

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. C. W. W. W.

W. M. RAPSHER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. WEST DOOR ABOVE THE MASSION HOUSE, MAUCH CHUNK, PENNA.

H. V. MORTIMER, Sr. NOTARY PUBLIC. OFFICE: ADVOCATE BUILDING, Bank St., Lehigh, Penna.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

DR. P. ALFRED ANDREWS, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN SURGEON. Opposite Nathan Snyder's Store, EAST WEISPORT.

DR. W. W. WEBER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. BANK STREET, LEHIGH, PENNA.

W. G. M. SEIPLE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. SOUTH STREET, LEHIGH, PENNA.

F. A. Rabenold, D.D.S., DENTIST. BRANCH OFFICE—Opposite Chamber's Bank, Lehigh, Penna.

W. A. Cortright, 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.

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

EYE AND EAR. DR. G. T. FOX. Visits Lehigh regularly on THURSDAY of each week.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS. CARBON HOUSE, JONATHAN KISTLER, PROPRIETOR.

PACKERTON HOTEL. Lehigh, Penna. This well known hotel is suitably refitted, and is the best accommodation for permanent and transient guests.

MANSION HOUSE. Opposite J. & S. Depot, Lehigh, Penna.

W. A. Peters. Attention to his friends and the public generally, that he has now opened for their accommodation his

NEW RESTAURANT. Next door to the 1st National Bank, Bank Street, Lehigh, Penna.

Meals at Short Notice! The bar is supplied with the best wines, fresh fish and choice liquors.

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Jr. Publisher.

INDEPENDENT—“Live and Let Live.”

VOL. XIV., No. 26.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1886.

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

If not paid in advance, \$1.25.

With Medicine Quality not Quantity is the greatest importance; next is the knowledge and experience to Correctly Prepare and Dispense the same.



At T. D. THOMAS' POPULAR

Drug & Family Medicine Store, Bank Street, Lehigh, Penna.

You can always rely upon getting STRICTLY Pure and Unadulterated

Drugs and Medicines.

THOMAS carries the largest stock of Patent Medicines in the county.

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ST. JACOBS OIL. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

RED STAR COUGH CURE. Absolutely Free from Opium, Emetics and Poison.

THE DIVORCE. Yes, Spire, I've called to stop that suit—

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concluded to sacrifice any chance clients that might call and go and defend my uncle's case.

As the train sped along towards the town where I pictured myself as being cordially received by the legal fraternity as a noted luminary from the city.

I certainly pined my less fortunate brethren whose names never got outside of the directory. My thoughts finally reverted to my uncle and his stepdaughter.

I recalled what I knew of his history. I named Whitlow and my father were the only children of my stern, Puritanical grandfather.

My uncle had inherited his father's nature, and continually bewailed the degeneracy of the present time. The two brothers, who had ideas so diametrically opposite, drifted apart.

One settling in the city and the other in a small country town. Sam Whitlow prospered, married, and in a few years was left a widower without any children.

An English lady, Miss Stanley, a widow with one child, came quietly and resided in the town. She attended the church regularly where my uncle officiated as deacon, contributed liberally to the maintenance of the pastorate and promptly accepted an offer of marriage from the stern, high church minister.

Two years of great happiness passed when she died, leaving her daughter, Reba, then four years old, as a precious charge to her husband. I heard that Reba would have graduated with the highest honors at the seminary, but for some unexplained reason her stepfather took her away a month before the time.

That was all I knew of my uncle and his affairs when the train halted at the depot. There was no brass band to welcome the cosmopolitan lawyer, but a servant was on hand to take charge of my luggage and show me the way to Deacon Whitlow's. I felt somewhat piqued at the absence of the worthy deacon and interrogated the servant:

"The boss, sir, wanted to come, but Miss Reba put him out by saying she would enjoy meeting you, too."

"I would have been delighted to meet her, too," I said, wondering why her maid to accompany her father had caused him to stay at home.

In a few minutes I reached the house, a two-story frame dwelling, covered in front with trailing wisteria vines, from which hung large bunches of purple and white blossoms.

"Oh, do continue, confound dear; your moonlight rhapsody, I am sure, will be fine."

I was sweet to be called dear, even with a privileged prefix, by one so lovely, no matter how unbalanced.

"I will repeat Shelley's Ode to the Moon for you, if you like," I replied.

The deacon protested; he didn't desire to hear anything from Shelley. He requested Reba to sing as a compromise.

She went to the piano and sang in a sweet voice The Ballad of a Troubadour. I was moved by the purity and crystalline melody of her notes. She asked me if I sang, and before I knew what answer I made we were singing Mendelssohn's duet, "I would that my love."

It must have brought back tender memories to her. A tear fell from her eyes as she ceased, and she hurriedly bade me good night and departed.

The deacon had buried his face in both his hands. When he looked up his eyes were red and he said in a husky tone of voice:

"I heard her mother sing that way a few days before she died."

I intended to ask all about Reba's mental derangement, but I concluded to wait and not add more anguish to him that night.

I retired, but could not sleep. The melody of Reba's voice rang in my ears and her beautiful face haunted my vision. I got up and dressed. I gazed out of my window at the clear, moonlight night. It was tempting, so I descended and strolled to the rustic old fountain. Everything was quiet, and the far-off bark of a dog had a lonesome wall in its dying echoes.

