The Carbon Advocate.

LEHIGHTON, PA.

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It requires about four billion (4,000,000,000) postage stamps to supply the annual demand. They cost 8 99-100 cents per thousand, under the contract just closed with the American Bank Note company, of New York, which will furnish them for the next four years.

The revised Old Testament substitutes the original Hebrew word "nephelim" for "giants," in the noted text, "There were giants in those days." It seems there is doubt as to the real meaning of "nephelim," and hence it is left untranslated.

The English ministerial crisis is in statu quo; both parties are awaiting the Queen's commands. Meanwhile rumor is divided as to whether Gladstone will consent to remain in office by Her Majesty's desire or whether the Conservatives will accept the reins with a parliamentary minority.

Now that inoculation against cholera is said to be a success in Spain, the physicians in Mexico are experimenting in the same direction against yellow fever. The garrison at Vera Cruz has been vaccinated with yellow fever virus, the vaccination being followed by the premonitory symptoms of the fever. The physicians engaged in the work believe that the experiment will serve as a protection against the disease for a period of five years.

Chairman Cooper, of the Republican State Committee, has issued the following from the committee headquarters in Philadelphia: "Pursuant to the rules of the party and the action of the State Committee, the Republican State Convention will be held in the hall of the House of Representatives, at Harrisburg, on the second Wednesday of July, the 8th, 1885, at 10 o'clock A. M. Senatorial and Representative delegates will be chosen under the old apportionment act as Senators and Representatives are nominated in their respective districts."

The appointment of Ex-Mayor Fox to be Superintendent of the United States Mint at Philadelphia, has been so long expected that the announcement Tuesdty could scarcely be treated as news. The Philadelphia *Times* says: It is an eminently fit appointment. Mr. Fox is a citizen of the highest character and universally esteemed. He is experienced in financial administration and the management of important trusts as well as in the requirements of public office. He has the entire confidence of the business community without regard to politics, and at the same time his appointment give quite general satisfaction within the Democratic party. When Mr. Fox was Mayor civil service reform had not been heard of and the spoils system being in full operation the patronage of his office was not always wisely bestowed. His police, however, were not as bad as the Republicans represented them, nor nearly as partisan as the Republican police have been since, and Mr. Fox himself was never accused of allowing his politics to interfere with his public duty. An emphatic Democrat, he will be a conscientious and upright official. He has not, of course, the same special knowledge as Colonel Snowden, who retires after a long and creditable service; but in that respect Snowden was quite unique, and Mr. Fox may be expected to administer the business of the Mint intelligently and well.

THE SAME OLD TRICK.

N. Y. Sun: When Congress comes together, we may see the Republicans sitting up nights to devise ways and means for the discomfiture of Cleveland and the Democrats and the glorification of the grand old party. Heedful note will be given to every act of the President, and the lucky Senator or Representative who can detect him in the most mistakes or make the windiest diatribe against the Democracy, will be envied by his Republican fellows, lauded by faithful organs, and go up a step higher in the estimation of his supporters. If the President happens not to have made and not to make many mistakes, he and his party will have to be buffeted just the same. The cerements will be shredded from long-dead issues, old outrages will be inveighed against, old massacres recounted, and the poor, hard-working, well-meaning South snubbed and chidden and told again and again that she used to be no better than she should be.

It is true that there is no great curiosity or desire in the North to see the South shaken up again by the ebullient patriots of the Republican party; but unless something else turns up, the old trick will have to be dealt again. Whenever a Republican statesman is in doubt, he abuses the South; and the Republicans are very much in doubt at present, and a solution of their doubt seems as yet far away. The hiss of steam escaping while Republican denunciation is directed at the South is already heard in the land, and next winter, we suppose, all the stopcocks of wrath will be turned open.

One easily gets a little tired of this sort thing, and yet to the student of American humor the intermittent moral ague, which Republican leaders allow themselves to catch from chronic contemplation of the wickedness of the Democrats in the South, remains a very hilarious phenomenon.

VETOES THAT WERE JUSTIFIABLE.

Philadelphia *Times*: "Governor Pattison deserves commendation for his veto of the bill providing extra compensation to the officers and employes of the Legislature for the session of 1883 and his disapproval of the several items of the general appropriation bill. If all his vetoes had been based upon as good grounds as these there would have been slight cause for criticism by anybody except the officials whose illegal extra compensation he declines to sanction.

"It was bad enough on the part of the Legislature to make appropriations contrary to existing laws, but to openly recognize the fact that they were contrary to law and attempt to give them a semblance of legality by introducing repealing clauses into separate sections of a general appropriation bill is a proceeding that is beneath contempt. The manly thing to have done if the salaries were not large enough to pay the employes of the two bodies composing the Legislature was to pass a new salary law which would not be in defiance of the Constitution. While not applying to present incumbents, such a law would have provided for the future, and the present employes knew what they were legally entitled to when they accepted their positions.

