The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. XIII., No 31. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JUNE 20. 1885. If not paid in advance, $1.25.

Advertising Rates.

We desire it to be distinctly understood that no advertisements will be inserted in the columns of The Carbon Advocate that may be received from unknown parties or firms unless accompanied by the CASH. The following are our ONLY terms:

ONE SQUARE (10 LINES),

One year, each insertion..... 10 cts.
Six months, each insertion..... 15 cts.
Three months, each insertion..... 20 cts.
Less than three months, first insertion $1; each subsequent insertion..... 25 cts.
Local notices 10 cents per line.

H. V. Morthimer, jr., Publisher.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNCELLORS.

W. M. RAPSHER,
ATTORNEY & COUNCELLOR AT LAW,
FIRST DOOR ABOVE THE MANSION HOUSE,
MAUCH CHUNK, PENN'A.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents a Specialty. May be consulted in English and German. November 22, 1884.

T. A. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office—Corner of Bank Street & Bankwey 2nd building above the Carbon Advocate Printing Office.
May 19, 1883-m6*] LEHIGHTON.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

DR. W. W. REBER
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
OFFICE Hours at Parryville From 8. to 10 a. daily.
May be consulted in the English or German Language. May 17, '84.

W. A. DERHAMER, M D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Special Attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
Office—South East Corner Iron and Second Streets,
LEHIGHTON, PENN'A.
April 3d, 1875.

N. B. REBER, M. D.
U. S. EXAMINING SURGEON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Office—Bank Street, Reber's Block.
LEHIGHTON, PENN'A.
May be consulted in the German Language. Nov. 3 th.

W. G. M. SEIPLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOUTH STREET, - LEHIGHTON, PA.
May be consulted in English or German
Special attention given to GYNEKOLOGY
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.,

BRANCH OFFICE-Opposite Clauss & Bro's
Bank St., Lehighton, Pa.
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. Jan. 3, 1885-1y.

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

OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House,"
Mauch Chunk, Pa.
Patients have the benefit of the latest improvements in mechanical appliances and the best methods of treatment in all surgical cases. ANÆSTHETIC administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk should make engagements by mail. 1y8 y1

A BOOK ON
Deafness & Catarrh.
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,
613 Walnut Street, READING, Pa. Dec. 6, 1884.1y*

HOTELS AND DEALERS.

CARBON HOUSE,
JONATHAN KISTLER, 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 10-y1.

PACKERTON HOTEL.
Hway 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.

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.

BY THE SEA!
The Stockton, Atlantic City, N. J. Corner Maryland and Atlantic avenues, one of the finest seaside resorts in the country, is now open for the reception of guests. The facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, &c., are unexcelled. Terms liberal. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. Mention this paper.

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, 1884-3m.

THOMAS KEMERER,
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, 1873 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

E. F. LUCKENBACH,
DRALER 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.

$200.000 in presents given away. Send 16 cts for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box 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, of 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,
Lehighton, Pa.

RED STAR
TRADE MARK.
COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.
PROMPT, SAFE, SURE
Cure for Coughs, Colds and other Throat and Lung Affections.
Fifty Cents a Bottle. At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

ST JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises and other Pains and Aches.
Fifty Cents. At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

THE MARRIED STATE.

He tried to kiss Miss Ourl,
But she wouldn't let him do it,
And she hinted very broadly,
If he tried again he'd rue it.

Then he went for Mrs. Sippi.
A sweetly blushing widah,
But she said, "Utah-dy fellah,
Your suit I can't considah.

"For I'm just engaged to Georgie,
And never can Nevada
Man so dreadfully persistant;
He's an awful woman-raidah!

"Idaho'd a field of cotton
Rather'n leave this healthy section,
And I never liked a fellah
With a Florida complexion.

"I wouldn't 'a gone off with him,
Oregon with any other,
But Iowa lot of money
To a cruel-hearted brother.

"I wish you'd asked me soonah,
As it is, I must decline, ah;
So just call on Louisa Anna,
Or visit Carolina."

But he went to Minnie Sota,
Dressed in a suit of Jersey;
And he told her if she'd have him
He would buy her a New Jersey.

And now they're wed and happy,
And they live in Indiana,
And they're seriously thinking
Of naming her Montana.

A Misty Night's Adventure.

