at rest.

"You may marry her very soon," he said in dying, "but not while I live."

Poor George Redfern! He loved me well. I wetted the spring daisies on his grave with tears before I took the freedom that his death had given. After that I laid sorrow by and married Robert.

He was rich now, and his mother to this day believed it was a lovers' quarrel that kept us apart so long. Better so, for thus the memory of the man who sought to blast our lives, and lost his own, is spared. And we can spare him in his grave, and pity, too.

For my life's romance had a blissful ending, and I am a happy woman after all.

"Acted Like a Charm."

This is what Mrs. Mayer, of Baronne street, New Orleans, says of Brown's Iron Bitters. A "charm" works quietly, surely, promptly, thoroughly and with delightful effect. That is just the way this wonderful family medicine works on invalids who have been suffering the woes of liver complaint, dyspepsia and impoverished blood. Those who know its worth say it is a complete cure for dyspepsia, weakness, malaria, neuralgia, etc.

—How nice it will be for Mrs. Davis during the hot weather, walking along on the shady side of the great ex-Senator. What a cool, moss-covered wall kind of a shadow his portly form must throw!

Very Remarkable Recovery.

Mr. George Villing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is able now to do her own work."

Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at Thomas' drug store.

—When the hen with chickens attacked the small boy in his mother's yard, the hen informed him she had been laying for him for some time.

—Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by W. F. Biery Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—That hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by W. F. Biery Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by W. F. Biery Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by W. F. Biery Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—Catarrh Cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by W. F Biery Weissport Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by W. F. Biery Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold by W. F. Biery Weissport Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—During the prevalence of slippery side-walks, it is a precarious investment to place implicit faith even in the soles of the righteous.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit, can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Circulars and testimonials sent free.

Address, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.,
185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

—When David Davis bursts a button, there is no use trying to dodge it. The wind of it alone will knock a ten-year-old boy down.

—How young old people look who have never been seriously sick, and who never worry and fret. How old young people look who fret and stew and suffer pain—all at once. But we can't altogether help our disposition, and we will sometimes get out of sorts in spite of all our caution. Then we need the best, the simplest and the safest medicine known, which is Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Purifies the blood and renews vitality in old and young.

—A man recently broke a boiled egg and found a tack in it. This lie is told by an exchange, but we haven't time to stop and nail it.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best medicine that can be employed to correct irregularities of the stomach and bowels. Gentle, yet thorough, in their action, they cure constipation, stimulate the digestive organs and the appetite, and cleanse, build up, and strengthen the system.

—A man in Thirty-first St., wonders why his wife will always give him six lumps of sugar in his coffee when he only likes one.

—The man who stole a chronometer was on time, but the policeman who nabbed him was on the watch.

—The United States raises forty-seven million hogs a year. Let's see; how many inhabitants are there, any way.

A WOMAN'S ADVENTURE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

You've heard I had quite a little adventure—hey? Well, I did. I don't care to have another like it, you may be sure. I've often heard of moments of terror, but I know now how one feels when he looks danger—if not death—square in the face.

Shall I tell you about it? I've got just about time to, before John comes home to supper.

John, you know, was foreman of the night-hands in the factory—was, I say for he has given up the place now. He went to the factory at six o'clock at night, and came home at six in the morning. It was lonesome for me to stay at home alone, or the same as alone; for the little one, though she's lots of company, wasn't large enough to be of any help in time of need.

I never was afraid of burglars or thieves, because, you see, we hadn't anything I thought a burglar would care to take, so I felt safe; and then we didn't hear as much about thieves and tramps then as we do now. Not being afraid, I was willing to stay alone, though John used to coax me to let him get a boy or a big dog.

But I didn't want to be bothered with either of 'em. I told him I'd rather run the risk of burglars, though I don't suppose either of us ever really thought there was any risk to run. I'm sure I didn't.

One day a friend of John's who'd been at work a good while in the factory, and was a prudent, saving fellow, got tired of that kind of life, and said he was going to quit it, and look about to see if he couldn't find a little farm somewhere that he could buy with the money he had saved.

I knew what that meant. There was a smart girl in the factory that he had taken a fancy to, and she liked him, and they were going to be married as soon as he had found a home to take her to.

Well, he brought his money to us, and wanted we should keep it for him till he was ready to use it. There were over six hundred dollars. John told him he'd better put it in the bank; but he said he calculated to use it right away, and he guessed it would be as safe with us as if he put it in the bank.

So he left it, and John put it in the left-hand till of that old blue chest that you see in the corner there. I shall always think the man was looking in at the window and saw John when he put it there—But there! I'm getting ahead of my story!

One night John went off to the factory and left me alone, as usual. It was dark and stormy. The wind blew in great gusts, and kept the lilac-bushes tap, tap, tapping against the window as if some one was tryin to get in. It made me nervous and fidgety to hear them.

