

Advertising Rates.

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The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Jr. Publisher.

INDEPENDENT—“Live and Let Live.”

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

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LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1885.

If not paid in advance, \$1.25

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS.

W. M. RASHER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. FIRST DOOR ABOVE THE MARRIAGE OFFICE, MAUCH CHUNK, PENNA.

T. A. SNYDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office—Corner of Bank Street & Bankway. Second building above the Carbon Advocate Printing Office. May 19, 1885.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

DR. W. W. REBER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA. OFFICE: Hours at Surgery from 9 a. m. to 12 m., daily.

W. A. DERHAMER, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Special Attention paid to Chronic Diseases. Office—South East Corner Iron and Sewing Machine Buildings. LEHIGHTON, PENNA. April 30, 1875.

N. B. REBER, M. D., U. S. EXAMINING SURGEON.

FRANCIS EXAMINING SURGEON. Office—Bank Street, Iron's Block. LEHIGHTON, PENNA. May be consulted in the English or German Language. May 17, '84.

W. G. SEIPLE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

SOUTH STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA. May be consulted in English or German. Special attention given to Gynecology. Office Hours—From 12 M. to 2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. March 31, '85.

F. A. Rabenold, D.D.S., DENTIST.

Office—Opposite the "Ironway House," Bank St., Lehighon, Pa. Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth extracted without pain. Gas administered when required. "Office Hours"—WEDNESDAY of each week. LITZENBERG, Lehigh county, Pa. Jan. 5, 1885.

W. A. Cortright, D.D.S., DENTIST.

OFFICE: Opposite the "Ironway 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. AN ESTHETIC administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk should make engagements by mail. 1875.

Dr. C. E. Shoemaker, DENTIST.

Dr. C. E. Shoemaker, DENTIST. 613 Walnut Street, READING, Pa. Dec. 6, 1884.

CARBON HOUSE, PROPRIETOR.

J. NATHAN KISTLER, PROPRIETOR. BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA. The Carbon House offers the best accommodations to the traveling public. Handling by the day or week on reasonable terms. Wholesaler of Cigars and Liquors always on hand. Good Stables and Stables, with attentive hostlers, attached. April 10-11.

PACKERTON HOTEL.

Highway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighon. LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR. Packerton, Penna. This well known hotel is admirably situated, and has the best accommodations for transient and permanent guests. Excellent tables and the very best liquors. Adjoining building attached. April 10-11.

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 us a call. March 25, 1884.

BY THE SEA!

The Stockton, Atlantic City, N. J. and Atlantic avenue, one of the finest seaside resorts in the country, is now open for the receipt of the season. The facilities for bathing, fishing, sailing, etc., are unequalled. Terms liberal. REISEY & LEBLER, Proprietors. Mention this paper.

LIVERY STABLE.

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

Private Weddings or Business Trips

on shortest notice and most liberal terms. All orders left at the "Carbon House" will receive prompt attention. Office on South Street, Lehighon, Pa. 1885-77.

Thomas' Drug Store.

GREAT REDUCTION!

Wall Papers

Borders,

which offer at the following reduced prices:

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.

Durling's Old Stand, Bank Street, LEHIGHTON.

T. J. BRETNEY,

Respectfully announces to the merchants of Lehighon 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 Streets, Lehighon, Pa.

THOMAS KEMMERER, 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 AND PENNSYLVANIA MUTUAL HOME THIEF AND BURGLARY INSURANCE COMPANIES. Office: 25-27 N. 3rd St., LEHIGHTON, PA. March 25, 1877.

E. F. LUCKENBACH, DEALER IN WALL PAPERS, Borders & Decorations, Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods.

Window Shades & Fixtures. Latest Styles, made and put up, if desired.

Paints, Oil, Varnish, Putty, Brushes & general Painters' Supplies.

No. 61 Broadway, Mauch Chunk, Pa. Below the Broadway House.

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., Lehighon,

and is prepared to supply choice Brands of WINES and LIQUORS,

BY WHISKIES, BRANDIES, RUM, GIN, ALCOHOL, MINT, BITTERS, KIMMEL, &c., &c. at Very Lowest Prices. BOTTLES AND DEMI-JOINS ON HAND.

William G. Heilig,

March 31, Lehighon, Pa.

RED STAR COUGH CURE

Trade Mark. Absolutely Free from Opium, Exotics and Poisons. PROMPT, SAFE, SURE. Cure for Croup, Colds and other Throat and Lung Affections. THE GREAT BRITAIN, ENGLAND. THE CARBON ADVOCATE, LEHIGHTON, PA., U.S.A.

ST. JACOBS OIL

Trade Mark. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. Cure for Rheumatism, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Backache, Stomachache, Sprains, Bruises and other Pain and Aches. THE CARBON ADVOCATE, LEHIGHTON, PA., U.S.A.

