# The Carbon Advocate.

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### BE CONTENT, POOR HEART!

BY MAY RILEY SMITH.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as wise parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend.
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly see and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

## LITTLE NAN'S FORTUNE.

"Come in," called Miss Morrin in her pleasant voice.

So the door opened and Little Nan, song-and-dance artiste, appeared on the threshold.

Her thick red hair was twisted in a tight knot on the top of her head, a row of curl-papers fringed her forehead, little dabs of powder were left on her cheeks, her calico Mother Hubbard was faded, and there was a long rent in the skirt. She came timidly into the room and laid a large white envelope down on the table.

"It's fur you," she said, quickly turning away. "I heard you tellin' Mr. Spratt 'twas your birthday."

Then the door closed upon Little Nan.

Miss Morrin laid down Emerson and took up the attractive white envelope. I contained a birthday card, a very pretty card. On one side were a landscape and a solitary bird on the branch of a tree, and on the other were printed the following verses:

There's gloom without, but there's cheer within
Rollicking shout and rattling din.
They kiss, good luck! with a rare good will;
Each lucky Jack has a darling Jill.
It's a trifle hard, (as I think you'll see),
On a lonely, scarr'd old bird like me.

"A lonely, scarr'd old bird like me!" repeated Miss Morrin to herself. "Yes, I am getting to be an old bird. I am 35 to-day and James is 38. We are both growing old and are no nearer being married than we were ten years ago. Twenty-five is rather late in life to enter upon a long engagement. But I would rather wait for James than marry a millionaire. Dear James! He thinks it is his duty to stay in Maine and preach to those poor, uneducated people when he might be pastor of a rich church with a salary large enough to support us all. Of course it is his first duty to care for his mother and sister. Unfortunately I am poor too. I wish I had a few hundred dollars to buy a claim or grubstake some poor prospector. If I was a man I would take a pick and go up on the mountains and dig; but being a woman all I can do is to wait. I wonder what made that child give me this card. I never spoke to her until this morning. They say she dances at the theatre," and with a shudder at the thought Miss Morrin went on reading Emerson.

Down stairs in the office of the Grand Hotel old Billy was smoking his pipe. He wore long boots that came to his knees, corduroy pants, and a flannel shirt. His broad-brimmed felt hat was tipped over his eyes. He had tilted his arm-chair against the wall and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"It's her birthday, and I give her a card," Little Nan was saying. "She said good mornin' when I met her on the stairs. Hain't she sweet? Bet your life! It was a stunnin' card. There was a bird on a tree and the bird was sayin' po'try. It said somethin' 'bout bein' a scarr'd old bird."

"By ginger!" exclaimed old Billy, "you've went and done it this time." Then he chuckled. "Didn't you know she was an old maid—a regular Yankee schoolma'am? Why didn't you pick out a nice piece 'bout young love and forget-me-don't, and all that kind of thing?"

"It was a mighty pretty card and dirt cheap," answered Little Nan disconsolately. "She wouldn't think I was pokin' fun at her, would she?" looking up anxiously.

"Reckon not," said old Billy, "you wouldn't find it out if she did. She's an up and down lady. This 'ere camp's no place for her. There hain't another one of her kind to keep her company. Ought to send for her sister, or cousin, or somethin'. Don't see what brung her way out here to keep school."

Little Nan gazed in the fire with her large blue eyes.

"She hain't like us," she said slowly. "She hain't a bit like us."

The school children were troublesome the next day. Miss Morrin tried coaxing, then scolding, and finally was strongly tempted to resort to corporal punishment. But she was slight and frail, and there were some large boys in the school. On her way home at noon she decided she was still far from being fit for a minister's wife. There were letters from Maine on her table. Old Mrs. Jones had died at last—she was 93—and there had been a church sociable. Sister Mary had saved enough egg-money to buy herself a black cashmere dress. She thought of having it made with a kilted skirt and a polonaise. It was a long time since Mary had bought a new dress, Miss Morrin remembered. Just then a woman clad in velvet and seal-skin passed the Grand. Six months before, this same robust female had been glad to wash flannel shirts for the miners. Her "old man" had just struck it rich. And down in Maine Sister Mary was selling eggs and hoarding up every nickle in order to buy herself a plain cashmere dress.

