The Carbon Advocate.

LEHIGHTON, PA.:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1885.

Entered at the Lehighton post-office as Second Class Mail Matter.

THE schedule of assets published by the assignees of Mr. John Roach foots up total liabilities of $2,222,877 with actual assets of $4,481,478. If these assets are actually "actual," it is evident that any sympathy felt for Mr. Roach's misfortunes has bee misplaced. His assignment is now in effect acknowledged to have been only a shrewd "dodge," intended to secure him from the possible consequences of the Navy Department's action, in case Attorney-General Garland's opinion should be made the basis of legal proceedings against him.

A WASHINGTON despatch says that orders will be sent from the Navy Department shortly directing that work shall be resumed at all the navy yards. Already work has been begun in the yards Mare Island and Brooklyn. At the remainder it will be begun as soon as the reorganization of the forces has been completed. The appointment of new foremen, it is expected, will be made in a short time at the yards where they have not yet been named. On June 1 many men were discharged because of lack of funds to continue work. The new fiscal year gives a new appropriation with which work can be continued, and offers an opportunity for furnishing employment.

A DESPATCH dated Washington, the 16th inst., says: The State Department has permitted the correspondence between this country and Austria relative to Minister Kelly's rejection to be made public. The most interesting fact is a letter of Secretary Bayard to the Emperor Francis Joseph. It says that this Republic not only does not recognize but has a profound contempt for a race or religious distinction; that not recognizing them ourselves we cannot be expected to consider them for the purpose of humoring other people's prejudices. Mr. Bayard intimates that while the Austrian Ambassador will be treated with social courtesy so long as he remains here, the United States Government would not be offended if that gentleman were called home.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for September is a number full of notable attractions. The frontispiece this month is an illustration to one of Dorothy Holroyd's pretty poems entitled, "The Dryad and the Nightingale." This plate is another successful adaptation of the new style of engraving for which GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is fast gaining a reputation. The fashion cuts and fancy work designs are admirable, both in drawing and color. Among other striking features of the September book, is the centre piece of the new cover, a movable design which is changed from month to month. The literature of this issue embraces a powerful story by Amelia B. Edwards, entitled "The Four-Fifteen Express." The translation of the French serial "The Yoke of Honor," is carried forward to an interesting crisis, and a new illustrated paper on Roses fills the department of feminine occupations. Edith Robinson, a popular young magazine writer, has a quiet but witty sketch called "Michael Angelo and I," and Julia Scott contributes "The Exile's Daughter." The quality of the stories in GODEY'S is certainly improving; indeed the whole magazine shows the effect of a progressive influence. The publisher announces the speedy forthcoming of a new serial by Helen Mathers, the title of which is "Love Lies A-Bleeding." This story is bright and engaging, in the author's best style, and promises to do much towards enhancing the attractions of the LADY'S BOOK during the midwinter. GODEY'S is an old friend and a valuable one whom every lady should cultivate. The cost of the magazine by the year is the nominal sum of two ($2) dollars, and such an amount cannot be expended to better advantage than in a subscription.

OUR SOUTHERN BUDGET

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.
SOUTHERN PINES, N.C., Aug. 15.

So you want to get rich, do you, my impecunious reader? Good! I am in sympathy with with you. So do I. If I could make Croesus take a back seat and hide his head in confusion, I'd do it, and never have a feeling of compassion. Wouldn't you? I stand a pretty good chance of realizing my ambitious dream, for I'm connected with the country press, and don't all country newspaper men get wealthy? Of course they do. Just look over the list and figure it out for yourself. But I won't be selfish, and I'll tell you how to get rich. It's a sure thing, and there is no patent on the process. Here is how to do it.

A BUSINESS CHANCE.

South of Baltimore there is not a single glass factory. Just think of it. Not a single glass factory in the entire South!

Every bottle, every lamp, every lamp chimney, every goblet, every tumbler, every mirror, every window pane, every watch crystal, every fruit dish—in short, everything that is made of glass has to be shipped from the North, from the East, or from some foreign country.

The local trade in glass in the South is very large, and why it is not manufactured here passes all understanding.

We have every facility here for glass making. I can show anybody who is interested in the subject banks of the very finest sand that a glassmaker ever handled. It lies directly on a railroad and it is fairly begging to be manufactured into salt dishes, spoon holders, fruit cans and ink bottles. Inside of forty miles on the same line of railroad are immense beds of bituminous coal, which as yet are developed only far enough to show how really rich they are. The coal can be delivered very cheap.

