The Carbon Advocate.

LEHIGHTON, PA.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 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.

SUICIDES AND THEIR CAUSES.

It seems from statistics with respect to the subject, carefully gathered by the *Insurance Chronicle*, that the number of suicides in this country varies little from year to year. Reckoning from the first of March to the end of February, the figures for the last three years are: 1883-3, 1,606; 1883-4, 1,499; 1884-5, 1,608.

These years are included in the period which has been marked by a severe business depression, commonly regarded as an efficient cause of self-destruction, and yet the largest number of suicides in any single month occurred in August, 1882, when they were 212, though at that time we were only hearing the faint rumble of the coming commercial and financial catastrophes. The total for 1884, when we were in the midst of the worst of the troubles, was not more than the total for 1882, when the business sky was comparatively clear. But it seems that after the financial panic of May, 1884, the life insurance companies complained of a very considerable increase in the number of policies which were terminated by suicide. Still, the fact remains that 514 persons killed themselves during the comparatively prosperous summer of 1882, while the suicides during the black summer of 1884 reached only 383.

The causes of suicide in 1884-5, so far as they could be determined, are thus classified:

Business troubles	174
Chagrin at parental discipline	24
Destitution	78
Resignation	115
Election of Cleveland and Hendricks	3
Family trouble	214
Grief	39
Insanity	253
Love troubles	57
Sickness	84
Undergoing or threatened with punishment	44

Little reliance, says the N. Y. *Sun*, can be placed on this table, however, for it is not possible to get the true causes of the self-destruction for publication in a large number of cases. Families refuse to reveal them, and the suicides themselves may leave behind them no reasons for their act, or may give false ones. But probably the majority of suicides in this country are due, more or less directly, to the use of stimulants.

Yet it is startling to see how many children take their lives because of rebellion against parents and school discipline. For instance, a Chicago girl was so much cast down by a scolding from her mother that she destroyed herself with Paris green. A New York girl swallowed rat poison because her father refused to allow her to go to a skating rink. An Illinois boy took poison in a sleeping car because he had been expelled from college.

The ages of those who committed suicide in 1884 ran from eleven years to ninety-six years. The chief methods used were, in 551 cases, shooting; in 310, poisoning; in 275, hanging; in 158, cutting the throat; in 137, drowning. Besides these, 37 persons killed themselves by jumping from or standing in front of moving railroad trains, 25 by cutting arteries, 18 by jumping from heights, 11 by stabbing, 8 by burning, and one each by scalding and starving.

The suicides were engaged in nearly every kind of occupation, but the great majority were farmers, merchants, and laborers, though commonly it is supposed that the tendency to self-destruction is among men of strictly intellectual pursuits. But, in fact, suicide, like insanity, is less among those who work their minds chiefly than among those who lead sluggish lives in which their intellectual faculties are not kept bright by use. New York, though the most populous of the States, had fewer suicides in 1884 than Illinois—100 to 108.

Finally, the number of suicides in this country is small in comparison with Europe. Out of the more than twenty-five thousand cases of self-destruction which occur annually in Europe and the United States together, we furnish only about sixteen hundred.

Broadbrim's New York Letter.

Special to the CARBON ADVOCATE.

The splendid funeral pageant is over. Tenderly, gently, sweetly as a mother puts her child to sleep, we laid our great hero to rest—sweet rest forevermore. The last of our present generation shall pass away, but in our time no such funeral pageant will ever be seen on this continent again. God grant that no occasion may ever call it forth. For the dust which we this week returned to the dust, in its life stood as the embodiment of the nation's saviour—he blessed emblem of an unforgotten Union. Who in his wildest dream could have imagined when Gen. Buckner fled with breaking heart during the last desperate charge on Fort Donelson, that he would stand a mourner beside the coffin of the man who had driven him forth a fugitive in disgrace, or that grim old Joe Johnston, would march in the funeral cortege alongside of the man to whom he surrendered his sword, and with it the last hope of the lost cause. Never in this land was seen such a multitude, so quiet, so respectful, so subdued. It seemed as if for once even the criminal classes awe-struck in the presence of the mighty dead, ceased to ply their evil vocations and gave one day to mourning and sorrow. It is useless for me the brief space accorded to my letter to attempt anything like a description of the gorgeous pageant, the like of which this land never saw before. We were not burying a President—we were not bearing to the tomb a great and successful general—not a man whose accumulated millions had made his name famous on the money markets of the world, we were bearing to their last resting place all that was mortal of simply a private citizen, who had laid aside the sceptre and baton, bankrupt in money, broken in health, but rich in honor and that priceless worth that makes human clay immortal. Poor, old, broken-hearted, dying in an obscure cottage surrounded only by his family, to-day he rises like a demigod in the metropolis of the Republic, and weeping thousands follow him to the tomb as a husband, father, brother, friend. The gorgeous pageant, the mourning multitude, the solemn music, the martial array, added nothing to the honor and the glory of the hero whose dust to-day we consign to the tomb. The costly wealth of the proud mausoleum which is to rise above his ashes will be but as the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal alongside of that great grief which wells out from the nation's heart, proclaiming Grant is dead.

