The Carbon Advocate.

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

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H. V. Morthimer, Jr., Publisher.

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HORACE HEYDT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE:—The room recently occupied by W. M. Rapsher.
BANK STREET, - LEHIGHTON, PA.
May be consulted in English and German. July 4, 1885-1y

W. M. RAPSHER,
ATTORNEY & COUNCELLOR AT LAW.
FIRST DOOR ABOVE THE MANSION HOUSE,
MAUCH CHUNK, PENN'A.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents a Specialty. May be consulted in English and German. November 22, 18'4.

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May 19, 1883-906*] LEHIGHTON.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

DR. W. W. REBER
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
OFFICE Hours at Parryville From a. m., to 12 m. daily.
May be consulted in the English or German Language. May 17, '84.

W. A. BERHAMER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Special Attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
OFFICE—South East Corner Iron and Second Streets,
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April 30, 1879.

N. B. REBER, M. D.
U. S. EXAMINING SURGEON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
OFFICE—Bank Street, Reber's Block.
LEHIGHTON, PENN'A.
May be consulted in the German Language. Nov. 3 th.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOUTH STREET, - LEHIGHTON, PA.
May be consulted in English or German
Special attention given to GYNECOLOGY
OFFICE HOURS—From 12 M. to 2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. March 31, 83

F. A. Rabenold, D.D.S.,

BRANCH OFFICE-Opposite Clauss & Bro's
Bank St., Lehighton, Pa
Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth extracted without pain. Gas administered when requested. Office Days—WEDNESDAY of each week. P. O. Address, LITZENBERG, Lehigh county, Pa. Jan. 3, 18 5-1y.

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OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House,"
Mauch Chunk, Pa.
Patients have the benefit of the latest improvements in mechanical appliances and the best methods of treatment in all surgical cases. ANÆSTHETIC administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk should make engagements by mail. 1'8-y1

A BOOK ON
Deafness & Catarrh.
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
Diseases of the EAR and CATARRH,
and how to treat these ailments successfully. Address,
Dr. C. E. Shoemaker,
613 Walnut Street, READING, Pa.
Dec. 6, 1884-1y*

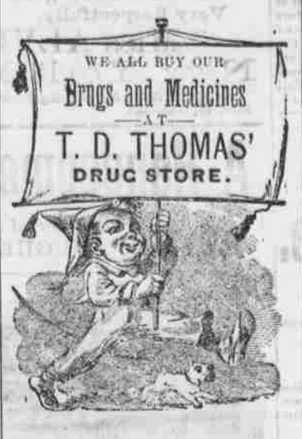
HOTELS AND DAIRY

CARBON HOUSE,
JONATHAN KISTLER, PROPRIETOR,
BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.
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 19-y1.

PACKERTON HOTEL.
Hway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton
LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR,
Packerton, Penn'a.
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, near the hotel, Lehighton. jan22-y1



T. J. BRETNEY,
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.
T. J. BRETNEY.
Oct. 12, 1881-3m.

THOMAS KEMERER,
CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEGAN IN MUTUAL FIRE.
READING MUTUAL FIRE.
WYOMING FIRE.
POTTSVILLE FIRE.
LEHIGH FIRE, and the
TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual House Thief etective and Insurance Company.
March 28, 1873 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. (gee. 20—1y

E. F. LUCKENBACH,
DEALER IN
WALL PAPERS,
Borders & Decorations,
Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods.
Window Shades & Fixtures,
Latest Styles, made and put up, if desired.
Paints, Oil, Varnish, Putty, Brushes & general Painters' Supplies.
No. 61 Broadway, Mauch Chunk, Pa.,
Below the Broadway House.

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 x28 inches worth $4.00.
Address Elder Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill.

$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.

