

Advertising Rates

For Legal Notices. The following prices for legal advertising have been adopted by the CARBON ADVOCATE...

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS

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 8, 1887-17

W. M. RAPSHER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. OFFICE—207 THE MANOR HOUSE, MAUCH CHUNK, PENN'A.

Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will buy and sell Real Estate, conveying property, etc. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Testators a Specialty.

H. V. MORTIMER, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC. OFFICE: ADVOCATE BUILDING. Bank St., Lehighon, Penna.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS. DR. P. ALFRED ANDREWS, HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Opposite Nathan Snyder's Store, EAST WEISSPORT.

DR. W. W. REBER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA. OFFICE Hours at Parvoville from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., on Friday.

W. G. M. SEIPLE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. SOUTH STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA. May be consulted in English or German. Special attention given to Gynaecology.

F. A. Rabenold, D.D.S., DENTIST. OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House," Mauch Chunk, Pa.

W. A. Cortright, D.D.S., DENTIST. OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House," Mauch Chunk, Pa.

THOMAS KEVERER, CONVEYANCER, AND GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT. The following Companies are Represented: LORAIN & SONS FUEL FIRE, READING MUTUAL FIRE, WASHINGTON FIRE, PORT VALLEY FIRE, LEHIGH FIRE, and THE TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

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The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Jr. Publisher, INDEPENDENT—“Live and Let Live.” \$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance. VOL. XIV., No. 31. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 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. Reber's Block. Wall Paper, Borders, Ceiling Decorations, Gilt, Micas, Flats, Etc., etc.

ST. JACOBS OIL. TRADE MARK. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

RED STAR. TRADE MARK. COUGH CURE. See from Optician, Oculist and Vision. SAFE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

BASE-BALL. BY S. D. RICHARDSON. This is a glorious game, with a well-earned name. A diamond in royal setting. And its beautiful rays light up our days.

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others on similar occasions, but found it impossible. Those dark eyes presented themselves to her mental vision with a persistence for which she could not account.

On Monday evening her brother bought tickets and invited his wife and sister to attend a lecture; and Miss Mollie caught herself wondering, as she donned her cloak and hat, if the dark-eyed gentleman would be there, and if he would look for her. She found the lecture uninteresting, and concluded, after a time, to return home. She whispered this intention to her brother, who saw her to his carriage, and giving instructions to the coachman to return for them, he went back to his wife, while Miss Mollie was driven rapidly homeward. Arriving there, she left her hat and cloak in the hall and ran lightly up the stairs to her room. The door was partly open, although she was sure she had closed it, the gas was turned low as she had left it, and in the half light she saw, before she reached the doorway, a man in the room. His back was toward her, and he was walking toward a large closet at the other side of the apartment. He opened the door and stepped inside; one glance told her that the key was in the lock; she ran swiftly across the room, her feet making little or no sound on the thick carpet. "Confound it," she heard him mutter, "why can't they leave things where a fellow can find them?" "Yes," she thought, "my first surmise was correct; it was a burglar." Like a flash she threw herself against the door and turned the key. She was terribly frightened and felt quite sure that she should faint.

"Who locked that door?" he asked. "And she answered promptly, 'I did.' 'What for?'" "Why, to lock you in there, of course, and I don't intend that you shall get away either."

There was silence for a minute or two, then the prisoner remarked: "Don't you think this joke has gone about far enough, Mollie, dear? Now let me out. There's a darling."

"Oh! you wretch, you villain! How dare you?" "How dare I what?" "Why, call me that."

"Thought it was my sister, by Jove!" he exclaimed, in a low tone. Then he bent down and took a look through the keyhole. This was what he saw: A graceful, girlish figure, robed in soft, clinging material; a bright, self-reliant face, fringed with masses of fluffy brown hair. It took him some time to make these observations, for the keyhole was so small that he could see but a part of the pretty picture at once. Then he remarked: "I think, Miss, that there is some mistake."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," sarcastically. "I think I came into the wrong house."

"I think you did."

"Isn't this No. 4?" "No, indeed, it is No. 2."

