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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Advertising Rates

For Legal Notices.

The following prices for legal advertising has been apopted by the CARBON ADVOCATE.

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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,
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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-m6*] LEHIGHTON.

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DR. W. W. REBER
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
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April 3d, 1875.

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Special attention given to GYNECOLOGY
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BRANCH OFFICE-Opposite Clauss Bro's
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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,"
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Patients have the benefit of the latest improvements in mechanical appliances and the best methods of treatment in all surgical cases. ANÆSTHETICS administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk should make engagements by mail. 1y8-y1

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DR. G. T. FOX
Visits Allentown regularly on THURSDAY of each week. Practice limited to
Diseases of the Eye & Ear
Office at Hayden's American Hotel, and office hours from 9 in the forenoon until 3:30 in the afternoon. Also attends to Refraction of the Eye for the proper adjustment of glasses, and for the relief and cure of optical defects.
May also be consulted at his office in BATH, Wednesday and Saturday of each week, at BANGOR on Monday, and at EASTON on Tuesday. jan 2 86 1y.

HOTELS AND DEPOT.

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 table and the very best liquors. Also fine stables attached. Sept. 18-y1.

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. 1m26-y1

WE WILL PAY
$2 00 A DAY to a reliable party, lady or gentleman, to receive orders for our publications. Any person applying for this position, who cannot call on us personally, must send photograph (which will be returned), and also names of 3 responsible business men as reference. Address Eider Publishing Co., 354 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. July 11, 1885

Thomas' Drug Store.

Wall Paper, Borders, Ceiling Decorations
Gilts, Micas, Flats, &c.,
—GET THE VERY LATEST SPRING STYLES OF—
at rock bottom prices. Call and see! No trouble to show Goods at
Thomas' Drug Store,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa. Reber's Block.

Physicians Perseriptions
Carefully Compounded

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,
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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 Representing and Manual Home Benefit Life Insurance Company.
March 29, 1879 THOS. KEMERER

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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.

Subscribe for the ADVOCATE, only $1 per year.

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

—A bonnet for reception wear has the crown of pearl-embroidered velvet and a high brim of puffed moss-green velvet. It is simply trimmed with a bow of velvet ribbon and a white aigrette. The strings are of ribbon.

Experience vs. Inexperience.

It is a matter of regret that in introducing Hood's Sarsaparilla, its proprietors are obliged to overcome a certain distrust by some people who have unfortunately bought worthless compounds mixed by persons ignorant of pharmacy. Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co., are reliable pharmacists of long experience and they make no claims for Hood's Sarsaparilla which cannot be substantiated by the strongest proof. And we say to those who lack confidence, read the unsolicited testimonials in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and then prove its merits by actual personal test. We are confident you will not be disappointed, but will find it a medicine of great value, which can be implicitly relied upon. 100 doses $1.00.

—All colors are illustrated in the delicate pearl beads.

—Fans are more and more elegant as the days go by.

Unhappy Man.

Why persist in ruining your indigestion by eating unwholesome food; and keeping it ruined by doing nothing to restore it to usefulness and right action? Some think that dyspepsia is incurable. They are the ones who have never taken Brown's Iron Bitters. This valuable family medicine makes short work of the tormentor and soon enables the digestive apparatus to do its work. Mr. H. E. Collins, of Keokuk, Iowa, says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia, and am greatly benefitted."

—Gray and garnet is a favorite Parisian combination.

—Dressy mantles of plush have small sling sleeves.

An Answer Wanted.

Can any one bring us a case of kidney or liver complaint Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's disease, diabetes, weak back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by T. D. Thomas.

—Woollen lace is now interwoven with gold and silver.

—Porcupine cloth grows in fashion with the ultra fashionable.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. Sold by T. D. Thomas, Lehighton and W. F. Biery, Weissport.

—Fur-trimmed costumes of jersey cloth are among the latest importations.

—Golden brown and reseda are the newest Parisian combination of colors.

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.

—It is said, but it's a fact, there are no bonnets for elderly women this winter.