Then again there are rich deposits of fire clay in the State, that might also be utilized in the manufacture of glass.

Wood for fuel is very cheap near the sand banks I speak of. Indeed, wooded land can be purchased at small price per acre, which would bring the price of fuel down nearly to the cost of cutting and hauling, which would be less than a dollar a cord.

In the North the wages paid to glass blowers are extravagantly high, and yet glass makers all get rich. Down here help could be educated to do the work at half, or less than half, the wages demanded by Northern and Eastern workmen.

"There's millions in it." I'd commence the manufacture of glass to-morrow if I could sell my golden chariot and my diamond-studded harness, without sacrificing on their original cost.

THE COTTON CROP

is growing nicely. In some of the lower counties the cotton worm is getting in its work to the detriment of the crop, but all appearances point towards a large yield.

A field of growing cotton is one of the prettiest sights that a man with any sense of the truly beautiful ever beheld. The foliage is such a cool, rich green. The seeding is done by seed drills, and consequently the rows are very uniform. The blossom on the first day of its appearance is a pure white. The day following it is a beautiful red, and then it drops, and the cotton bolls begin to form. The first sight I obtained of a blooming cotton field led me to suppose that the difference in the colors of the blossoms marked a difference in the species of the plants. Inquiry soon dispelled the illusion.

In a few days from now the cotton will be ready for picking. A cotton field then is right in its glory. The sight is said to be one of the most beautiful things that was ever beheld. Just imagine a field covered with billows of snowy whiteness, a perfect sea of pure foam, and the picture is before you.

It is said that the negro help is the most available for picking cotton that can be found anywhere, especially when the women and children engage in the work.

That a cotton field can be robbed seems strange, yet such is the fact. The robbers enter the field in the night and pluck a boll here and a boll there, until they have taken what they wish. The theft cannot be detected. It seems strange for a man to employ a negro to work in a cotton field all day, and then to think of his doing work in the same field on his own account at night. But my observation so far leads me to suppose that such occasions are very rare. They are exceptions and not the rule. And is it any worse to steal cotton than it is to steal a Bible? There, that is a fine subject for a debating society. Decisions of presidents will be thankfully published.

Sweet potatoes and yams are ripening. Persimmons will be on deck in a month or more.

CHEAP HOUSES.

The best of pine lumber, unplaned, can be bought here for $6.50 per thousand feet, delivered on the ground. The same grade of lumber would readily bring four times as much in any Northern city. A good-sized house will contain ten thousand feet of lumber. Shingles cost less than three dollars a thousand. Brick cost from $6 to $10 a thousand, according to where they are transported from. Now figure out how much money you can save by building your house down here instead of in the North. The difference will start you in business. Come down here some fine day, and if you don't want to build a house and settle down, we'll do the next best thing to it—we'll go fishing.

F. P. WOODWARD.

FROM WASHINGTON

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 15, '85.

The President did not take much baggage away with him, and his outfit for the vacation was in a large Saratoga trunk, some substantial knockabout tweed fishing suits being conspicuous in his wardrobe. He did not pay much attention to securing fancy flies to attract trout, but will do most of his fishing with a pole cut in the woods and a stout line, with minnows for bait. The President was anxious to get away from business cares, although he has taken pains to arrange it so that public interests will not be neglected.

Secretary Endicott's order requiring officers who have been absent four years from their regiments to report for duty thereto has produced widespread consternation. It was a reform very greatly needed, and though it will invade the comfort of many favorites, it ought to be strictly carried into effect. There is no reason why one set of army officers should be retained in soft places perpetually, while another set are made to bear the heat and burden, the buffeting and the hardship and the exile perpetually. The practice did not exist with Republican institutions, and it cannot be discontinued too soon.

Washington society has completely disappeared for the season, and the leaders are at the principal watering places and summer resorts trying to keep cool. Owing to the hot weather, the tennis parties which were so popular every Thursday afternoon at the Argentine Minister's have been discontinued. Talking of tennis, a very ungallant remark was made by one of the young men who used to frequent this court. He said that it was a bore to have girls in a tennis match, because there were very few who took interest enough in the game to play it well. As a general rule they would arrange a stunning toilet for a tennis game, and then, for fear of soiling their dresses, they would move around the court so as to be in everybody's way without making any good strokes. According to this young man, tennis, although a stupid-looking game to those uninitiated in its mysteries, required a quick eye and strong wrist to execute some pretty plays, and these requisites few young ladies possessed.