One evening, about a year ago, I was standing on the corner of 6th avenue and 36th street. It was about 11 o'clock, and a heavy mist was falling, though the night was warm. I was about to take a down car, when I was accosted by a tall, broad-shouldered, fine-looking man, who called me by name, but whose identity I could not fix in my mind, though I knew I had seen him before.

"Patsey, old boy, how are you?" said he, grasping and heartily shaking my hand. "I'm glad to see you, Pat, really. Come, take a walk with me up town. The night isn't particularly inviting, old boy, nor is it terribly severe. Come!"

Why I should take a walk with a man whom I couldn't "place," at that hour, and on such a night, I didn't ask myself and can't answer even now. Perhaps it was the man's manner of speech, earnest and peremptory, his commanding rather than soliciting tones, that caused me to think he had some king of an affair on hand which he did not wish to "give away," and that a companion would be desirable. Something influenced me at any rate; for, with a "Come on!" to him, and without asking his name or anything concerning him, hoping to "place" him by my own efforts at retrospection, I turned and started off with him up the avenue mentioned.

His pace, though not a hurried one, was as earnest as his speech. He put his feet down as if he had something to walk for, and he talked commonplaces in a crisp and solid tone, so to speak. In short, there was nothing of the idler in his walk, and nothing of the sleepy-head in his talk.

I walked along beside him, wondering as I walked, what was up, of course, imagining all sorts of things. We walked till we reached Central Park, having "dropped in" once on the way, at his invitation, to partake of the inevitable "invigorator," when I scanned my midnight companion closely—not for a mental inventory of his apparel, but to "take in the situation" in respect to his sobriety.

If I was any judge—and I thought I was—he was as "straight as a string," as free from the influence of liquor as a lamp-post, and standing as firm, while his eyes shone with a light as clear and bright as health and vivacity could impart. I have thought of that light since—I should have more closely observed it then—it was a glare.

We entered the park. I was now an involuntary, I may say, a mechanical accompaniment, and nothing more—he walking and talking as usual, putting his foot down as firmly and speaking as earnestly, though dwelling not for a moment on any one topic, broaching and disposing of one in less than that time, and taking up another.

My curiosity in regard to my companion and his "mission" was now only exceeded by my desire to be "in at the death," as it were—to "see the thing out."

"Who the deuce is this man?" For the life of me I couldn't "place" him, though I had worked the "retrospect" to the best of my ability. "What is his lay?" "How will it end?" "He isn't drunk." "He isn't a lunatic." "It's mighty queer, anyhow." Such were a few of the questions and remarks mutually asked and made by myself as I was drawn along beside this unknown—"drawn," that's what it was, for I was impelled by some strange influence to keep alongside my companion, whether I would or not. In fact, it didn't occur to me not to proceed further with him. In such cases, I fancy, it never does occur to any one to attempt to break the spell upon him—the "spell operates to the contrary, I suppose.

Well, on we went through the mist and darkness—apaqueness, let me say, for, though "lost to sight," there was a moon above us, according to the almanac, and it was not dark, a dull gray, ghostly sort of light pervading—until "the lake was reached, when my companion incontinently seated himself, pulling me down beside—a physical effort on his part, and not one of attraction, magnetic or otherwise.

No sooner were we seated than he spoke of the gray mist, as if for the first time noticing it, and went on to remark upon mists in general, if not this one in particular.

He discussed mists for two minutes, perhaps, when he dropped the subject as one—well, too moist, perhaps, or maybe too "dry." At all events, he dismissed the mist without ceremony, and, for the first time since we set out on our walk, spoke not for the space of forty seconds.

Suddenly he broke the silence with a remark that came from his lips as suddenly as the flash and report of a gun, and, if not so sounding as the report, quite as startling to me.

"Patsey!" (I never shall forget how "short, sharp and decisive" was the pronunciation of my christian name) "are you fond of sensations? I tell you we'll create one in the morning, you bet! When they find us both laid out here, dead as herrings, in the morning, I rather think there will be something of a sensation—eh?"

He paused then, and it dawned upon me that my companion was a lunatic. And when, the next moment, I saw in his right hand a good-sized revolver—none of your little vest-pocket affairs—the broad sunlight of conviction, so to speak, forced itself upon me that my position was a ticklish, if not a perilous one.

