The Carbon Advocate.

LEHIGHTON, PA.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1885.

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DEMOCRATIC COUNTY MEETING.

The annual Democratic County Meeting will be held at the Court House in the borough of Mauch Chunk, on Monday, the 17th day of August, at 1 o'clock p. m. It will be the duty of this meeting to name persons to hold the delegate elections in the different townships and boroughs in the county, fix the time of holding the county nominating convention, and select a county committee to serve for the ensuing campaign, and transact any other business upon which it has power to act.

G. W. ESSER, Chairman.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE

The Democratic County Committee of Carbon County will meet at the Court House, in the borough of Mauch Chunk, on Monday, the 17th day of August, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon to transact business of importance.

G. W. ESSER, Chairman.

THE DEAD HERO.

A PROCLAMATION.

Governor Pattison on Saturday last issued the following Proclamation:

"To the people of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania: I have learned with profound regret of the death of the illustrious American soldier and ex-President, Ulysses S. Grant. Emerging from the quiet walks of a citizen life at a critical period in the history of his country, he rapidly attained the highest renown in her military sevice, and on the return of peace was twice called to occupy the chief chair of State. Brilliant and successful in war, magnanimous and conservative in statesmanship, distinguished at home and abroad for his personal virtues in private life, he filled the measure of a useful, honorable and patriotic career and has bequeathed to his fellow-citizens and posterity a name that will forever be revered.

"Now, therefore, in view of the sad event which has filled the nation with deep sorrow and as a fitting mark of respect to the memory of the eminent man who in the providence of God, after a painful and patient struggle with disease and death, has closed his martial life, I do direct that the flags on the public buildings of the State be placed at half-mast until sundown on the day of his burial (August 8th), and that on that day the ordinary business of the several departments of the State Government be suspended, and I recommend to the people of the Commonwealth that during the funeral obsequies on that day they do generally observe the great solemnity of these hours by the suspension of business, and tolling of bells and such other marks of respect for the distinguished dead as to them may be deemed appropriate.

"ROBERT E. PATTISON."

GENERAL GRANT'S RESTING PLACE.

Philadelphia *Times*: There will be very general regret throughout the country because of the decision to make the New York Central Park the final resting place of General Grant. Had General Grant been a son of New York, or had his fame been won in that section or in achievements specially related to it, there would be fitness in his burial there. But General Grant belongs to the union: his achievements and his fame were impressed on the annals of the Republic, when of all the great North, there was least sympathy and support for his cause from the city in which his dust is to repose; and it was in New York, and by New York methods, that came the only cloud that dimmed the lustre of his exceptional greatness, and the supreme misfortune that shadowed the evening of his life.

General Grant's last resting place should be in Washington. That is the Capital he protected in the tempest of battle, and it is the centre of the affections of the more than fifty millions of free people who compose the Republic he saved from untimely fall, as it will be the altar of the love of the hundreds of millions of the future, who will worship at the shrine of the nation's grandest heroism. The Soldier's Home of Washington, one of the most beautiful spots of the Union, is pre-eminently the place for the grave and monument of Grant. It is the resting place of the buffeted and weary soldiers of the country, who live in the grateful memories of the past as they wait for the final bivouac of the dead; and it is hallowed by recollections and mementoes of its founder, Winfield Scott, and is crowded with associations of Abraham Lincoln, whose courage saved Grant from a floodtide of obloquy, and commissioned him as General of the Army. It is the one fitting resting place for the dust of the man to whom the blue and the gray pay homage, the Captain of the Age. It is probably too late to hope to change the decision that fixes Central Park as General Grant's final resting place, but if is none the less proper that the undoubted sentiment of the country should be voiced on the subject.

It will be generally regretted, also, that the funeral of General Grant is to be delayed for more than a fortnight after his death. The country will weary of two weeks of sepulchral ceremonies, and when the last office of love shall be performed, however imposing the official pageant, the nation whose affection has echoed from every mountain and valley of the land, will have paid its tribute and enshrined the heroism and patriotism of Ulysses S. Grant in the fadeless memory of the people.

GENERAL GRANT'S FAMILY.