The land office has made a list of holdings, covering in the aggregate over three million acres, where the office has full information of illegal fencing by cattlemen. In these cases action will be taken at once by the government. The chief sinner is Colorado, where 2,660,000 acres are illegally held. The total spoken of does not represent by any means the full extent of the evil. It is supposed that more than thirty million acres altogether are subject to the proclamation, and the land office will have those more remote and extensive grabs investigated as soon as possible. Evidently the office has a big job on its hands.

Secretary Manning deserves the thanks of the traveling community for his order published to-day, under which returning tourists can have their baggage sent in bond to any port of entry. This action takes away one of the worst plagues of travel, the customs flurry at New York. Under the new system the traveler from this city, for instance, can have his baggage checked on the steamship and delivered here, where the examination for dutiable articles will be made by an officer detailed by the collector of the port of Georgetown. Thus all annoyance and delay at the wharf in New York may be avoided.

The U. S. Monitor Wyandotte, which has been the receiving ship at the Washington navy-yard for some time past, was put out of commission yesterday and her place taken by the Dale. It is probable that the Wyandotte will be sent to City Point, Va., to join the rest of the monitors, but a number of prominent naval officers are desirous that she be retained at the Washington navy yard.

Special for the CARBON ADVOCATE.

AMERICAN LANDMARKS.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Aug. 12, '85.

A cold, disagreeable rain has been falling since morning. Thro' the old-fashioned window of my cosey little room I can look out across the foamy water of the St. Lawrence and see the old stone wind mill, which was occupied by the Polish exile, Van Shultz, during the battle of "Wind Mill Point" in the Patriot war of 1838.

A cheery fire of hickory wood is burning in the quint old fireplace, and nothing save the crackle of the embers and the rapid strokes of two pens break the dreamy silence of our pleasant quarters.

Seated at a table near my own is a young man busily engaged in writing, only raising his eyes occasionally from his M. S. to look out upon the white-capped waves of the river that are dashed up against the small dock beneath our very windows. He is indeed a very singular young man, and in introducing him to my readers it is my purpose only to state such facts regarding his past history as is necessary to give him the appearance of a tangible reality instead of presenting him in the garb of a being of fiction. Since my earliest remembrance he has followed me like a shadow. His existence began at so nearly the same time as my own that we have never been able to decide which one of us was the senior. Whatever I have done he has attempted. And now as I travel from place to place, in my present work, I am not surprised to still find him my *compagnon de voyage*.

Isle Royal, or "Chimney Island," as it is more commonly called, lies about five miles below this place, in the St. Lawrence river, and on the American side of the boundary line. During the occupation of Canada by the French it was strongly fortified, and the high embankments and walls of the forts may still be seen from the decks of passing steamers.

In the month of August, 1760, it was besieged and taken by Gen. Putnam. On the night before the capitulation a large amount of government treasure held by the French commandant was buried here, and at the present time it is no uncommon thing in visiting the place in the morning, to find large excavations that have been made during the night by some fanciful adventurer in the hope of becoming the possessor of the rich treasure which in all probability actually lies hidden beneath the ruins of this desolate old spot.

The many tales which are told of this place had a powerful attraction for Simon; so much so that despite my persuasions to the contrary, he set out at an early hour yesterday with the purpose of visiting the island.

During a period of his early boyhood Simon was so unfortunate as to fall a victim to a severe attack of cholera morbus, which very unhappily went to his brain, or more definitely to his imagination, and since that time, on the annual return of the cucumber season, he is afflicted with serious flights of the fancy, and to such a degree, that the inspiration of such a place as he was now visiting is liable to work sad havoc with his entire intellectual apparatus. It was for this reason that my apprehensions were not in the least consoling, when, as it began to grow dark, he did not return. I despatched a searching party to the island, but no traces of him were found, and not until the sun was far up in the heavens on the following day, did he make his appearance. On his return he declined all inquiries regarding his nocturnal experiences and set himself at once about writing the following M. S.:

"I set foot on Isle Royal believing in the things of this earth, which I had seen, and trusting in God and the Angels, which I had not seen. I left it, believing in the spirits which I saw, and doubting whether I had ever seen any earth at all.

In consequence of much traveling about among the ruins of the fort, I was exceeding weary, and about the hour of noon I laid myself down beneath a large tree to rest. I soon fell into a drowsy state akin to sleep, and yet not sleep, and as I continued in this state, an aged man approached me, dressed in a strange costume, and singing as he came,

Child of earth there is no sleep
In our palace 'neath the deep,
Where thro' days of radiless pleasure
Seek we for the hidden treasure.

