The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Jr Publisher. INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live." $1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. XIII., No 51. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1885. If not paid in advance, $1.25

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H. V. MORTHIMER, jr., Publisher.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE:—The room recently occupied by W. M. Rapsher.
BANK STREET, - LEHIGHTON, PA.
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The above named book of near 100 pages by DR. SHOEMAKER, the well-known experienced Aural Surgeon, will be sent free to any address. Every family should have this Book. The book is illustrated, and fully explains in plain language all
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Dec. 6, 1884.1y*

HOTELS AND DEIRY

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The CARBON HOUSE offers first-class accommodations to the Traveling public, Boarding by the Day or Week on Reasonable Terms. Choice Cigars, Wines and Liquors always on hand. Good Sheds and Stables, with attentive Hostlers, attached. April 10-y1.

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This well known hotel is admirably refitted, and has the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent tables and the very best liquors. Also fine stables attached. Sept. 16-y1.

BY THE SEA!
The Stockton, Atlantic City, N. J. Corner Maryland and Atlantic avenues, one of the finest seaside resorts in the country, is now open for the reception of guests. The facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, &c., are unexcelled. Terms liberal KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. Mention this paper.

D. J. KISTLER
Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE in connection with his hotel, and is prepared to furnish Teams for
Funerals Weddings or Business Trips
on shortest notice and most liberal terms. All orders left at the "Carbon House" will receive prompt attention. Stable on North Street, next the hotel, Lehighton. 1m22-y1

Go to THOMAS' DRUG STORE
For PURE DRUGS and PATENT MEDICINES, Wall Papers and Borders, a fine assortment. Toilet Soaps, and Perfumery, Hair and Cloth Brushes, and all articles usually kept in first-class Drug Stores. Prescriptions compounded with care. Dunling's Old Stand, Bank Street, Lehighton, Penn'a.

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Respectfully announces to the merchants of Lehighton and others that he is prepared to do all kinds of
Hauling of Freight, Express Matter and Baggage
at very reasonable prices. By prompt attention to all orders he hopes to merit a share of public patronage. Residence, corner of Pine and Iron Street, Lehighton, Pa.
Orders for hauling left at C. M. Sweeny & Son's store will receive prompt attention.
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Oct. 12, 1884 3m.

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CONVEYANCER,
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The following Companies are Represented:
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WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the
TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief detective and Insurance Company.
March 29, 1879 THOS. KEMERER

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5.00 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. dec. 20—1y

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Latest Styles, made and put up, if desired.
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No. 61 Broadway, Mauch Chunk, Pa.,
Below the Broadway House.

$200 000 in presents given away. Send us five cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me. Dec 10-1y

Subscribe for the ADVOCATE, only $1 per year.

A PRESENT!
Our readers for 12 cents in postage stamps to pay for mailing and wrapping and names of two book agents, will receive FREE a Steel Finish Parlor Engraving of all OUR PRESIDENTS, including CLEVELAND, size 22 x 28 inches worth $4 00
Address Elder Pub Co., Chicago, Ill.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 cts.

—To the victors belong all the spoils they can get.

—Burglars deeds are dark because they always "light out."

—The man born in a cabin may some day name a cabinet.

—You can't size up an orator by the dimensions of his mouth.

Castor Oil.

One of the chief uses to which castor oil is now put is that of dressing and softening leather for boots. It was formerly used for dosing children whose stomachs were disordered. And an awful dose it was. Now we give suffering children Brown's Iron Bitters, which tones the stomach, regulates digestion, and imparts strength to the whole body. Brown's Iron Bitters is incomparably better than castor oil and more pleasant to take.

—The fool who kills himself never mistakes the wrong person.

—Nothing tries the soul of man more than a shoe peg.

—The toper demonstrates the motto that "there is always rum at the top."

Curious to think that desks and chairs kill people, but they do. Taken in large quantities office furniture is as fatal as yellow fever. We sit and write ourselves away. Sedentary habits produce constipation; that begets dyspepsia; rheumatism and kidney trouble follow in their train, and death ends the chapter. You whose lives are passed over desks and in the confined air of offices ought to keep Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" always on hand for the stomach and brain.

—Ambition is a vacuum that will never be filled.

—Envy is an acknowledgment of the fortune of others.

—The key to a good situation is not whiskey.

For earache, toothache, sore throat, swelled neck and the results of cold and inflammation, use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—the great pain destroyer.

—When you see a woman meekly obey her husband you can be sure of one or two things—she is either afraid of him or she is working him for a new bonnet.