RAIN.

By LES C. RABBY. With a cadence soft and low Falls the rain!

All the heavy grasses seem Bowed with pain;

While the tender flowers droop To the sod,

Best like penitents that kneel To their God;

And the trees loom indistinct Thro' the mist,

While the roses red and sweet, That were kissed

By the sun to fragrant life, Blanch with fear.

From each starry jasmine's cup Drops a tear

Pure as those the angels shed O'er man's fall;

And the dark green moss that clings To the wall

Drinks the rain up thirstily. On their stalks

Lilies bend their stalks heads, Thro' the wickets

Tiny streamlets, running clear, Make it seem

Like some fairy island viewed In a dream.

Of my garden brings a joy To my heart,

As I stand and watch the rain— Far apart

From the throng around me there, Who know naught

Of the healing that may come (All unthought)

From the hand of Nature's God To the soul.

When it pants with weary breath For the goal,

When of all our brightest hopes None remain,

Life is dark and every thought Brings but pain—

Then in faint gray clouds that veil Infallible skies,

And in sheeted rain that falls, Comfort lies.

When all Nature seems to join In our grief,

From the sympathy she yields Springs relief.

Write the flowers teach to us Lessons sweet,

Of the solace to be found At God's feet.

Thus the clouds that dim our lives All depart,

Washed away by blessed tears From the heart.

Berthine's Ruse.

There was scarcely a sound in the forest as the snow fell upon the trees, a fine snow that made their branches appear as if covered with an icy moss.

Before the door of a house a young woman was chopping wood. She was tall, and, though slender, was strong. She was a child of the forest.

A voice was heard coming from the house—"Berthine you should come in soon, for there are Prussians and wolves roaming about."

Berthine replied, as she split a block of wood with a powerful stroke, "I have finished, mother. I am coming. I am coming. It is still light."

Then she carried in the wood, went out again to fasten the oaken doors of the shed, and again entered the house, fastening the large bolts of the door.

Her mother, an old woman whose age had rendered timorous, sat near the fire spinning.

"I like it not," she said, "when the father is away. Here we are, two defenceless women."

"Ah!" replied her daughter, as she glanced toward a large revolver suspended over the fireplace, "It can easily kill a wolf or a Prussian—it is all the same."

Berthine's husband had joined the army at the beginning of the Prussian invasion, and she lived with her mother and father, the old farmer, Nicholas Pichon, who had obstinately refused to quit his woodland dwelling for the town.

The nearest town was Bethel, an ancient stronghold perched upon a rock. The inhabitants were patriots and had decided to resist the invaders. They had procured cannons, and muskets and equipped a militia. The soldiers were drilled daily by M. Lavigne, the haberdasher, who was an ex-officer of dragoons.

Thus they awaited the arrival of the Prussians, but the Prussians did not appear. They were not far off, however, for twice already their scouts had pushed through the wood as far as the house of Nicholas Pichon, which was the outpost in the forest of Aveline. Twice each week Pichon went to town for provisions and informed the citizens of what had occurred in his neighborhood. He had gone to town this very morning to announce that two days before a small detachment of German infantry had halted at his place for about two hours and then departed. The officer who commanded them spoke French.

That evening, when Berthine was about to put the pot on the fire to make the soup, to violent knocks were heard at the door. As the women made no reply a loud, guttural voice said, "Open the door!" Then, after a brief silence, the same voice continued, "Open the door or we will break it."

Berthine took down the revolver from above the fireplace and slipped it into her pocket. Then she said, "Who are you?"

The same voice replied, "The detachment of soldiers who were here the other day."

"What do you want?" said the young woman.

"We have been lost in the wood since morning. Open the door or we will break it!"

Berthine had no choice. She quickly drew the large bolts, and opening the door saw before her six men—six Prussian soldiers, the same who had stopped there two days before.

"Why do you come here at this hour?" she said in a resolute tone.

"We are lost," replied the officer. "We recognized your house. We have had nothing to eat since morning."

"Come in," said Berthine, as she stood aside to let them pass.

They entered the house. They were covered with snow and appeared to be completely exhausted.

The young woman pointed to the wooden benches at either side of the large table, saying, "Sit down. I will make soup for you."

When the soup was prepared the Prussians ate voraciously. As they were thirsty, Berthine descended into the cellar to draw cider for them. She remained there a long time. The cellar was a little vaulted cave, which, it was said, had served during the revolution both as a prison and a hiding place. It was reached by a narrow winding stairway, to which access was gained through a trap in the centre of the kitchen.

When Berthine reappeared she wore a cunning smile. She gave the jug of cider to the Prussians.