Rest, old hero, sweetly rest on the Savior's bosom in Paradise forever. We won'd not call the back to this vale of sorrow and suffering, for now thou art safe, safe forever above the storm.

Whatever love or honor or reverence can do, will be done by New York to perpetuate his fame to future generations. Not beneath Westminster's sacred spire or Notre Dame's great dome lies dust so truly royal. No king or emperor was ever more royally attended to his tomb. And so we laid him to rest on the banks of the beautiful Hudson, and the traveler upon its bosom for ages to come shall see, rising above the tree-tops, the splendid tribute of a nation's gratitude. No weak word of mine in eulogy can add one hair's weight to the matchless glory and unmeasured fame which was not for a day but for all time.

"For other hands than mine shall wreathe
The laurel round thy brow,
And men shall learn to speak of thee
As one of Earth's proud spirits, born
With that strong majesty of soul
That knew no color, race or clime;
But which hath spurned the base control
Of tyrants for all time."

I think it was Solon Shingle who remarked, "Never prophecy onless you're sure." One day last spring I met a friend on Wall street and his face was as long as a yard-stick. "Broadbrim," said he, "have you heard the news?" Now if there is anything in this world that acts like a tonic on me it is an item of news, so I informed him that I had not. He took me into a dark alley and whispered into my ear, Vanderbilt is ruined! Hush!! Jay Gould has collapsed!!! Sage is going to the dogs and the thing is up. Sure, says I; Sure as preaching, said he. Why, just look at it, New York Central has shrunk twenty millions, Lake Shore at least fifteen; everything that Van has touched for more than a year has turned to smoke. And look at Gould. Where is Union Pacific? The bottom has fallen out of Wabash. His Texas roads have gone to smash. I tell you, old fellow, they are all gone in, and don't you forget it.

Since July first the rally in the entire list of securities is not far from fifty million dollars. That is to say that the bulls are fifty millions of dollars better off on the first of August than they were on the first of July. The ubiquitous reporter, speaking with Mr. Gould early in June, received this reply, "Stocks are very low—very low indeed. It seems to me that it is a good time to buy now." Although the reporter said this, it is by no means certain that Gould said it, for the common reporter is, like common report, a common liar. But if Mr. Gould did say it, for once he told the truth. That is more than can be said of Mr. Vanderbilt. If Mr. Vanderbilt ever told the truth to a reporter I never heard of it. Take, for instance, his yarns in regard to the Nickel-Plate Road. He wouldn't have it at any price—there were no negotiations pending—he would not touch it with a ten-foot pole; and yet, notwithstanding all his solemn asservations, he gobbled the Nickel-Plate the very first opportunity. Then came the West Shore; the projectors of the West Shore were blackmailers, pirates and thieves; it was an organized scheme to rob the New York Central of its legitimate rights; he never, never, never would have anything to do with the West Shore. This, too, falls into the grab-bag. And a railroad combination is formed this week, though all the details are not yet completed, which will control the supplies of nearly thirty millions of our people, and whether we sink or whether we swim depends entirely upon the mercy of the conqueror who holds us in his grasp. Not a barrel of flour, or a bushel of corn, or a quarter of beef, or a barrel of pork, or a head of cattle can come to us but this railroad Colossus signifies the tribute we must pay, and that tribute is measured by the extent of our capacity to be squeezed. Since the first of July the rise in railroad securities has given Mr. Vanderbilt, just for his holdings, not *far* from three million dollars. This has been done in thirty days. These figures are startling. It took John Jacob Astor over eighty years of life to accumulate three millions of dollars. Mr. Gould was supposed to have not more than a million when General Dan Sickles kicked him out of the Erie Directory, and yet when his credit was impunged some months ago, he took some confidential friends into his back office, he opened his strong box and displayed securities valued at fifty millions of dollars. Shewee!kikins! Just think of it! Fifty millions of boodle, and all your own. I never expect to be worth over $500,000 myself. I wonder how he felt as he raised his pile?