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 engraving 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 copying 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 328, Chicago, Ill. Aug. 15-w-16.

—Someone wants to know what is more disagreeable "than a woman with a crying baby." We have an idea that the answer to this is "the baby."

Thousands of men fail in life for purely physical reasons. They are not torpid but their liver is, and their liver blocks the way. They are bilious, yellow skinned, headachy and miserable, all because that great gland declines to do its work. The medicine that can restore to this organ to its natural power will add one hundred per cent. to the available force of this world. We know of but one thing able to do this—Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

—Several young ladies have been appointed station agents in Minesota, and the engineers are keeping a sharp lookout for misplaced switches.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., writes: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years, my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by T. D. Thomas.

—Do not measure a man by the length of his funeral possession. A lone hearse often contains the remains of a very decent man.

Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters.

Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram shop beverage. But are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, cleanse the blood and system of every impurity. Sold by druggists, $1.00. At Thomas' drug store.

—A woman writer says that when a girl cries, "Let me alone!" she does not mean it. No well regulated young lady wants to be left alone.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblands, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box, at T. D. Thomas'.

—It is always the man's fault when he becomes a drunkard. Drink never takes to a man. The man takes to drink.

Dr. Frazer's Magic Ointment.

A sure cure for all boils, burns, sores, cuts, flesh wounds, sore nipple, hard and soft corns, chapped lips and hands. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists. Williams M'f'g. Co., Prop's., Cleveland, O. Sold by Thomas, the druggist.

—The hopochondriac who long for a home in the family vault may be said to have a vaulting ambition.

—Advertise with us! We have the largest circulation of any paper in the county.

—Wheresoever a cholera morbus case is gathered together there look for watermelon.

RED STAR COUGH CURE
TRADE MARK.
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.
At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

BLOOD-MONEY.

BY WILD BIRD.

At ease, in his glory the runseller ate,
Nor cared for the cost of his viands and plate.
His wife shone in silks, and her jewels were bright,
He thought not, nor cared for the terrible blight
Of his customer's home, where poverty fed
On crusts in the gloom; and no warm, downy bed
Was left for the weary ones resting on straw;
His heart was too cold for sweet Pity to thaw.
The angel looked sadly about him and said:
"This wealth is all blood-money; bloody and red."

A delicate cup of old Java's delight
Stood 'mong the pure china so pearly and bright;
He sips of his coffee delicious with cream
And Cuba's best sugar; how fragrant the steam!
The steak rare and tender gives flavor as sweet
As Solomon tasted in glory complete.
But still spoke the angel in warning and said:
"Tis all bought with blood-money, bloody and red!"

The pie was of mince, rich with sweets from the isles,
The spices Malacca had nourished with smiles.
The hot rolls were tender, the butter like gold;
But still spoke the angel in whisper so bold:
"The table is cursed; ah, most bitterly cursed!
'Tis bought with the serpent that murders with thirst."
Stern was his look as with anguish he said;
"Tis all bought with blood-money, bloody and red!"

The runseller heard not, but leaned in his chair,
And thought of his customers jolly and fair;
Whose nerves were still firm, who could pour down the wine,
And praise his strong brandy; their wealth was a mine:
And from it he hoped his great coffers to fill.
His labor was easy; the worm of the still
Worked ceaseless for him, while God's messenger said:
"Tis blood-money, blood-money, fearfully red!"

He said in his heart, like the rich man of old,
"Take ease, and be merry for silver and gold."
He thought when his coffers with treasures were deep,
His joy would be greater, and sweeter his sleep.
And little he reckoned of the horror to come,
When he should be called from his riches and rum!
But yet the strong angel cried louder, and said:
"The wealth is but blood-money, bloody and red!"

Go through the city, and mark where appears
The blood-money reeking and bring with tears,
O what a sacrifice! for it were given
Both body and soul, and the sweet hope of heaven.
There's a cry! there's a cry from the dark pit of woe!
O my soul! there's a hell where the drunkard must go,
And if he be sent there 'mid terrors untold,
Then what is his doom who destroyed him for gold?

A Mean Advantage.

A sunny head, almost hidden by a white straw hat, was thrust into the open window of the parlor of Dr. Pritchard, a large brick building planted in the vicinity of a newly discovered mineral spring, and a clear voice laughed:

"Shame on you, ladies, for sitting in the house on such a lovely May morning! Just look at my beauties!" displaying a pretty toy of a basket, in which nestled rosy verbenas, big blue violets, and the waxy bells of the wild hyacinth, in charming confusion or profusion. "Take that for your want of taste!"

