

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

THE THIRD TERM—WHAT IS IT?

Not many years ago Barnum, the great showman, had such a wonderful success that it became known as the celebrated "What is it?" It was ambitious enough to start a political show in Carbon county and put the "Third Term" under his canvas as the greatest political novelty in the world...

In relation to the office of Prothonotary I wish to make a special observation. I find upon inquiry, that in the majority of the counties of this State, men have held that office for three terms, and in many cases even for four...

How then can the people be benefited by putting an untrained and inexperienced man in such a critical office every three or six years? It does not think that the Carbon County Bar will disagree with me when I say that there is not a lawyer at the bar that knows a particle more about law, custom, forms of procedure, and the proper methods of issuing the numerous writs, and generally performing the duties of the office of Prothonotary, to fill the position.

It is fair to ask any man who objects to vote for an experienced, qualified and honest man, like Mr. Esser, for his reason. If he has no other reason than because it is for the "Third Term," then he surely ought to go to Barnum's political show and see the "What is it," so that he could explain himself to his friends.

I have shown you that the "Third Term" is not against any rule, practice or custom of the Democratic party, indeed that party is in favor of it, and has been since the foundation of the government. But some opponents of the "Third Term," unaccustomed to reasoning and discrimination, may say in reply, Didn't the Democrats raise a "great howl" when Gen. U. S. Grant was mentioned for President the third time? In answer certainly the Democrats did that very thing, and so did that class of Republican leaders who wanted the office themselves. But you must not forget that there is a vast difference between a local office and that of President of the United States.

Those people, if any there be, in Carbon county, who are opposed to Mr. Esser for Clerk of our Courts, probably have "Cesarism" on the brain from the presidential campaign of 1880. This "Third Term" is not the trick to urge against a man in office, by some other fellow who wants it himself, but after that it is no good and ought to be dropped, because it is nonsense in the highest degree. The "Third Term" has been given to honest and able men all over the Union at all times and places, and especially in this true of the Prothonotary's office.

I heard a business man use the following argument against the "Third Term," to wit: "I believe in giving everybody a chance—two terms is long enough for one man—if you keep one man in office all the time we can't find out what kind of material there is in the party." To justice to the business man who said it, I hasten to add that it was made before the nomination of Mr. Esser, and it looks neat and clean in the face if you don't analyze it. But would that same business man, if he had men in his employ who by long years of honest service had earned and obtained his confidence, discharge or dismiss them from his service simply to give others a chance and to find out what kind of other material there is among the people of the world. That same business man has such men in his employ, and I know he would not think of discharging them for the purpose of making a business experiment. No business man in the world would think of doing such an unbusiness-like thing.

Broadbrim's New York Letter.

Special to the Carbon Advocate.

Where the great Brooklyn Bridge crosses Pearl street is a little space called Franklin Square. It is said that Franklin when a traveling "jour," wandered into Broadbrim's printing office, which stood near this spot. It is not a Square, as its name would indicate, nor a circle, nor a triangle, nor a hypobolus, but one of those indecipherable figures for which geometry finds no name but irregular. The Franklin Square of to-day is not the Franklin Square of fifty years ago—or a hundred years ago, for matter of that—when Franklin Square, which was then embraced in "The Maiden's Walk," was one of the fashionable sauntering places of the city.

Here the lovers of a hundred years ago met their sweethearts on the banks of the beautiful Crook or lake, and crossing the "Lovers' Bridge," they never failed to claim a lover's privilege, to which the crossing of the "Lovers' Bridge" entitled them, and they wandered into the green fields along the Bowers Lane, picking the cowslips and the daisies, and perchance finding—after anxious search—some of the good flowers of a four-leafed clover. Right under the bridge was the house in which Thomas Jefferson lived when he was Secretary of State, and General, and Minister to France, and a near neighbor, and across the way were the lodgings of Tom Paine; and it was here that Tallmadge found quarters when driven a exile from his native land. This is the fashionable French quarter, and this in all probability decided Mr. Jefferson in selecting it for his abode.