"Please, ma'am," interrupted Little Nan, having knocked again at Miss Morrin's door. "Will you come and look at old Billy? He's talkin' to himself and his face is red as the deuce."

"The what?" said Miss Morrin, somewhat shocked.

"I said his face was red," repeated Little Nan innocently.

Miss Morrin silently followed Nan across the hall to a small room plainly furnished. Old Billy lay quietly on the bed, a patchwork quilt over him, and his head on a dirty pillow. He looked up as they entered.

"Good mornin'," he said with an effort. "It's so dark I can't see."

"I'll raise the blind," said Miss Morrin.

"Then I pass," murmured old Billy.

"He thinks he's playin' poker," explained Little Nan, in a whisper. "He don't know what he's sayin'. Would you mind sittin' with him while I git the doctor?"

As she left the room old Billy put his hand on Miss Morrin arm. For a moment he was quite himself.

"Please git me a pencil and bit of paper," he said eagerly. "Quick!"

Silently Miss Morrin rose and crossed the hall to her room. When she returned she handed a sheet of tinted note-paper and a long Faber pencil to the sick man.

With an effort old Billy raised his head and Miss Morrin piled up the dirty pillows behind him. He wrote a few lines feebly; then the pencil dropped from his hand. He thrust the bit of paper under the pile of pillows and drew the patchwork quilt well around his shoulders. Still he shivered slightly. "I'm so cold and tired," he murmured. Then a sweet peace seemed to steal over his face. His eyes closed and he fell gently asleep. But he never woke again in this world.

The day of the funeral Little Nan came to Miss Morrin's room with a basket of bright flowers on her arm.

"Will you please help me to fix the flowers?" she asked while the tears came to her eyes. "I want to make a wreath for old Billy."

"Sit down," said Miss Morrin kindly, and drew a rocking-chair toward the fire. Then she turned to her trunk, and, after some search, came back to her visitor with a roll of fine wire in her hand. Tenderly she lifted the flowers. There were red roses, and pink and scarlet geraniums, and a few sprigs of green.

"Old Billy liked bright flowers," said Little Nan. "He used to throw 'em to me often.

"What do you do at the theatre?" asked Miss Morrin hesitatively.

"I'm a song and dance artiste," answered Nan proudly. "I sing songs and dance."

"Do—do ladies attend?"

"No, ma'am; only men."

Miss Morrin shuddered.

"And you like to sing and dance before them?" she said severely.

"Not much, ma'am; I git awful tired sometimes."

"Then, my child, why not earn your living some other way? It would be better to scrub floors all day long."

"But they wouldn't pay me nothin'."

"What matter?" began Miss Morrin virtuously.

"But I send my money home, pretty near every dollar," said Little Nan.

"There's six of 'em besides me. My mother's dead. Father don't git but half-wages now. I've earned a heap the last two years, since I've bin dancing. I'm the oldest; one. I'm 18. There is two dead between me and Willie. He is 12. Jennie, she is 10 and the baby is 2. Jennie has an easier time than I had taking care of 'em. They are up and out of the way now."

The wreath was finished before Miss Morrin spoke again.

'Who taught you to dance?' she said suddenly.

'A man my father knew. He had a theatre. I've a standing engagement at the Central. Old Billy was awful good to me. I never saw him before I came here, but he kinder took to me. He was poor, too. He had a claim up the mountain, but I guess he never struck it. He never sold much ore, anyhow. Hain't that a beautiful wreath? Billy would think it was stunning. He always liked everything bright.