It is now known that while General Grant died fortunetless because of the failure of Grant & Ward, his widow is left in very comfortable circumstances. Indeed, her income will be larger than that of any of the widows of our past Presidents, not excepting Mrs. Garfield. Mrs. Tyler has no income but the $5,000 annuity paid her by the government. Mrs. Polk has her home in Nashville and a very small income from Tennessee bonds, on which the State has never defaulted. In addition to her $5,000 annuity, Mrs. Garfield has her home at Mentor and at Cleveland with her $5,000 annuity and the income of the $360,000 fund contributed soon after the death of her husband. Mrs. Lincoln had a very moderate income until Congress gave her an annuity first of $3,000 that was subsequently enlarged to $5,000.

Mrs. Grant will have the income of the $250,000 fund raised mainly by Mr. Jones of the New York *Times*, the annuity of $5,000 that will be promptly voted by the Congress and the proceeds of General Grant's autobiography, now estimated at not less than $250,000 and likely to be quite $300,000. She will be subjected to little or no expense attending the long illness of her husband, and her estate will be not less than $300,000, exclusive of the assured $5,000 annuity.

The $250,000 fund contributed some five years ago, was fortunately put in trust for the use of General Grant and his wife, and was therefore beyond the reach of Grant in life and is beyond the reach of creditors now. The income from General Grant's book is understood to be secured as the exclusive property of Mrs. Grant, and it will be subject to her own control and use, and the $5,000 annuity will, of course, be beyond the caprice of fortune. Notwithstanding the distressing financial disasters suffered by General Grant, his widow will be the richest of any of the widows of our Presidents, from Washington to Grant.

THE BURIAL CASKET.

The casket in which the remains of General Grant will be buried is a "state" metallic casket, the finest and the only one of the kind ever made. The length is six feet and weighs 250 pounds. The shell will be of red cedar, covered with the finest purple silk velvet, and with heavy solid silver mountings, handles and portals. The inside metal is to be of highly polished copper one-eighth of an inch thick, which will be lined with very heavy lined with very heavy cream-colored satin, tuffed and corded. There will be a pillow of the same material, upon which will be ribbon-embroidered the initials "U. S. G." in material of the same color. There will be a full-length cover with thick, French bevel-edged glass. The casket will be perfectly air-tight. The outside box, of cedar, will be heavily lined with lead and with solid silver mountings and corner trimmings, pronounced as nearly indestructible as possible.

THE relatives of General A. L. Russell, formerly Adjutant General of this State, have just received the news of his death at Montevideo, Uruguay. Although it occurred nearly two months ago the first knowledge was obtained from the Buenos Ayres *Standard*, a copy of June 2 having been sent to James Hayes, of Harrisburg, by Mrs. Sarah Eccleston, who has charge of kindergarten schools at Parana, Argentine Republic. That paper says: "The sudden death of General Russel, United States Consul, in Montevideo, has caused much regret among his countrymen in the Platte, by whom he was much respected. The funeral took place on Sunday and was attended by a very large concourse of foreigners and Orientals." General Russell was a native of Bradford county and moved to Allegheny county, where lived at the breaking out of the war. He was Secretary of the Commonwealth under Governor Johnston. On the 9th of January, 1862, he was appointed Adjutant General of Pennsylvania by Governor Curtin, in place of E. M. Biddle, resigned, and served throughout Governor Curtin's two terms. On the 4th of January, 1870, he was reappointed Adjutant General upon the resignation of McCreary. During the administration of President Hayes he was appointed Consul to Montevideo. He was aged about 70 years.

BOY Preacher Harrison, according to his own estimate, has converted between forty and fifty thousand souls during his career. Evangelist Sam Jones says that he has made between eight and ten thousand converts during the present year. This is a much better showing than Harrison's, considering that the latter has been engaged in the work for some twenty years. Jones avers, furthermore, that ninety-five per cent. of his converts remain true to their professions after his departure. This remarkable statement is discredited by the rival revivalist.

FROM the returns already in, it is estimated that the campaign in Tonquin cost the French $96,000,000, while the wear and tear to the naval force are $6,000,000 more. We have here a round sum presented of $102,000,000, with certain heavy expenses yet to be met, the amount of which cannot now be determined. If, two years ago, the French people had been asked to pay $100,000,000 for the right to establish a protectorate over this distant an unhealthy Asiatic country, the proposition would have been laughed down.