—Soutache plastron, collar and cuffs are an effective adornment to plain bodices.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, 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'.

—Brocade frize and coupe plush has alternating stripes of gold tinsel that will not tarnish.

—Some velvet bonnets which are bordered with fur have the strings edged with fur also.

Dr. Frazer's Magic Ointment.

A sure cure for all boils, burns, sores, cuts, flesh wounds, sore nipple, hurts 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.

—Three sets of buttons of like pattern but different sizes are worn on cloak or jacket and dress.

—The French courts have ruled that even a key can do duty as a wedding ring.

—One night awhile ago John Layton, who runs the main line boat train from Boston, came on my engine sick as death. He was so feverish and nervous he almost cried. Cheer up, John,' says I, "and I'll fix you in a jiffy, and I gave him a good dose of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. He went to bed. Two days after I saw him looking well as a butcher. 'That's the stuff for railroad men,' he said. Daniel Fitts, Engineer Old Colony Railroad.

—The Czar of Russia derives an income of $10,000,000 from his personal estates.

—Algernon Sartoris and his wife (once Nellie Grant) are living in South Kensington, London.

—In Holland, Mich., C. J. Doesbury publishes the *News*, and in his columns strongly recommends Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for coughs, colds, sore throats, catarrh and asthma.

—Quilted satin shirtings come by the yard to be made up to wear with the many styles of short jackets.

—Young ladies' evening dresses are very simple, and natural flowers are the most fashionable garniture.

One *Hop Plaster* will do the work of a dozen bottles of dirty liniment or salve. Kills pain.

—A gold anvil with the smith's hammer lying on it is one of the latest novelties for brooches, clasps or sleeve-buttons.

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.

THE LIE.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good.
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by other's action,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For though must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honor how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favor how it falters,
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness,
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is presumption,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention,
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay,
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it fled the city;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pity;
Tell, virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet, stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

THE PLAGUE OF HER LIFE.

Twenty five years ago, just at sunset a motley group might have been seen assembled on the piazza of a rude country inn, known as the Black Tavern, from its appearance. Its warped and twisted boards were blackened by the storms of many a winter, and its old faded sign creaked dolefully in every passing breeze.

It was in a quiet country hamlet, shut in from the busy world by green hills, many miles from any railroad, and retaining all the primitive ways of half a century ago.

The men had congregated, as was their usual custom, to sip some of Landlord Aiken's cider, tell a few stories, and retail stale jokes.

Suddenly a tall stalwart man, with a peddler's pack on his shoulders, and leading by the hand a little girl, emerged from a cross-road and approached the group. The man and his pack were too common a sight in those days to attract attention, but the child clinging to his hand fascinated their gaze.

She was a girl of ten years, small for her age, with a bright elfish face, black hair and eyes, the latter large and brilliant. Her skin was brown from exposure to the sun, her dress old and faded, and her feet bare, but small and shapely.

"Good evening, friends," said the peddler, depositing his pack on the piazza, and taking off his straw hat to wipe his heated brow.

"Have you come far?" asked the landlord, pushing forward a couple of chairs.

The stranger took one and seated the little girl on the other, and threw his arm protectingly around her, as he answered:

"From S——, three days since. It's fully twenty miles, but my little companion is not over-strong for such a journey."

"Is it your little girl?" asked one of the men.

"No; I have neither chick nor child. I am taking her to her friends. Can you tell me where Squire Wagner lives?"

"He lies over there in the graveyard," replied the landlord, pointing to a grassy enclosure on the hillside opposite.

"Is there any of the family living?"

"One—Miss Dorothy, who lives up in the old farmhouse yonder. The rest are all dead, unless it be Fred, the youngest, a wild harumscarum fellow, who went off years ago."

"This is his little girl; he is dead," said the peddler.

"When did he die?"

"I've not the time to tell you now," said the new-comer, as he felt the child start at the question. "What sort of woman is Miss Dorothy?"

"Oh, a sort of crab-apple species, you know. Had a disappointment in early life that dried up all her sweetness," said one man.

The farmers hereabouts get her to look into their cider-barrels to make vinegar," responded another, and a laugh went round.