—It is almost impossible to keep up with the times in these agonizing days. The newest wrinkle in esthetic circles is for a young lady to artistically decorate a miniature trunk, ostensibly for collars and cuffs, with scenes from noted summer resorts, and forward it by messenger boy to her best young man. If the trunk ever gets there it will signify, "Isn't this an appropriate season for a wedding trip?" If the bait is successful, the young man's tailor gets an order for some new and very nice clothes.

From a Sense of Duty.

Some people shrink from making public the benefit they have received, while others are free to tell it abroad for the good of fellow mortals. Of the latter kind is Mr. J. H. Coppuck, of Mount Holly, N. J., who writes: "I am one of many who give their cheerful appreciation of the merits of the efficacy of your valuable Brown's Iron Bitters, from a sense of duty. The bitters are doing much good in our county, for which I can vouch."

—When feeling the pulse of the people the beats should not be overlooked.

—A bar is a place where water is scarce and danger near.

—A life insurance policy—never to bring "beautiful snow" poems to the editor in person.

—A Brooklyn young lady laughed herself into hysterics because a green servant girl left the ice out in the sun "to take the chill off."

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 watermelon is admitted into our best families, although it is always very seedy.

—When a woman goes a horse back riding she wears a silk plug. She does that so the horse will believe she's a man and won't become frightened at her. She couldn't fool a Kentucky mule that way.

—The girl who loves William never asks her father to foot her bill.

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 was at the altar of a Boston church that a clergyman was astounded as he dictated the lines, "promising to love, honor and obey," to have the bride distinctly alter her oath to "promising to love, honor, and be gay," looking him directly in the face the while.

—The man who is so busy that he has no time to laugh needs a vacation.

—Natural History: If the swallow had no throat there would be no swallow.

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 little girl, aged three years, asked her father for more candy, but was told to wait until to-morrow. Looking out of the window for a few moments she suddenly called out: "Papa, it looks like to-morrow now."

—A Boston dealer boasts of an oyster in his possession eighty-six years old. Ah, there, stay there.

—Should an umbrella be called a polygamist because it has a plurality of ribs?

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by T. D. Thomas.

—A physician says that beds must not be made until night. This compels the conscientious housewife to choose between the health of her family and the sneers of her neighbors.

—The toiler of a morning newspaper is well up in the mysteries of the nights of labor.

—We should have better preachers if the preachers were all sound and healthy men. Calvin may have had the dyspepsia, but it did him no good as a theologian. A Methodist minister, of Hartford, Conn., writes that Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" cured him of chronic liver disease and indigestion. His brethren of all denominations are respectfully invited to note the fact. Sick preachers are in poor condition to proclaim the gospel news. Sound bodies are wanted.

—Many people who are as "true as steel" are unfortunately just as cold.

—Why is a successful poultry man like a carriage builder? Because he makes a coop-pay.

—What is the difference between a paper dollar and a dollar of silver? Never mined.

Bad drainage causes much sickness. Bad blood and improper action of the liver and kidneys is bad drainage to the human system, which Burdock Blood Bitters will remedy.

—Anybody can play a hand-organ, but that is no reason why anybody should.

—He is a miss guided youth who does everything his sweetheart asks him to do.

—Misery—a girl with a new dress and no place to go to.

—Have you ever heard a parrot swear? No, but I've seen a cro-cus.

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

ST JACOBS OIL
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

GETTING ROUND GRANDMAMMA.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Grandmamma so full of cheer,
So pink and white at seventy year,
What a charm you must have been
When grandpa used to trip it in,
And hold your hand and chuck you chin—
"My sonsy lass, my bonny dear!"

Tell me not a mind so clear
Won't carry back good fifty year;
Tell me not you've quite forgot
What laddies did and lassies thought—
The cherry lip, the dimple-spot,
With "Ho, my lass, my bonny dear."

Grandmamma, they're facts, I fear,
The pretty stories that I hear:
Eyes so blue and hair so brown,
The trimmest foot, the limpest gown,
The prim and talk of all the town—
"The sonsy lass, the bonny dear."

