The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Jr Publisher. INDEPENDENT—" Live and Let Live." $1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. XIV., No. 41. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1886. If not paid in advance, $1.25

Advertising Rates

For Legal Notices.

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

Charter Notices	$4 00
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H. V. Morthimer, Jr., Publisher.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNCELLORS.

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,
ATTORNEY & COUNCELLOR AT LAW,
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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NOTARY PUBLIC,
OFFICE: ADVOCATE BUILDING,
Bank St, Lehighton, Penna.
All business pertaining to the office will receive prompt attention. 16.

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W. G. M. SEIPLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOUTH STREET, - LEHIGHTON, PA.
May be consulted in English or German Special attention given to GYNECOLOGY
Office Hours—From 12 M. to 2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. March 31, 83

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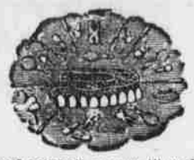

BRANCH OFFICE—Opposite Clauss& Bro's
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Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth extracted without pain. Gas administered when requested Office Days—WEDNESDAY of each week P. O. Address, LITZENBERG, Lehigh county, Pa. Jan. 3, 18 5-1y.

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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. ANÆSTHETIC administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk should make engagements by mail. 15 8-y1

EYE AND EAR.
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 RESTAURANTS.

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 10-y1,

PACKERTON HOTEL.
Midway 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 tables and the very best liquors. Also fine stables attached. Sept. 16-y1.

MANSION HOUSE,
Opposite L. & S. Depot,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.,
C. H. HOM, PROP'R.
This house offers first-class accommodations for transient and permanent boarders. It has been newly refitted in all its departments, and is located in one of the most picturesque portions of the borough. Terms moderate. ☞The bar is supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Fresh Lager Beer on Tap. apr17-86-1y

W.A. Peters
Announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has now open for their accommodation his
NEW RESTAURANT,
next door to the 1st 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 wines, fresh Lager Beer, and Choice Cigars. You are invited to call. april24-86-1y.

TO ADVERTISERS.
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into States and Sections will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce street, New York. jy24-1m

C. V. KLEINTOP
INSTRUCTOR IN MUSIC,
Robbins' American Classical Methods a Specialty,
BANKWAY, LEHIGHTON, PA.
TERMS MODERATE. Aug. 14—tf.

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, Lehighton,
You can always rely upon getting STRICTLY Pure and Unadulterated
Drugs and Medicines.
THOMAS carries the largest stock of Patent Medicines in the county.
THOMAS has an elegant stock of Druggists Sundries, Fancy and Toilet Articles for the ladies as well as the gents.
THOMAS makes Horse and Cattle Powders a specialty. His 11 years experience in the drug business gives him a great advantage in that line.
TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS and BRACES—always a large stock on hand.
WINES and LIQUORS, both foreign and domestic. He has a Clinton Grape Wine and a Dry Catawba Wine. Just splendid and cheap.
WALL PAPERS and BORDERS—the largest assortment in town.
Go to THOMAS' with your prescriptions. Pure THOMAS' Drugs & Patent Medicines.
Go to THOMAS' for your Fancy Articles. Farmers and Horsemen go to THOMAS' for your Horse and Cattle Powders. jun 17

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 KEMERER,
CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEGAN ON MUTUAL FIRE
READING MUTUAL FIRE.
WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the
TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE
(The Pennsylvania Mutual Boiler Inspective and Insurance Company.
March 29, 1873 THOS. KEMERER.

—GO TO—
The CORNER STORE
FOR FRESH, NEW
Cabbage,
Potatoes,
Pine Apples,
Beans,
Peas,
Bananas,
Lemons,
Onions,
Radishes.
C. M. Sweeny, & Son,
—AT—
The CORNER STORE

Children Cry,
FOR PITCHER'S
Castoria
Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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THE CENTAUR CO., 182 Fulton St., N. Y.