A cold sweat started out all over me—the condition which conduced to that sweat saved my life, perhaps; for the opposite, which would have prompted me to spring to my feet and fly, would very likely have precipitated matters to a serious if not fatal conclusion. My hair stood up, I am certain, and my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth as if glued there, while my heart beat a tattoo on my ribs.

I suppose you think I was frightened. Well, you have been mistaken before now, without doubt; and you might be now—but you are not. I was frightened, and don't you forget it!

Out there in the dark at midnight, in a cold, gray, ghostly mist that looked like the shroud of all things earthly, seated beside a powerful fellow who coolly suggested a "sensation" of a startling and tragical nature, strengthening his suggestion by the production of a murderous-looking revolver!—yes, I was frightened, and don't care who knows it!

"I shall shoot you first, Patsey!" was the next remark of my friend (?), and how crisp and firm the utterance! "Then I shall shoot myself! The sensation in the morning will be tremendous, my boy!"

His right hand moved—my eyes were glued upon it—and something I had to do, or something he would do, most certainly, and cause a "sensation in the morning." Retrieving my tongue (minus the skin, I am certain) from the roof of my mouth, I managed to moisten it sufficiently to speak in a husky voice:

"Cully, don't shoot, as that will bring the park police upon us, who will carry us to the station house, and spoil the morning sensation. See it?"

"Sound as a nut," said my friend immediately, and, putting away his revolver, brought out a large knife, which he opened, showing a wicked-looking blade six inches in length.

The thought that I was about to be hacked to pieces caused a sickening chill to run through me. I would have preferred being shot.

"This will do better, Patsey. It is silent and sure. I will stab you to the heart, or cut your throat, just as you prefer," he said, in a tone that was blood-freezing from its diabolical earnestness and calmness.

"That is better than the pistol, my friend," said I, "but I hate blood, I propose something better than either; let us both drop ourselves in the lake here. There'll be a sensation, sure, when they fish us out. What do you say?"

I got to my feet without being hindered, my sensational friend rising also.

"A good idea, Patsey," said he, at once. "It is better than the knife or pistol. Can you swim?"

"Not a stroke," said I.

It was a lie; but, under the circumstances, excusable, I think.

"Ha! ha!—good! Nor I, Patsey—never could get the first stroke. We'll walk in hand in hand—give me your hand, Patsey."

"I'll do it," said I, quickly—"that just suits me exactly. But, now the thing is settled, let's go and have one good square drink, cully—a parting drink to all the world and the rest of mankind—and then we'll come back and walk in here, and sink out of sight and trouble together. I'm willing and anxious"—the mental reservation was—"to get that drink and get away from you."

He met me like a tramp card.

"I'll do it, Patsey—come on. A parting drink to all the world, and then we'll go to sleep in these quiet waters."

"Not if I know myself!" I mentally exclaimed, and started away, my sensational friend grasping my elbow and accompanying me—his grip was a tight one, too.

"You must not deceive me, Patsey," said he the moment we moved away. "If you do, I have the knife and pistol. You and I are booked for the Unknown, and the boat leaves shortly."

"Deceive you, my dear fellow?" said I, as if deeply wounded in feeling, though struck by a "happy thought," as I felt—"never fear. Why, when you hailed me I was thinking of getting out of this into the other world, and I was going down to the river to jump in. I didn't think of this lake—it is much more genteel. Now, let that settle it, my dear fellow."

It did. He expressed himself satisfied, and gave vent to nothing more that implied doubt on his part. I set out to reach the "Mount St. Vincent," but missed the way in the thick gray mist, and fetched up on 6th avenue at 110th street. I knew of a place some ten blocks up there. If I could only reach it, I felt certain I could elude my companion; and I walked for it as Weston for the belt. I reached it, and in less than five minutes my sensational friend who had known me for an hour or so (he must have known me formerly) knew me no more that night, nor has he known me since.

I suppose the fellow had the "jams;" and while I don't wish to have to do with any more such, late at night in the Park, yet I can't help thinking how more tractable he was, though with brain adrift, than a "mussy lush" would have been.

An invitation to "take a walk" at or about midnight I do not now accept, unless I can "place" my man.

"PATSEY" FITZGERALD.

Formerly of the late Chris. O'Connor's staff.—*New York Clipper.*

OUR OPPOSITE NEIGHBOR.