"The worst feature of this very objectionable bill, however, is that which attempts to transfer to the pockets of Librarian Delaney the sum of $9,000 for services for which the law provides only $800. A more barefaced and shameless piece of legislative robbery was never perpetrated, and the Governor could not possibly give it his sanction without becoming particeps criminis in a contemptible steal. That the House should have passed the disapproved items over the vetoes only intensifies the disgrace of the whole proceeding, and should consign the members who made such indecent haste to show their utter disregard of all constitutional requirements to private life for the future. It is to be hoped there are honest men enough in the Senate to prevent the consummation of this steal."

Broadbrim's New York Letter.

Special to the Carbon Advocate.

According to the report of the Bishop of Long Island, in Brooklyn, called the city of churches in contradistinction to the ungodly city of New York, there is one church to about every two thousand five hundred of the inhabitants. Now, when we consider that the average of the congregations is not over three hundred, the question arises as to what is the chance of the other twenty-one hundred for the bread of life. If all the churches in New York City were crammed to suffocation, from the door to the altar or pulpit, they would not contain one-half of the population. Not many churches can seat over five or six hundred people, and exceedingly few that will comfortably hold a thousand. There are some churches that are always full—Mr. Beecher's, Dr. Talmage's, Dr. Hall's and a few others—but the great body of them are not half full, and many of them have not more than a corporal's guard as regular attendants at divine services. The Rev. Richard S. Storrs is one of the most eloquent divines in the United States to-day. He is not only eloquent but learned, and for solid worth and christian character, standing the peer of any minister of his time, and yet it is no uncommon thing to see his Church of the Pilgrims only partially filled, while the ushers are bothered to find seats for the congregation of Brother Beecher's and Brother Talmage's. Statistics are hard things to face, but there are ten rumshops to every church in New York and Brooklyn, and while there is not a single minister represented in either Board of Aldermen, there are over twenty proprietors of rum shops or men directly engaged in the liquor traffic as potential factors in those distinguished bodies.

This has been a most interesting week to the Bishop of Long Island. The Episcopal residence is fixed at Garden City, the beautiful cathedral of which was raised as a mausoleum to the late A. T. Stewart, and was on Tuesday passed over to the Episcopal Church by his widow, to remain the property of the Church in perpetuity till the Judgment-trump. All that art and devotion could do to swell the imposing pomp and make the ceremonial grand and impressive was done. The sweet music of its silver chimes was mingled with the roar of artillery, the deep diapason of its magnificent organ and the swelling chorus of a thousand voices. It was a sight rarely witnessed in this land and never before made so impressive. The reverend clergy came from all parts of the United States to witness the consecration. It was a rich man's feast and a rich man's offering. In the crowd that clustered around the sacred edifice were the representatives of nearly a thousand millions—wealth, beauty and learning were there, everything to charm the eye, to ravish the ear and enthrall the senses; the admission to the Cathedral was by ticket—Dives passed in but Lazarus stood at the door. The poor man who wandered out at night into the sorrowful garden of Gethsemane, nineteen hundred years ago, would scarcely have recognized his friends in that surpliced and bejeweled throng; it is almost certain that they would have passed him by, as the priest and the Levite did the poor man that went down to Jericho.