BOSTON GLOBE: Every day the number of girls that fall from virtue in civilized countries is larger than that of the heathen converted to Christianity by missionaries. Why, then, do we spend our money in converting the heathen instead of saving the civilized. Is it because prudery keeps church people in ignorance of the vice around them, and charity is only for the barbarian on the other side of the world.

AN Episcopal minister in Virginia City had to look to the people for his support. Once a week he went among the business men. He says that he visited the saloons and gambling shops as well as the banks and stores. On almost every round he received a number of poker chips, worth from $1 to $5. These he took to the bank, where they were cashed.

MRS. LYNX, of Stafford, county, Kan., has presented her husband with ten sons at five births, while a government bounty is sought for Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Pantus, of Ste. Monique, Canada, aged respectively 42 and 38 years, who, in a wedded life of a quarter of a century, have increased the population by twenty-four children.

AMONG the new post offices are Sarah, Pa.; Ethel, La.; Edith, Neb.; Eve, Mo.; Violet, Neb.; Hypatia, Tenn.; May, Mo.; Onion, N. C.; Wildcat, Tex.; How, Ind.; Mud, W. Va.; Wayback, Texas, and Dump, Ark.

ONE hundred and two years ago last month John Jacob Astor arrived in Baltimore from Germany. He brought several hundred dollars' worth of musical instruments to sell on commission.

A WINOW in Harrisburg has beaten the record by eloping with two coal-men.

THE Iowa Prohibition law has been in force over a year, and is fairly successful in the small places, while in cities there is thought to be more drunkenness than under the license system. Reports from twenty-two leading cities and towns show 150 more open drinking places than there were a year ago.

Special for the CARBON ADVOCATE.

AMERICAN LANDMARKS.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., July 15, '85.

My grandfather was a celebrated story teller. His remarkable memory which enabled him to relate the voyages and adventures of a lifetime, naturally gave much interest to his tales, but more than this was his manner of telling them. Whether he drifted back to some midnight scene on the quiet shores of the Mediterranean, or told of the perilous coast of Labrador, he took his listeners with him: they seemed to be transported to the very time and scene of his narrative, and what to him was a reality in memory was through fancy as genuine to his hearers. But perhaps I ought not to speak of his memory as remarkable, for on one occasion, on the day of the making of his will it served him most treacherously. I speak of this particularly because it has always been a problem to me that how at such a time when above all others he should have had perfect command of his faculties, he could so strangely lose sight of me, I, the pet and companion of his lonely age, by some mysterious agency becoming confounded with an uncertain cousin of mine, he receiving the little village property and the gold, I being left with the rich legacy of the old man's tales, and the inheritance of a restless roving nature. Yet I have never thought of him otherwise than kindly, and even now could I but have the assurance that I had also inherited from him that rare ability to lead my readers through the scenes of my prospective wanderings, as he guided my boyish fancy back over his eventful life, I should have two-fold reasons for blessing the memory of dear, dead old grandsire.

But the booming of cannon, the strains of martial music, and the sight of the one hundred thousand people that are surging through the park on the American side of the river awakens me to the fact that my business to-day is with matters of far greater moment to the world than the recital of my grandfather's history.

Nature intended Niagara Falls for one of the grandest masterpieces of her handiwork, but during the past few years man with his untiring ardor for improvement and self-agrandizement has been constantly fettering and marring much of her beauty. But to-day through the generosity and philanthrophy of the people of New York State, all has been reclaimed and Niagara is forever free. The park and adjacent grounds from which the best views may be obtained, have to-day been thrown open to the public and the occasion is being celebrated with the grandest ceremonies.

The wonders of Niagara cannot be described. Since the time that LaSalle and Father Louis Hennepin stood by the "Thunder of Waters" in 1679 it has never ceased to be the Mecca of tourists and the theme of writers, but no pen has ever succeeded in drawing more than a misty outline of its stupendous beauties, and an attempt at describing the inexpressible feelings of awe and wonder which invariably comes over the beholder. Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, who visited the Falls in 1804 wrote: "When we arrived at length at the inn in the neighborhood of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening; and I lay awake almost the whole night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a sort of era in my life; and the first glimpse I caught of that wonderful cataract gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever awaken again." In another place he says: "I should find it difficult to say on which occasion I felt most deeply affected, when looking on the Falls of Niagara, or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Coliseum." So it is ever with he who for the first time stands in the presence of this unrivaled and everlasting wonder of nature, consequently instead of presuming to accomplish a task in which all writers have failed, I shall only attempt to point out to my readers a few of the half-forgotten places of historic interest which may be found all along the river between Lake Erie and Ontario.