The stock market has been a pleasant pasture for the bulls for the last thirty days; the clover was knee high and the fences down. The pleasant feature is, that the dear outside lambs did not furnish much of the hunings. The beasts fed upon each other—bear meat being pronounced upon the market almost as good as porterhouse steaks. I hope they will all grow rich, and as long as they furnish the funds, who's afraid?

I fancy I see symptoms of returning grace. Churches are being furnished up, cushions are being dusted, altar-cloths shaken, carpets beaten, and everything got in readiness for the return of vagrant pastors. Some of these improvements are rare and costly. Dr. Baker's church in Brooklyn, which stands on Greene Avenue, immediately behind the Catholic Cathedral, is being renovated and added to, with costly tile-work, at once unique and beautiful. Two magnificent steeples have been built on it, and an imposing porch has been added. The Reverend Doctor on his return will hardly be able to recognize his old church clad in the garments of a youthful bride.

Our neighbors of Brooklyn have just received a new delegation of the Salvation Army fresh, as we are informed by Hallelujah Mary, from "Hold Hingland." It appears that there has been a rebellion against the authority of General Booth of Hingland, who, Hallelujah Mary says, was the founder of the Horder. These' rebels, she said, "is wicked sinners, and we har 'ere to 'old the fort." They entered the city fifty strong, with drums and cymbals, bones, fiddles and tambourines. Brooklyn is now blessed with two divisions of the Salvation Army. Let us hope that the seeds of grace which they scatter abroad may fall on fallow; and there may yet be hope that with the aid of the big bridge the inhabitants of that wicked city may one day be as good as we are in New York.

The storms that have swept over us this week have been phenomenal. Except in stocks, business has been at a stand-still. BROADBRIM.

Special for the CARBON ADVOCATE.

AMERICAN LANDMARKS.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Aug. 6, '85.

At a little before 10 p. m., our steamer Chicora came in sight of the distant lights of Toronto, or as we learned on our nearer approach, the electric lights on the island near the city. This island forms the natural breakwater for the city, and is famous for being the home of Hanlan, the ex-champion oarsman of the world. Many fine summer residences are nestled among its pleasant arbors, and make this place to Toronto what Coney Island is to New York.

It is the common remark of travelers that Toronto is the most English city in America, but it should also be added, the most American city in Canada. It has a population of about 130,000 and in every respect presents an appearance of advancement and thrifty activity. The streets are laid out with great regularity and lined with many magnificent buildings, which, at the present time, are rendered especially attractive by the elaborate decorations in honor of the troops who are returning from the Riel rebellion in the Northwest.

On the day following my arrival I took passage on the Corinthian, one of the Royal Mail line of steamers plying between Toronto and Montreal. The trip across Lake Ontario is a very pleasant one, although the scenery along the Canadian shore is somewhat monotonous, and would have been distressingly so to me had it not been for a very original and philosophical young man, who revealed to me a theory so novel and lucid in its application that I shall never fail to amuse myself with it on all subsequent voyages.

"Strange thing," said he, "very strange indeed, that people should tire of such scenery. Great study, great theory," and then with a frantic gesture he continued, "Did you ever think of the resemblance that exists between man and everything in nature? Why, say, you can't point out a single object on the shore yonder, but what I can show you its exact counterpart in some person on this boat. Take, if you please, that high bluff, look at that man up in the pilot house, firm, robust and weather-beaten by the storms of half a century. There is your bluff. Do you see that tall lifeless tree standing on that high point with the young thrifty poplar near its roots? Look into the saloon. Do you notice that frail, withered old man with the healthy buxom, young girl by his side? Those are your trees. Do you recollect those hogs that were rooting for dear life around the dock at Port Hope? Watch that red nosed beer tub when he goes down to tea to-night, and there's your hog (only his hoofs on the fore feet are cloven four times instead of once). You mind that pair of sentimental doves on the cot over you? Watch out on the deck to-night and I'll show you a dozen pair of just such doves, only they'll lack a few brains and a good many feathers; So it is a great study, great theory!"

