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

BRANCH OFFICE Opposite Classes' Bldg., Bank St., Lehighton, Pa.

W. A. Cortright, D.D.S., DENTIST.

Eye and Ear. DR. G. T. FOX, VIEWS ALLENWOM REGULARLY ON THURSDAY.

Hotels and Ferry. CARBON HOUSE, JONATHAN KISTLER, PROPRIETOR.

PACKERTON HOTEL. This well known hotel is admirably fitted.

D. J. KISTLER. Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE.

WE WILL PAY \$2.00 A DAY to a reliable party.

WISCONSIN'S CURE FOR COUGHS, COLIC, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

CLINTON BRETNEY, Fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker.

The Carbon Advocate

H. V. MORTIMER, Jr. Publisher.

INDEPENDENT—“Live and Let Live.”

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. XIV., No. 16.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1886.

If not paid in advance, \$1.25

Thomas' Drug Store.

at rock bottom prices. Call and see! No trouble to show Goods at Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. T. J. BRETNEY.

Hauling of Freight, Express Matter and Baggage.

My Back Aches! Hop Plaster.

Thomas Kemmerer, Convalescent and General Insurance Agent.

E. F. Luckenbach, Dealer in Wall Papers, Borders and Decorations.

Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods.

Window Shades & Fixtures.

Paints, Oil, Varnish, Putty, Brushes & general Painters' Supplies.

No. 61 Broadway, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

A PRESENT! Our readers for 12 cents in postage.

Subcribe for the Advocate, only \$1 per year.

WISCONSIN'S CURE FOR COUGHS, COLIC, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

CLINTON BRETNEY, Fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker.

Do You Mean Strength? Well, if you have the strength to push your business, it is well.

It is said that glycerine in its pure state should not be used for chapped hands, as it absorbs moisture from the skin.

A Remedy Man would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs.

There is an undying multitude of all who in ages gone by have added to knowledge, to virtue and to beneficence.

There is a scientific writer asserts that the world is given over to love of money and love of luxury now, and thinks as little as it did immediately before the French revolution.

A sure cure for all boils, tumors, cuts, cuts, flesh wounds, sore nipples, hard and soft corns, chapped lips and hands.

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Red Star Cough Cure.

ST. JACOBS OIL.

GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

THE DAY IS GONE.

Who, through long days of labor, And nights devoid of rest,

Half way across, we halted an English craft, outward-bound, and there was an exchange of newspapers and other civilities.

As I unfolded a London paper, scarcely more than six weeks old, I saw, under the obituary notices, my own name.

It was a sudden shock to read of your own death, and calculate how long you have been under ground.

MY WIDOW.

She was the meekest and most docile little personage you ever saw.

How could she become my widow, when I'm here alive and flourishing.

She was very pretty, too, with pink apple cheeks, and eyes of that peculiar translucent blue-green that you see so seldom.

So it happened, you see, that I was going home to comfort my widow.

It was a curious experience, to be landing at last—to shrink away from the observation of one's fellow-mortals.

It was late in the afternoon when we entered port, and the shadows of the autumn evening were gathering round.

There were but two or three unmarried men at the 'Lake Hotel' of an age suited to these fair widows.

Time and again had he appeared smiling with the charms of some fair lady, and time and again drawn back just as the fact was becoming patent to the lookers-on.

It was not five minutes after this that Puck's mistress aroused from the beginning of her nap.

Lucella was preternaturally affectionate the next two or three days.

But she was not alone. Close beside her on the sofa, actually playing with her soft little white hand, and bending devotedly over the border of the widow's cap, sat Harry Sykes.

What nonsense, Harry! said my widow coquettishly, but she didn't withdraw her hand.

Oh, hang the old buffer! Who cares whether he has been dead six days or six months?

Human nature could stand this no longer. I dashed aside the purple silk draperies, and entered precipitately on the scene—quite an unexpected addition to the dramatic persona.

Not so fast, madame, if you please! I cried with a sort of demoniac exultation.

It's a ghost! It's Josiah's ghost! Mr. Harry Sykes started helplessly at me, as if he had been paralyzed.

As for me, I said sternly, "I must forbid any more of Harry Sykes's visits here."

THE RIVAL WIDOWS.

She was a very pretty little widow, and though nearly forty, with a complexion as fresh as though she had been fifteen years younger.

She was evidently vain of it, for she never passed a mirror without glancing at it, and if there happened to be any disorder or unbecomingness, she would hasten to her room to remedy it.

At least so Mrs. Langley said; but then, some of the ladies whispered among themselves that Mrs. Langley, the tall, handsome brunette widow, was jealous of Mrs. Belton.

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It was the dog that awoke her. There he was, flying round and round to room, dragging after him what looked like, yes, most decidedly like—the head of Mrs. Belton!

There was a discovery, indeed! And a light of mingled surprise, amusement and triumph sparkled in the eyes of the handsome brunette, as she surveyed the unexpected prize.

They were all seated in a group when Mrs. Langley said: "Did you ever see the Indian scarf, Mrs. Gaylord?"

But she was not alone. Close beside her on the sofa, actually playing with her soft little white hand, and bending devotedly over the border of the widow's cap, sat Harry Sykes.

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An Independent Family Newspaper. Published every SATURDAY, in Lehighton, Carbon County, Pa.

Job Printing at VERY LOW PRICES.

BROWN'S BITTERS. THE BEST TONIC.

Only Temperance Bitters Known. WINEGARDEN'S BITTERS.

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