About one and a half miles west from the Falls, on the Canadian side, is located the town of Drummondville, where on July 25, 1814, between sunset and midnight was fought the famous battle of Landy's Lane. The old lane, which is now a well kept shady street, leads the traveler up the summit of the hill where was planted the battery of the British. On one side of the street stands a high, rickety old tower, and on the opposite side the old church, which after the battle was used as a hospital. A grove of aged oaks is still standing near the old church, and under the shadow of the massive boughs is seen the spot where on the day following the battle the bodies of three hundred and fifty American soldiers were burned, and incredible as it may seem the grass has never grown upon the spot since. From the old tower a beautiful view may be had of the surrounding country; and as I stand here overlooking a scene of such grandeur and historic interest, it is not difficult for the fancy to reproduce the bloody drama of that night. It was not yet sunset when General Scott at the head of the American forces marched up from the river to watch the movements of the British who were stationed at Queenstown and Burlington Heights. As he neared the spot he was suddenly confronted by the British under command of General Riall. The battle began. Twilight faded into darkness, and still the desperate conflict went on. Both sides were constantly reinforced, and for once the deadly crash of battle as it echoed out through the midnight, silenced for a time the perpetual thunder of the cataract. It is difficult to find any old resident of the quiet little town who has not some thrilling story of that eventful night in which their fathers or grandfathers were participants. Near the spot where the Americans were burned is pointed out one of the old oaks where for three days after the battle a young American soldier lay wounded, passing the long days and nights of agony, with frequently singing fragments of songs that had been dear to the loved ones at home. In this the hardest battle of the war of 1812, the British loss was eight hundred and seventy-eight, that of the Americans about eight hundred. American history gives the victory to the Americans and the Canadian to the British. An old resident with whom I have just been talking, said: "My father was on the battlefield the next morning before daylight and both armies had deserted the place. It was a draw game, both sides were whipped, but the British came back and took possession of the field." However, this is but one of the many historic points to be found all along the old Niagara frontier. Everybody goes to Niagara Falls, but only a few among the multitudes who visit the place every year, pause to think that within the sound of this cataract have taken place some of the most interesting events in American history.

During my vigils on the old tower at Lundy's Lane, my attention was several times attracted by what appeared in the distance to be a tall, slender column lifting itself up to the sky from a point of high ground several miles down the river. Taking this as my guiding landmark, I left Drummondville at 4:30 p. m., and after a seven miles' ride along the beautiful banks of the Niagara, I am here at the drowsy old hamlet of Queenston, located in the very shadow of the mountain on which stands the slender column, or as it now reveals itself, a grand monument erected to the memory of the British General, Sir Isaac Brock, who fell in the battle of Queenston Heights, fought here on the 13th of October, 1812. This is what the Canadians call their "Bunker Hill," and although my "Yankee" views of certain historic events do not exactly harmonize with theirs, yet I can not but admire the pride that they take in this picturesque old mountain which they associate with the name of their lamented Brock, and we with that of our gallant Van Rensselaer. Just back of the monument, half hidden by a dense growth of underbrush, are the earthworks which the Americans held against repeated assaults, until they were routed by reinforcements of British and Indians, who drove them at the point of the bayonet over a high bluff into the river, where a large number were drowned. There are few places in America which could afford better material for the poet and the artist, than the valley of the Niagara, and the landscape which now lays spread out below me, if supplied with a few old castles, would pass for a very respectable German picture, and I am not sure but the sagging ruins of the old stone buildings in the village below, might fill this want of musty, legendary antiquity. Half a century ago Queenston was a busy Canadian town. All of the shipping which came from foreign countries up the St. Lawrence was landed here, and taken by tram roads to a point above the Falls, where it was re-shipped and carried on to the West. Along the river are still standing a score of old "taverns," which forty years ago were boisterous with the tongues of all nations. But the railroads and the great Welland Canal have taken away their custom, and here they stand like a group of old revelers dreaming of the merry days of old. Everything here seems to speak of a departed prosperity, and even the droves of geese that march lazily through the quiet old streets seem to look up at the bustling American with an expression of sullen envy. Seven miles away, where the river empties into Lake Ontario, I shall visit Niagara, the oldest, and one of the most historic points in the old Dominion of Upper Canada.