The picture of the moonlit lake during the evening was a most magnificent sight, and as the steamer sped on over the quiet glistening plain, I sat for a long time on deck pondering the beauties of the young man's philosophy. Before morning the aspect of everything had changed. A gale had caught us, the wind blew a furious hurricane, and the steamer reared and plunged as if possessed of some delirious spirit. At five o'clock we were to arrive at Kingston, and by this time nearly all the passengers, who had the disposition or power to do so, had crawled out and were displayed in various picturesque attitudes on the deck. As we approached the harbor I glanced over the prostrated forms of my fellow sufferers, and espied the philosophical young man sprawled out on the deck near the prow. On seeing me he raised up into a sort of turtle posture, and between the spasms of vomiting, called out, "Great study. Oh, a great theory. See it here. Oh'a, Nature's got'er back up, and so're I, Oh'a. Lake's trying to turn 'erself, 'n look a' me, Oh'a. Cap'n pull me off at Kingston."

Kingston is a city of considerable commercial importance and next to Quebec and Halifax has the strongest fortifications in the Dominion. On the eastern side of the city are the strong stone forts, the foundations of which were begun under Gov. De Courcelles in 1672. Leaving Kingston the steamer soon entered the St. Lawrence and began its wandering among the Thousand Islands, which dot the broad channel of the river for a distance of over fifty miles.

Arriving at Prescott I crossed the river to Ogdensburg, N. Y., for the purpose of picking up some of the historic facts and strange old traditions of the St. Lawrence which I shall give in another letter. Ogdensburg is a very pleasantly located town, with a population of 12,000, and like all of the places along the border of this old "New France" has many interesting landmarks of forgotten days. In the western part of the town I visited an old stone building formerly used as an arsenal. In one corner of the lower room, covered up beneath a heap of disabled wagons and cast off debris, I discovered the breech of an old battered cannon. After a vigorous half hour's work in removing the rubbish, I took formal possession of the old warrior, who looked as if he were hiding away here, doing penance for his two centuries of bloody deeds. On the barrel is cut in old style figures the date of 1628, and near it the letter P. It is called by the citizens "Long Tom," and no one seems able to trace its history any further back than the revolution. Another interesting relic of the place is a stone, which was recued from the ruins of one of the old French buildings that formerly stood within the city limits, and which is now built into the front wall of the large opera house on Ford street. It bears the inscription, *In nomine Dei omnipotentis Huic habitationi initia dedit Franciscus Picquet*, 1749." Francis Picquet laid the foundation of this habitation in the name of Almighty God in 1749.

Cosily hiding itself behind the rows of shade trees on Franklin street, I found the residence of Gen. R. W. Judson, the celebrated lecturer on "Eminent Characters in American history." I had the honor of spending a very pleasant afternoon with the genial old soldier, and I doubt, if there has ever been a day on which our American history suffered so critical an overhauling, as on this very afternoon.

The General's, exhaustless resource of statistics, and scholarly accuracy, backed up by the force of my faulty yet dauntless enthusiasm was sufficient to shake the foundation of any history, but as the night shades closed in around us, we had made no material alteration in past events, and decided to allow the nations history to remain as it was, and pass the evening among its mementos in his historical rooms. The following is only a brief list from the hundreds of relics which the General delights in showing his guests.

A piece of the coffin in which Washington was first buried and lay thirty-seven years.

A nail from the coffin of John Harrington, Jr., the first of the eight American soldiers killed at the battle of Lexington, April 19th, 1775.

One of the rounds of the chairs occupied by the first Continental congress, Sept. 5th, 1774.

A piece of the tree to which General Putnam was tied while the Indians threw hatchets at his head for amusement.

A large section of the limb of the Charter Oak.

An old flint lock of a gun used at the battle of Hubberton, Vt., July 7th, 1777.

A hook and staple from the home of Dante the Italian poet at Florence, Italy.

A beautifully carved paper cutter, made from the tree on which Daniel Webster hung his scythe, when he so happily nonplused his father by saying: "Now, Father, the scythe hangs to suit me." BYRON R. NEWTON.

OUR SOUTHERN BUDGET

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

SOUTHERN PINES, N.C., Aug. 8.