For three or four weeks my maid Felice and myself have been watching the movements of the family who have recently taken the handsome brick house opposite. We saw the arrival, the moving of the furniture, and all the appointments and appendages. They were unexceptionable.

For myself, I have only to say that I am a single lady of handsome property, and of considerable personal attractions, and of an age which I do not care to have stated in the census reports.

Well, as I said, our curiosity has been very much excited by the strange demonstrations at the opposite house. For some time we could not ascertain the name; but, at length, a beautiful silver plate was placed on the door, and Felice, pretending to be frightened at a dog as she was passing the house, ran up the steps, and found it was St. Leon. The handsome gentleman who goes away every morning is, of course, Mr. St. Leon. He is very graceful and dignified. Mrs. St. Leon, too, is very beautiful, and there is a young lady there with long curls, whom we take to be her sister; and there is a very lovely child, who comes toddling to the door every time the father goes out and kisses her little fat hand to him as he goes down the steps. As we cannot ascertain the young lady's name, Felice and I have concluded to call her Fannie for the present. There has been a very young gentleman walking up and down the street every day since the removal. He come up on our side and down on the St. Leon side; looking melancholy and interesting. We fancy him to be a lover of Fannie. This impression is strengthened by seeing her dart suddenly to the window one day after he had passed and strain her eyes in the direction in which he vanished.

Within a short time we have seen a carriage driven to the door, almost immediately on the departure of Mr. St. Leon, and an aged gentleman, closely wrapped up, has been assisted up the long steps. The driver then goes off, but punctually comes back before Mr. St. Leon's hour for returning. Mrs. St. Leon always comes to the door, and her face bears the marks of excessive weeping. Felice, with her usual aptitude, has given this old gentleman the name of Summer, and to the pale youth who walks so languishingly she has given the name of Spring.

For a long time we were unable to connect Mr. Summer with the family, but finally concluded that he must be Mrs. Leon's father, and that the match not suiting him he only comes at such times as he knows her husband is absent.

Monday, Feb. 22.—Mr. St. Leon has just gone from dinner. Mrs. S. Leon is looking anxioxsly from the window. Fannie and the child accompanied Mr. St. Leon to the door, where Felice thinks, he pressed her hand rather warmly for a wife's sister to permit. Certainly he is fond of her.

Tuesday.—Yesterday I gave Felice my brown satin. To-day she made a discovery. Mr. Spring; as she calls the pale young man, rang at the door opposite and was admitted by the servant. Felice is certain that Mrs. St. Leon was in the parlor when he went in, and that she rose and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. Felice was in the postoffice to-day when the servant carried in a letter to go by mail. She pretended to be looking at an advertisement over the letter-box but in reality she was reading the address. It was written in a very fine hand and directed to St. Leon Kinnlard, London. Who can that be?

Evening.—The curtains are up in the opposite parlor. Fanny sits there with Mrs. St. Leon's baby on her lap. Mr. St. Leon is just going up the steps. Good heavens! He is in the parlor and positively kissing Fannie! I blush while I write it. Poor Mrs. St. Leon! I pity her, and yet she did so wrong to marry without her father's consent! But she has had her retribution.

Monday.—I am about tired of conjecturing what the family can mean by their strange and extraordinary conduct. Nothing but the most reckless disregard of the proprieties of life can account for it in the least. This morning a lady closely veiled entered the house, and we saw her go into the parlor, where she fell into Mr. St. Leon's arms. His wife, going in at that moment, she deceitfully turned to her in the same way, but evidently with less cordiality. What can one think of them?

Wednesday.—I find, by Felice, who has been over to call on the servant, that we have gone all wrong in our conjectures. The very pretty little romance which Felice and I have been three weeks weaving has turned into a very ordinary, every-day affair.

Felice thinks that the girl put on a great deal of mock dignity when she told her how she had mistaken the character of the family. It seems that "Fannie" is, after all, the true Mrs. St. Leon, and the child is hers, too! The lady whom we called Mrs. St. Leon is sister to the husband, not to the wife; and the old gentleman is Mr. St. Leon's father, instead of her's. "Mr. Spring," so Felice says, is a brother of the ladies, and he is extremely dissipated. The husband will not receive him at his house, but Mrs. St. Leon disobeys his express commands in this respect, and often sees her brother. In this she is advised and upheld by her husband's father, who believes that he will be finally reformed by kindness. The old gentleman's afternoon visits are with special reference to "Mr. Spring." Finally, the lady who entered the house on Monday was Mr. St. Leon's own sister.