Garden City was founded by Mr. Stewart and it is one of the most beautiful and perfect suburbs in the vicinity of New York. It may be said to have been reclaimed from the barren Hempstead plains and it is an enduring monument of what can be accomplished by energy and genius when combined with capital. The estate is surrounded by beautiful residences, and in the center of the city is a magnificent hotel, where the traveler is well cared for. To the west the college rises, and it is said to be more perfectly adapted to the use for which it is intended than any other building in the United States or possibly in the world. To the south stands the cathedral which is a marvel of Gothic beauty, and under the west end is the empty crypt where the bones of A. T. Stewart do not lie. Vanity of vanities! saith the preacher, all is vanity! Look on this splendid mausoleum and the words of the prophet come back with an hundred-fold force. Here was a man who labored unceasingly from childhood to old age for gold, gold. Like Midas, everything he touched was changed to the shining metal. He was married but no children blessed his union, so he plodded on solitary and alone. He had few companions and no friends; men and women spoke of him as rich, but none loved him and he loved no one. His employes dreaded his presence and trembled at the sound of his voice. Living, he had no time to think of charity. Once or twice vague visions crossed him, but they perished, still-born, in his brain. He had but one intimate companion, a man, austere and unlovable as himself, and passing the poor and suffering by, he died and left him the princely gift of a million in solid gold; no such bequest has been made by man to man in ancient or modern time; not Croesus with all his wealth could rival it. When his gold was fleeing from his grasp and earth was vanishing, one solitary idea possessed him, and that was to perpetuate his name. The colossal power which had ruled the drygoods market with a rod of iron for years, and whose pathway to success was strewn with the wrecks and ruin of thousands was to be continued by his legatee when his hands could hold the reins no more. The firm of A. T. Stewart & Co. was to live when A. T. Stewart was in ashes, and over the ashes should rise a mausoleum eclipsing the proudest shrines of his own land and more splendid than the monuments of Selim or Omar. Vanity of vanities! the breath was hardly out of his body than the mighty firm that he had founded with fifty years of labor crumbled and fell to pieces. His poor old bones were hardly committed to the tomb, temporarily, awaiting the finishing touch on the magnificent crypt that was to hold them to the resurrection day, when the ghouls descended on the graveyard, at night, and bore them away, no man knows whither, nor will know till the archangel's trump shall sound. The splendid pageant of Tuesday last may swell the pride of the living, it can bring no thrill to the pulseless heart of the dead. Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton have done well. Under the fostering care of the Episcopal church, one of the grandest of the christian sisterhood, an institution of learning will rise which will be an honor and a blessing to the land, we, therefore, join in the Te Deum, Laudamus and Gloria in Excelsis Deo, that the bread thus cast upon the waters hath returned after many days.

Watchman, tell us of the night. The watchman may not be a good judge of the weather, and so his opinion may be of little value. Oh, for some prophet who could give us some forecast of the political sky. The President was in town on Monday, but did not call on Gen. Grant; Governor Hill was in town on Sunday, and found time to call on Hugh McLaughlin in Brooklyn. Murmurs fill the air—the clans are hungry. The Navy Yard has been cleaned out preparatory to a new deal; but the tempting prize of the District-Attorneyship, made vacant by the retirement of Mr. Tenny, is still unfilled, and a dozen self-sacrificing patriots are fighting for the place. The Collectorship of Internal Revenue, another rich plum, hangs like Mohammed's coffin between heaven and earth, but nobody seems to have any pull on it. There is a growing discontent among the politicians, and fifty applicants for every office. Some of the faithful are bound to be among the outs.

Another bank cashier skipped—decidedly conservative and eminently respectable. Is there such a thing as an honest man? How are we to judge of men? If long and faithful service and a knowledge of a man's daily life, of his outgoings and incomings, are not to be our guides in our judgment of character, what are we to go by? Mr. Scott the paying teller of the Manhattan Company's Bank had been in its employ twenty-five years; he had grown up in the institution from a boy, and had worked his way up by straightforward honest endeavor from the lowest round of the ladder to the highest; his honesty was unquestioned, and yet in an evil hour he yielded to temptation, and till the grave closes over him he will live branded as a thief and a rascal, and as the meanest kind of a rascal who robbed his confiding friends, and left them to suffer the consequences of his crime. This eminently respectable person got away with $160,000 in three months; if he had continued at the same rate for a year he would have bagged the respectable sum of $640,000; but $160,000 is not a bad haul for the times; fortunately for the public and the bank, the institution is an old one and can stand it; after putting the loss on the proper side of the balance sheet they have nearly a million in reserve. For a wonder, no poor man suffers by the larceny of this monumental thief, and the respectable old fogies who pocket the loss, have only to curse their own folly that they did not count their cash more frequently.

The mystery of the drug clerk's murder is still as cloudy as ever. There appears to be an unwillingness on the part of everybody connected with him to say anything about his former history. As far as at present known, the man was entirely correct in his habits, trusted implicitly by his employer, who had known him for many years, a kind husband, an affectionate father and a good citizen. The only reasonable theory is that the man was murdered by a robber, and the cutting of his throat was an after act to give the appearance of suicide. A few days' work by the reporters may drag the mystery to light.

The air reverberates with the sound of wedding bells. More marriages have taken place within the last thirty days than in the previous six months. The floral decorations have been the most costly and lavish that we have seen for many years. Fifty thousand dollars would hardly pay for the flowers that have been used in New York and Brooklyn, in the past week.

The weather continues cool and the tidal sweep for Europe is tremendous; brides and bridegrooms, widows and widowers, husbands and *others*.

BROADBRIM.

New Orleans Letter.

From our Special Correspondent.

New Orleans, June 9, 1885.