I arose and followed him. He led the way into the old building, which is the best preserved, and approaching the old fireplace, laid his hands against the walls, which swung out as a door, revealing a cavernous archway which led downward for a great distance, and at the end of which I discerned an exceedingly spacious and brilliantly lighted room. The walls of the fireplace closed heavily behind us, and we hastened downward. As we neared the dazzling apartment below, which now became more distinct, I heard a chorus of most melodious voices singing:

Far beneath the restless waters,
Deep below the island's crest,
Is the home of happy spirits,
Where to toil is but to rest.

We soon entered this subterranean palace, where a most wonderful sight met my eyes. A group of smiling maidens, possessed of more than earthly beauty, gathered around me, but even this could not distract my attention from the resplendent surroundings. The walls were composed of a series of archways, high and massive, and glittered like burnished gold. The floors were made of a substance of such transparency that far below could be seen the play of streamers that sparkled beneath the brilliant glare of golden chandeliers that were suspended from the fantastically carved walls above.

We soon moved onward into a still more entrancing apartment, where a throng of the same angelic creatures that I had just seen, were preparing a banquet, while they sang:

Spirits of the earth and water
Now we make our festive time;
Let the notes of joy and sorrow
Mingle in the merry chime.

But there was still another room beyond, and as we entered this place I was overawed by the grandeur and regal dignity of the surroundings. The entire room was draped in a rich purple and adorned by the glitter of many precious stones. Here there was no light save the sparkle of the diamonds, and in the farther end of the spacious saloon I could just discern a beautiful throne on which sat his majesty, who was indeed the Prince of Darkness. Suddenly, as if by an electric flash, the place became ablaze with the light of a thousand lamps, and a mighty procession of grotesque forms entered the room, bearing with them a ponderous casket filled with bright coin, which they deposited at the feet of the King. This being done they formed themselves into strange figures, singing in a wild unearthly chant, as they whirled thro' this phantom dance:

Dance ye all a merry measure
As we count the hidden treasure,
Let the cavern palace ring
As we dance before the king.

At a signal from the monarch the dancing ceased and the revelers were seated. Then my very heart seemed turning to stone, for in the dreadful silence that followed the ghoulish eyes of all were turned upon me. Presently one of his subjects advanced from his seat, and taking me by the arm, led me very near to the king, who addressed me as follows: 'Beggar of earth, the price of the hidden treasure is thy blood! Thro' this sacrifice thou becomest the common possessor of our wealth.' The deep tones of his voice echoed away through the sepulchral halls of the palace, and then from all tongues came this solemn chant:

Pilgrim of the upper realm,
Pay the tribute thou dost owe;
Thou art human here as there,
Till thy human blood doth flow.

As the notes of this anthem died away a maiden of wondrous beauty advanced toward me, bearing in her hand a gleaming sword, and demanded of me that I bare my breast and receive the thrust that should drain the fountain of my human existence and leave me as one of their numbers.

What passed from that moment on, my lips can never reveal, and in conclusion I have only this to say, that the entire treasury of a hundred nations would not induce me to again visit 'Chimney Island.'"

SIMON.

Broadbrim's New York Letter.

Special to the CARBON ADVOCATE.

It is nearly sixty years since Robert Malthus gave to the world his great work on Political Economy, in which he broaches a number of principles which have made his name famous among the philosophers of these latter days; and the more we think the matter over the more we are inclined to believe that Malthus and Martineau were right. For years past I have been trying to figure out the intimate family connection between poverty and population. I walk about this city, and in the neighborhoods where poverty and crime abound, children swarm like the locusts of Egypt. The other day I took a stroll through the streets that radiate from the Five Points. The point of radiation is Paradise Park, though why it is so called I confess I cannot tell; only the conclusion is forced upon you, that Paradise and Sheol are not very far apart. It is almost exactly in the centre of the Sixth Ward, a ward of unsavory reputation for a century past, and which to-day contains more thieves and bad characters to the square foot than any other ward in the city. The lowest refuse of our foreign population is here; it is the stronghold of the Italians and Chinese. In all of these streets the children swarm by the thousands. I stood leaning against a lamp-post on the corner of Mott and Bayard streets, and I counted, in groups of five and ten, one hundred and eighty-six children, the oldest of whom could not have been over ten years of age. None of them were well clad and clean; many of them were in rags and dirty; but it is vacation now and and all the children are in the streets. I go along the Fifth avenue and the streets that branch from it on Murray Hill, among the brown stone and marble palaces where Dives dwells and Croesus lives, and I scarcely meet a child, and those I do meet are like hot-house plants, and the nurse that accompanies them seems to be afraid that the winds of Heaven may visit their faces too roughly. The gutter-snipes of the slums, turned adrift on the streets in the early morning, unwashed, unkempt and uncared for, are growing up in our midst by hundreds of thousands, and we are forced to ask ourselves what is going to become of them. Certain it is that no power in our midst as yet has grappled successfully with this important question.