So ends our romance, and I am so angry at finding everything so natural that I have refused to give Felice the mulberry cloak which she has been teasing me for so long. Heigh ho! I will never undertake to guess histories through the windows again. My "occupation's gone!"

THE TRUE FRIEND.

A certain merchant had three sons. When the youngest came of age he called them together, and said to them in a voice made husky with emotion:—

"Now, boys, you all go out into the world and acquire a knowledge of human nature. At the end of the year you will return, and the one who has acquired the best friend will receive this magnificent diamond ring."

The young men having taken the ring to a jeweler and satisfied themselves that it was not a California diamond, accepted the situation and started out. At the end of the year they returned, looking somewhat the worse for wear. The old man immediately issued his call for a mass meeting, and they gathered around him. He called for the reports from the various committees.

The first one lifted up his voice and said:—

"I had an affair of honor. I got into a quarrel and a challenge passed. We were to fight at ten steps. My friend came forward and took my place. He was badly wounded, but I believe he saved my life. I claim the ring for having acquired the most self-sacrificing friend."

No. 2 then took the floor and addressed the chair:—

"I was on board of a ship. We had a collision. I found myself in the water. My friend was near me on a hen-coop. When he saw me he swam off and let me have the hen-coop. We were both picked up afterwards, but he undoubtedly saved my life. I think my friend was the boss."

"What sort of a friend have you got to show up on?" asked the father of the third son.

"I was in a tight place," he responded. "I had been fooling with the tiger, and had lost all my money. My friend came forward and advanced me $500, and refused to take my note for the amount."

"To you belongs the ring," said the merchant. "Your older brother's friend was simply a better shot. In the case of the other brother, his friend was simply a better swimmer. They took risks, I admit; but your friend has sustained an actual, bona fide loss, for he will never get his money back. You gained the best friend, for he has made actual sacrifices. Here is the priceless gem of the Orient."

NEVER BE IN A HURRY.

You should never allow yourself to be hurried. There is doubtless time enough remaining to the world for all you will ever accomplish in it. A professional horse trader once saddled a worthless old brute off upon a victim by assuring him that it was very fast and could make a mile in 2:30. The most speed the owner could ever get out of his acquisition was a mile in three minutes, so he came back to have it with the trickster. "What did you mean by swindling me in this manner?" he blurted out. "Why, you told me that old pile of bones could trot a mile 2:30, and she can't do a whit more than a mile in three minutes!" "Is that so?" was the cool reply. "Well, all I've got to say is that you must be in a devil of a rush if you can't wait half a minute!"

NOT MADE IN POLITICS.

"Didn't Senator Horsey make his money in politics?"

"Why bless you, no. Politicians never do. Supporting their party, and devoting time and attention to their political duties is a serious financial tax upon them."

"Don't they get rich?"

"Oh, yes; but not out of politics."

"There's Horsey, for instance. I'll guarantee politics have had thousands of his money. If it wasn't for running across a job now and then to dig a canal, or sell old boats, or build new ones, or stock mail routes for the Government, politics would ruin lots of people."

—Mark Pattison, the distinguished Oxford professor and literary man, lately deceased, gave this account of his meeting an American young lady at a foreign table d'hote: "She was only 19, but she knew everything. She told me the exact amount of affection which the Princess C—— has for her future husband, and she gave me a full account of the divorce laws in all States of America. She appealed to me sometimes; of course I agreed. At last she asked whether I did not think she could write a book, and I told her that she was the most ignorant girl I ever met! But I took care to say so in such a way that she couldn't mind it."

What do the Druggists Say?

They know what the people call for, and they hear what their patrons say as to whether the medicines they buy work well or not. Martell & Johnson, Rush City, Minn., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters gives entire satisfaction to our customers." Klinkhammer & Co., Jordan, Minn., say: "We sell more Brown's Iron Bitters than all other bitters combined." L. E. Hackley & Son, Winona, Minn., say: "All our customers speak highly of Brown's Iron Bitters." A. C. Whittnan, Jackson, Minn., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is giving good satisfaction to purchasers." These are only a few; we have hundreds more just as good.