Chance a trifle deaf the ear
That's heard but praise for seventy year;
Still, a book read upside down
Should not one's senses wholly drown,
You'd better smile, you can not frown—
"Ha, sonsy lassie, bonny dear!"

Day is over, shadows near
As was their wont back fifty year;
Grandmamma, my work is through,
And I've a secret all for you—
For you, because she'll keep it true,
Once "sonsy lass," aye "bonny dear."

Scottish blood now twenty year
Has fed my heart, good grandma dear,
Grandmamma so pink and white,
And you'll forgie me if to-night
Somebody greets me—some braw wight,
"My sonsy lass, my bonny dear!"

A BONE OF CONTENTION.

The first baby is not generally supposed to be a bone of contention. On the contrary it is, as a rule, considered a bond of union between its parents. Strange, however, to say, this was not the case with Captain Grant, of the —th Hussars, and his wife. Indeed it nearly caused an estrangement, and it certainly had to answer for the only quarrel they ever had.

There is no doubt that when the infant first made its appearance, Jack Grant was as fond and proud a father as could be found in the United Kingdom. He tried to see the numerous likenesses to various relatives which his wife discovered in their son; he persuaded himself he felt highly flattered when she declared she saw in the somewhat plain infant a strong look of himself; and finally wound himself up to such a pitch of enthusiasm, he actually made an awkward attempt to hold the child, and even impressed a fatherly kiss on its small, mottled, red face.

This was a very happy state of affairs so long as it lasted, but unfortunately a change was soon to be observed. Captain Grant began to wish his wife could find some other subject on which to exercise her conversational powers than "the baby;" he also commenced to wonder if it was necessary to talk to the child in the senseless and extremely odd style which she and the nurse invariably used when they addressed it. At last he was obliged to confess to himself that, unnatural as it seemed, he occasionally found his boy, in spite of his numerous perfections, a decided bore.

"You see," he confided to his chum, Jim Reeves, "a fellow gets so deuced sick of hearing nothing but agoo-and-agoo-and-a-bubble-bubble-bubble, which is the way my wife and the nurse always speak to the poor little brat. I can't get the idiotic rubbish out of my head; and upon my word, when some of the fellows the other day at the mess were talking of the new regulations that have just come out, and asked me what I thought of them, I was as near as possible making a consummate ass of myself before them all, by answering, 'Agoo-and-agoo-and-a-bubble-bubble-bubble.' I assure you I was within an ace of doing so. If I could have a little sensible conversation with my wife when the child had been put to bed, it would not be so bad, but sleeping or waking 'the baby' occupies all the attention. I am supposed to be violently excited to hear of the 'heavenly, sweet smile' that came over the brat's face when he saw his bottle being brought to him, or that he has managed to crawl three more inches on the ground, or something else that appears to me equally uninteresting. It's really awfully rough on a fellow."

"Rather trying," remarked his friend sympathetically.

"Trying!" repeated Jack. "That is not the word for it. I declare it makes me so irritable, I sometimes feel inclined to swear at them all round, the baby included."

"Come," answered Jim, reprovingly, "I call that unfair. What! swear at a helpless infant, whose only method of retort and strongest language for some time to come will be 'a-goo' and 'a-bubble.' That is fighting upon unequal terms with a vengeance."

"Oh, if you're going to chaff me, I'll shut up," replied Jack testily. "I only wish you were bothered by the same sort of thing, and, then I don't think you would find it so amusing," saying which he turned on his heel and walked away in a huff.

It was in this unsatisfactory frame of mind regarding his first-born, that Jack proceeded to wend his way home one cold winter's afternoon, a short time before Christmas. He had had a hard day's work, and was looking forward with a feeling of relief to a chat with his wife and a cigar before dinner. True his mind was somewhat disturbed by the thought that it was possible the tete-a-tete he anticipated might be broken into by the presence of a third party. But he resolutely shook off this gloomy foreboding, and walked on briskly towards his destination.