But I find I have wandered away from Franklin Square. On the west side is the great publishing house of the Harpers, whose names are known wherever civilization has obtained a foothold. One after another the Brothers pass away, but the business goes on without a perceptible hitch, turning out its hundreds of millions of papers, books, and newspapers, and its various forms of human knowledge. From here go forth Harpers' Bazaar, and on the opposite side of the street, and almost directly under the bridge, is the office of the Police Gazette, a sheet devoted to the reporting of crime and its various phases; its proprietor, an Irishman by the name of Fox, by pauperizing the criminal classes has accumulated a large fortune. He is now being hauled to the world over to find some ruffian to sing the sinner Sullivan, but up to this time the man has not been found. To show the world that he is a nefarious business man, Mr. Fox was recently a defendant in a divorce case, and when it came to the question of alimony Mrs. Fox testified that her husband's income was \$200,000 a year. The interior of the office is elegantly fitted up, and in Mr. Fox's private sanctum is a magnificent chess table, and on the walls and other trophies for prize fights and sports of like character. It is at this office that the Harpers' Bazaar, and deposit stakes and make arrangements for prize fights, and here the latest and most reliable reports of such affairs are to be found. The proprietor of this sheet recently married a widow, Johnny Dwyer, the prize fighter, who was made co-respondent in his divorce case with his first wife.

Immediately under the bridge is the building formerly occupied by Firth & Hall, the great music publishing house of many years ago. As late as forty years ago it was the popular music publishing house of the United States, and here our mothers used to come for "Wooden shoes that Free," "The Moon on the Lake in Belgium," and all those delightful ballads that make up our children's happiest memories. The New York end of the great Bridge runs over the Swamp which, for a century and a half, has been the home of the farmers. This is the great leather mart of the United States, and here can be found almost all ready-made shoes of every kind of pull from a rat skin to a very plush's hide. Many of the staunchest firms in the Swamp are Quakers, the business being descended from father to son for more than a century.

Speaking of the Brooklyn Bridge, it is one of the finest points for general observation in the city. Under your feet is the river, related to your life, and on either side of you are the rushing trains, bearing between the two cities sixty or seventy thousand people a day. To the west of the river stands the beautiful island of which stands the magnificent pedestal for Liberty Bell, which is the New York World's great attraction. The New York World is still a great success, and still far beyond, in bold relief against the sky, the Orange Mountain of New Jersey. To the north rises the great City, with its million and a half of souls and its fifteen hundred millions of treasure. Here and there some mighty building rises its head above the dingy fellows. One of the most prominent is the ugly Tribune building, and beyond that the Post Office building and the great Western Union Telegraph Co., the Mutual Life Insurance Co.; the great building of the Standard Oil Co., and farther the square tower of the Produce Exchange. At most opposite is the City Hall building, erected over Washington's headquarters, on the corner of the Battery and the Bowling Green. One thing strikes the old New Yorker sadly, and that is the change in everything. The splendid openness of Broadway, with its mighty buildings and its costly stores, are to him no compensation for the old-time memories when the city was not a title as rich nor a quarter as populous. Modern improvements are daily destroying the old landmarks, and in a few years scarcely any that have the slightest historical interest will remain. We are beginning to feel the effects of an easy Fall. Everybody has got over

New Advertisements.

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Election Proclamation.

Pursuant to an act of General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act relating to the Elections in this Commonwealth," approved the 2nd day of July, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, and a further supplement to that Act, approved January 20th, 1874, I, Charles W. Lentz, Sheriff of the County of Carbon, Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that on the FIRST TUESDAY AFTER THE FIRST MONDAY OF NOVEMBER, being the

FROM WASHINGTON

From our Regular Correspondent. WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 26, '85. The Washington people look forward to a gay social season this winter. As the general consequence the first year of a new administration, but they are not quite sure that President Cleveland will contribute very much to the social brilliancy. He has given such unmistakable evidence of quiet tastes that the people who expect the White House to be the centre of society very much fear that the impetus for social splendor will have to be sought elsewhere. Some people insist that the President must do a great deal of entertaining in order to get acquainted with people and to learn something about society. But the President has left his purpose to the conjecture of those interested, and has yet given no intimation of what he will do. Since he has occupied the White House he has persistently refrained from accepting invitations to receptions and other social affairs, having gone out but twice. Miss Cleveland has shown the same disposition, preferring to live quietly and without the glare of society. She went out but little in the Spring, having with her as guests some friends from New York. When she returns about October 10, she will be accompanied by her mother, who will remain with her the greater part of the season. As far as known, there will be no social occurrences of note at the White House this winter. The President does not, it is asserted, care for banquets or dinner parties, and the usual State dinner will be given to the members of the cabinet and society dignitaries. She went out but little in the Spring, having with her as guests some friends from New York. When she returns about October 10, she will be accompanied by her mother, who will remain with her the greater part of the season. As far as known, there will be no social occurrences of note at the White House this winter.

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