When the funeral was over and they had all returned to the Grand Hotel, Little Nan threw herself on her bed and cried piteously. Miss Morrin heard her sobbing, and entering her room, tried to comfort her. Presently Nan sat up.

'I must dress,' she said, wearily. 'It must be late.' Her long hair fell around her and silently Miss Morrin took a brush and began to smooth its bright stands. Then Nan put on her shawl and hood.

'I'll git them to let me sing 'Under the Daisies,'' she said, suddenly. 'Old Billy always liked it. He used to clap until I'd come out and sing it fur him. Maybe he will hear it to-night.'

'Maybe he will,' answered Miss Morrin with tears in her eyes. 'I am sure he will!'

* * * * * * *

Spring came. The snow that had lain for months on the mountains began to melt slowly and prospectors talked of grub-stakes. Old Billy's claims had not been disturbed since he died. No one supposed them of any value. It was known that he was without wife or children.

One day the chambermaid of the Grand found a sheet of tinted paper behind the bed in the room that had once been old Billy's. She was a lazy, careless girl, and the paper had lain undisturbed for more than three months. As she could not read writing she carried it to Little Nan.

But Little Nan herself could not read writing readily. She glanced at the few lines on the paper and spelled out the name William Struthers at the bottom of the page.

'Maybe its something about his claims. I'll take it to Mr. Nickleson. He can read it right off.'

So on her way to rehearsal Nan stepped into Mr. Nickleson's office and handed him the little sheet of pink-tinted paper.

It took the smart lawyer from Boston but a moment to discover that he held old Billy's last will and testament in his hand.

'Did you read it?' he asked, glancing keenly at Little Nan.

'I didn't have time to spell it out,' answered Nan. "There's nothing 'bout me in it, is there?'

'He's left his claims to you,' said the lawyer. 'They may not be worth much, but they are yours. I will find out about them and let you know.'

'Don't hurry yourself,' called out Nan as she shut the door. 'Dear old Billy!' she thought. 'He did all he could for me when he was living and then he went and left me them holes in the ground. Bet your life they haint worth a cent. He never sold no ore from them.'

A week later when Little Nan called again at Mr. Nickleson's office the lawyer made her his very best bow.

'Take a chair,' he said nervously. Then he cleared his throat. 'My dear Miss Malony,' he began. 'I have some—I may say,——.' He darted into the adjoining room and returned with a glass of water.

'Drink this and then I have something to tell you.'

'Fire away,' answered Nan. 'I haint thursty.'

'Can you bear good news?' asked the lawyer solemnly.

'Never had none,' said Little Nan.

'I have discovered,' went on the lawyer, 'that old Billy's claims are quite valuable; in fact he must have made a big strike some time ago, but for some reason of his own he took out very little ore. Still he uncovered a very fine body of mineral. I have just had a good offer for it.'

'How much?' asked Nan shortly.

'Three hundred thousand dollars in cash,' replied the lawyer slowly.

'That is a heap of money,' said Nan coolly. 'Think I could git any more fur it?'

'Well, you will be getting a fair sum,' answered the lawyer dryly. 'It would take you several years to earn as much. I think you had better accept the offer.'

'I don't have to divide with you, do I?' said Nan shrewdly. 'See here. Give me $300,000 and I'll sell. You'll make a lot out of it, some way, bet your life. But mind, I want it all in money. I won't have any checks. They might not be good.'

'In money!' gasped the lawyer. 'Have you any idea how big a pile $300,000 would make?'

'No,' said Nan, 'but I reckon I could lug it off some way. But I won't take no checks until I find out whether they are good or not. There's nobody cheats me and old Billy!'

'Come to-morrow,' said the lawyer, 'and I will have the papers ready to sign.'

The next day at noon Miss Morrin had just seated herself to read a Maine paper when there came a knock that had grown familiar. Little Nan walked in quietly, and seating herself rocked restlessly back and forth.