Do any of my readers know whether the story told about Henry Ward Beecher is a true one or not? I mean the story that has been published of how he went into the pulpit one hot July morning and wiping his perspiring brow exclaimed: "'Tis hot as hell!" The audience, it is said, started as though a Parrot siege gun had been fired off in their midst. The Rev. H. W. B. once more wiped his face, and once more he exclaimed as above quoted. The sensation in the church grew more pronounced, and several of the sisters are reported as getting in a comfortable position for fainting. Was the preacher crazy? Had too much caloric driven him mad? For the third time did the preacher use the remarkable expression, and then he went on to say that such was the expression he heard a man of the world use as he was on his way to church. This was the key-note to one of the clergyman's very finest efforts on profanity, and it brings me to a point that I wanted to reach about the weather.

Northern people, as a class, have a very strange notion about the heat of the South. They believe that if it is warm in the North it is uncomfortably hot in the South, and when it is hot in the North it is blistering in the South. In fact, they look upon the South as a great bubbling, boiling, seething cauldron, where people are literally stewed, and par boiled, and generally cooked. And the worst part of it is that they won't believe anything different, no matter who tells it. Some of them won't even believe it when they come here and have personal experience. They seem to think the Southern people have a way of arranging the weather to suit themselves, and whenever a man from the North comes around they produce a cold wave on purpose for his benefit.

Why, the other day a man sat on the porch of a Greensboro hotel reading a New York newspaper. He read of burning heat, of sunstroke, of alarming death rate in the great metropolis. In other parts of the North he read of the mercury rising into the nineties and sitting on top of the figures 106, smiling at the sweltering pedestrians and refusing to come down. He looked at the thermometer. It registered 98 degrees. He was assured that it had not been above 100 degrees this summer. And then he showed his smartness. He insisted that the thermometers in the South had all been tampered with. For it was not possible, he argued, that it was not twice as hot in the South as it is in the North.

This is my first summer in the South, and I must say, in all candor, that I consider the weather not so oppressive as I experienced in the North. The nights here are always cool, while there is a breeze blowing over here every day, and yet natives here say it is the hottest summer they ever knew.

Ex-Governor Jarvis, of this State, who was recently appointed Foreign Minister to Brazil, thus speaks of the weather even of the equator, which he crossed June 25th:

"We are now ascending the mighty Amazon, and in about three hours we will be at the city of Para, where I will mail this. We have had a most delightful trip, a fine ship, a polite, skillful captain, a smooth sea, and a number of agreeable passengers. Instead of the burning heat I expected we have had it cool and all the time pleasant. The sun is now far to the north of us. We have passed under him and have left him far behind us, and still we have experienced no weather that was at all uncomfortable. In fact, I am sure we have been more comfortable than you have been in Raleigh, for there has not been a moment of our time when we felt like taking off a coat or vest to make us more comfortable, and I doubt if you can say this. I dwell upon this fact because it has been such an agreeable surprise to me. So cool was it last night when we crossed the equator that some of the passengers got their overcoats and wraps. Think of a man with an overcoat on at the equator! It is contrary to all of my preconceived notions of the equator. Last night was a beautiful moonlight night, and our splendid ship glided over the bright moonlit waters with a grace and beauty that was enchanting. The Southern Cross stood before us, high up in the heavens, in all its beauty and brilliancy. I walked the deck of our gallant ship and thought of home and friends, of State and country. May heaven's choicest blessings be with them all."

And so it goes. The Northern man is afraid to go to North Carolina because of the heat. The man from North Carolina dreads to go to South America because of the heat. Both try it in fear and trembling, and both find that the dread is more terrible, after all, than the actual experience.

It is altitude, in the temperate zone, that has more to do with the heat than anything else. The lowlands are humid and uncomfortable to live in in any of the Middle or Southern States, while the uplands are healthful and pleasant. And I repeat that so far I have not noticed any excessive heat in North Carolina, and it is now past the month of July.

Having opened this letter with an anecdote I ought to close it with one—about the heat, too. But I'll spare my readers this time, and go and eat a watermelon. F. P. WOODWARD.

The Southern Exposition.

Special to the CARBON ADVCATE.

LOUISVILLE, August 10, 1885.

Kentucky, the home and hunting ground of Daniel Boone, is a state noted far and wide for her gallant men and handsome women, and as the home of "thoroughbreds," be they horses, cattle or people. It is an oft repeated saying by visitors and strangers at any public entertainment or gathering made up chiefly of Kentuckians, "that they never saw before so many handsome men and woman together." Kentucky is the home and birthplace of Mary Anderson, at present the most celebrated actress in the world, also of Jay Eye See and Maud S. the famous thoroughbred trotting horses whose records have not been lowered.