And she threw a handful of flowers into the room, and sped away with a saucy laugh.

"Oh, that Nora!" sighed Mrs. Drapier, a languid widow, in a blue cashmere wrapper, all cream-colored lace and embroidery.

"She is a combination of exclamation-points and boisterousness," commented Miss Effie Morton, who herself was a combination of die-away prettiness and a jealous disposition, as she spitefully flicked away one of Nora's violets that had fallen on her dress. "And such a hoyden as she is."

"Such a contrast to her father!" mourned Mrs. Drapier, who was more than suspected of having designs on the heart and hand of Mr. Carston, the millionaire widower, who, for his imagined and multitarious ailments, was staying at Dr. Pritchard's with his pretty daughter, Nora.

"Yes, she is a contrast," assented Miss Earle, an heiress, and brunette beauty, looking up from the cardinal silk purse she was beading. "Mr. Carston is an old granny, and Nora is as sweet as a rose, and as pretty as a picture, and full to the finger-tips of vigorous life. The trouble is, you are all jealous of her!"

"The idea!" sniffed the ladies, in simultaneous scorn.

"I wonder what Dr. Branscombe will think of Nora? He has finished attending those medical lectures at St. Thomas's, and will be back this evening to enter into partnership with Doctor Pritchard," added Miss Earle quietly.

"I fancy he won't waste many thoughts on her. He has often said that he admires only womanly women," simpered Miss Morton, who fancied herself a "womanly woman," and consequently the handsome young doctor's ideal, on the strength of her utter ineffectualness and viny clinging to masculinity.

"I fancy he will get enough of her to-night. She is to sing in the concert we got up to celebrate Doctor Pritchard's birthday. We had to ask her, you know. I've never heard her sing, except in hymns on Sundays and at prayers, but I suppose she'll give us "An Awful Little Scrub,' or something of the sort," said Mrs. Drapier.

Miss Earle smiled. She had heard Nora sing.

"Now prepare to be astonished," tittered Miss Morton, beyond her blue ostrich-feather fan, to Doctor Branscombe as she pointed out on the satin programme the announcement—"Song by Miss Carston."

A sudden gleam of admiration shot into Allan's dark eyes as an aurora in rose and silver came lightly and swiftly to the front of the improvised stage.

A tomboy!—this lovely girl with the arch perfection of her face lit by a pair of laughing, topaz eyes, and a shapely "little head running over with curls" of glittering gold.

She clasped her dimpled hands lightly in front of her, and the silver bangles on her round wrists clicked a sweet-noted little overture as she began her song.

It was one of those which have sung their way down the centuries from the time of Shakespeare. As she finished the concluding lines:

"To bid my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow."

She began to tune her merry note unto the sweet bird's throat, and a mad, musical medley twittered, thrilled and warbled through the room, as if all the birds the poet had mentioned in his song were swinging on blossoming sprays and fairly outdoing themselves in their efforts to bid his love the sweetest of good-morrows.

"What an exhibition! I told you she would astonish you," whispered Miss Morton, in the pause that followed the rapturous encore.

"I am astonished! I had expected nothing like this," assented Allan, with a quizzical twinkle in his handsome eyes.

"I knew you disapproved of those bold girls, who lay themselves out to gain admiration—so far—so very far from one's idea of a womanly woman!" cooed Miss Morton, pluming her frizzly, fashionable little head.

"Can't you see," mused Allan, in wonder, "that any man's idea of a womanly woman is one who is full of sweetness, brightness and fire, like Miss Carston, instead of an envious little Parsian image like herself!"

But "none so blind as those who won't see!" and Effie Morton's sleep was sweetened that night by the thought that one more link was forged in the chain that bound Allan to her, while Allan's dreams were all of Nora.

Love is the one miracle worker yet alive, and it was not long before Allan's heart, that till now had never throbbed faster for a woman's sake, was irrevocably in Nora's keeping.

"But she shall never know it," resolved Allan. "Her father is worth a million, and I am poor."

But such resolutions are made only to be broken. Allan met Nora returning from one of her favorite flower-quests, with briar-rose vines, studded thick with buds and blooms, hanging from her arms, and she looked so sweet that all his heart rushed to his lips, and he told her that he loved her.

"I am so glad! for I love you," said Nora simply, the great, sweet eyes shining like golden-brown stars for joy.