The closing days of the Exposition are crowded with interesting and exciting events, especially the week beginning May 11th. The contesting military had arrived from the Mobile interstate drill, many of them to repeat their friendly contests in drills and sham battles in this city, which drew thousands of interested spectators, and some of the victories at the former place were reversed, the facts of which have been telegraphed over the country. To the week was added the Veteran reunion when ex-confederate and ex-union soldiers vied with each other in celebrating together the era of peace, and in extending to each other the most hospitable and generous courtesies; several states also crowded their celebrations into the week, and the colored people held an educational jubilee, thousands of their children and students of various schools, with many prominent white and colored educators of the two dominant races of America, participating.

But the most exciting event of the entire week was reserved for its close. On that day, 16th, after the award of prizes to the military had been made at the grand stand under the oaks on the Exposition grounds, and the Mexican band was retiring to their headquarters, an irate father, whose daughter, as alleged, had been wronged by one of its members met him at the gate, and fired several balls into and through the youthful, musical Lothario, who, however, still lives and is likely to recover, the shootist being out under a $5,000 bond. This event furnished the gossips with a delicious sensation, their sympathies, as often happens in such case, being chiefly with the musician. Some of them hint that a like tragedy may yet be expected to grow out of a flirtation which has long been going on in one of the fine art departments, in the gallery of the government building, and which has been the leading topic among the quid nunes in that section of the Exposition. It is alleged that a dark-eyed and brown colored gentleman, connected with the postal department of his country, and who has a wife at home, has been paying unremitting attention to one of the commissioners; and her daughter, but whether in quest of the one or the other, a new wife and a new mother-in-law, or what not, the gossips have not yet discovered. It may be that he is only teaching the two to "walk Spanish" in return for some additional insight into "woman's work," while lending his graceful services and attractions to the grand Fair. For further particulars inquire at Iowa Headquarters.

But whatever may be thought of these exceptional little cupidities, our friends from the Mexican Republic have greatly contributed to the interest and success of the Exposition. Not satisfied with what they had already done, they have lately erected the throne of their country in their space in the Woman's department. It was built in the government Art School in the city of Mexico, the work occupying 150 girls for the past six months, and $15,000 worth of gold and silver thread being worked into the bullion embroidery with which it is ornamented. A huge gold crown fifteen feet above, from which the rich draperies depend, represents the Aztec period; the coats of arms of the several Sates are worked in gold and silver oak leaves; in the centre are the arms of Charles IV. and Cortez, representing the Spanish dominion, while below hang massive folds of rich velvet, representing the Republican era. The entire throne is a splendid piece of art work, and combines in its various parts a figurative history of the country; it is valued at $50,000, and will be hereafter used on state occasions and at inauguration ceremonies at the Mexican Capital. The entire exhibits of Mexico have been a source of much admiration and astonishment during the entire progress of the Fair.

But wherefore go on enumerating special exhibits? Were a vast volume written and every page a separate mention, the half could not be told, specifying the illimitable wonders of this mammoth show. Neither pen nor brush, writer nor artist, ever has, or ever can do them complete justice, nor praise too extravagantly the combined attractions of this hitherto unequalled exhibition, which never has been equalled, and for a century to come is not likely to be surpassed. Efforts are being made, with every prospect of success, to reopen it next fall, and all who have visited it trust that this will be done. In the new organization, as directors will be included a number of prominent and popular gentlemen from different sections of the country, which will give a greater national character to the Exposition. Among these are included Col. G. L. Shoup, Idaho, Col. Frank M. Murphy, Arizona, Hon. Frank Bacon, Kansas, Judge Sebring, Florida, Gen. Meade, Vermont, and Gov. Furness, Nebraska, now United States Commissioners for their respective States and Territories. With this new "blood" infused into the management, and with increased facilities and additional attractions added, there is every reason to believe that millions of people who have not yet visited the magnificent Fair, will be induced to come, and that its lessons and influence may be more wide-spread and made perpetual in the history of our great country. This being the close of a long series of letters to your readers, the writer, who has endeavored in a humble way to interest them trusts that he may again have the pleasure of communicating with them at the reopening.

FROM WASHINGTON

From our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, D. C., June 6, '85.