Every school boy is well acquainted with the location of Louisville, but the public generally have only during the past few years began to recognize her commercial importance, especially to the South. This just acknowledgement has been brought about largely through the Southern Expositions held here each fall for the past two years and which will open up again in a few days.

Louisville has ten different railroad companies centering here, which gives her a place among the principle railroad cities of the United States; she has a population of over 160,000 people and is altogether a very clean, healthy and pretty city, with not a few historical places of interest.

Your correspondent arrived here to-day and knowing the interest which American people have taken in Industrial Expositions ever since the Centennial, and that you appreciated my letters from New Orleans the past season, to the extent that you published most of them, I concluded it might interest you and your readers to know something about the Southern Exposition which opens in this city on the 15th of this month and continues for ten weeks.

The Southern Exposition is the only Exposition that is and has been a financial success. The association own their own grounds, about 50 acres including Central Park, a handsome and substantial main building covering 14 acres, with several annexs and a fire-proof art gallery. The buildings, grounds, engines, boilers, electric lights and entire plant cost over one-half million dollars—and when the fact that this was private funds and not public money is known, the intelligent reader will recognize that the improvements are value for about one million dollars, compared with the cost of government buildings.

The first Southern Exposition was held in this city in 1883, and during the few weeks it continued, over 800,000 were in attendance, a success not anticipated. With the improvement of the show and extended connection since built up, it is expected that 200,000,000 will be here at different times during the next ten weeks.

The Centennial stands first in importance as an American Industrial show, and the World's Fair at New Orleans, last season, second (and by many believed to be equal) only the Centennial in point of value and beauty of the different exhibits presented, although the attendance was a miserable failure. A large majority of the principal displays made at New Orleans have been brought here, added to and put up, in fact your correspondent recognized so many familiar objects and faces here upon his arrival this morning, that he could hardly believe himself not to be in the Crescent City. In fact the worthy and commendable parts of the World's Fair, about which so much has been said and written, can be seen here and 2,000 miles of travel saved by the northern and eastern visitors.

Besides exhibits from every State and territory in the Union, there are exhibits from sixteen different foreign countries, among which might be mentioned Russia, France, Austria, Italy, China and all other governments of any importance whatever. The beautiful exhibit made by Mexico and the U. S. Geological display made at New Orleans are in place here. Indeed the visitor can wander around among exhibits from foreign countries and gain as much valuable information in one day as in a year of active travel.

For probably the first time in the history of any exposition, nearly all exhibits are in place, completed and ready for the gaze of the visitor. It is now nearly one week before opening, and the sound of a hammer on Saturday will be an uncommon one. This condition of affairs is due largely to the fact that many of the exhibitors came here June 1st direct from New Orleans and went to work, put up their display and are now taking their vacation which is about ended. The first day of the Southern Exposition will be as satisfactory as the last.

There will be a musical entertainment given twice a day during the entire Exposition, in the Music Hall, by the Damrosch Orchestra and Cappa's Seventh Regiment Band, both of which have been engaged by the Exposition management.

A very elaborate program has been arranged for the opening day (Saturday, August 15th), and in my next letter I will give you an account of same. Excursion trains from all points within 300 miles of Louisville will be run and at 9 a. m. all the bells ..... steam whistles in the city will make noise and confusion sufficient to waken the seven sleepers.

Railroad Men's Christian Association.

MAUCH CHUNK, Aug. 1, '85.

To the Christian Workers in Lehigh Valley:

The third Sabbath of August (to-morrow 16th inst.) will be observed as a day of special prayer for the railroad men of the Lehigh Valley. The day has already become noteworthy. Our prayers have been answered. The returns of this work have been large, and as the outcome of united supplications, many of these men are now earnest and devoted servants of the Master. Give hearty thanks to God for this result. The thousands who are moving up and down the valley as employees, the perils of body and soul to which they are exposed, the temptations which beset them, the immense responsibility as to life and property placed in their hands, make a more than ordinary claim on your personal efforts and your prayers. Let us make this seventh annual day memorable. Arrange for meetings at every available point. Enlist the interest and co-operation of railroad officials. Extend a cordial invitation to employes to attend your meetings, and welcome them for the sake of the Master. Request pastors to preach on the subject, or to make make special prayer for it at the hour of the morning worship. Engage in the work of the day with thankful hearts, and in the full expectation, that as the result of our united efforts, great glory shall come to our Lord and Master in the conversion of multitudes.