When the soldiers had finished eating they lay down to sleep about the table. They stretched themselves on the floor with their feet toward the fire, their heads supported by their cloaks rolled up for pillows, and soon they were snoring in six different tones.

They had slept some time, when suddenly firing was heard without, and so plainly that seemed to be directed against the walls of the house. The soldiers rose at once. Two more reports were heard, followed presently by three others.

Berthine appeared. She was apparently frightened. Her feet were bare, she wore a short skirt and carried a candle in her hand.

"The French are coming!" she exclaimed. "There are at least two hundred of them. If they find you here they will burn the house. Go into the cellar quickly and make no noise. If you make a sound we are lost."

The officer, thoroughly frightened, said in a low tone, "We will; we will. How shall we descend?"

The young woman quickly opened the trap door and the six men disappeared, one after another, down the little winding stair.

When the point of the last helmet had disappeared Berthine lowered the heavy oaken plank, thick as a wall and hard as steel, which was held in place by hinges and a lock, and, turning the key in the lock, began to laugh. It was a low, hysterical laugh. Then she suddenly entered an irresistible desire to dance over the heads of her prisoners.

Soon, however, she heard murmuring under her feet. The prisoners had divined the ruse, and presently the officer mounted the little stair and began to pound the trap door with his fist. Again he cried, "Open the door!"

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Open the door!"

"I will not."

The man then became angry, and exclaimed, "Open the door, or I will break it!"

Then she began to laugh, saying, "Break it by all means, but do not break my head with the butt of your musket against the door of oak closed above his head, but it resisted the force of his blows."

The young woman went to the outer door of the house, and opening it, looked out into the night and listened. A distant sound fell upon her ear. Then she cried with all her might—

"Ho, father."

"Ho, Berthine!" a voice replied.

Presently the large shadow of a man appeared where the moonlight fell between the trees.

"Have the Prussians in the cellar," said the young woman.

"Prussians in the cellar? What Prussians? How did they come there?"

Berthine said laughing—"They are those who were here the other day. They were lost in the forest, and I am keeping them in the cellar." Then she related the adventure, how she had frightened them with the report of the revolver, and had fastened them in the cellar.

"Well, what would you have me do at this hour?" asked the old man.

"Go and fetch M. Lavigne and his troops. He will make them prisoners, and will be glad to do it."

"Yes, he will be glad," said Father Pichon, with a smile, as he departed.

For a long time Berthine remained alone, with her eyes fixed on the clock. From time to time the Prussians were heard battering away at the trap door, but it was not until a long time had elapsed that she saw the shadow of M. Lavigne and his troops. They were the shadows of M. Lavigne's men. There were 300 of them, and each carried 200 cartridges.

M. Lavigne arranged his troops so as to surround the house. Then he entered the dwelling and informed himself of the force and position of the enemy.

terred the dwelling and informed himself of the force and position of the enemy.

M. Lavigne stamped on the trap door, calling to the Prussian officer. The latter made no reply. Again M. Lavigne called, but in vain. After a lapse of twenty minutes he summoned the officer to surrender, promising that the lives of himself and his men should be spared and that they should receive good treatment. There was no sign of capitulation. Then the commandant arranged his plan of attack.

"Fear down the gutters and the water-spout from the roof."

In a quarter of an hour fully fifty feet of these wooden gutters were brought down. He had a little hole made at the edge of the trap door and formed a conduit from the pump to this opening.

"Now we will give these Prussians something to drink."

Then he ordered a number of men to the pump, who relieved each other every five minutes. A stream of water glistened through the conduit and fell into the cellar. The work of pumping was continued for three hours, the commandant in the meantime marching up and down the kitchen, wondering why the men did not capitulate. About eight o'clock in the morning a voice was heard at the little grated aperture which served to ventilate the cellar, saying—

"I want to speak with the French officer."

Lavigne replied from the window, advancing his head only a little—"Will you surrender?"

The Prussian officer answered that he would.

"Then pass your muskets out," added Lavigne.

Presently one musket was passed through the aperture and fell upon the snow, then another and another, until all had been passed out. Then the same voice said—

"We have no more. Make haste and let us out, for we are nearly drowned."

The commandant opened the trap door. Four dripping heads appeared—four heads with pale faces and long yellow hair. Then, one by one, the six Prussians emerged, wet, shivering and frightened. They were seized and bound. The commandant at once led away his prisoners, with whom he entered Bethel in triumph. M. Lavigne was decorated for having captured a Prussian advance guard.

Address to Directors of Ungraded Schools

By JONATHAN HUNT. (From the New York School Journal.)

Among school directors there are five men who work for the success of the common school system. All honor to such these men, for their labors are not for themselves, but for the children of the future.