On arriving there and hearing his wife's voice somewhere overhead, he called out to her he was home and was going to the smoking-room, where he would be glad of her company till it was time to dress for dinner.

"Very well, dear," she answered brightly; "we'll come in a minute."

"We!" said Jack to himself, "who else is she bringing? Surely it can't be the child. She can never mean to turn this room, as well as every other in the ouse, into a nursery. Hang it all, that would really be unbearable!"

If, however, he had any doubts on the subject, they were soon to be dispelled, for he had hardly lit his cigar before his wife made her appearance with the baby in her arms.

"Well," thought Jack resignedly, "I suppose there is nothing for it but to grin and bear it."

"Now, Jack, my dearest," exclaimed his wife gushingly, "I have such a piece of news for you. You will never guess what it is. It is something almost too delightful for words."

"I also have something to tell you," broke in Jack as his wife paused to take breath, for he felt instinctively that the important news to which his wife referred had something to do with his offspring, and he knew that once that all-absorbing subject was started all other topics of conversation would be inevitably banished for the time being. "I also have something to tell you. I met Chalmers to-day; he is staying here for a few days with his cousin, so I asked him to come and dine with us some time next week, and I think we might invite one or two other people to meet him. Now on what day do you think we had better ask him, and who else shall we have?"

"I will think about it in a minute," answered his little wife eagerly, "but I must tell you my news first. Fancy! Baby is getting a tooth, and he is only just four months old!"

"That's capital," said Jack, in a voice intended to express unlimited delight. "There is no doubt that the little fellow is very well on for his age. I should think now he will be trotting about all over the place before we know where we are."

"I don't think I should feel I was doing my duty by him, if I allowed him to do such a thing, even if he could," replied his wife severely. "I don't know if you are particularly anxious to see your child grow up bandy-legged. I can't say I am."

"Ah, yes, I forgot he is rather weak in the legs at present," remarked Jack in a crestfallen voice. "But, May," he continued, more cheerfully, feeling he had done his duty bravely, and nothing more could be expected of him for the present, "what about having Chalmers?"

"Let me see," said May thoughtfully. Then appealing to the baby, "What does 'oo think, my pretty? Agoo-and-agoo-and-a-bubble-bubble—"

"Come," said Jack, a little impatiently, "try and arrange something, as Chalmers is only here for a few days, and I want you to write to him to-night."

"Must we tink, my sweet?" continued May, apparently oblivious of everything but the existence of her son, and only half hearing her husband's last remark. "Must we tink, my beauty? Well then, agoo-and-agoo-and-abub—"

"For Heaven's sake! try for one moment to attend to what I am saying," said Jack sharply. "I won't trouble you long, and then you will be at liberty to return to your very intellectual conversation with the child."

This time, May quite took in what her husband said, but being annoyed at the way he had spoken she determinedly took no notice of his request, but staring absently into the fire, went on talking to her baby.

"Yes, my own, does your pretty papa want—"

"Confound it!" exclaimed poor tired Jack angrily. "Do you want to drive me mad with your infernal nonsense? I have never yet been considered pretty, nor have I any wish to be called so at this time of my life. Can't you find a more suitable adjective to apply to me, than that?"

"Indeed I can," returned May, losing her temper in her turn; "cross, ill-tempered, rude, unnatural, cruel, and all words which may be applied to you in your present state of mind."

"Well, I am sure I am not surprised," retorted Jack, "the only wonder is, I don't go off my head with hearing the flow of absurd nonsense that seems to me to go on morning, noon and night."

"If you call talking to one's own child, absurd nonsense, I don't," said May, with a great assumption of maternal dignity.

"I must say it never struck me that you intended to talk; I thought it was merely babbling, but of course that may be my ignorance. Perhaps you will be kind enough to enlighten me as to the meaning of that much used word—agoo."

"I shall do no such thing, for I can see you are sneering both at me and my child. I must say for a man who sets up to be a gentleman, it is an extremely curious way of behaving. I confess I should never have thought you capable of speaking to me in the way you have."