BYRON R. NEWTON.

OUR SOUTHERN BUDGET

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

SOUTHERN PINES, N.C., July 26.

The cotton crop is now in its glory of foliage and blossom, and as one looks over the extent of a large field of one, two or three hundred acres, and notes the pure white or the deep scarlet of the blossoms he cannot be blamed if he calls it the queen of products. Cotton once was called king, but I would call it queen and the loveliest queen that ever waved a sceptre or wore a crown.

But does it pay to raise cotton? That is a question that will require some careful figuring, and in a future letter I will state how the raising of cotton is considered by the best and most thriving people of this land of cotton and tobacco.

A MYSTERIOUS POST.

While driving along the Pedee road, in Moore county, one day recently, my attention was directed to a post driven deep into the ground on one side of the carriage way. On one side of the post deep notches had been cut with an axe—ten of them—and the post wore an aged look as though it and its notches had weathered the storms for several years.

"At last! at last!" I mentally exclaimed, "I have found it."

Here certainly was the scene of some celebrated historical event. What did it mean? Was this the lost account-book of some noted Indian slayer, and did every notch originally represent a dead Indian, or a dead Indian's scalp? Or was I in the immediate vicinity of some dark and tragic suicide of the long ago, and had the stake been driven through his body to mark the spot, as tradition tells us the good old Britons used to mark the theatres of such sad events?

With curiosity sticking out all over us as thick as hairpins stick out from the head of a pretty woman, I turned to my traveling companion and inquired what the post was for.

"That post?" said he. "What is it for? Why, it's a guide board. Those notches show how many miles it is to Carthage."

"But there are only ten notches, and it is fourteen miles to Carthage."

"Then it must mean that it is ten miles to Drowning Creek," he answers, as nonchalantly as though a traveler over a strange road should be supposed to know everything.

RAILROAD BUILDING.

There is a vast difference in railroad building in this part of the South compared with railroad building in the North and East. I do not know the exact figures of the cost of building the Erie and Wyoming Valley Railroad from Pittston, in the Wyoming Valley, to Hawley, in the valley of the Lackawaxen, Pa. The distance is only forty-four miles and the road is but just completed but the cost is something enormous. The mountains had to be moved; the course of a river had to be changed; wide culverts had to be constructed; mammoth bridges of iron had to be laid on huge abutments and piers of heavy masonry, and when it was all completed there were no heavy grades between the valleys, notwithstanding a mountain rises proudly between them. Here it would seem that the iron tracks are laid up the hills and down the valleys. The surface of the country is moderately undulating, and the composition in the main is of a sandy character, making the cost of grading, excavating and filling in comparatively cheap—a good road can be built at a cost of about two thousand dollars a mile. And yet if any of my readers has any loose change in his pocket he had better not come down here to build a railroad simply because he can build it cheap. We have plenty of railroads here, and need farmers and manufacturers far more than we need steel rails.

THE WEATHER.

My Northern readers naturally want to know something of the weather down here. They think we are broiling, boiling and stewing. Last week we had a "warm wave" here and the thermometer went up to 94 degrees. In New York at the same time it was 92 degrees, while we had a most delicious breeze all the time here. Candidly and honestly, so far this season, I have not NOTICED any difference in the degrees of heat here and in the North.

SOUTHERN TOWNS AND CITIES.

There is such a wide contrast between the villages and cities of the North and the South that this series of letters would not be complete without a description of some of the principal ones. In my pilgrimage from Virginia to Georgia, and from the shores of the old ocean to Tennessee, there are many points of quaint as well as commercial interest to the people at large, and these points will be noted and described in future letters.

Were I to give an opinion of North Carolina I would say that it is a land of great possibilities. I doubt if there is a State in the whole Union that offers so many inducements to laboring men who want to build homes; to men with capital who want to make paying investments; to all classes and conditions of honest, capable and enterprising labor. Here lands and lumber are ridiculously cheap. Water power is abundant and never-failing. The long seasons favor everybody and everything. The climate is delightful. And, last of all, the State of North Carolina, taken as a whole, is one great and honest health resort.