The peddler looked troubled.

"Will she be kind to the little girl," he asked.

"Oh, yes; she wouldn't hurt a worm, and she'll get plenty to eat. She isn't stingy, but she isn't one of the soft loving kind," eagerly put in a man who had not before taken a part in the conversation.

"Well, I guess we may as well be going, sir," said the peddler, rising. "Can I leave my pack in your care, landlord, till I come back?"

An affirmative answer being given, he took the child's hand and set out for the low farm-house a half-mile distant, whose western windows were all aglow with the rays of the setting sun.

As they neared it, the little girl looked eagerly around to see what her new home was like. Some ducks and geese at play in a clear brook caused her to clap her hands.

They entered a neat yard, and passed up a narrow stone walk that led around the house, the girl looking with evident satisfaction at the beds of bright flowers on either side.

An open door gave them the view of a tidy kitchen, where a couple of women were arranging a bountiful repast, and two hired men were performing their ablutions at a spout in the rear. The peddler knocked softly.

"Is Miss Wagner in?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

And the elder woman stepped to the door. She was tall and very energetic in her movements.

"I've brought you a little girl for company, ma'am."

"Me? Brought me a little girl for company? What do you mean, sir? I've no time for joking."

"But perhaps you have time to greet your brother Fred's little orphan child."

Miss Dorothy staggered against the door-post.

"Fred!" she gasped. "He is—"

"Dead! and has sent his little girl to you."

For a moment the lady seemed overwhelmed, but recovering herself, she turned to the child.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Gipsy, ma'am."

"What an outlandish name! Betsey did you ever hear the like?"

"Never!" exclaimed the maid-of-all-work, advancing with uplifted hands.

"My papa called me so, and oh, he's dead!" And breaking from the detaining hand of her friend, she dashed down into the orchard, and in a moment was ensconced in a large apple-tree upamong the thick branches, much to the consternation of a couple of robins, who had settled down to housekeeping close to the little girl's perch.

The mother bird, as she brooded over the four little eggs, peeped over the side of the nest apprehensively, while her mate, on a twig close by, cocked his head on one side to watch the intruder, but never a chirp or ruffle of feathers betokened their presence.

"Did I ever!" exclaimed Betsey, as the trio watched the flight, and the nimble spring into the tree.

"Oh, dear, she'll be the plague of my life," murmured Miss Dorothy.

"She'll be a comfort and a blessing to you, ma'am, if you've only a mind to have it so. She has a lovin' little heart. Only to think how she waited upon her father, soothing and tending him to the last like a woman."

He then told the lady how he met her brother at a lowly cottage, where his strength had failed, as he was trying to make his way home to his friends; but he was in the last stages of consumption, and died in two days. He entrusted his child and a few papers to the care of the kind-hearted peddler, who now drew the latter from his pocket and handed them to the lady, who was weeping quietly.

He then went down through the orchard to the tree where the little girl was.

"Come, Gipsy, your aunt is going to love and care for you, and you must love her."

The girl, who had sobbed for a few moments violently, now sprang down, with a bright face. He led her back to the house.

"Her name is Gertrude, ma'am, but her father called her Gipsy. I hope you will be a mother to her."

"I'll take good care of her," said Aunt Dorothy, as she bent down and kissed the upturned brow.

The child flushed with pleasure, and allowed the peddler to depart with a quiet good-bye. She was seated at the table, and partook of a dish of berries and bread-and-milk with a relish.

A new life now commenced for the child. For months she had had no home, but wandered with her sick father, depending upon the charity of strangers, wherever they chanced to be. Now she was made comfortable.

The two women, though shocked at her wild untutored ways, were kind, and tried to lead her in the way she should go, and she learned to love them both, even while her perverse nature led her to set at defiance all their rules.

Aunt Dorothy declared a dozen times a day that she "was the plague of her life," but yet the house seemed strangely lonely and still when she was absent.

She taught her to sew, and would leave her demurely seated in her low chair, an industrious little maid, and returning in a few moments to find her gone, and catch the flutter of her garments up in some tree, where she was talking to the birds.