I have at seen all the beautiful cities in the world, oh, no! But I am ready to declare, Washington, in its present dress, the most beautiful city in the universe, so far as I know. To begin with it has more trees than it has people in it. Each tree is now in its perfection. Green aisles of maples, blossoming squares of spiræa and snowballs and pink peach blooms and lilacs; and daisies in the grass, and pink honeysuckle and wild forget-me-nots; singing birds and laughing fountains; vistas that suggest St. Cloud; pavements that lull you even in a heedie cab, these, in a great part, constitute my Washington. And if you ask where the diversion is, I can only answer that we find it in hansoms. There is something in Washington suggestive of every foreign city I have been in. In the parks, with the French nurses and the babies sitting about in the spray of the fountains, you may fancy yourself in Paris; you may play that you are in London in a hansom, and certainly there is not a street cry in London more fascinating than that of the "devilled-crabman," or the black buttercup girl; the flower-flagrant air is like to that of Morocco, and the street sights of Naples are not more interesting than these where the babies play in groups under the trees, and the negroes cluster in idle chatter, or sing quaint melodies at their work. To revive your memory of Holland, there is the lazy canal on which pleasure parties go to Great Falls or to Cabin John's Bridge, and when the day is done you can get suppers here in all languages, and nobody can make you believe you are in your own land. There is always the trip to Mount Vernon down the Potomac, and the drive to Arlington Heights, to keep the patriotic spark alive, even if the Washington Monument and the Capitol were not always in view. The idea of that monument was hateful, and always presented to my mind as a big chimney until we came to live within sight of it. It is really impressively grand and beautiful. To-day the clouds are so low that they divide the shaft, and the apex, as pure and white as snow, suggests the Jungfrau, as when the flying clouds sometimes hide and disclose its whitened peak. The great, severe shaft grows upon one, and, after all, it is fitting and worthy the memory of the man. I do not see how any one can dislike it who sees it day after day, always with a different sky as a background, and therefore never the same, though it is an unbroken, simple stone shaft. So wide are the concreted streets and so smooth their surface, that, in addition to the thousands of bicyclers who silently and swiftly spin through them, pedestrians also leave the sidewalks and seek the smoother roadway. Recently a back driver gravely petitioned the authorities for permission to drive on the sidewalks, as there alone there seemed to be room for carriages. I know no city so delightful to drive in, and nowhere in America is cab-fare so cheap. At every turn you meet Bostonians who are on their way North from Florida, and who have come thus far South at this season. Now all are hurrying homeward for the mystery of the Spring is nearly solved and the weather grows warm.

Now and then I get a glimpse into the suspense of some shaky office-holder, or come for a little time into the expectation of a waiting office-seeker; but when I chance to see the President he is to me as any gentleman taking a drive behind a fine pair of bays, or making himself agreeable as every gentleman seeks to do in his own house. Socially it is of course very quiet here, but cabinet recentions and Senators "evenings" and Congress itself are as if they never were, so little do they exist even in my thought.

The complaint that the civil service commissioners have not fixed the standard of penmanship high enough in the examination of applicants for public positions is a just one and should be essentially changed. It is said, and I believe it to be true, that nine-tenths of those who pass a creditable examination in the branches for which there is no earthly practical use in the service, are entirely deficient in the matter of penmanship, which is the paramount qualification in all appointments that come through the civil service. The handwriting upon some of the public documents emanating from the departments is simply execrable, and would be a complete disqualification in any business pursuit under heaven. Let us have a standard for chirography, as well as for geography and botany.

Here is where a good portion of our timber goes: The matches used in the United States require every year an amount of pine wood valued at $3,298,562. The railroads use in their locomotives alone more than $5,000,000 worth of hard and soft wood, and almost $3,000,000 every year for ties. When it is remembered that the entire value of our pine timber is placed by statisticians at only $100,000,000, it will be seen that the insatiate maw of the railroad corporations devours about one-tenth of the timber crop yearly.

The auction sale of the truck, rubbish and refuse of the Census Bureau which is soon to take place, should include the Census Reports of 1880, which for practical utility will be of vastly more service to the junk-dealer than to the general public, I think.

If the new officials connected with the Pension Office desire to get their hands in upon the subject of investigations, I would recommend as a good field for the business the highly moral City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia, where the pension agent is said to have been paying pensions to numerous parties who have been defunct for lo! these many years, to say nothing of a small regiment of widows who have also been the recipients of Uncle Sam's bounty, after they had thriftily provided themselves with husbands.

The delay that pensioners upon the Government are subjected to in the adjudication of their claims, is something of which they have no right to complain. The granting of pension is simply a donation—the magnanimous gift of the Republic to those of its defendants who have incurred some kind of disability in the service. To protect itself against fraudulent pension claims, certain kinds of evidence are required in each case, and all of this evidence must be carefully sifted, weighed and adjudged by men who are presumed to be thoroughly impartial and entirely disinterested.

It is a somewhat sad commentary upon the morals of the population of the District of Columbia, when the President is said to be looking elsewhere for men to fill the District offices. I know that the air of the capital must necessarily be impregnated with all sorts of political diabolicism, but I really supposed that half a dozen good men might be discovered somewhere, who would be competent and honest enough to fill the few offices here.

OUR SOUTHERN BUDGET

Southern Pines, N.C., June 8.