THE SOUTH. Are you interested in learning the truth concerning the Southern States—soil, climate, people, social habits, etc.? Send TEN CENTS addressed to F. P. Woodward, (formerly of Pennsylvania) Southern Pines, Moore county, N. C., and receive copy of SOUTHERN COLONIST. 4-24

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.

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.

A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

Only a tired mother pausing when day was done
To think of the many duties which from dawn to set of sun
Had filled up the flying moments, taxing the hand and heart—
Hand and heart which so simply and bravely had done their part.

Above in the quiet chambers five little sleepers lay
Whose needs and joys and sorrows had filled up all her day;
Little wants had been tended, little griefs made light,
Little rights defended, and little wrongs set right.

Crowding one on another, the constant claims had pressed,
Till, musing now in the twilight, a thought but half confessed
Arose and stirred in her spirit: "Everything seems so small!
I had meant to do much for the Master; surely this cannot be all."

When in the deepening twilight, fragrant with evening balms,
Over her drooping eyelids sleep laid caressing palms,
Into the lands of shadows her spirit wandered free—
Land where sometimes earth's children meet heavenly ministry.

The sound of low, questioning voices fell first on her spirit ear;
Then a pause of hushed expectation, and following, soft and clear,
The silvery tinkle of water as from a vessel poured,
And then, through a breathless rapture, floated the voice of the Lord,

Falling in tender cadence, "Know ye what I have done?
Among you as he that serveth am I, the Beloved Son,
Not being ministered unto lifts to the highest estate;
But in rendering lowliest service, souls grow divinely great."

Slowly the eyelids lifted; the twilight had deepened to night;
But the thought that had dimmed her spirit had fled before the Light.
She arose, and ever unfaltering, uplifted by His Word,
She walked in lowly service, strong in "the joy of the Lord."

A True Lover of 1646.

I.

They say loving has gone out of fashion, sweetheart; then am I sure that neither you nor I can be in the fashion. For surely, if love is out of fashion, kissing must likewise be; and that was a kiss you gave me when you took leave of me (and sad leave it was, sweetheart!) both my mouth and thine will testify. Your lips trembled, sweet, and the tears stood in your eyes, and yet I loved that gentle quivering better far than even the brightest smile you ever gave me, when first I saw you sweetheart, ah, so long ago!

Do you remember the first time? You have blushed at it many times privately, I'll warrant, for there was neither shoe nor stocking on your foot. You were daintily fording a swollen brook when my horse neighed, and heigh, presto! your gown was dropped, and at sight of me the blood came surging up into your cheek.

Sweetheart, that was long ago!

Many a blush you have blushed, and many a tear you have shed (for which I beg your pardon on my bended knee), for my sake, since then!

Now you have become the very soul of my soul. I tell you this, not because you do not know it well, but because it pleases me mightily to write it. Soul of my soul, I'll write it ten thousand times, with ten thousand new meanings each time. Janet, can you imagine, sweetheart, what pain 'twas to leave you, and what greater, sweeter pain to see you grieve at leaving me? I would not lose that greater pain for all the joys of heaven!

Sweet, I'm not blasphemous. I could not think of you and blaspheme; moreover, my dear and honored chief would not allow a blasphemous man to fight in his great cause.

Janet, do you know the one rival you have? Now be jealous. I love a jealous woman.

Though jealousy is impossible 'twixt you and me. Love such as ours closes the door on jealousy. You have divined your rival, sweet, without one word from me.

I always loved James Graham, Janet, and now that he has striven with all his might to raise an army to avenge the death of the most blessed martyr Charles, I love him so intensely that my pulses beat and my breath quickens at mere sound of his name.

Therefore I have unsheathed my good sword, which is keen even as I am, to do battle in the cause. Therefore have I bidden you good-by, my Janet, and am sitting on an old drum in our camp near Dumbath, penning these few lines which may be an everlasting farewell.