Suddenly a light beamed from a lower window in the house. It was in Reba's room. I could not refrain from looking, when my heart sank within me at the sight I beheld.

The figure of a girl, clad in white material, that clung in classic folds to her superb form, was standing erect, her long hair falling in wild disorder over her shoulders. In her right hand she held a poniard on high, its bright blade pointed at her bosom.

This untimely allusion to marriage by my uncle pretty much checked conversation and I was glad when dinner was over.

As on the first evening of my arrival we enjoyed an hour or so in the parlor, Reba sang divinely and was as chatty and pleasant as if she never had contemplated suicide. Once I noticed that she looked at me, but for a moment only, with that sad, piteous expression that I observed when we first met.

"My white turt of hair again," I thought. I was very sleepy and retired early. When I bade father and daughter good-night in the parlor, I was surprised to see her come forward and offer her hand. Instantly I felt a note and my fingers quickly closed upon it. Its contents were as strange and mysterious as the writer:

MY NEW FRIEND AND COUSIN:—If the case is finished to-morrow, meet me at midnight near the rustic old fountain. I desire to impart my plans to you. I have prayed for some strong friend like you.

Her "plans," I imagined, were the rambling fancies of a diseased mind. I resolved to humor her, because I felt sure that she would do herself harm if I disturbed any of her ideas. My intention had been to remain a month, but now my great desire was to finish the case and leave. My sleep was full of sweet dreams about this beautiful girl, and I awoke refreshed. The deacon and I had early breakfast alone, and hurried to the court house. There were few witnesses to examine, and by noon the plaintiff's lawyer addressed the jury for three wearisome hours. I knew the jurors were farmers and wanted to get home by sundown, so I spoke five minutes, saying that I did not desire to keep them away from their families, and that I had such a clear case that to argue for hours a self-evident fact to them would be an insult to their intelligence.

In a few minutes the jury decided against the plaintiff and mulcted him for costs and damages. My uncle was disappointed because I had made such a short speech, but when the decision was rendered his satisfaction knew no bounds. On the way to his house he slapped me on the back and said that he had something to impart to me the next day. He declared that it would be a surprise.

My anxiety was to get away, for I knew that if I remained much longer I would be a slave to the caprice of a crazy woman. Hence I paid little attention to what my uncle was saying.

After dinner I took a long walk and returned to my room. I read until near midnight and then quietly slipped down the stairs and reached the rustic old fountain. A slight breeze was stirring and wafted the fragrant odor of flowers upon its current. The moon was far down and the Pleiades were holding a carnival of brightness overhead. I had heard that the moon affected the insane, so I stood within the deep shadows of a tree.

"How noble in my uncle to watch over this girl and keep her from going to an asylum," I said in thought. I turned, and at my side, dressed in a black traveling habit, with a valise in her left hand, stood Reba. Her face was pale and her eyes looked as if she had been weeping. She spoke first:

"My plan is simply this: I wish to fly to the city with you."

"It took my breath away. It was some minutes before I could answer. 'She is as crazy as a March hare,' I mentally uttered; 'so I'll humor her.'"

"To-night, to-morrow I'll get uncle's permission for you to accompany me."

"The intoxication of wealth is not due to a tight money market."

"The Queen of Servia understands how to sew on buttons, and she isn't a bachelor either."

Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters. Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram shop beverage. But are strictly medicinal in every sense.

—Eyes are not eyes when cigar smoke makes them water.

—Hint for winter—How to keep your rooms warm—keep your grates coal'd.

Buckley's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, tooth-ache, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and swells, 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.

An auctioneer does as he is bid, a postman as he is directed.

A Sensitive 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.

Teacher—"How many elements are there?" Little Boy—"Water, fish, earth, air and—"

Teacher—"There isn't any other element, is there?" Little Boy—"Oh, yes, there is: there's the lawless element in Chicago."

The Verdict Unanimous. W. D. Sult, druggist, Rippon, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of ten years' standing."

Landlady—"The coffee, I am sorry to say, is exhausted, Mr. Smith." Boarder Smith—"Ah, yes, poor thing; I've noticed that for some time it hasn't been very strong."

The Carbon Advocate. AN INDEPENDENT PAPER PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

Job Printing. At very low prices. We do not hesitate to print for our friends and neighbors, and our printing is of the best quality.

Perfect Hair. Indolent a natural and healthy condition of the scalp, and of the fluids through which nutriment is obtained.

Ayer's Hair Vigor. I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and it has done me much good.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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DANIEL WIBAND. Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs, &c. CORNER OF BANK AND IRON STREETS, LEHIGHTON, PENNA.

REPAIRING. In all its details, at the very lowest prices. Patronage respectfully solicited and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

CATARRH ELY'S. ELY'S CREAM BALM. Cures all kinds of Catarrh, Hay Fever, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

AGENTS WANTED FOR DR. WOOD'S. Dr. Wood's Great Peppermint Cure. For Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc.

T. J. BREITNEY. Hauling of Freight, Express, Mutter and Baggage.

E. F. LUKENBACH. DEALER IN WALL PAPERS, Borders & Decorations, Cooks, Stationery, Fancy Goods.

Window Shades & Fixtures. Latest Styles, made and put up by degrees.

Paints, Oil, Varnish, Putty, Brushes & general Painters' Supplies. No. 61 Broadway, Mauch Chunk, Pa.