"Well, I stop at No. 4; came there on Saturday to visit my sister, Mollie Brown. The houses must be just alike. I went to the lecture and found it dull, so came home, or thought I did."

"Humph, a likely story."

"I hope you may find it acceptable," remarked the young man, who occasionally dabbled in literature. Then the comical side of the affair forced itself upon him, and he laughed, actually laughing; she heard him.

"You seem to enjoy the situation," she said somewhat spitefully, thinking it proof of his total depravity.

"I do, immensely."

"I should think you would, with the gawds staring you in the face."

"The gawds?" "Yes, I am sure my brother will have you hanged."

"Your brother?" then doubtfully and hesitatingly: "Are you Bella Clark?" "No, indeed, I am not," very energetically, for Bella Clark—Dr. Clark's sister and Mrs. Brown's neighbor on the other side—was what Mollie Wilson always designated as "a die-away sort of person," and was her especial detestation.

"I am glad of that," said the prisoner, in a relieved tone.

"Why?" with evident interest. "Well, you know," confidentially, "I should not want her to capture me."

"I should think it cruel to keep a fellow being shut up in the dark so long?" "A burglar isn't a fellow-being; he is just a—"

"A burglar! where? Do you think I could put one of my cars through this keyhole?" "I am sure I don't know."

"May I try?" "Yes."

Then came a jingling of silver money and a rustling of garments as the man searched his pockets.

"Well, hang it all, I haven't got one!" "I thought you had not."

"They are in the breast pocket of my coat. I left it in your hall; will you not go down and get one?" "And have you come out and murder me while I am gone? No, sir."

"Will you please let me out?" "No, sir, never."

"What, never?" "Well, no," smiling in spite of herself, "not after that."

"I suppose I could kick the door open."

"Well, there, there, don't be frightened; I will not kick or even try to open the door."

"I've got a man shut in that closet. I think he is a burglar; but he says he isn't, and I begin to fear he is telling the truth."

"How did you get him in there?" "Well, I came up the stairs and he was just going into the closet, and I ran and locked him in."

"Yes," said a voice, almost choked with laughter, "and I'm here yet."

"Who are you?" "Charles Kingsley, visiting my sister at No. 4, next door. I presume—let me at last, and rest in your hall. You will find letters in the coat pocket; you can verify any statement in a moment, if you choose."

"Charles Kingsley?" called at my office today with respect to the "Mollie Brown" article. He said that the article was all right, but that he had some things to add to it.

"What?" he asked, opening the door. "And Mr. Kingsley advanced into the light room, and looked quickly at the laughing brown eyes bent upon him, and then fled from the room. 'It was the gentleman she had seen in church!'"

"Ah! you are Mr. Wilson," said Kingsley, in a pleased tone, as that gentleman held out his hand. "I hope you will pardon me for entering your house in this manner. I arrived on Saturday; the houses are just alike on the outside—and inside, too, I believe—and in the dim light I did not notice that this was a lady's room," said he, glancing at its dainty furnishings, "but the gas was turned low, and the room occupied at the time by a man of much the same name; in fact, she gave my own room to me, for the house is full of company. I went into the closet for a book; I thought I had left there, and I found my hand in a handbox, and I concluded that I had better have more light, when the young lady locked the door. I fear I frightened her very much; will you present my regrets, and say that I am truly sorry?"

"Come over to-morrow and dine with us, and make your peace with the young lady yourself," said Wilson.

The invitation so cordially given was accepted.

Six weeks from the date of his incarceration in the Wilson mansion he entered the Wilson parlor and found Miss Mollie alone. "Miss Wilson," he began, "when I came here six weeks ago you thought I came here to steal, but you were the thief, for you stole my heart. You made me an unwilling captive then, but I have been a willing one ever since. I came here to-day to ask your forgiveness for what I did to you in his and his red rosy blushes upon his shoulders."

From Central Dispatch Daily Republican, June 2.

PASSENGER AGENT HANNEGAN, OF THE B. & O. R. N., INTERVIEWED ON THE CARPENTER LETTER. A PLAIN, UNVARNISHED TALE OF HOW THE WAR BEGAN, WHO BEGAN IT AND WHAT IT MEANS.