F. P. WOODWARD.

Broadbrim's New York Letter.

Special to the CARBON ADVOCATE.

One of the sensations of the week has been the failure of the great ship-builder John Roach—a failure that will bring sadness to as many homes as that of any living American. For though John Roach was born in Ireland, and is an honor to the land that gave him birth, he was reared in our midst from boyhood, and was a splendid example to the poor and industrious man of the wonderful possibilities of our American life, and in heart and feeling was as truly an American as any son of the soil born within the limits of the Union.

It is hard to understand what satisfaction any one can feel at the downfall and misfortunes of such a man; yet a certain class of papers in this city gloat over the ruin as if he were a pirate and a thief, instead of a man who is held in the highest honor by those who know him best;—a workingman and the friend of the workingmen—a considerate employer and a generous patron—a man whose word was his bond, and whose paper was discounted by millions at the banks at the lowest rates because they knew John Roach was an honest man. The fierce competition of business has brought him in constant conflict with men in the same line as himself, and he generally came off victorious; and that American shipbuilding was not utterly crushed out of existence is as much due to John Roach as to any living man. Five hundred vessels of various classes have been turned out of his ship-yards, three hundred of them being built of iron; many of which are as noble specimens of naval architecture as ever sailed the sea. The report of his assignment fell on the community like a thunder-clap, causing a sensation that would hardly have been felt if we had recorded the news that Jay Gould had been blown up on the Atlanta, or Vanderbilt had perished in a railroad disaster.

It is only a few months since I attended a meeting where Mr. Roach spoke and told the story of the struggles of his early life, and of the possibilities that the United States offer to the man who is perseverig, industrious and honest. On that night he could have drawn his check for a million of dollars, and there is not a bank in the land which knew the man and had the money in its vaults, that would have hesitated to cash it. To-day he is a bankrupt, hunted down in his old age by men who have hounded him for years, and who at last have succeeded in compassing his ruin. Mr. Roach is an old man, and it is possible that the cruel blow which struck him down is irreparable and fatal; but the misery of his downfall will not be felt alone in the sorrowful shadow of his own home; the thousands of skilled mechanics and laborers who have depended on him for support will feel it more grievously than he, and for them and their suffering suffering families I cannot but feel the deepest commiseration. We have known John Roach for many years in New York; he has grown up in our midst, and his failure is regarded by all who know him in the light of a public calamity.

The last week has been simply terrible—the thermometer climbing to the nineties every day and frequently getting in dangerous proximity to 90s. It was a torrid heat, against which it was impossible to fight, and before which all nature wilted limp and helpless. People fled from the city as if the cholera was about to enter the back door, and at the frightful solor wave that brought to us untold suffering, the Coney Island landlord sent up a shout of exceeding great joy, as this torrid calamity opened to him visions of plunder which the heart of man hath scarcely conceived. The rush for the seaside has been tremendous, and our Saturday afternoons have got to be very much like those of England, many of our large manufactories and great stores giving their employees the entire afternoon; this of course is an immense thing for the out of town resorts, of which thousands of men, women and children take advantage—all parties being greatly benefitted thereby.

It is strange that with all of our magnificent charities we occasionally hear of cases of destitution which would shock a community of savages. This week there have been two cases of abandonment where parents ran away from their children and left them to perish, showing less affection for them than a bear shows for her cubs, or the swine for its litter. One case was that of a man whose wife died a few weeks ago; he left his three children, the youngest only two months old, in a wretched room, starving; they were discovered by some neighbors, and cared for by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Hot weather is not the time to think of fighting, and yet people appear to grow pugnacious as the thermometer rises. It may not be generally known, but all the strikes in the country are engineered in New York. Here sits the great Head Centre, and it is promised that here some day—and that day perhaps not very far distant—a revolution will be inaugurated that will make Rome howl. Any night in the week I can take you to a meeting where robbery and murder are openly advocated as a means of righting their supposed wrongs; and there are thousands and thousands of men here who are anxiously watching for the day when the property of the rich men will be seized and divided among the poor. I think New York would be about as good a place to begin as any on the continent; we have lots of money, diamonds, and precious goods of every kind, so by all means begin here; and if the day ever does come when these howling braggarts shall attempt to carry out their threats, mark my words, New York city will give a good account of herself, and Communism will be taught a lesson that will not be forgotten for generations to come.