It is supposed that the christian church is doing much for their welfare, but here is a plain statement staring us in the face. In the city of New York there are about four hundred places of various kinds dedicated to public worship; some of these will only seat a couple of hundred, being held by religious and semi-religious societies in rooms or halls; very few will hold a thousand, and there are five or six that might possibly hold two thousand; but the four hundred places of worship if full to overflowing would not contain two hundred and fifty thousand of our people, leaving eleven hundred and fifty thousand unprovided with the means of spiritual grace. If I except the Catholic churches, none of our churches are full. In the Methodist and Presbyterian churches where once there was scarcely a seat to be had there are dozens of empty pews. This is partially attributable to the habit of having star preachers. When the clerical star preaches the church is full, and when he is away the church is empty. It does not matter who the star is if he is only a star. It may be Harrison the boy preacher, who by the way, is rather old for a boy, or the Reverend Sam Jones, or Parson Newman—the people will turn out. Apropos of Parson Newman: The day after the obsequies he preached in the Nostrand Avenue Methodist Church in Brooklyn. For an hour before the service began it was impossible to get inside the church. The attendance on General Grant has given the Reverend Doctor a boom, which will no doubt be money in his purse, if he desires to enter the lecture field this winter. It is generally believed that Dr. Newman is pretty well tired of Methodist itinerancy, and if an opportunity is afforded him of an independent church, New York might be honored by his presence and profited by his scholarship. But to return to the subject on which I started: What are we to do with the children of the poor? The trades' unions close their gates upon them; no reputable merchant or store-keeper feels like putting them in charge of his goods while surrounded with such evil associations. We keep enlarging our prisons, but not fast enough to hold the increase of juvenile criminals. Again, I ask, What are we to do with these swarms of poor uncared-for children? I give it up. Let him answer it who can.

We have had a most singular experience in business. The week before General Grant's funeral there was almost an entire suspension of business, but this week the sales have been enormous. There has been unusual activity in every department of trade, and it is accounted for in this way; The funeral brought many thousands of merchants to the city, and those who were expecting to come postponed the orders that they would otherwise have sent by mail or express, and those who arrived before the funeral spent the first few days in sight-seeing, and put off business till the funeral was over.

It is wonderful the number of visitors to General Grant's tomb. Every countryman who comes to town considers it a sacred obligation to make a pilgrimage to Riverside Park. The weather has been exceedingly trying, but it does not make the slightest difference in the crowd. With the providential foresight of the average country tourist, they come prepared, not with the wretched lunch of the average New Yorker, which will probably consist of a ham sandwich, some schweitzer kase and a bottle of beer. Our country cousin brings a good-sized basket or valise, and in it is a cold roast chicken, three or four different kinds of cake, some hard-boiled eggs, nice sandwiches, doughnuts and crullers, a pot of currant jelly, and other little delicacies too numerous to mention. You can see them scattered about in every direction, very hungry, very tired, and yet entirely satisfied with the trip. All the railroads leading to Riverside are reaping a rich harvest. The location of General Grant's tomb at these grounds is worth, to the railroads, the price of a national monument. It may be that most of our rich men are out of town enjoying themselves, so that the monument fund has not swelled in the rapid proportion that was expected. There is no kind of doubt, however, that as soon as our capitalists get back sufficient funds will be raised at once to complete a monument to the dead hero which will be an honor to the state and the nation.

Don't be astonished the next time you visit New York if you see one-half of our male population encased in knee-breeches like our great-great grandfathers; and Broadbrim asks, Why not? We are on the very eve of a dress revolution. We poked sticks at Oscar Wilde and his velvet knee-breeches, but the bread he cast upon the waters has returned after many days, and the sharp gentlemen who poked fun at Oscar will have to take it all back, and I should not be at all surprised to see the whole of them sporting about in knee-breeches before the fall is over.