Janet, it is not a light thing to be a soldier's love; hard it is for you, sweet, and heavy to bear, that I know full well, but you are the bravest woman in the whole world, and did not flinch though the tears stood in your eyes when you kissed me.

Forgive me, sweetheart, for referring to that kiss—perchance the last you may ever give me. Do you remember the horoscope cast for me? Sweet, if I am to die the bloody death foretold to me, I pray that it may be on the field of battle. I spoke to the noble marquess concerning this, but he has a higher, purer faith than mine. He said that the manner of dying mattered but little, provided that we fell in a true cause.

It seems that he never doubts. I have doubted everything save only Janet.

Montrose is a true lover. He and I spend many a night speaking about the ladies we love best. Perchance his lady resembles you, for you have much in common, inasmuch as you seem each to be the loveliest, truest, dearest of your sex. I do not tell my chief so, but I know my mistress is the more lovable of the two. Sweet how many eyes have you? For, when I lay awake at night under heaven's canopy, each star looks at me with your eyes. I lay and talk to them, and tell them how I love you, and that I know you never will be mine. Sweetheart, the thought kills me. I am only as other men, and I long for you night and day. I try to pray that in days to come, when I lie under the sods, you will love some other man, and the very thought chokes me. Janet, you will never love another man! Dear, it is widowhood without ever a bridal I am condemning you to.

You will ask why these black thoughts and terrors. Alas! they are only too well founded. I am no coward, Janet, and do not dread to die, sword in hand, fighting to avenge the blood of my murdered king. But, Janet, Col. Straughan is upon us with 12,000 men. If I could but die at the side of Montrose! * * * will you ever forget me, Janet?

Alas! that I ever met you. But no, that is heresy toward my sweet. I love you with the whole of my heart, dear, so farewell. I trust this letter to Duncan, who knows every pass and will bring these lines to you though the enemy guard every stone on the road.

If I were but Duncan, to see your face again! My dearest heart, I send you something in the corner of this letter. Would that you could but give it back to me. Yours until death.

JOHN SPOTTISWOODE.

P. S.—It seems I am not in the fashion, sweet, for I find I love you more than ever. A fig for the fashion, say I! My fashion of loving you is the best and truest part of me. Shall I lose that? Never! Even as I write I hear the call to arms. I fear you will learn the issue of this fight before you receive this. The little sprig of rosemary you plucked for me in happier times lies close to my heart; it speaks to me of you; but there was no need of rosemary for remembrance. If I could but forget you, dear heart, and you would but forget me, I should go to battle with a lighter spirit; but my love weighs me down, the sweetest burden that a man ever carried. Again, farewell, sweetheart!

II.

Alas! for my foreboding spirit, Janet, have you heard of the disaster that has befallen us? Sweet, I trust that the news of our defeat has been broken to you gently. I could not rest all night after my capture for thinking of you, and how you would be able to bear the evils that have come upon us. In fancy have I seen your cheek pale and your lips quiver, have seen the glitter of your eye and the rush of tears that will have dimmed its brightness. I am costing you tears again, Janet! I, whose only joy 'twas to see you smile. And now, sweetheart, expect no quarter from our enemies. They are pitiless, nor do I care to accept pity from any man. Your pity, Janet, half-sister to your love, I yearn for.

Now that I am no longer free, I weary for a sight of the bonny heather, for a whiff of the fresh sea, for a sight of you, Janet. I tried not to write this last, because it is not only wearying, it is too hopeless, too deep a yearning. I would die content could I but see your face once more, but that will never be. Dream visions of you will come to visit me; dreams remove bars and blots; dreams scoff at prison walls; Janet glides in to comfort me, whether my jailors will or no. My dream, Janet, pale reflection of a beautiful reality!

Janet, I think I hear your crying when you read. Do not cry, sweet; for were you a thousand miles away your tears would rend my heart. It is not so great a loss to lose life when one has lost all else. Do not weep, my Janet, for this poor, desperate lover of yours, who is penning this. He cares not greatly to live. To an exile, hunted down by pitiless foes, what would be the worth of life? Not worth a tear of yours, Janet!