People are queer—very queer, summer, you know, is a time when the drama and the opera are supposed to be in a comatose condition—nobody who is anybody goes to the theatre—Melpomene faints at the sight of a high thermometer. Adolph Aronson got possession of the Casino after a bitter fight with Col. McCaul. Both gentlemen seemed to be absolutely ruined by the fight. They parted; Aronson got the new comic opera of "Nanon," at the Casino, and McCaul got the "Black Huzzar," at Wallack's; both have been successes almost unequaled. Wallack's has been crowded for weeks. The production of "Nanon" has exceeded that of any opera, comic or grand, ever produced in New York. The first-nighters were out in full force; swallow-tails and white chokers, *decollete* dresses and diamonds. Oh, my! what a sight it was! The audience was as much a sight as the stage, and notwithstanding the hot weather they have crowded the house, and I should not be surprised if the piece ran till next winter. Never was such a galaxy of beauty on any stage before. The dudes that remain in town are crazy, and—I record it with grief—the front seats are crowded nightly with old buffers, the tops of whose heads are as smooth as a skating pond. I suppose their wives and families are at some watering-place, and they feel lonesome. The piece is certainly very attractive, and the music almost bewitching. The "Anna" song is heard everywhere—boys waltz to it on the sidewalks, girls hum it on steamboats and railroad cars, old bank officers whistle it while poring over their ledgers—even ministers and deacons strike off into a double shuffle as they listen to its magic strains.

I have nothing to record of the churches, as most of them have closed their doors, and cobwebs have builded their houses over the keyholes and the porches.

A revolt in the Kings County Penitentiary caused quite a ripple in criminal circles; but a stout rawhide administered on constitutional principles restored immediate peace, and I am happy to record that order reigns in Warsaw. Nothing like a cowhide for maintaining order. I speak from experience. A schoolmaster who taught my young idea how to shoot, made such an impression on my mind and my jacket that I remember him with terror to this day.

A little boom in stocks has varied the monotony of our early summer experiences. I don't know the reason of it, but the bears look mighty glum.

All Wednesday New York awaited with painful anxiety the closing of one of the grandest lives of the century; and when on Thursday morning the news flashed over the wires that Gen. Grant was dead, there was a burst of grief, unfeigned and universal, such as I have not seen since Lincoln died. Gen. Grant is dead,

"Nor steel, nor poison, malice domestic, foreign levy,
Nothing can touch him further."

In the presence of such a life and such a death, malice and detraction are dumb. The American people only remember the great Captain who suddenly appeared like God's chosen prophet, in the darkest hour that this nation ever knew, and led her despondent and shattered hosts to victory. The closing hours of that grand life, when borne down by grief and suffering such as seldom falls to the lot of mortal man, stand almost without a parallel. The heroic fortitude with which the martyr bore his grief and marched fearlessly up to the portals of the grave, stamps him as among the noblest and the best that this land has ever known. This generation will not look upon his like again. New York and Brooklyn are draped with emblems of sorrow for the nation's Greatest Hero.

BROADBRIM.

New Advertisements.

To whom it may Concern.

All persons are hereby forbid meddling with one Butcher Wagon, 1 Sausage Cutter, 1 Sausage Stuffer, lot of Butcher Tools, and the Household Furniture now in possession of Mrs Anna Maria Maier, residing in the Borough of Weissport, Carbon county, Pa., as the same is my property and loaned by me to her during my pleasure.

CHARLES SCHWEITZER.

Franklin twp., Carbon County, Pa.

July 31, 1885—w3*

At Private Sale.

The undersigned will sell at private sale the Good will and Fixtures of his Liquor Store, in Slatington, including stock of Wines, Liquors, Domestics, Flasks, Bottles, &c. Also, One House and Wagon and set of harness. This is a rare opportunity for a person wishing to go into the Liquor Trade. Terms Liberal.

OBE S. KEISER, Slatington, Pa.

2w—Jy 25, 1885.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Restores the Sense of Taste and Hearing. A quick relief. A positive Cure.

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Jy 18, 1885.

Williams, Clark & Co's

—HIGH GRADE—

Bone Fertilizers!

Americus Brand, Royal Bone and Universal,

—FOR—

Wheat, Grain and Grass!