One of the strangest and funniest sights that a man from the north can possibly behold is to see for the first time a solemn darkey and his bosom friend, so to speak, a mule, chasing a light Southern plow around through the yielding, sandy soil, around and around a ten-acre lot. I can imagine that Erwin Russell, the poet, saw such a sight previous to writing his "Nebuchadnezzah." I think I can see him now sitting on the topmost rail of the national rail fence, jotting down an occasional note in the log-book of memory, while "Neb" addresses the conscientious mule as follows:

You Nebuchadnuzzah, whoa, sah!
What is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you for to know, sah,
I's holdin' oh de lines.
You'd better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'fid fond oh dancin';
But I bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob your shines.

Another round of the mellow lot is made. The darkey's eyes shine with pleasure as they glance from the poet to the mule. Perhaps he muses on the "heaps" of peas, potatoes, squashes, and other good things that will probably be raised on the land he is plowing. But that there is a difference of opinion somewhere between the darkey and the mule is evidenced by his further remarks to his muleship.

Look heah, mule! better min' out—
Fus' t'ing you know, you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear this line out
On your ugly stubbo'n back,
You needn't try to steal up,
An' lif' dat precious heel up;
You's got to plow this fiel' up,
You has, sah, for a fac'.

And now, in imagination we can see the intelligent beast of burden and his equally intelligent driver growing more intimate. There is an intellectual compromise between them, something like a mutual understanding, and a grin embellishes the open countenance of the darkey as he softly sings his satisfaction,

Dar, DATS de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Just watch him ploughin' t'roo it;
Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a beat him—
Now dat would only heat him—
I know just how to treat him—
You must REASON wid a mule.

The drawing together process between the mule and the darkey now begins to grow more rapidly. The mule is gaining the darkey's confidence. The poet yawns, and nonchalently whittles a persimmon branch. Confidence having been won by the mule, now listen to the darkey:

He minds me like a nigger,
If he was only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
He would, I tell you! Yes, sah!
SEE how he keeps a clickin',
He's as gentle as a chicken,
And nebber thinks oh kickin'—
Whoa, dah! Nebuchadnezzah.

The supreme moment has arrived, when heart of the gentle poet is bursting with tenderness over the scene before him. A hungry crow sits sadly musing on the limb of a distant gum tree—musing whether he had better make corn while the sun shines, or wait for developments. It is a wise crow, and it scents disaster and game in the near future.

Suddenly something happens. Yes, it happens suddenly and unexpectly, like the snort from a slumbering deacon's nose during prayer time, or the hysterical giggle from an anxious maiden in the binding part of a marriage ceremony. There is a picture of rope rein lying athwart the horizon. Something plow-shaped flashes like a meteor across the line of vision, followed by something that strongly resembles a dismantled darkey. Then there is heard—not "a sound of revelry by night"—but the clickety-click of a mule's heels running at full speed. The dogwood bushes part for an instant, and the mule has gained a haven over there, where, for a time at least, the darkey'll cease from troubling and the weary mule can have a chance to rest. But listen to the darkey;

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debble got me?
Was dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I laid heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'—
De beast was spiled in raisin'—
But now I spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

But at this season of the year the festive mule and the philosophical darkey are taking a rest from their labors of two months ago. They did their work well, and broad acres of growing cotton, tobacco and corn, and smiling gardens attest the truthfulness of my remark.

And this reminds me that Northern farmers would be surprised if they understood two or three things about this golden land of North Carolina.

First, they would be surprised to see a mule or horse doing in a day three or four times as much as is done with a team in the Eastern or Middle States.

Second, they would be surprised to find the great difference in the forwardness of vegetation here compared to what it is farther North. On my desk to-day lie letters from Northern friends, bearing date of three and four days ago. They all speak of the extreme lateness of the season.

Down here huckleberries are ripening. People are tired of feasting on new onions, lettuce, radishes, peas, etc., from their gardens. Late peas, Irish potatoes, new beans, and other kinds of truck are in their prime. Peach, plum and persimmon trees are loaded down with fruit, and the promises are excellent for a mammoth early yield. This is the region of all regions for cultivating peaches. Orchards bear in three years from the time of setting out, and fine fruit can be matured and ready for the market in June. Just think of that, my Northern friends. Before you begin to enjoy your early peas, we shall be feasting on peaches and cream and peach shortcake!

Farmers from the North who once come to view these lands, more especially if they once see them when they are clothed with their growing crops of vegetables and fruits, never return to their former homes excepting to prepare to live in a land where Nature is so kind and so lavish with her gifts.