COMMITTEE:

JOHN SHANTON, ANDREW ROSS, sr.,
O. D. HAMILTON, CHARLES CAREY,
AUGUSTUS LYON, JOHN DEHART,
HENRY S. WEBSTER.
JOHN NICHOL, President,
J. W. LATTIG, Secretary.

The Receipt Cost Him His Life.

Daniel Vaughan, a dealer in pictures and books, was killed at the Dodgetown crossing, near Scranton, at noon Monday. Mr. Vaughan was walking on the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad track when he met a woman who owed him some money. The woman decided to make payment and Vaughan stopped to write a receipt. While he was writing the receipt the paper was blown from his hands by a gust of wind. He stepped to the track which runs parallel with the one on which he was standing, picked up the receipt and handed it to the woman. A coal train was approaching at the time and the watchman at the crossing warned Mr. Vaughan. He then stepped from one track to the other and as he did so he was struck by the engine of the passenger train which leaves Scranton at 11:55. Mr. Vaughan clung to the engine for a time and then fell under the wheels. The train passed over his body, terribly mangling it. His head was completely severed from his body and both his legs were torn off.

GEN. U. S. GRANT'S PICTURE.

Do not read this notice, unless you care to read a proposition which, if you accept, will cost you something. I have an engraving made from an oil painting by a celebrated artist of Gen. Grant, for which he sat shortly after his trip around the world. It is in the opinion of critics the best picture of the Dead Hero in existance. The price of the engraving, 21x28 inches, on very heavy steel engraving board, is One Dollar and Twenty-five cents ($1.25), postage paid by me. So thoroughly am I convinced of the value of the engravin as a work of art, and its appreciation by the public, that I will mail to any address in the U. S., FOR INSPECTION, one copy, packed in a heavy paper box, upon receipt of 25c. in stamps to pay postage and packing, upon the condition that the party receiving same send me ONE DOLLAR ($1.00) upon receipt of engraving if it is satisfactory, or return the picture to me if it is not considered worth fully the price asked. I have also a very handsome Cabinet Photo. of Gen. Grant, hand finished, which I will mail on receipt of 25c. No album is complete without one. Liberal arrangements will be made with agents. Write for terms and price list.

Address WILLIAM DICKSON, Publisher, Box 378, Chicago, Ill. Aug. 15-w-10.

Teachers' Examinations

For the school year, commencing June, 1885, will be held as follows:

For Kidder township, at East Haven, Thursday, August 20.
For Lower Towamensing, at Millport, Saturday, August 22.
For East Penn township, at Pennsville, Thursday, August 27.
For Upper Towamensing, at Stemlersville, Saturday, September 5.
For Mahoning township, at Pleasant Corner, Saturday, September 12.
For Penn Forest township, at Koch's School House, Saturday, October 3.

Examinations will be in writing. Applicants will be examined in Physiology and Hygiene. Teachers' must be examined in the districts in which they intend to teach. Exceptions will be made only for satisfactory reasons. Examinations will begin at 9 a. m.

New Advertisements.

WANTED. The name of any person afflicted with Goitre, Thick Neck. Valuable information FREE. Address, with stamp, F. W. COOK & CO., 85 Bond St., Cleveland, O. Aug. 15.

The Stands and Other Privileges

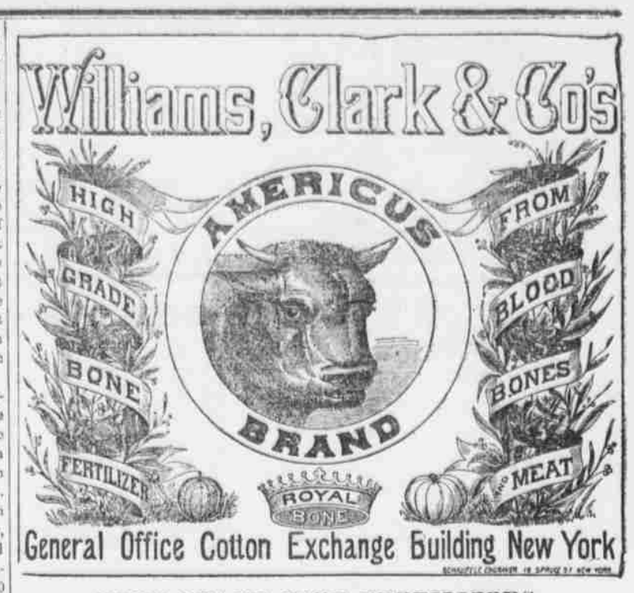
Of the Fair Grounds will be disposed of to the highest and best bidders at the Public Sale to be held on the Fair Grounds, at TWO o'clock P. M., on