And yet I love your tears. Sometimes, when I think of the feelings of a man who has no one to weep over him, I count those tears of yours, Janet, as the brightest gems I could possess.

Sweet, this will be a farewell note, for my enemies will surely carry me to Edinburgh, where I shall meet my doom. If you could tell the delight and the dread of writing to you. I am yet with you while I write, and the bare thought fills me with joy; and then a fear follows that these poor words of mine may fall in other hands but yours. I choke the outpourings of my poor heart, lest other eyes but yours shall read them. "My sacred love to be profaned by being laid open to scoffers" is a thought that fills me with dread. The ribald can find a jest in the holiest of matters, and to have your sweet name made a byword by the careless would wound me keenly. But, of a surety, I shall find some means of sending a few words to you, and perhaps you may hear concerning me from my enemies, who make a loud boast that they have crushed and taken prisoner Montrose and his army. Therefore, sweet, 'tis only farewell for a few days that I am writing now. Only, Janet, do not flatter yourself with false hopes. There will be no pardon for me. Nor do I desire one. Montrose doomed to die, I could not wish to live.

Heaven help me if these words seem unloving to my sweetheart. But my life has proven so unlike my imagining of it. My sweets have become bitter, my golden visions black realities; all my ends so different from my beginnings. I am too near my death to think of new possibilities. I can but go over the events of my life, and dream of my Janet. . . . . —J. S.

P. S.—The sun is shining brightly today, Janet, and I long for you with a consuming longing. A little guest of wind, full of the fragrance of the heather, has brought back to me memories of you. The glad days we spent together among the heather, sweet. It maddens me to think of them. How careless and happy we were, and how bonny you were. Janet, thoughts of joy, when the soul is overcast by sorrow, are like the tortures of hell.

III.

Janet, in reviewing those graces in you that I had loved I had often been in doubt which manner of yours pleased me best. I doubt no longer, for I know now that I loved your manner most when you braved bolts and bars and the tyranny of my enemies (whom I fully forgive, even as I pray the Lord may forgive me), and the churlishness of rude jailers, so that you could kiss me good-bye, sweet.

The joy of it! Janet, you cannot imagine what this glimpse of you has been to me.

Sure am I that there never breathed so proud a condemned felon, nor one with half so much reason to rejoice. Since Janet—her fears forgotten—came to me in my prison cell, what matter fetters or aught that my enemies can urge against me? If all that which there malice can invent be chronicled against me, no one will believe aught that is bad, since Janet kissed me.

When you entered my cell perchance you observed that I was tongue-tied, that no words could force their way to my lips, that my eyes seemed dazed and could not realize that it was my dearest mistress standing before. You were so pale and wan, love, your pitiful face has haunted me even since.

Sweet, I am to die; you know it. I swear to you that death has lost its bitterness since I have seen you. You cannot imagine how the thought that I should never see you more has pursued me. Night and day, since the disastrous day when we lost all. I have yearned for a glimpse of you, and yesterday you gave it to me.

Sweetheart, who was to have been my wife, if it were not for you I should feel right glad that my short span of life is nearly over. Twenty-six years only have I lived, and have already seen the death of all I cared for.

I fear no death, not even that of the scaffold, but I fear to carry about with me into the next world that great unassuaged desire—the desire for you Janet. I cannot shake it off; it overpowers me. Yea, on the very judgment day 'twill be you only that will bring peace to my tortured soul! Brave heart! You have suffered so much, so much for me that I scarce like to lay another sufferance on you—no need to urge you by telling you 'tis the last. I know you well, Janet, and, knowing you, scarce hesitate to crave this last favor, which, if it be not too great, I pray you grant.

Janet, will you see me die?

Not in the midst of the crowd, sweet, but in some secluded spot, whence, when my last moment comes, you would murmur through your tears, "Dear soul! God give him rest. He loved me well."