She attended the village school, was bright, and easy to teach, but the primemover in all mischief, and a general favorite with the scholars. But best of all she loved to wander over the hills, picking flowers, or playing in some mountain rill.

She formed an acquaintance with one rude wood-chopper, who, with their families, dwelt in some little shanties on the mountainside.

The men smiled when she came, and the women loved the helpful little girl who kept the babies so still, and told nice stories to the "wee bairns."

She saved a little two-year-old boy from drowning one day, and won thereby the everlasting gratitude of the parents; and when one of the poor women fell ill, begged some nice things of her aunt to carry to her.

One dark November night she and her aunt Dorothy happened to be alone. Betsey had gone to sit up with a sick neighbor, and the hired man lived some distance away.

About midnight Gipsy, who slept in a small room next to her aunt's, was awakened by a scream. Springing from the bed, she rushed into the outer room.

Two masked men stood by the bed, one holding a lantern, while the other held a knife to the woman's throat, and a voice that Gipsey recognized said:

"Stop that screeching and tell us where that money is you took for the cows to-day, or I'll soon settle you!"

"No, you won't, Pat Daly!" said the child, springing to the bed and clasping her aunt around the neck.

Both men started, and the man with the lantern said:

"It's Gipsy!"

"Yes, Dennis Carter; and don't you remember how I saved your little Mike from drowning?"

"Indade I do. And not a hair of yer head shall be harmed, the blissfu darlint that ye are! But how came ye here?"

"I live here, and this is my Aunt Dorothy, who gives me a home and is so kind to me. You shan't touch her unless you kill me first. She sent your wife, Pat Daly, those nice broths and jellies when she had the fever, and she's ever so good;" and Gipsy burst into tears.

The men consulted together while the child bent over Aunt Dorothy, who had fainted for the first time in her life.

"Oh, she's dead!" she screamed.

"No, she isn't; she has only fainted. She'll come to in a few minutes," said one man. "We wouldn't have come here if we'd known it was your aunt. Now, child, you must promise never to tell who we are, and you mustn't either of you tell of this night's adventure, as it would set folks to talking and make trouble, you see."

"Yes," said Gipsy. "I understand; and I won't tell, and I'll promise for Aunt Dorothy too. Only be good, and go right away, and, oh, don't ever do so again."

"You don't hate us, Gipsy?"

"Oh, no, indeed; I'm only sorry for you. Do go."

When Miss Dorothy recovered her senses she was alone with her little niece.

"Where are those horrid men?" she asked.

"They've gone, Aunt Dorothy."

"But what a brave child you are, Gipsy! But won't they come back? Call for help. Mur—"

The child's hand was on her lips.

"Don't, Aunt. I've promised we won't tell anybody about this."

"Not tell! I'll have them arrested."

It took some time to prevail on the excited woman to be silent; but as she really did not know who her assailants were, and the child refused to speak, she resolved to keep quiet.

The next day, to Betsey's disgust, she had the hired man move his family into a part of the house, "for company," she said.

A week after Gipsy climbed the mountain side to find the cabins of Daly and Carter deserted, and the chill November wind sweeping through them.

She was new prime favorite with Aunt Dorothy, who seemed to forget she had ever been "the plague of her life."

CHEATED IN EVERYTHING.

"I never saw such a man in all my born days!" exclaimed Mrs. Crimsonbeak to her husband, who had been imposed upon in a purchase she had requested him to make for her; "I never knew you yet to get anything without being cheated."

'What, never?' said Crimsonbeak, chestnutically.

"No, never!" emphatically replied Mrs. C.

'Well, I guess you are right. I have always been suspicious of it since the day I was married."

And then he opened the window to see how far he would have to jump to the ground.