One of the remarkable features of this beautiful land of the South is the cheapness of the lands. A man may own his farm here and live in the very lap of luxury for what it would cost him to pay rent in the more Northern States. I write from personal knowledge, having lived until recently in Pennsylvania.

In future letters I shall show my readers how insignificant is the cost of buying, clearing fencing and cultivating land, building houses and barns, and other matters of interest to them. I shall also tell them something about specialties that will pay enterprising men who have the grit to take hold of them. Fraternally thine. F. P. W.

—Sturgeon from Lake Ontario are said be manufactured into "smoked halibut" to as great an extent as the real article.

STOCK MARKETS.

Reported up to 12 o'clock, by De Haven & Townsend, Bankers, No. 358 Third Street, Philadelphia. Stocks bought and sold either for cash or on margin.

Philadelphia, June 10, 1885.

	bid	asked
U S 6's, Ext	103½	—
U S Currency 6's	127	—
U S 4½, new	112½	112¾
U S 4's	122¾	123
Pennsylvania R R	47¾	47½
Philadelphia & Reading R R	6½	6¾
Lehigh Valley R R	58	58½
Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co.	40¾	41
Buff. N. Y. & Phila. R R Co.	1½	1¾
New Jersey Central	36½	36¾
Northern Pacific Com	16½	16¾
" " Pref'd	34¾	38½
Oregon Transcontinental	13½	13¾
Union Pacific	53½	53¾
Western Union	60½	60¾
West Shore 1sts	31	32¾
Louisville & Nashville	32½	32¾
Silver, (Trades)	84	86

New Advertisements.

Financial Statement of The Lehighton School District, For Year Ending June 1st, 1885.

RECEIPTS FROM ALL SOURCES.

Ezra Newhard, Collector	$ 5,319 73
State appropriation	517 14
New Loans	1,000 00
Tuition from outside pupils	12 00
Hall rent	20 00
Total receipts	$ 6,898 87

EXPENDITURES.

"Carbon Advocate," adv't statement	$ 18 00
Auditor's Auditing Acc'ts	4 30
W. J. Semmel, repairs on pump	85
John Acker, repairs on pump	1 00
H. W. Mertz, new pavement	94 68
J. L. Gabel, coal and delivering	209 85
D. S. Beck, books for indigent children	5 56
Keystone Furniture Co., Desks and Freight	155 47
Thos. Kemerer, Agent, insurance assessment	18 42
A. W. Horn, changing desks	5 00
John Miller, changing desks	5 00
W. G. Miller, changing desks	6 25
Frank Mertz, painting tin work	4 50
Weiss, ord & Laing Mill for lumber	1 69
Kuntz Bros., skins for blackboard erasers	3 00
E. H. Butler & Co. chart & express	8 45
Val. Schwartz, repairing chairs	3 75
F. P. Lentz, for kindling wood	3 00
Thos. S. Beck, for stationery (old account)	9 25
J. L. Gabel, paint and oil	22 41
E. W. Clauss, stove and cleaning heater	45 95
W. M. Rapsher, retaining fee	10 00
M. Hellman & Co., coal & deliver'g	28 23
E. H. Snyder, mdse as per bill	34 14
Incidental expenses (affidavit, postage, &c)	99
Lewis Walk, janitor	10 75
Teachers' Salaries	2,069 75
Ezra Newhard, Collector's fees	267 48
E. H. Snyder, Treasurer	50 00
R. F. Hofford, Secretary	75 00
Debts paid	2,345 07
Interest paid	1,024 16
	$ 6,624 10

RECAPITULATION OF STATEMENT

Total receipts	$ 6,898 87	
Total expenditures	6,624 10	
Bal. in Treasury	$ 274 77	
Total indebtedness June 5th, 1884		$ 6,912 09
Paid during the year com. June 5, 1884	$ 1,682 09	
Cash in Treasury at date	274 77	
Total debts paid & cash in Treas.		1956 86
Total am't of debt June 1, '85		$24,975 23

By order of the Board,

R. F. HOFFORD, Sec'y.

June 6, 1885-w3

Treasurer's Statement

OF THE

Lehighton Boro. School District,

ENDING JUNE 1, 1885.

E. H. SNYDER, Treasurer, Dr.

To State Appropriation	$ 517 14	
" Ezra Newhard, Tax Collector	5,319 73	
" New Loan	1,000 00	
" Hall Rent and Tuition	32 00	
	$ 6898 87	

CR.

Paid out for Teachers Salaries

Bal. overpaid year 1884	$ 1 57	
C. A. Ritter	30 00	
Hattie L. Koons	30 00	
A. J. Beitel	25 00	
Aggie R. Hauk	20 00	
Myra Gaul	20 00	
Ella K. Grayer	20 00	
Emma J. Reber	20 00	
Lizzie Ash	143 75	
	$ 2,069 75	

Bond and Interest Paid.