"For Goodness' sake, don't preach; I am much too tired to listen."

"Very well, then, if my conversation bores you I most certainly won't remain here any longer," saying which, May walked out of the room very injured, and kissing her son as she went, murmuring tenderly, "at any rate your mother loves you, my darling."

In spite however of the satisfaction of having enjoyed the last word, as she carried baby to the nursery May felt a very queer feeling in her throat, and seemed to have developed a cold in the head, in a remarkably short space of time.

Having left baby in nurse's charge, and, much to that worthy woman's astonishment, having parted from him without any of those little endearments she was wont to use to him before doing so, she proceeded straight to her room.

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed nurse, using that phrase, so much beloved by the lower orders of society, which says so little, but is intended to convey so much. "I never did! To think she should leave her first-born without so much as a parting blessing! Never mind, my sweety, if your mother forsakes you, your old nurse never will. No, thank 'eaven, I tries to do my duty by you, my hangel, and naught shall tempt my soul to go astray," and then, having delivered herself of those lofty and truly elevating sentiments, apropos of nothing in particular, she proceeded to undress and bathe the infant, feeling in that virtuous frame of mind we all enjoy when we have been saying anything very righteous and moral, whatever our acts may be.

In the meanwhile, the unfortunate object of nurse's displeasure was sitting in her room, weeping bitterly, all her dignity and temper washed away by her tears. It must be acknowledged that it was some time before May arrived at this state of penitence. At first she could think of nothing but the contempt with which she considered Jack had treated her son; it was this, she told herself, that wounded her, even more than the way he had spoken to her. He had not kissed it when he came in, had expressed no desire to look at its mouth and judge for himself as to whether the tooth would be long in coming (which was what any one with even a moderate share of fatherly feeling would have done), and, in fact, he had behaved disgracefully.

"Yes, disgracefully," she repeated to herself, as she sat by the window looking out into the winter's gloom, with flushed cheeks and eyes full of angry tears, which she was too proud to let fall, "disgracefully; and so I shall tell him when I see him."

By-and-by, however, her anger began to vanish, and her reflections with regard to Jack were of a milder description. Had she not been a little hasty with him? After all, might he not, perhaps, have reason to complain? Of course it was difficult to understand anyone being bored by baby, with his funny little ways and odd little chuckles; but still, what had her dear old mother said, when she had told her of her plan of bringing him up from his earliest infancy to be a great companion to his father, so that he should learn as soon as possible to enter into all his parent's plans. "Take care, my dear," had been her mother's words, "that you don't give Jack too much of a good thing." Well, she had laughed at the time, but was there not some truth in the advice? Perhaps poor Jack had come home tired, quite worn-out, and in no humor for baby's company, so no wonder he had been a little impatient. There was no doubt he was really very good-tempered; he could not have been feeling so bright as usual, or he would not have been annoyed. It was all her fault for teasing him with her nonsense, and she ought to be ashamed of herself. Yes, his health was rapidly being ruined, and it was entirely her own doing; upon which, having arrived at this conclusion, she could no longer restrain her grief, but burst into a flood of tears.

It was at this stage of the proceedings, and while she was sobbing most vehemently, she felt her husband's strong arms round her, as he said gently:

"Don't cry, little woman. I'm awfully sorry for all I said."

Then, as she looked up at him with a loving though rather watery smile, he continued regretfully: "I can't think what made me behave to you as I did. I know I was an awful brute, but I was not feeling very fit; not that that is any excuse for the way I spoke to you. But please forgive me, darling."

May's answer to this somewhat incoherent speech was to throw her arms round Jack's neck and give him a good hug, as she said impulsively: "Why, Jack, I want you to forgive me. I am sorry I lost my temper."

"My dear, you have no reason to apologize," he replied. "I am sure I wonder you did not give it to me hot as I deserved, and it is only because you are the dearest little girl that ever lived that you did not do so. But let us forget the unpleasant business and kiss and be friends," saying which, he suited the action to the word, and the reconciliation was complete.