Having made copious extracts in Wednesday's paper from Passenger Agent Carpenter's letter, setting forth his divergent views and purposes of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Republican editor yesterday sought out Passenger Agent Hannegan, of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, to learn Mr. Carpenter's letter was addressed to him, and to get the "Albert Lea" side of the controversy. Mr. Hannegan, resident at first, finally gave what was desired, a history of the present war of words and charges, and the causes thereof, as seen by him. Without lumbering up the article with questions and answers, the following is the substance of Mr. Hannegan's clear and candid statement:

"You were correct," said he, "in your inference that the Carpenter letter was meant more for the public than for my especial edification. Passenger agents are not constructing nine-page letters, type-writing machines, simply to gratify their own feelings or to vent upon the passenger agent of another road."

"The fact is the Albert Lea route, which he seeks to belittle in public estimation, has been doing a very large St. Paul passenger business. How large, do you ask? Well, from 25 to 33 per cent. of the entire passenger business that centers at St. Paul and Minneapolis, and the St. Paul (or as you call it here, 'the Milwaukee') has determined to fence out the Albert Lea—just you know, and the Milwaukee, B. & O. R. N. and M. & St. J."

"The impelling causes of the present war? Let us go back a little. About a year ago an association was formed of all the Albert Lea running into Council Bluffs. The St. Paul people soon after took the position that unless they could force the Council Bluffs into a St. Paul association, they would withdraw from the Council Bluffs association in which they have a very light business."

"The Rock Island never refused to go into the St. Paul association, but simply refused to be bulldozed into it by the threats of the St. Paul and Milwaukee."

"When the St. Paul road drew out of Council Bluffs association (Jan. 1, '86) the Rock Island made a splendid offer of a ticket in a ticket's sale, and cut rate from Chicago to St. Paul over the Albert Lea route. The St. Paul people made that so-called cut and went farther—they made the same rate to Council Bluffs. That was in January last. The Rock Island refused to meet these rates for over two months."

"Next, the St. Paul, some three weeks ago. Soon as this action was taken the St. Paul people began lowering their rates to the Rock Island, and in every instance they made the same rates from Council Bluffs as from St. Paul, thus carrying out their threat to withdraw from the Rock Island association if the Rock Island continued its support of the Albert Lea route. They would make the Rock Island's large Council Bluffs business so unprofitable that the St. Paul business would have to be abandoned."

"At this juncture the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern went in to the assistance of the Rock Island. West-

ply met the St. Paul's action as to Council Bluffs business by making the same rates given by the St. Paul wherever we met the St. Paul in competition."

"I almost forgot to speak of the limited trains put on by the St. Paul and Northwestern too—to drive us out of St. Paul and Minneapolis. This was their last resort. 'What effect did they have?' They created no new business; but simply transferred a certain amount of first-class business from their regular trains to their limited. 'How have they affected us?' I can only say that we have continued to do a first-class business, and our second-class business never was as large."

"Mr. Carpenter doesn't deny that he has taken the initiative, and I been the aggressor from first to last. Instead of making a reasonable and fair explanation of his position, he has nine solid type-written pages, addressed to me but intended for the public, for the purpose of misrepresenting the action of the Rock Island and its allies and of understanding the Albert Lea route in the estimation of the public. I take it that the public will require something more than the say so of an official of a rival road before condemning a route so well known and popular as the Albert Lea."

THE NEW PENSION BILL. The soldiers all over the country have reason to rejoice at the passage in the Senate of the new pension bill. If it once becomes a law, a great stride forward will have been taken towards remedying the injustice which has been meted out to those who gave life or health for the preservation of the Union. The salient features of the bill are:

First—That every man who served not less than three months during the war of the rebellion, who was honorably discharged, who is dependent upon his own labor for support, and who is now or shall hereafter become disabled from performing labor, shall receive a pension.

Second—That this pension shall be \$24 a month for those who are wholly incapable of performing manual labor, and a proportionate amount for those whose disability is less, but that no pension under this or any other law shall be less than \$4 a month.

