

Advertising Rates

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F. A. Rabenold, D.D.S., BRANCH OFFICE—Opposite Clanshaw's Bank.

W. A. Cortright, D.D.S., OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House."

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The Carbon Advocate

H. V. MORTHIMER, JR. Publisher.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. XIV., No. 26.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 15, 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, Lehighon, Pa.

Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

Sale Bills!

Printed while you wait. We have better facilities than any other office in this county for this work. Give us a call.

THOMAS KEMMER, CONVEYANCER, AND GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT

THE BEST INSURANCE IN THE WORLD FOR CARS, BUSES, SORES, ULCERS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS.

MILLINERY!

This is the season of the year when Winter Hats and Bonnets are cast aside and the Ladies begin to look around for something

Nice, New & Stylish in Spring and Summer HATS, BONNETS, FANCY GOODS and NOTIONS.

to take the place of their cast off garments. A great deal of Time, Trouble and Money can be saved by calling at my Millinery Store.

I have gone to consid- rable trouble in order to secure all the very latest novelties in the Millinery line, together with a

1st-CLASS CITY MILLINER, and I am now prepared to offer the Ladies of Lehighon and vicinity "Better Bargains, Better Goods together with the Latest Styles" than any other Millinery Establishment in this section of the Valley.

I respectfully request the Ladies to call and examine my goods and learn prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Miss Belle Nusbaum, BANK STREET, Lehighon. 4-17-3m

W. A. Peters

Announces to his friends and the public generally that he has now open for their accommodation his

NEW RESTAURANT

located in the National Bank, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, and that he is now prepared to furnish First-Class

Meals at Short Notice! The bar is supplied with the best liquors, French Lager Beer, and Choice Cigars. You are invited to call.

ST. JACOBS OIL

At a Lynn church one Sunday only the clergyman and sexton appeared, on account of the severe weather.

The sexton was complaining at the lack of attendance, when the clergyman remarked: "You and I are the only ones left in the church, and were it not for that fact probably we should not have ventured out."

Very Remarkable Recovery. Mr. Geo. V. Billing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is able now to do her own work."

Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative power. Only 50 cents a bottle at T. D. Thomas.

Not over one woman in one thousand in China can read or write. A married man can in that country, therefore, leave in his inside coat pocket, when he hands the garment to his wife to sew on a button, a sweet-scented note beginning, "Darling Bong-Lung, and ending, "Your own Yingle," with only one chance in a thousand of being found out.

A Female Man would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. It is curing more cases of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized Biery, of Weisport, and Thomas, of this place, to refund your money if, after taking three-fourths of a bottle, relief is not obtained. Price 50c. and 80c. Trial size free.

Everybody is glad that Mr. Edison is married. They want him to invent a method whereby the baby's midnight shrieks will be carried off on a wire to frighten away the cats on the roof.

First love and a first slave come but once in a man's lifetime. And neither usually has much result.

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. They cleanse the bowels open and regular, cleanse the blood and system of every impurity. Sold by druggists, \$1.00. At Thomas' Drug Store.

—Jay Gould is not abnormally sensitive, and yet the railroad strike has seriously affected his system.

—A man in Philadelphia while quarreling with his daughter hurled a lamp at her; perhaps it was with the intention of throwing a little light on the discussion.

Backen's Arthritis Cure. 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 rheumatism, neuralgia, and all the painful diseases. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box, at T. D. Thomas.

—"Boston will not long be the literary centre of America, will it?" "No, I believe not. Why, they're raising books in Missouri."

—The Irish patriots should not be discouraged. Married men have struggled for home rule for twenty centuries, and have not succeeded in getting it.

Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment. A sure cure for all boils, burrs, sores, cuts, fresh wounds, sore nipples, hard and soft corns, chapped lips and hands. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists, Williams Mfg. Co., Prop'rs., Cleveland, O. Sold by Thomas, the druggist.

—We can ridicule the red-nosed man, but there is something brilliant about him after all.

—A man in the city of Brooklyn has got so deep into debt that not one of his creditors has been able to see him for months.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin, etc.? Vitality Pills is a positive cure. Sold at Dr. Horn's and Biery's drug stores.

—Woman is not much of a philosopher, but she is proverbially a clothes observer.

—If a Mr. Brown marries a Miss White, and a son of this couple marries a Miss Gray, and a daughter of their again marries a Mr. Black, what color is their offspring.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Boston, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife once out here to SUTTON'S CONSUMPTION CURE. Biery, Weisport, and Dr. Horn, Lehighon."