John Peters, interest	$ 35 00	
Adam Snyder, bond & int.	1,057 00	
Catharine Harter, int.	15 00	
P. J. Kistler, interest	15 00	
Thomas Mantz, interest	7 00	
A. Bartholomew, interest	23 00	
Charles Seifert, interest	100 00	
Sarah Seifert, interest	20 00	
Henry Kuhl, bond & int.	164 00	
James Appleboy, interest	250 00	
Jas. McGinty, bond & int.	500 00	
James Smith, interest	100 00	
Chas. Mendsen, inter st.	4 00	
M. J. Clauss, dec'd, int.	80 00	
	$ 3,174 00	

New Furniture.

Keystone School Furniture Co.	$ 150 00	
E. H. Snyder, Treasurer, spelling chart	8 45	
R. F. Hofford, Secretary, freight on furniture	5 47	
	$ 163 92	

Insurance and Sundry Expenses.

Thos. Kemerer, Agt. insurance assessment	$ 18 42	
E. H. Snyder, Treasurer, auditing accounts 1884	4 50	
E. H. Snyder, mdse as per bill	34 91	
W. M. Rapsher, retaining fees to June 1, 1885	10 00	
Thos. S. Beck, stationery	9 35	
"Carbon Advocate," advertising statement for year of 1884	18 00	
D. S. Beck, books for indigent children	5 56	
R. F. Hofford, postage, &c.	59	
R. F. Hofford, salary as Secretary to June 1, '85	75 00	
Ezra Newhard, commission for collecting tax	267 48	
E. H. Snyder, salary as Treasurer to June 1, '85	50 00	
H. W. Mertz, flagging in full	94 68	
E. W. Clauss, repairing heaters	45 95	
J. L. Gabel, bill mdse	22 41	
Val. Schwartz, repairing chairs	3 75	
Frank Mertz, painting tin work	4 50	
W. G. Miller, repairing desks	6 25	
John Miller, repairing desks	5 00	
Weisport Planing Mill for lumber	1 69	
John Acker, repairing pump	1 00	
W. J. Semmel, repairing stove and pump	85	
E. H. Snyder, Treasurer, paid for labor by A. W. Horn and Kuntz Bros.	5 00	
	$ 681 32	

Janitor and Fuel.

F. P. Lentz, kindling wood	$ 3 00	
M. Hellman, coal	26 20	
J. L. Gabel, coal	24 53	
Lewis Walk, janitor	192 75	
	$ 241 08	
Balance in hands of E. H. Snyder, Treasurer	$ 274 77	
		$ 6,898 87

We, the undersigned duly elected Auditors of the Borough of Lehighton Pa., do certify that we have examined the accounts of E. H. Snyder, Treasurer of Lehighton Borough School District and find it correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.

Balance in hands of E. H. Snyder, Treasurer, $274.77.

W. P. LONG,
H. J. BRETNEY, } Auditors.
M. C. TREXLER,

Lehighton, Pa., June 1, 1885.

June 6-w3

CLINTON BRETNEY, fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker, Bank St. Lehighton. All work warranted.

WE ARE NOW READY!

Having now received our SPRING and SUMMER STOCK of the Latest Designs in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

Cloths, Cassimeres and Suitings,

we are prepared to fill your orders for suits or parts of suits made up in the most fashionable styles, by the best workmen, at the remarkable low price of

$10. per Suit AND Upwards!

We also invite special attention to our immense stock of Fashionable Styles of

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes and Gaiters

for Old & Young, Rich & Poor at *ROCK BOTTOM PRICES!*

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Our stock in this department has never been so complete as it is at present. It comprises all the newest novelties and designs. We have everything that is new in

Ties, Collars and Cuffs.

If you desire anything in this line you can find it here.

Trunks and Valises in Great Variety!

CLAUSS & BROTHER,

Bank Street, Lehighton, Penn'a.

April 18, 1885—1y

Spring & Summer Opening.

Just received at the Fashionable MILLINERY STORE of

Miss Belle Nusbaum

an immense New Stock of Millinery Goods comprising

Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Notions, &c.,

FOR THE

SPRING & SUMMER SEASON!

Having secured the services of a *FASHIONABLE NEW YORK MILLINER* I am prepared to MAKE UP at the shortest notice HATS OR BONNETS in the MOST STYLISH MANNER at the LOWEST PRICES in the Valley.

MISS BELLE NUSBAUM, Lehighton, Pa.

April 18, 1885—m3.

REMOVAL

WILLIAM F. BIERY,

Respectfully announ