THE SMART CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

"Yes," said the conductor, "the beats are up to all sorts of rackets to avoid paying their fares. A regular game with some chaps is to pretend they are working on the road as firemen, brakemen, telegraph operators, or something, 'cause they know that a conductor hates to take fare off one of the boys. But they've got to be pretty fly when they beat me, now I can tell you. I'm always willing to carry a man a station or two if he works for the company, but I despise these impostors. Usually I ask 'em something about where they work, and who they work with, and as I am pretty well posted. I catch 'em quite often in that way. Sometimes I ask 'em what train they're going home, and if they say the 10:30, or the noon train, or anything like that, I know they're no railroad men, and they have to pay or git. The other day I asked a fellow some questions, and answered them satisfactorily, but I suspected him. There was something about him that didn't look right. So I says:

"Can you you tell me the time? I'm afraid my watch is a little off."

"Certainly,' he says; 'it's now fifteen minutes after eight."

"'Then it's time for you to pay your fare,' says I, 'or out you go.' And he paid up like a little man. He was no more of a railroader than are.' "

"How did you find that out?"

"Why, 'if he'd been a railroad man, he'd have said, 'eight-fifteen,' instead of 'fifteen minutes after eight.' That was a dead give-away."

HOW BOYS GET ACQUAINTED.

THE USUAL MEETING OF TWO LADS THAT CONCLUDES IN A FIGHT.

When two strange boys come together they proceed to get acquainted something after this fashion:

"What's yer name?"

"Tommy Crupper. What's yours?"

"Dicky Tabbits. Wot's yer dad's name?"

"Ole Dan Crupper, an' the dog's name's Sniff. Is yer dog yaller?"

"Nope; he's spotted and wears a collar. Got a knife to trade?"

'Yep; but I lost it. When I find it I'll swap you. Watchy read in?"

"Third reader. Lus trade hats."

"I dassent; my pap don't 'low me. me. My feet's the biggest.'

"Well, I chawed terbacker onest."

"That's nothin'. I saw three dogs fighting at one time."

"I was in swimming' six times in one day a'ready."

"I had two teeth pulled last week."

"That's nothin'. I cut my fingers 'most every day, an' our hired gal 'most burned her head off las' night.'

'That's no great sight. A robber broke into our house one time, an' my pap's got a brother a jail.'

'Well, that ain't much. My ma's got a sister with a glass eye, an' our baby's got four teeth an' a lump on his head what makes it cry all the time, Can your father play the fiddle?'

'Maybe I ain't got a brother who can turn a han'spring an' walk on stilts. Why don't you brag?'

'Whs's a braggin'? I wouldn't be a blowhard.'

'Don't you call me that, or I'll——'

'You will, will you?'

'Yes, I will!'

'No, you won't!'

'Will!'

'You won't!'

'Will—will—will!'

'Won't—won't—won't?'

'Touch me, if you dare.'

'Don't you pucker your mouth at me, or I'll smash yer nose.

'If I was a girl I'd wear a dress.'

'Wait till ketch you some time, an' I'll lick you till you can't walk.'

'Put a chip on your shoulder and I'll knock it off.'

'No, you won't!'

'Yes, I will!'

'You won't, either!'

'I will if you dare me to.'

'Well, I dare you, and anybody't won't take a dare'll steal sheep. There it is, smarty, and now let's see what you'll do.'

The next instant both boys are rolling in the dust, pulling hair and trying to chew each other's ears. From this time on they considered themselves well acquainted and take a friendly interest in each other.

—It was a dull day in barber's shop in Bangor, Me., and one of the lounger offered him seventy-five cents for the receipts of the day. The offer having been accepted, the lounger went out and drummed up his friends, and the receipts reached about ten dollars.

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It is a purely Vegetable Preparation, made chiefly of the Native Herbs of California, free from all those properties which are extracted from other bitters when made with Alcohol.
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There is no intoxicating liquor in these Bitters. Nothing can be more pure. Everything is used that is medicinal, but all poisonous drugs are left out. Hence they are the purest and most perfect medicine ever made.
Purity, Quality and Strength are combined in these Bitters, and the sick will find it a cordial, tonic, and invigorator that will not intoxicate, but will cure.
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Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Diseases arising from Impure Blood, Stagnant Blood, Liver Complaint, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Sleeplessness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia, and can be cured by Vinegar Bitters.
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