'Is your father rich?' she suddenly asked.

'No,' said Miss Morrin. 'He is a poor farmer. That is why I am out here teaching school.'

'Like to teach?'

'I get very tired sometimes,' sighed Miss Morrin, 'The children are so troublesome.'

'You know a lot about figgers, don't you?' said Nan. 'Three hundred thousand dollars is a pretty good pile, haint it?'

'Well, yes,' smiled Miss Morrin, 'We would call a man with as much as that very rich out in Maine.'

'It ain't much fur here,' said Nan a little conceiptuously. 'You don't call $25,000 much, do you?'

'It would be nice to have,' said Miss Morrin. Then she sighed. How happy that modest sum would make her and James!

'Do you git much fur teachin?' asked Little Nan, abruptly.

'No, but I manage to get along and send some money home, just as you do.'

Nan rocked back and forth—back and forth.

'I am going home to night,' she said, suddenly. 'I reckon I'll take the 12:20 train. I shant never forget you,' she added softly. 'I took a shine to you the day you spoke to me on the stairs. There haint many ladies in this here camp, and none of them speaks to me. Old Billy liked you, too.'

She rose and crossed the room, then paused. 'Thank you fur being kind to me!' and for the last time the door closed upon Little Nan.

During the following day an envelope bearing the stamp of the First National Bank was handed to Miss Morrin. She hastily tore it open, and there fell out a check for $25,000.

But although she followed up every clew she could never discover the whereabouts of the sender.

The interests of his wife's private fortune is a great help to the Rev. James Wetherill, who is still a poor minister in Maine.

### COURTING BY THE FIRELIGHT.

Uncle Davy was giving the boys some advice in their love making affairs, and one of them asked him how the young people did when he was sparking. 'Them was great times, boys,' he said in reply, 'great times. We didn't have any gas, no kerosene, nor no newfangled notions, and we done our sparking by a plain tallow dip, but most frequently just by the firelight. Firelight is warming, boys, and flickers just enough to make a girl's eyes shine and the peach blossom glow on her cheeks. It is mighty soft and purty too, and kinder reaches out and melts two hearts together in a way none of your gaslights knows anything about. Sometimes the fire shined up a little too powerful in places, and the young man would get up without saying anything and put a shovelful of ashes on it. Then he would cuddle up to the girl in the shadows and she would cuddle some too, and it really didn't seem like there was anything else in the whole big round earth to be wished for. Purty soon the fire would git obstreperous again, and the little flames would twinkle in and out, as if they wanted to see what was going on, or had seen and was laughing and winking about it and having some fun, too, and the young fellow would reach for the shovel and the ashes and cover the bright blazes all up. And sometimes—remember, now, sometimes—the girl would get up and put ashes on, and then—well, boys, when the blue birds come in the spring, and the fishing worms crawled out of the ground, and the boys set on the green banks of the little creek waiting for a bite, and the johnny-jump-ups nestled in the sunny places, there was a wedding in the old house, and the purty bride wore apple blossoms in her hair, and the awkward young fellow blushed in his store clothes and tight boots; and when the winter came they sat by their own fire, and the shovel and the ashes was out of a job.'

### THE DOCTOR'S DUCK TRAP.

Several years ago Dr. Gimp fell a victim to second adventism. Not far from the back of his kitchen he built a platform some twenty feet high and capable of holding his entire family. Here they were to gather and prepare to ascend when Gabriel blew his horn. But Gabriel didn't come, and Mrs. Gimp dried apples on the platform all summer. In the fall Gimp, thinking to help things along, made a big horn about ten feet long and four feet across the big end. He polished the inside of it till it was bright, painted the outside green, and hung it in a big tree over the platform. Gabriel didn't blow however, and in the spring, when the wild ducks commenced to fly north, Gimp rigged up a tallow dip, and, pointing the big end of the horn due south, set the lighted dip in the little end. Then he sighted the durn thing till it pointed straight at his back kitchen window. The streak of light that shot out of the big end of that horn looked like an aurora borealis. First thing Gimp knew a duck flew into his horn and went like a shot through the kitchen window. The duck was flying so fast that he didn't burn himself or put out the light either, but he fell inside with a dull thud. One hundred and thirty-seven ducks went through that horn—nineteen of them canvas-backs. Every time a canvas-back would go through the horn would give a loud toot, and Gimp would wake up and screech: 'Gabriel, by gum!' Then he'd go into the kitchen and find it was only another duck. You see what made the horn blow was the scraping of the canvas on the duck's backs.