—TRY THEM—

FOR SALE BY

A. Mehrkam & Son,

LEHIGHTON, PA.

Jy 11—w4

REPORT OF THE CONDITION of the FIRST NATIONAL BANK, at Lehighton, in the State of Pennsylvania, at the close of business, July 1st, 1885:

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$86,221.85
Overdrafts	320.09
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	75,000.00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	31,275.93
Due from approved reserve agents	1,088.82
Due from other National Banks	1,6 2.28
Due from State Banks and Bankers	2,04.37
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	8,617.80
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,936.23
Premiums paid	7,500.00
Checks and other cash items	83.75
Bills of other banks	2,100.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	10.67
Specie	9,5 7.15
Legal tender notes	2,103.00
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasury (5 per cent. of circulation)	3,375.00
Total	$233,046.25

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$75,000.00
Surplus fund	10,250.00
Undivided profits	7,067.03
National Bank notes outstanding	67,500.00
Dividends Unpaid	411.00
Individual deposits subject to check	72,504.95
Certified Checks	65.00
Cashier's checks outstanding	21.00
Due to other National Banks	187.58
Due to State Banks and Bankers	9.17
Total	$233,046.25

State of Pennsylvania, County of Carbon, ss:

I, W. W. Bowman, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. W. BOWMAN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 8th day of July, 1885.

H. V. MORTHIMER, SR., Not. Public.

Correct.—Attest: Thos. Kemerer, A. J. Durling, Dennis Bowman, Directors.

July 11, 1885.

Notice to Tresspassers.

All persons are hereby cautioned against trespassing on the premises of Mrs. Sarah Sendel, in Mahoning Valley, for the purpose of hunting. All trespassers will be dealt with according to law.

MRS. SARAH SENDEL.

Jy18 3w* Mahoning, Penn'a.

M. HEILMAN & CO.,

BANK STREET, Lehighton, Pa.,

MILLERS and Dealers in

Flour and Feed.

All Kinds of GRAIN BOUGHT and SOLD AT REGULAR MARKET RATES.

We would, also, respectfully inform our citizens that we are now fully prepared to SUPPLY them with

The Best of Coal

From any Mine desired at VERY LOWEST PRICES.

M. HEILMAN & CO.

July 25

DANIEL WIEAND,

MANUFACTURER OF ALL DESCRIPTION OF

Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs, &c

—CORNER OF—

BANK AND IRON STREETS,

LEHIGHTON, PENNA.,

Particular attention given to

REPAIRING

in all its details, at the very Lowest Prices. Patronage respectfully solicited and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

JunP, 84-1y. DAN. WIEAND.

For Newest Designs and Most Fashionable Styles of

DRESS GOODS,
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
SILVERWARE, &c., &c.

—GO TO—

E. H. SNYDER,

Bank Street, Lehighton.

Goods guaranteed and prices as low as elsewhere for the same quality of goods.

July 18, 1885—1y]

TO ADVERTISERS.

An advertiser who for many years has used all classes of newspapers, writes: "I prefer your SELECT LIST for the reason that, while but few persons in any particular town subscribe for a class medium or large city weekly, nine out of ten subscribe for their local paper, and the tenth one borrows it from his neighbor." This list contains 964 Daily and Weekly papers divided into States and sections, and will be sent free on application.

GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO.,
10 Spruce St., N. Y.

WE ARE NOW READY!

—:o:—

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

CARBON ADVOCATE

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR! $1. SUBSCRIBE FOR IT!

JOB WORK executed in the best manner at short notice and fair prices. Give us a trial.

REMOVAL---Spring Styles!

LEWIS WEISS

respectfully informs his many friends and customers that he has removed his BOOT AND SHOE STORE

into the NEW BUILDING, nearly opposite his Old Stand, and that he is now receiving and opening up for their inspection a very large and fashionable line of well-selected

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, Hats, Caps, UMBRELLAS, &c.,

suitable for

SPRING and SUMMER WEAR,

AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES!

and invites you to call and examine Goods and learn prices before purchasing elsewhere. SATISFACTION in all cases fully guaranteed. Remember, THE NEW STORE opposite the foot of

IRON STREET,

LEWIS WEISS, BANK Street, LEHIGHTON.

April 4, 1885-1y