The Bicycle Clubs are so numerous—and have found that form of dress so comfortable, that knee breeches are no longer strangers to our streets. Our shifters, our cousins, and our aunts are now displaying their arms through all sorts of delusive little lace sleeves, which are the merest apology for a covering. Along our streets at the present time you can see arms of every size from a pipe stem to a well rounded shoulder of mutton. Our young men are beginning to travel on their muscle, so they can't very well display their arms like their sisters—they appear determined to show their calves. The great advantage of this display is that you can do a little judicious padding without the fear of detection. This, I presume, is the reason that numbers of our golden youth walk about the streets in their Bicycle suits, and I must say that the display of calf is very creditable. As matters are going I expect to add knee breeches to my next spring suit. I have always thought that the principal charms of the picture of Washington, were his noble head and his knee breeches. By all means let us have the knickerbockers.

Jay Gould showed his hand on Thursday, and Wabash that has been dead as a salt mackerel for months, suddenly took a flirt up, and almost doubled itself in twenty-four hours. Is the little man going to unload, as he has often done before; I don't know myself, but I do know that it will be quite safe to let Wabash common and Wabash preferred alone. They are both loaded with millions, which will never be paid. The man who goes in for a flyer on Wabash deserves to lose his money.

Brooklyn has been convulsed by a day light murder. A stepson assassinated his stepfather. The story is not a pleasant one; while assassination is one of the meanest of crimes, yet, in this case it might have been expected. The murdered man was a brute of vile associations, and the unfortunate boy was brought up among them. He saw crime unrebuked in the family, and became a thief, then a murderer, and is now on his way to States prison or the gallows.

The weather has been ranging in the nineties, and decidedly cyclonic.

BROADBRIM.

The Coal Industry in the Lehigh Valley.

A special despatch of the 17th inst., from the Lehigh region, to the Philadelphia *Times*, says: The Lehigh Valley Railroad Company is rapidly becoming a power in the coal trade. Prominent anthracite producers stoutly maintain that the corporation will, within a short time, be a ruling spirit in the coal trade world. The Lehigh Valley Coal Company, an offspring of the railroad company, has vast and very prolific anthracite possessions in the Lehigh, Wyoming, Lackawanna and other districts that are situated in localities within easy communication with the lines of railroad owned, controlled and operated by the railroad company. The agents of the Lehigh Valley corporation are quietly purchasing new and valuable territory, and the production of coal is swelling to enormous proportions, the weekly output being many thousands of tons of the very highest grades or fuel. The operations of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company are extending into the semi-bituminous and bituminous regions of Central Pennsylvania.

The 40,000 acres of coal land in the Snow Shoe district of the Clearfield region, recently acquired, is being rapidly developed. This property is now producing and shipping an amount daily equaling 350,000 tons per year, the shipments being made over the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad to Lock Haven, where it is transferred to the Philadelphia and Erie railroad tracks and carried to Sunbury, thence by the Northern Central road to Mount Carmel, where it is transferred to the Lehigh Valley. The company have also erected 150 coke ovens on the Snow Shoe lands, the product of which is disposed of to the different manufactories along the Lehigh Valley road.

Certain late transactions give deep color to the truth of the stories that an alliance will be formed between the Pennsylvania and Lehigh Valley companies at no distant period to make a grand scoop of the main portion of the anthracite mining, shipping and carrying business, and the proposed movement is beginning to be regarded with intense interest by the operators and shippers, the latter being annoyed by the practices pursued by some of the New York corporations and the Philadelphia and Reading Company. It is generally believed a combination of the Pennsylvania and Lehigh Valley companies would result beneficially to the coal industry.

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Aug 22—1m.

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On The Loss of
MANHOOD

A lecture on the nature, treatment and radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D.

The world renowned author, in this admirable lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self Abuse may be effectually removed without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

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M. C. EBBECKE,
606 HAMILTON STREET,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
August 22—3m

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 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.

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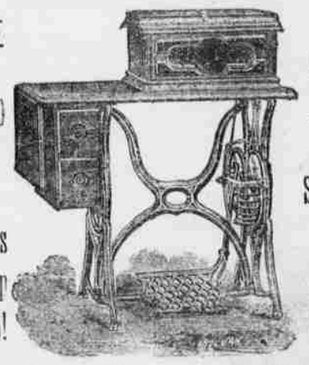

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