—The current of Lake Erie has an effect upon the adjacent shores sufficient to make the spring season from two to four weeks earlier in and around Toledo than at Buffalo.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport, and C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport, and C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give you immediate relief. Price 10 cents, 50 cents and $1. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport, and C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport, and C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

"Hackmetack" a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport, and C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport, and C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport; C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport; C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

—An ostrich egg weighs nearly three times as much as an average hen's egg, but to hear the hen's remarks after laying an egg one would suppose that she had beat the ostrich out of sight.

—Man is like a potato—never sure when he will get "into hot water."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblands, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

—Before they are married she will carefully turn down his coat collar when ruffled, but afterward she'll jerk it down into position as if she was throwing a door mat out of a second-story window.

Queer reading would be the history of names. We cannot, however, go into the subject now, except as far as to say that Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" was called by that name, in an informal fashion, long before the doctor dreamed of advertising it for public use. Speaking of it he would say to his patients: "This is my favorite remedy for all troubles of the blood, &c.," and its success was so great that he finally spelled the word with capital letters.

—A girl with high-tied shoes, surrounded by springs under wartered silk, a catarret in her eye, waterfall on her head and a notion in her brain, is indisputably in very great danger of drowning.

For colds, croup, asthma, bronchitis, and sore throat, use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and get the genuine.

—"The way to sleep," says a scientist, "is to think of nothing." But this is a mistake. The way to sleep is to think it is time to get up.

—The Empress of Austria owns a circus, but is not otherwise a showy woman.

For constitutional or scrofulous catarrh, and for consumption induced by the scrofulous taint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catharral discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

—The fiery charger—the red-headed hotel clerk.

—The Russian press is said to be in a dying condition. The type-foundries find it impossible to keep up with the demand for k's and j's.

Thousands Say So

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by T. D. Thomas.

—Mice, it is said, are more afraid of women than of men. The same thing may be said of some men.

—Some person wants to know if a bee is angry when it stings. We are not quite sure about the bee, but the victim is.

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.
Terms: $1.00 per Annum in Advance
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PLAIN AND FANCY
Job Printing
AT VERY LOW PRICES

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.
QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. Trade Mark. Co Every Bottle.
THE BEST TONIC.
This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.
It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.
It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.
It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.
For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.
☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Sr.,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
OFFICE: ADVOCATE BUILDING,
Bankway, Lehighton, Penna
All business pertaining to the office will receive prompt attention. 16.

A New and Original Plan
OF
Instruction in CLASSICAL MUSIC on the
Piano and Organ,
Founded on the Celebrated ROBBINS AMERICAN METHOD. Terms moderate. Also agent for the BEHNING PIANO and the ESTEY ORGAN. Old Instruments taken in exchange for new ones. Dealer in Music, Musical Instruments and Musical Merchandise.
T. F. KLEINTOP, Lehighton, Pa.
April 11, 1885—3m

10-Ten-10-Ten-10-Ten-10

DIO LEWIS'S
NUGGETS,
--A Remarkable Magazine,--
Crowded with Brief Articles, on Sanitary Subjects by that most sensible, terse & humorous writer,
DR. DIO LEWIS,
Worth Its Weight In Gold!
YOU CAN GET A
SAMPLE COPY FOR 10 CENTS
By sending to the
NEW
Dio Lewis Publishing Company,
69 & 71 BIBLE HOUSE,
New York City.

10-Ten-10-Ten-10-Ten-10

A PRIZE Send 6 cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to make money right away than anything else in the world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad way to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, True & Co., Augusta, Me. Dec. 20-1y

DIVORCES ABSOLUTE DIVORCES FOR REASONS residing throughout the United States and Canada for desertion, non-support, intemperance, cruelty, incompatibility, etc. Advice free. State your case and address
ATTORNEY WARD, World Building, 1627 Broadway, New York. July 12-1y

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral.
No other compliments are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs; none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a chilling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.
A Terrible Cough Cured.
"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 67 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me. HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.
Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved our darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours, MRS. EMMA GREDEY."
150 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.
"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. G. CRABB."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.
"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."
Brooklyn, Miss., April 5, 1882.
"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL; believing as I do that I owe my life to its use, I should long since have died from lung trouble. H. BRAGDON."
Fredericksburg, Ayer, April 22, 1882.
No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.