The little one was about two years old, and such youngsters get asleep early, you know. About eight o'clock I undressed her and put her to bed. I sat up a couple of hours after that, to finish a pair of socks for John. By the time I'd got them done, I was sleepy, too, and I went to bed, I went to sleep, and must have slept about two hours, for the clock was striking twelve when I woke up.

I heard a step in the hall. At first I thought maybe there'd been a breakdown at the factory, and John had come home. But it sounded different from John's step as I listened—heavier and slower, and it roused me, and set me to wondering about who it was, and how he had got into the house. But I can't say that I was frightened any at first. May be I wasn't awake enough to be scared.

At first I thought I'd call out and ask what was wanted, but I didn't. I don't know why, though. I just kept still and waited to see what was going to happen.

The step came to the door, and then I heard a hand on the knob and it was turned as quietly as possible, and the door was pushed open very cautiously.

As the door opened a light shone into the room, and I knew it was some one who had a lantern with him.

You can be sure I was scared then. I was so scared that I couldn't stir, nor scream. I just lay still and looked out of the least bit of a crack in my eyelids.

A great burly fellow that I recognized, the moment he put his face into the room, as a man who had been at work in the mill, came in, and held up his lantern so the light could shine on me.

I shut my eyes tight then. He came up close to the bed, and stood and watched me for a tittle while to make sure I was asleep, I suppose.

I could feel the light on my face. Oh, it was terrible! I didn't dare to move a muscle. I was in agony for fear the child would wake up. I've no doubt he would have killed us.

I tell you, you've no idea what a trial it is to lie still and be in mortal fear, thinking every minute may be your last and knowing that your only chance for life depends on keeping quiet. It seemed to me as if he stood there and watched me for an hour.

By and by he seemed to be satisfied that I was fast asleep, for he lowered the lantern and went toward the old blue chest. I breathed easier when he left the bed; and opened my eyes just the least bit, to watch him.

I saw him bend over the chest and try several keys in the lock before he found one that would unlock it, and he opened the chest, and began to look through the till where I had put Ben Green's money. Pretty soon he found it under some pieces of cloth, and he took it out and counted it over before he put it in his pocket.

You can't imagine how I felt when I saw what he was after, for I knew what a terrible loss it would be to Ben, who'd worked long and hard for it.

It was as much as I could do to keep from screaming, but I knew that wouldn't help matters any, and it would make them all the worse for me. So I kept still.

Well, after he had put the money in his pocket, he shut the chest, and then looked at me to see if I was still asleep.

When he had satisfied himself that I was, he turned away, and I supposed he would go directly out of the house, but he went toward the cellar door, and opened it, and stood looking down the stairs.

Quick as a cat, and about as still, I spring out of bed, and before you could have counted ten, I had crossed the room and sprung against him with a push that sent him tumbling down the cellar stairs, and then swung the great thick door together and slipped in the bolts. I knew I had him safe then, for a while anyway, for there was no way to get out of the cellar except through that door.

My! but how that man did curse and rave! It made my blood run cold to hear him. But I didn't stop to listen. I hurried on my clothes and took the baby, and wrapped her up well, and started for the factory.

I found John and told him my story, and half-a-dozen men started for the house at once. And they'd got the man tied up with a rope by the time I got here.

He looked at me as if he wished he'd killed me. I'm sure he did.

So you see I saved poor Ben's money, after all. But you may be sure we didn't keep it in the house another night. John took it to the bank next morning, then he resigned his position on the night squad, and I haven't staid alone a night since. Hark! I hear a step. He's coming now.

MODES OF COURTSHIP.

The tailor presses his suit.

The shoemaker lays his awl at her feet.

The blacksmith strikes the iron when it is hot.

The carpenter says her society adz joy to his existence.

The woodchopper offers himself as her feller.

The mason believes his chances rest on a good foundation when he informs her that refusal would be mortar-fying to him.

The sailor first ascertains how the land lies, then approaches her when she's in stays, and informs her that she's in need of a first mate.

The dairyman declares he is bound to heifer and can love no udder.

The furniture dealer is so much in love with her that he is willing to accept her affections on installments, one-tenth down.

The poet woos her with a sonnet, and her big brother starts out in search of him with a shotgun.

The "funny man" approaches her with jokes and puns, and has the dog set on him and loses the skirts of his swallow-tail.

Finally the champion roller-skater rolls into her good graces, and she elopes with and marries him.

A BOY'S COGITATIONS.

I notice barbers are wonderful conversationalists.

I notice if a poor man steals he is a thief, but a rich man is only a kleptomaniac.