And then Allan forgot for a while that Nora was rich and he was poor.

But as they neared the doctor's he faltered:

"What will your father say?"

"Let's go and see!" laughed Nora. "He might refuse you if you went alone, but he never refused me anything in my life. I can wind him around my little finger!" holding up a dimpled digit triumphantly.

So the two presented themselves before Mr. Carston like a runaway couple coming to beg the paternal blessing.

But during Allan's appeal, Mr. Carston stiffened visibly, and when it was finished he sat bolt upright, as if a ramrod had usurped the place of his spine, and gave a polite but stern refusal.

"Oh, papa! aren't you ashamed of yourself!" exclaimed Nora, turning wide, reproachful eyes upon him.

And thereupon followed a sweet storm of blandishments and prayers, that softened Mr. Carston no more than a storm of roses would have softened a rock.

"I have always let you have your own way, Nora; but to do so now, would be to wreck my own ambition and your lifelong happiness. I intend to take you abroad next winter, and who knows but you may marry a nobleman?" argued Mr. Carston.

"I don't want to marry a nobleman, and I do want to marry Allan!" pouted Nora.

"I can't allow it, so let us drop the subject. All this excitement will bring on a fit of palpitation of the heart," said Mr. Carston, gasping elaborately, and reaching for his smelling-salts.

"Never mind, dear, it will all come out right at last," consoled Nora, through her tears, as she followed Allan into the hall.

"How?" demanded Allan, gloomily

"I don't know; but something will turn up," said Nora, brightly.

And Fortune—slandered goddess!—who must have become soured by the world's distrust, thereupon resolved to reward her for her sweet confidence.

A few days after this, Nora discovered her father exhausting the air from a small receiver, in which lay a withered apple.

"Just look! Isn't it wonderful?" he exclaimed, as Nora peeped over his shoulder, and watched the apple swell to shapely proportions.

"Oh, I've seen that done before in natural philosophy lessons at school!" she said, slightingly.

"Well, this is the principal of Doctor Pritchard's celebrated vacuum treatment. The patient sits in the box, and the air is exhausted. The patient swells, something after the manner of this apple, and nerve force is thereby liberated and the circulation of the blood established. Tompkins says it has done him immense good. I mean to try it to-morrow," said Mr. Carston, beaming with satisfaction.

"Oh, don't papa! What if you should BURST?" exclaimed Nora, in a horrified voice.

"Of course the exhaustion of air is not to be carried too far," soothed her father.

"But don't do it! I know it won't do you any good!" urged Nora. "You know you had fumes of sulphuric acid pumped into your lungs till you said you felt as if you had swallowed a volcano. And then that electric bath! You got so charged with electricity that you jerked about at the dinner table as if you had the St. Vitus's dance, and upset your soup all over Mrs. Drapier's old gold silk. I wouldn't try any more of these dangerous experiments."

"This is another thing altogether. Nora. The principle is delightful! I shall try it to-morrow," said Mr. Carston, firmly.

The next morning, as Allan was passing through the upper story of the house, he heard groans, shrieks and prayers proceeding from one of the rooms.

"Ah, some poor wretch is taking the treatment!" he mused. "I must see that he doesn't stay in too long. Pritchard's rule of the same time for every one is pretty inflexible."

He opened the door to go in. Then, as he saw a well-known head, stepped back, chuckling wickedly, to where he could view the scene unobserved.

Mr. Carston did not seem to find the principle of the vacuum treatment so delightful in its practical working as it had seemed when viewed abstractedly.

His hair stood on end with fright, like an iron-gray aureole; his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, and the rubber band tightened around his neck as the operator worked the air pumps vigorously.

"Oh! ouf! ah-h-h-h! Stop! You're killing me," he shrieked and sputtered.

"The old doctor said as how I was to keep you in the full time, sir," responded the servant implacably.

"I'll give you fifty pounds—I'll give you a hundred—I'll give you my diamond studs if you'll let me out."

"Time ain't up yit, sir?" answered the incorruptible servant, looking at the clock.

"Branscombe — my dear fellow!" gasped the sufferer, catching sight of Allan in the entrance, "let me out! I'm choking! I'm dying! Hurry!"

A brilliant idea darted into Allan's mind. In Mr. Carston's extremity he saw his own opportunity. Why not make Nora the price of her father's release?

"Give your consent to my marriage with Nora, and I will release you immediately, otherwise you shall stay in till the last second!" said Allan, approaching nearer.

"You shall never have Nora!" exclaimed Mr. Carston, with a grasp of defiance.