Third—That any one who has already filed a claim for a pension under existing laws may elect to take his pension under this law. It will be noticed that the objectionable words "and such election shall be final," which appeared in bills of previous sessions, is omitted from this.

Fourth—That in the case of dependent parents it shall only be necessary to show the fact and cause of death, that the soldier has no wife or minor children, and that the parent has no other means of comfortable support than his or her own manual labor.

Fifth—That in all pension proceedings the fact that the applicant was regularly enlisted and mustered in "shall be conclusive evidence of soundness at the time of his enlistment, except in case of fraud."

It is to be hoped that there will be no quibbling over this bill when it comes before the House. The government would be ungrateful, indeed, if it did not make ample provision for its disabled soldiers, and every friend of loyalty and of the Union will favor the provisions of the bill. True, it does not go as far as it should, yet it is so much better than anything that has yet been done for the faithful that there is occasion for rejoicing. The poor-houses of the country can yield up their soldier inmates, should the bill pass, and a great stigma will have been raised from the shoulders of Uncle Sam. It is a good beginning, but the ending is still better.

A SUICIDE'S DIARY. DR. LEWIS DESCRIBES DEATH CAUSED BY CHARCOAL SUFFOCATION.

"A vapor gradually fills the room; the candle is nearly exhausted; I begin to feel a violent headache; my eyes fill with tears; I feel a general sense of discomfort; the pulse is agitated."

"Forty minutes past ten; my candle has gone out, the lamp still burns; the vapor at my temple throbs as if they would burst; I feel very sleepy; I suffer horribly in the stomach; my pulse is at eighty."

"Fifty minutes past ten; I am almost stifled; strange ideas assail me; I am scarcely breath; I shall not go far; there are symptoms of madness."

"Sixty minutes past ten; I can scarcely write; my sight is troubled; my lamp is going out; I did not think it would be such agony to die. Ten."

Here followed some quite illegible characters. Life had ebbed. On the following morning he was found on the floor.

If we could have looked through the window and studied this strange performance we should have seen the following stages:

First Stage—Reddened face and bloodshot eyes.

Second Stage—Deeper redness of face, expression of stupor, bulging red eyes.

Third Stage—Turgid, purple face; protruding, fixed and staring; involuntary movement of the limbs.

Fourth Stage—Victim lies on the floor; convulsive cramps, face drawn down into the bosom, foaming at the mouth, features distorted, labored breathing.

Fifth Stage—Death.

"The clerk of a Southern hotel sent a bell-boy up to a guest's room to see if his room mate was in. When the boy returned the clerk asked the result of his visit."

"This ain't a living thing in the room," replied the boy.

"Are you sure?" inquired the clerk.

"Yes, sir."

"You didn't look in the bed around the edges of the mattress, did you?" asked the guest.

"No, sir."

"I thought so," he said, sadly, and went away gently scratching himself.

—One of the finest qualities in a human being is that nice sense of delicacy which renders it impossible for him to ever be an intruder or a bore.

A Great Discovery. Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years."

Try bottles free at T. D. Thomas, drug store. Large size \$1.

—Dress, so far as respects neatness and cleanliness, is of great importance to the first impression we make upon others.

Of Interest to Ladies. The new treatment for ladies' diseases discovered by Dr. Mary A. Gregg, the distinguished physician and nurse, which has revolutionized the entire mode of treating these complaints in England is now being introduced into this country under a new and novel plan.

Sufficient of this remedy for one month's treatment is sent free to every lady who is suffering from any disease common to the sex, who sends her address and 13c. stamps for expense, charges, etc.

It is a positive cure for any form of female disease and the free trial package is many times sufficient to effect a permanent cure. Full directions accompany the package (which is put up in a plain wrapper) also price list for future orders. No trial packages will be sent after Aug. 1st, 1886. Address, GREGG REMEDY COMPANY, PALMYRA, N. Y. May 15, 86-1.

—Hope without action is a broken staff. We should always hope for things that are possible and probable.

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

—Some reserve is a debt to prudence, as freedom and simplicity of conversation is a debt to good nature.

Buckley's Arnica Salva. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, so