The only thing that now remained to be done was to pay a visit to the cause of all the trouble, and this was not forgotten, as after a minute or two May and Jack proceeded to the nursery, and as baby happened to be enjoying his bottle, he chanced to be in a very good temper. Accordingly, when he saw his parents, he condescended to look up for a moment from his meal, and give them a most amiable smile—a little rapid, perhaps, but still very well-meaning, so that nothing was wanting to complete the family felicity.

After this little episode everything went considerably smoother. May realized that a man of thirty and an infant of four months are not very congenial companions, seeing they can hardly be said to have many ideas in common, and that the former decidedly objects to be deserted for the latter; whilst Jack on his part began to comprehend what an unfailing source of interest and amusement a baby is to womankind in general, and its mother in particular, and so learned to make allowances for the raptures with which his wife viewed their child. Having arrived, therefore, at a better understanding on the subject, it never again caused any trouble, and if you were now to ask his parents about him, they would tell you that since that time baby has never been anything to them but a bond of union.

START A BAKERY, YOUNG MAN.

A DISCOUNTED PRODUCE MERCHANT PROLONGED GROWL AT THE TIMES.

From the New York *Tribune*.

A gray bearded produce merchant in a straw hat and a Limerick ulster, buttoned tight from his chin to his ankles, leaned against a post near Washington Market, and smoked a cigar.

"These are cur'us times," said the old man, sending out a puff of smoke. "Not much in 'em for our business. Too much handling for the commission we get. Why pork's down to four cents a pound. I hain't seen it there since before the war. The Cleveland and Hendricks Club said last fall it would go down to four cents if Blaine was elected, but it 'pears like it's got there anyway. I've seen it up as high as nine cents. Then there was money in pork and times was lively; Times are good enough now for those who have work. Livin's cheap and wages have not been reduced comparatively; but work is down and the fellers who haven't work have to shave close."

"Are the prices on other produces as low as on pork?"

"All of 'em are way down below zero. Why, the best butter is only seventeen cents in the market. You ought to get the very best at retail for twenty-five cents—there's margin enough in that. Sugar and coffee's cheap; and beef is way down to nine cents. The market is full and people don't want to buy much. The prospects of the Roosian war made things active for a time, but it glutted the market. And fish—they just swum up and asked to be hooked and eaten. Think of it, a dozen fine fresh mackeral for ten cents."

"It ought to make the restaurant business profitable."

"Yes, it ought to, and it would if there weren't more on 'em than there are people to eat. The restaurants buy a carcass for ten cents a pound, and they get out of that the streaks, porterhouse sirloin, roasts and no end of soups. There ought to be profit in it somewhere."

"How is the price of flour?"

"Just like all the rest; way down to $4 a barrel. I'll give you a tip, young feller, if you want to make a fortune. Go start a bakery. There's millions in it. People must eat, you know, and they'll eat more bread when they can't afford to eat anything else. Here are bakers all over the city, some with two or three stores that they pay six or seven hundred dollars rent apiece for. They sell out their stock clean every night and fill up again next morning. Why, I know half a dozen bakers who make from eighty to a hundred barrels of flour a day into bread. Don't you think there's money in it? Bread costs them less than three cents a pound baked. They sell the loave from five to ten cents, and there is not more than two pounds in the biggest of them. They made a respectable profit on the bread when flour was $8 a barrel. I don't think the loaves are any bigger now that flour is cheaper. A baker who uses a hundred barrels of flour for his business don't take in a cent less than $1,000. Knock of $400 for his flour, and $300 more for wages, rent, waste, etc., and you have a pretty little profit left. Go start up a bakery and make your fortune—I'll go get another cigar."

NOT SUGAR COATED—She: "There is often a vast difference between a boor and a boor." He (fishing): "And are most men either one or the other?" She (wearily): "Well, a man is a boor when he does not call on us, and generally a bore when he does."

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