—When a man gets down low enough to play dominoes as an amusement he would consider taking his mother-in-law to a Sunday school picnic an exhilarating dissipation.

—The man who is drowned while in bathing faces death with a naked eye. Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and croup. Sold by Biery, Weisport, and Dr. Horn, Lehighon.

—From eating too much chicken one is apt to have a weak stomach.

—John W. Mackey, the banana millionaire, declares that "money is an accident." Perhaps it is. Still, it is an accident which a man can insure himself against by entering journalism.

—Whether on land or at sea, on the prairie or in the crowded city, Ayer's Pills are the best cathartic, being convenient, efficacious, and safe. For torpid liver, indigestion and sick headache, they never fail.

—When the car drivers strike they do not make anything.

—A society lady, who was describing a grand ball to a friend a few nights ago, was asked by a lady how she was dressed. "Low—and behold," was the response.

—For pains, severe aches, weak parts, nothing equals the Hop Wagon Plaster in value. 25 cents.

—A New Jersey editor says: "I started to walk yesterday when a high-waisted woman stepped on me and demanded a cent." Curious how the man knew he was an editor.

GERMAN REMEDY For Pain

THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, AND ALL PAINFUL AFFECTIONS.

RED STAR COUGH CURE

ABSOLUTELY PURE AND SAFE. SWEET AND PLEASANT TO TAKE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

WEST AND EAST.

In olden days, when Dives died in state, the poor lay starving at his palace gate. And hungry wretches bared their brains and eyes.

When a man of his frequent doors, Yet thought remitted hourly of his death, The man of wealth was able to forget The claims of want on those who never feel The grinding tread of fortune's iron heel.

And if with want beneath his very eyes, A man could shut his heart to hunger's cries How easy for the Dives of to-day To fail to hear the groans of far away. Small need of music at a Marseilles feast To drown the clamor of the distant East, For Lazarus no longer dares plead The sweep and paralytic pavements of the West.

Crouched in his soiled room, on dirty straw, He changes the words that dogs disdain to gnaw.

And shivers, fearless, while the frozen blast Through paneless windows whistles sharply past.

Empty and naked, comfortless and faint, He weeps, and no one hears his woful plaint; The lonely world knows nothing of his sigh, And Lazarus is left alone to die.

Five miles away the streets are full of life, And Dives drives in furs beside his wife; The house that he has built while wretches starve, Has cost her food a trifling thousand pounds To amuse his dinner, where the fires are bright.

And stars of plate reflect the dancing light, The times are bad, no doubt, but might be worse, And Dives still retains a party purse.

Shall the old trumper be played again, With Dives in the leaders part of Gaiety, Indignantly demanding: "Why should I be held responsible when others die?" Or will the West regard with the hungry cry— "The Dives of to-day are not our betters!"

Too seldom, nowadays, the gulf is spanned That over wider yawns across the land; But, while we live, the bonds of love may link The warring border with the furthest brink.

"Thou death angel that makes the gulf so wide That none may travel to the other side To offer there the love which makes a deed— A cup of water to a thirsty soul."

OUR SOUTHERN BUDGET

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT. RALEIGH, N. C., May 8, 1886.

"Do I know the words of 'Maryland, my Maryland'?" Of course I do. Everybody down this way knows 'em. Here, Eunice Eliza can sing 'em to you."

The remarks were made to me by a good-natured rice planter, of whom I had inquired if he knew the words of the famous song composed by James R. Randall, who now occupies an editorial chair on the Atlanta Constitution.

Now there is a pleasant little fiction, invented by some imaginary newspaper scribbler, about the circumstances under which Mr. Randall wrote his famous song. It was stated that, lying in his tent he became wakeful, and finding that sleep had deserted his pillow he arose, and pacing to and fro within the narrow confines of his quarters he composed the song entire, after which he retired to rest and slept like a tired child. Even if such were the case it would not be such a wonderful matter, nor nearly so wonderful as the story that is told of Dr. Johnson, who it is claimed wrote "Rasselas" in a few hours, and never mended or sharpened his quill during the entire writing. The latter story few believe, while the former has been denied by the author himself.

"That song wasn't so all-fired popular down here as you might imagine. A right smart of us used to sing 'Ere, Maryland!' You see, Maryland was entirely too slow in coming to the front. But I reckon you understand that," remarked the rice planter as Eunice Eliza finished the song.