I notice no matter how pious a man may be, he puts a different valuation on his horse to a prospective purchaser, and to a tax assessor.

I notice no matter how clear and white Jen's complexion is the night of a ball, it's as yellow and freckled as ever the next morning.

I notice there's a good deal in the doctrine of natural selection that pa was spouting about the other night. Jen's a fool, and so is her beau.

I notice that Em is always very solicitous to button her fellow's overcoat before he goes home. He can't very well get out of it then, you know—kissing Em, I mean.

I notice when two women kiss they don't linger so long at the wine, as when pa and our hired girl osculate. I notice pa don't linger much when he hears ma coming.

I notice the most generous man going, is the cracked-brained idiot who kills himself because his girl has gone back on him, and so he leaves the coast clear for the other fellow.

I notice some people pray as though they thought the Lord needed both information and instruction and was afflicted with a bad memory. I notice others try to curry favor by giving Him taffy.

I notice Jen sin't got no bump of humor. Last night when she was in the parlor making her beau tired, I asked her if I could sleep all night in her shoe and she liked to tore every single hair out of my head after Bob left.

I notice big strong men on a crowded horse-car always find something to interest them away ahead of the car when a lady steps aboard, lest they will be expected to give up their seat. I notice they get no credit from the lady if they do give it up.

I notice Em's fellow is awful religious when he is chinning ma, but down at the store he can cuss with the loudest of them

INDUCED HIM TO COME.

During the high water a man was seen going down the Arkansas on a log. As he was passing Little Rock several men sprang into a skiff, rowed out to the lone navigator and said;

"Climb in."

"Climb in what?"

"In the skiff, hurry up."

"Wall, strangers, I'm pretty well fixed. Don't take no work to move along."

"Where are you going?"

"Down the river."

"We know that. Where are you from?"

"From up the river."

"Of course you are, but—"

"What made you ax, then?"

"What are you doing on that log?"

"Travelin'."

"What do you want to fool with us for? Don't you know you'll drown if you keep on in this way?"

"Wont drown if I keep on this er way. If I was to get off in the water I mont drown."

"How far have you come this way?"

"I've come this way all er long

"But where were you when you got on the log?"

"On the log."

"Of course, but where was the log?"

"In the river."

"Certainly, but how far from here?"

"Ain't made no calc'lation."

"Where do you live when at home?"

"At home."

"Of course, but where is your home?"

"Whar I live."

"Where is your family?"

"Scattered er long."

"Did your house wash away?"

"Sorter. My wife's back yander on a cottonwood log, an' my son Bill's coming along som'ers on a poplar."

"Why don't you come to the shore?"

"Cause it don't cost nothing to ride."

"You'd better come out and get a drink of whiskey."

"Dinged if I don't. Feller back here wanted me to come out and hear him preach, but he didn't have the right kin' of gospel. Now, fellers, pull for the shore as fast as yer kin."

WHY HE WAS PROMOTED.

It is related of an ex-member of Congress from the West who died last month, that in 1863 he received a call in Washington from a Captain in a volunteer regiment who wanted to expose some crooked things about a certain pork contract. The member received him very coldly, and made light of his grave charges; but hardly had the Captain returned to his regiment when he was promoted to Colonel and assigned to another. At the close of the war he happened to meet the Congressman, and in his gratitude he called out: "That promotion came from you, and I thank you with all my heart!" "Oh, you don't owe me anything." "But didn't you secure my promotion?" "Certainly." "And shouldn't I be grateful?" "Not by a jugful! As Captain, detailed in the Quartermaster's department, you were threatening to expose a shortage in my pork contract by which I made $50,000. I had you promoted to get you out of the way! No thanks, no thanks; good day!"

—The most peculiar thing about the magnificent city of Chicago is that its fame should chiefly depend not, as in other renowned towns, upon the feats of its men, but upon the feet of its girls.

—A Chicago man shot at his wife, but her corsets caused the ball to glance and saved her life. And yet men whose names are enrolled high up on the scroll of fame, assert that corsets are injurious to the health.

—The French originated the industrial exhibition; the first was held in Paris in 1798.

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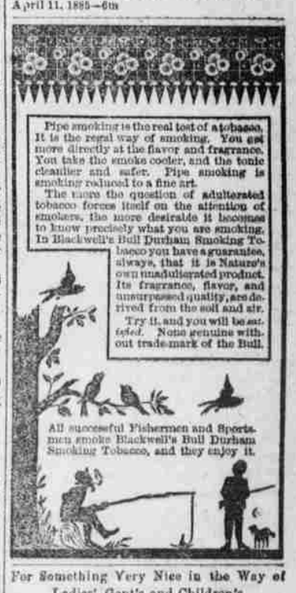
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