There is another class who seem to go to sleep as soon as they take the oath of office. They take a deep sleep, and when they are awakened by the latest improvements in a curriculum, but none in education. Not that they value their stocks and crops more highly than their children, but because they are reminded by hunger three times a day that they must raise some thing to sustain animal life.

Another class, so numerous, are the school killers. One is sometimes known as the model director. Let him stand up while I address to him a few words.

I respect you, sir, because of your activity and your desire to be useful. As a business man you are a success, for in business you use common sense. Why do you throw aside the common sense in discharging your official duties?

When you wanted a man to build your house, you were careful to get the best workman, and when you hired a man to look after your cattle, you sought a faithful hand. But when you wanted a teacher for your children, you did not do so. You have been told that a dozen or more of applications before making your choice. By so doing you gave the live director a chance to select the best teacher, and you were obliged to take what were left, for every teacher, as you ought to have known was compelled to make five or twenty applications at as many different places.

It may have made you happy to have so many intelligent strangers inquiring after you, but you would have been better for your children if you had ridden around the county inquiring for a good teacher.

You have been told that you never hire any applicant but that you prefer the teacher who is preferred by another; but when you found that Tom Jones took such good care of your farming interests, you would have been glad to have him for your teacher, and that you would raise his wages. My anxious friend, did it ever occur to you that if you had required Tom Jones to teach your children, you would never have had his valuable services?

You kept him a good while; you examined his work often and your farm prospered. But, my friend, did you look in the school-room occasionally to see if your teacher was faithful and efficient? No. You kept away, and when your children reported what seemed to you to be strange proceedings for a teacher you censured her in their presence. It probably did seem strange to you that she should ask so many questions that were not in the book, scratch straight marks on the slates, have the small children learn to compose and write sentences, and then make pictures for ten minutes every day, refuse to do sums for the children, refuse to have spelling lessons, and to carry to wood and sweep the floor, but, sir, if you had but taken a little pains to find out why she did this you would not have dismissed her when her term was up. You would have known when you had a good teacher and retained her.

Be cautious in listening to children's complaints. Say nothing until you hear both sides. Presume that the teacher is right in the absence of proof.

If you are compelled to criticize the teacher, do so with kindness and discretion, but not in the hearing of the children.

For gross immorality dismiss the teacher promptly; if you have doubts, give the accused the benefit of your doubts.

Your teacher is lazy and incompetent to teach or govern a school, that is sufficient cause for dismissal. If he is dead, bury him.

Never shrink from defending a good teacher when he is wrongfully treated. If he is wrong, he is blamed for doing right by his ignorant patrons.

See that your teachers have good school apparatus; also see that school property is carefully preserved.

Require every teacher to receipt for property and its condition at the commencement of the term.

Impress upon the minds of pupils the object of a school. Expect promptly for property and its condition at the commencement of the term.

Whatever is necessary to be done for the good of the school, do cheerfully without procrastination.

MARIA AND HE HAD SO AND SO.

"You see," she was explaining to a lawyer, after beating his counsel down to \$8, "I have a daughter, Maria."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Maria has a beau."

"Exactly."

"Has been waiting on her for six years."

"I see."

"And I've been waitin' on him for the same length of time—waitin' for him to marry her."

"Just so, ma'am."

"How long should a couple spark?"

"Well, that depends. It takes some folks a long time to make up their minds."

"Isn't three years long enough?"

"I should think so."

"And I have given him, I've been getting madder and madder for the last three months, and finally last night I couldn't hold in any longer. I went into the parlor and there he was, giggling and winking and loving around some as five years ago. There was Maria, snoring and cackling and acting like the same fool she always was. Don't talk to me! A gal can bring a beau to time inside of two years if she's got any marry in her. You didn't fool away six years?"

"No'm."

"Nor I, either. Well, I stood it as long as I could, and when I went into the room says I to William, says I: 'William, you've set and set, and it's my duty as a mother to know if you intend to marry Maria.' Maria she give a screech, and William he turned fiery red. But says I: 'If you love, why don't you marry? If you are hanging around here to pass away time you'd better skip!'

"Well, William coughed and gasped and stuttered around, and said he wanted to see his ma in Iowa. 'Your ma to Iowa!' says I, feeling my dander climbing up. 'Mebbe you ain't wanted yet!'

"Then he says he couldn't be bulldozed, and that one objection to marrying Maria was having me for a mother-in-law. Then the cyclone broke loose. Also the whirlwind. Also two or three earthquakes. Inside of four minutes Maria had fainted, William was a wreck and we had upset the stove and broke three chairs. He came to and slipped out while I was holding camphor to Maria's nose, and I've heard to-day that he is after a warrant for me for assault with intent to kill. Can he get one?"

"Yes'm."

"Can he do