The song is considered from a literary standpoint (and who would look at it otherwise?) a gem. The author shows fire in every line. The idea is that Maryland is "halting between two opinions," and the writer is urging her to follow him. He starts off like the clash of cymbals. He warns her that the "despot's heel" is on her shore, and that the incendiary's torch is at the door of her tented shores, and then calls upon her to average the blood that had already dyed the streets of Baltimore. He refers to his mother state as the "bottle queen," and represents himself as kneeling to her, praying: "For life and death, for we and woe, Thy goddess carry o'er me, And give thy benediction thus with steel, Maryland! My Maryland!"

She is enjoined to remember Carroll, Howard, Kinggood, Watson, Lowe, and Key, the "Star Spangled Banner" author, who are cited as heroes and ex-ample. Virginia is rebuked to ex-

ample. Finally the poet is led to exclaim: "I see the blush upon thy cheek, Maryland! my Maryland! But thou was ever bravely meek. Maryland! my Maryland! But, lo! there surges forth a shriek, From hill to hill, from creek to creek— Potomac calls to Chesapeake. Maryland! my Maryland!"

The fire in the poet Randall's veins now seems to be burning like a fever. The noble state seems to be yielding— to following as he beckons. From his very soul now comes forth the following burst of triumph: "Thou wilt not yield the Vandal's toll, Maryland! my Maryland! Thou wilt not crook to his control, Maryland! my Maryland! Better the first upon the roll; Better the shot, the blade, the bow, Than crucifixion of the soul. Maryland! my Maryland!"

But who ever saw a work of art that was faultless? A little word marked the poem—a word that was excused considering the circumstances that called it forth; but the author should sponge it away now, so that his beautiful creation might stand outlined against the literary horizon without a blemish. I refer to the last word that occurs in the third line from the last in the poem's final verse:

"I hear the distant thunder hum, Maryland! my Maryland! The Lord's bugle, the drum, Maryland! my Maryland! She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb— Huzza! she spurs the Northern scout; She breathes! she burns! she'll come, she'll come!"

Maryland! my Maryland!

Suppose, now, we take a deliberate plunge from the sublime to the ridiculous. Randall's "Maryland" was calculated to inspire, to call forth noble thoughts and lofty deeds. How different are thoughts evoked by the following song that was sung in many a camp to the tune of "A Life on the Ocean Wave":

A LIFE ON THE VICKSBURG HILLS. A life on the Vicksburg hills, a home in the trenches deep, A dodge from the Yankee shells, and the old war rations I'll keep.

Like a Rebel eager I pine, and I dodge when the cannons roar, But give me corn dodgers and swine and I'll stay forever more.

CHORUS: A life on the Vicksburg hills, a home in the trenches deep, A dodge from the Yankee shells, and the old war rations I'll keep.

Once more in trenches I stand, with my own far-carrying gun— If the fray should come hand-to-hand, I'll vapor my rations I'll run.

The trenches no longer we view, the shells have begun to fall, The sound I hate—don't you? So into my hat I'll hide I'll crawl.

CHORUS: The bullets may whistle by the terrible bombs, But give me full rations, and I'll stay in my hole in the ground, I'll stay, I'll stay, I'll stay in my hole in the ground.

But that's enough of the poetical for this time, so from our fairy realms we pass to a single glance at a cold, solid, practical fact that will probably be as interesting to Northern readers as it is to the writer. In the county of Robeson, in this State, there are now standing in the forests the enormous quantity of 864,000,000, or nearly a million millions, feet of as fine pine timber as ever grew on the face of the globe.

This is exclusive of much other valuable timber, such as poplar, dogwood, gum, oak, and hickory. A large part of the land on which these forests stand is very rich. And yet this wealth of woods and lands can be purchased in large tracts from \$3.00 an acre upwards. Ponder over this a moment, gentle reader. It is a bigger thing than you probably imagine. F. P. WOODWARD.

Broadbrim's New York Letter

SPECIAL TO THE CARBON ADVOCATE.

Let it be written in letters of gold and be double leaded in the principal column of every newspaper in the United States: there is still hope for the security and peace of the nation, while a free and fearless press stands watch and guard over the liberties of the people. Hear the news—the Grand Jury of this city has presented the cowardly boycotters for indictment, and the stringent measures adopted have stopped the spread of the infamy in New York.

After a scathing rebuke to the Justice who lent the boycotters, as far as he was able, his aid and countenance, and after an able review of the cowardly principles of the boycotters, the presentment winds up with the following burning words, which cannot but meet the approval and endorsement of every honest man and woman in the Republic.