Saturday, Sept. 26th, 1885.

at which time and place all persons interested are invited to attend. NOTICE: All small stands usually sold at and during the Fair will positively not be allowed. None but the permanent stands (of which more have been erected by the Society) will be sold, unless it be for Flying Coaches, shows, etc., which will not interfere with the Refreshment stands.

ELWEN BAUER, Secretary.
Aug. 15, 1885—td.

Williams, Clark & Co's



General Office Cotton Exchange Building New York

HIGH GRADE BONE FERTILIZERS.

We take pleasure in again calling the attention of farmers to our High Grade Fertilizers. It being eight years ago this spring since they were first offered to consumers under their present form; and from that time until now there has been an increasing demand for them, which is a far better testimonial to us than any letters of praise could be, although we do not want for these latter we are in receipt of many.

THEIR CHARACTER.

The main characteristic of our fertilizers is that they are prepared with particular reference to the crop, and not to a chemical analysis; the latter does very well in its place, and we believe in chemistry thoroughly, but consumers are too often deceived with the idea that a chemical analysis is the main thing.

What they really Want is a Good, Big Crop.

THEY ARE UNIFORM.

The goods we manufacture are uniform in composition, and are only varied in proportions, year after year, as we believe it to be an advantage to the crop. We have such large supplies of Bone, Blood, etc., from the slaughtering establishments of New York, that our fertilizers are largely composed of these, and there is not that inducement for us to use cheaper material, that there might be, if we did not have this material.

BONE FERTILIZERS.

Our products are of SOME MASS, because we believe that is the most satisfactory source of phosphoric acid, and the large amount of animal matter our fertilizers contain makes them especially valuable in what may be called the off or poor seasons. Some years it is noticed that almost any fertilizer will give fairly good results, but we find the most favorable comparisons for our products are in the poor years.

Royal Bone Phosphate.

The cheapest, first-class, FERTILIZER sold in the State.

—FOR SALE BY—

ADAM MEHRKAM & SON, LEHIGHTON, Pa.

August 8, 1885—w8

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

Go to Biery's Drug Store

WEISSPORT, - PA.,

For PURE DRUGS and MEDICINES, FANCY and TOILET ARTICLES, Choice Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Choice Brands of Cigars and Tobaccos,

Stationery, Wall Paper and Borders, &c., &c.,

at LOWEST PRICES. PRESCRIPTIONS carefully compounded, Day or Night. Patronage solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in Price and Quality of Goods Sold.

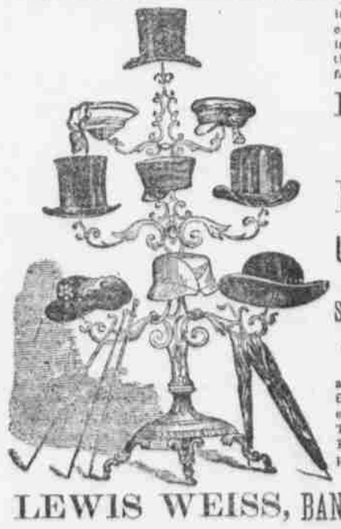
W. F. BIERY, Corner White and Bridge Streets, Weissport, Pa.

April 11, 1885—1y.

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

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN THE *SUNNY SOUTH*,

Or if you think of Changing your Location, it will repay you many thousand fold

To Invest Five Cents

In a Sample Copy of

The Southern Colonist,

One of the prettiest, brightest, and most entertaining publications in the Southern States. It is full of timely information.

Address, *SOUTHERN COLONIST*, Southern Pines, N. C.
Jy11 cor.]

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 leased by me to her during my pleasure.

CHARLES SCHWEITZER.
Franklin twp., Carbon County, Pa.
July 31, 1885—w3*

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