—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.

—The largest gold nugget ever found weighed 145 pounds. If you pick up one weighing less than 140, keep quiet about it.

—A professional beauty has been photographed in 150 different positions. It is said that the only person who can beat her for variety of attitudes is a boy told to sit still on a chair.

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

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

—That hacking Cough and can be so quickly cure by Shiloh's Cure. We gaurantee it. Sold by B. F. Biery Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

—Will you suffer with dyspepsia and liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by W. F. Biery, —elsport, Dr. C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

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

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

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

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

—Everything in its place—A patch on the face is thought to enhance one's beauty, but a patch on the pantaloons of the small boy is an ever-present mortification.

—An English writer says Beatrice Cenci was a vile murderess. As the information comes about 300 years after her death, it is supposed that detectives have been at work on the case.


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.


—The latest style of engagement ring represents a square lump of sugar of chased gold, with a heart beside it. Most girls would rather have sweetheart spelled with a solitaire diamond.

—Love him? No, mamma; I hate him. The impudent young scamp." "Then I suppose, my dear, you will break your engagement with him?" "No, indeed not; I shall marry him." "Well, well; I didn't believe you hated him as badly as that."

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.

—Professor R. A. Proctor says that this earth is to-day as likely to quake and overthrow cities and towns as it has been at any time since man has existed. You are right, Professor; but does it not occur to you that it is just as unlikely to do so?


The concentrated power and curative virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla renders it the most reliable and economical medicine that can be used. It contains no dangerous or harmful ingredients, and may be safely administered to patients of all ages. When you are sick the best medicine that can be obtained is none too good, and is the cheapest, whatever its cost.


—Miss Mary Anderson has an idea of becoming a London manageress," says a contemporary. We had hoped when Mary had made her little pile as an actress she would make some good man a nice wifess and settle down as a charming housekeeperess.


To Get Rid of Misery.
What is the use of suffering from dyspepsia, nervous prostration or debility, when Brown's Iron Bitters will tone you up and cast these horrors out? There is joy in every bottle of this valuable tonic. It makes bad blood good, and bids dismal people be cheerful. It brings good cheer to the dinner table, and makes the family happy. It drives away the blues, the helps you to enjoy a hearty laugh. And all the respectable druggists keep it.


—"The mischief is to pay now," exclaimed the leader of the orchestra. "I've lost my baton. Can't somebody find me a stick to beat time with." The musicians wondered why he didn't take the first violin, but every one discreetly held his peace.

—It was a rich Scotchman that started a newspaper in 1840, stopped it in a few months without a word of explanation, and started it again in 1860, with the remark: "Since the publication of our last paper nothing of importance has occurred in the political world."


An End to Bone Scraping.
Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters, and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."
Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by T. D. Toomas.


—Whitelaw Reid is a society man, and the other night he was attending a full-dress party at one of the most fashionable houses in New York, and as he was penciling his name on a fair woman's dance-card a giggling girl tittered up with the tender inquiry: "Oh, Mr. Reid, are you taking notes for a report in the *Tribune*?"


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A MARVELOUS STORY
TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.
FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 20, 1882.
"Gentlemen: My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.
Yours truly, W. M. PHILLIPS."
FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully, HIRAM PHILLIPS."
AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It cleans the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.
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