"The Grand Jury regret to reflect upon any officer of justice, and notwithstanding the opinion of Justice Wilde, a thorough examination convinces them, that this so-called Boycott is an unscrupulous and that they urge every effort of our legislators, the Bench, the Bar, the Press, of the land, and every American citizen, to aid in exterminating this lawless-headed monster, now dragging its hideous length across the continent, sucking the very life blood of our trade and commerce; equally baneful to the employers and the employed." This has the genuine ring of pure gold, and when a score or more of the Boycotters are lodged in the Penitentiary, these defiers of the law will find that business men and women have some rights that even Boycotters are bound to respect.

Last week they undertook to boycott the Tribune, in the town of Nyack, on the Hudson. When the boycott commenced the Boycotters went to all the news vendors in the village, and forbade them selling the Tribune under the penalty of the boycott. The news vendors

were mostly poor men, and fearing financial ruin, refused to sell the Tribune. The Tribune then sent up a special man, who would buy. A crowd of ruffians came out of a neighboring factory, and hustled and annoyed the man, but did not do him any serious injury, hoping to frighten him away, but they had evidently caught a Tartar, who intended to stay; on the second day a cowardly crowd assaulted the unfortunate man, who faced very badly at their hands, and from the final result, was that the rascals were arrested, and it is to be hoped will be severely punished.

"The danger that threatened us so seriously last week is gradually subsiding, and some of the men who were on the strike are returning to work. The great body of the workmen begin to realize that they were made tools of, by a lot of designing men who were anxious to enrich themselves at the expense of their deluded dupes. While the poor fellows who struck when they were told were starving when their families unable to get a mouthful of food, these designing leaders were riding about in carriages kept at an expense of eight or ten dollars a day, with their pockets stuffed full of greenbacks, contributed by the faithful to sustain the strike. It has been a serious drawback to business; sugar which went up three cents last week on account of the strike has risen to seven cents this week, and the consequence is that the refiners have made more by the strike than they could probably have done by running their works, and in the meantime the strikers have been reduced almost to starvation. Building has nearly stopped in New York and Brooklyn, and the wonderful activity of a few weeks ago has been succeeded by a stagnation, which is truly appalling. The men on the strike with some few exceptions have behaved admirably, and these exceptions have received condign punishment. Several men were fined small sums, and put under bonds for calling the new drivers and conductors insulting names, and one driver of a cross-town car was sent to the Penitentiary for six months for obstructing a Third Avenue car. Meanwhile a manifesto has been issued by the Executive Committee of the strikers, cautioning against acts of violence, and this course has done more to regain the sympathy of the people for the strikers, than anything else they could have done. There is a right and a wrong on both sides. The drivers and conductors on all of our horse railroads were fearfully overworked, and miserably paid for the labor they performed. Here are thousands of well paid mechanics striking for eight hours, and these poor fellows were compelled to work sixteen hours a day rain or shine, in the summer's heat and the winter's frost and snow; unceasing, never ending toil for starvation wages. They come an iron system of exactions and fines, not to mention the incivility and often brutality of passengers, who looked on these unfortunate men as vehicles on which to exhaust their abuse. Lastly was the villainous and degrading system of spotters and spies, and altogether it seemed too much of a load for human nature to bear. The street car drivers and conductors of New York may not be saints, but that they are not devils is no fault of their employers. The men were goaded to desperation by poor living and hard work and poor pay, and the only alternative thing about it is, that they did not act much worse than they did. Now that reason is returning and violence is disclaimed, they have the best wishes of every humane man and woman for their success. They ask for twelve hours work. Heaven knows that for a moral man of such work as they do, for any merited demand for pay is just and moderate. I hope and trust they may get it. They never can get it by the miserable system of boycotting and violence, and mistreating the men who differ from them.

Johann Most, the pestiferous anarchist, has fled the city to avoid the possibilities of the Penitentiary. For months he has been counselling his followers to use fire, poison, dynamite, the sword, the dagger, the bayonet, any means of destruction, to strike at capital and ex-terminate it. At a recent meeting, he exhibited an old market, and called on his followers to use it. The latest revelation of this notorious rascal is, that his followers have handed together for the purpose of defrauding the insurance companies, and a prominent city journal has given a long list of incendiary fires occurring in houses occupied by anarchists, and the conclusions drawn are fearful to contemplate.

These foreign incendiaries who having escaped the gallows in their own country have sought and received shelter of our flag—seem to