"Very well," said Allan, turning as if to leave.

The servant went on pumping. The band tightened around Mr. Carston's neck, like a rubber boa-constrictor. His heart thumped harder, his head swam more dizzily, and his breath became more labored.

If I should die, she'd marry him a week after my funeral," he thought, and gasped almost inarticulately, "Take her and let me out!"

Allan thrust aside the man at the pump-handle, undid the complicated fastenings of the box, and his future father-in-law dropped limply into his arms.

After he had revived his patient with fans and sal-volatile, Allan flew to find Nora.

"I told you that something would turn up," she said, with an enchanting air of triumph, "though it was taking A Mean Advantage."

Asking for Aid.

The managers of St. Luke's Hospital have posted up the following: "On account of the falling off of the Lehigh Valley dividend, St. Luke's Hospital is left in straightened circumstances, and is obliged to appeal to the friends and well-wishers of the institution. At present steam washing machines are absolutely necessary for the laundry, and to obtain them we are obliged to beg subscriptions. Any sum will be thankfully and gratefully received."

—The railing of a cross woman, like the railing of a garden, keeps people at a distance.

THE ART OF GOOD DINING.

How the Table Should be Spread and the Repast Served.

Let the table, when no one is present but the home circle, be the model of what it should be when surrounded by guests. Lay a piece of Canton flannel under your table-cloth. Even coarse napery will look a much better quality with a sub-cover than it spread directly over the bare table top.

Avoid the cheap trick of hotels and restuarants in the arrangement of napkins and table utensils. Simplicity is never rediculous, while pretension usually is. Place the napkins on the left side of the plate with a piece of bread in its folds, the fork on the right hand, next to that the knife with the sharp edge turned from the one who is to use it, beyond this the soup spoon.

At the point of these set the tumbler and individual butter-plate. Mats, tablespoons, salt cellars and pepper cruets may be arranged to suit one's taste.

Banish the heavy caster from the center of the table and put there instead a vase of flowers, if it be nothing more ambitious than some bits of ivy or evergreen brightened by a spray of bittersweet.

At the carver's place spread a white napkin, the point toward the middle of the table, to protect the cloth from splashes of gravy.

Let the soup be served by the mistress and eaten with no accompaniment except a piece of dry bread in the hand. Buttering is only less vulgar than thickening the contents of the plate with crumbs. When this course has been removed the meat and vegetables may be placed on the table.

If there is salad, it should be served separately, in a course by itself.

The heavy part of the dinner eaten, the maid should be summoned and should commence the clearing of the table by carrying out first the meat, then the dishes of vegetables, and after that plates and butter plates, placing one on top of the other and using a tray to transfer everything except the large platters.

Do not permit her to go through the operation of scraping the contents of one plate into another, with a clatter of knives and forks, and then bearing off the whole pile at once. Two plates at a time are enough for one load.

Next after the soiled dishes, have taken off mats, salt cellars and other table furniture but tumblers, water bottle or pitcher, napkin rings and ice bowl, and then have the crumbs brushed and tray used.

The dessert is then served, and except at a ceremonious dinner the tea or coffee, which should never appear earlier in the action, and the work of waiting is done.

HOW IT IS DONE.

Did you ever listen to a young couple working up to that point of affectionate intimacy at which they call one another by their Christian names?

"It has been a lovely party, hasn't it, Miss Jackson?"

"Lovely, Mr. Wilkins."

"I have known you a long time, Miss Jackson."

"And I have known you quite a while."

"I've often heard my sister speak of you."

"And my brother is always talking about you."

"Is he? I hear so much about you that I feel quite at home with you."

"It's a lovely night, isn't it, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Beautiful. I think Edith's such a pretty name."

"Do you? I don't like it."

"Edith!"

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing; I was merely repeating the name."

"I don't like all men's names. I like some. I like Philip, and Ferdinand and—"

"What do you think of George?"

"That's your name. George,"

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh, nothing; I was only repeating the name."

"What a lovely night it is, isn't it, Miss Edith?"

"Oh, there! George Wilkins, what did you let me slip on that cobble for?"

"'Pon my word, I didn't do it Miss Edith."

"Well, we are home, or I am, Mr. George."

"I am very sorry."

"So am I. I'm so much obliged for you escort; I've had such a lovely time."

"And so have I."

"Good night, Mr. Wilkins."

"Good night, Miss Jackson."

"Good night."

"Good night."

"Good night—Edith."

"Good night—George."

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