To tell you how I love you were impossible; to make you understand what you have been to me in sweetness and tenderness since the first days my eyes fell on you, equally impossible, and to bid good-by most impossible of the three. For though my pen cease writing, I shall not cease bidding you farewell until the ax severs my head from my body (if, indeed, I am favored so much as to die by steel in lieu of rope, though it matters but little to me); even then a long good-by to Janet will be found on my lips by those who can read such language. Even now I have omitted to give you thanks for your sweet pleadings in my behalf. 'Twas great grief to think that you should thus humble yourself for my worthless life's sake; yet was it grief mingled with sweetness, for had you not braved all for me? And nothing can humiliate you, sweetheart; not even the churlish denial which the boon you craved met with from my enemy; but I thank you again for your courage. I love you for it; 'twas like you.

The little sprig of rosemary, Janet, still lies close to my heart. There will it lie until my heart beat no more; and then, when I am dead, methinks it must blossom out afresh from my grave. Was it not a love token from you? Can such love as ours, or its emblems ever die? It must be everlasting. A little stir in my cell tells me they are coming to announce that I must soon make ready to die—that death will claim me from Janet.

If I but die as nobly as Montrose died, so that my dearest heart, in days to come (when she can bear to talk of it), will narrate her voice thrilled with pain, and I hope a little pride, how her true lover met his death! You will be quite old then, Janet, your soft brown hair silvered, your eyes dimmed, your voice quavering, and I shall be everlasting young. Janet, come to my death in the fullness of my years. I wonder shall I have long to wait for you, Janet?

Oh! Janet, I must now write my last, last words to you. I feel that I have not lived my life quite in vain, since it has been given to me to gain your love. My whole being gives you unutterable thanks for the inestimable boon of your affection. You have sweetened my life Janet, have even robbed death of its bitterness. And I love you with my whole heart, nor have I ever loved another maid but you.

I can scarce write the word 'farewell.' Methinks it should scorch the paper. See, sweetheart, I have kissed this just here. Lay your warm lips on the spot when mine are cold. Alas! that they should be irresponsive to yours.

Janet, there is scarce a moment now. I must e'en hasten to finish, so that this may reach you in time. I pray that you may get it.

There is no sadder thing than a farewell in all this sad world of ours. All earthly regrets are gone, save only my regret for Janet, and——Good-by, sweetheart. Fare thee well. J. S.

The Lady Jane being troth plighted to the young and gallant J. Spottiswoode, who was one of the noble Marques of Montrose's most devoted followers, being in sore distress at news of her lover's imprisonment and sentence to death, herself craved the boon of his life from his enemies, which was, however, denied her.

By dint of courage and resolution she penetrated the walls of his prison and came alone, the night before his execution, to bid him good-by. Her lover laid a wish upon her that she should witness his death, which wish she faithfully complied with.

As he passed her on his way to his execution he smiled right gladly with sudden joy, and she waved her kerchief to him and also threw him a white rose, which he prayed his guards let him gather up. But they, fearing that any delay would incense the populace against them (for all were weary of bloodshed), urged him on. At which he cried with a loud voice, "Farewell, my Janet!" and walked firmly to the scaffold.

When all was over the ladies surrounding the Lady Sanet, who had seen her fall forward when her lover pronounced his last farewell, tried to lift her from the seat on the window on which she had sunk. But when they had looked on her fair face they found that the Lord had been merciful to her and had taken her to Himself when her lover breathed his last.

Note.—I found this last notice, together with the three letters Spottiswoode wrote to his sweetheart, in an old oak chest which has remained unopened in our family for generations. I have modernized the spelling and the diction, but the letters still remain very much as they were written.

WEISSPORTER'S SUNDAY RIDE.

To say it was a success would be putting it rather mild, for it was grand.

Roll on, our wheels so soft and still,
Our petted steeds, more prized than gold,
Fly through valley, skim o'er the hill,
Our run complete, ere day grows old.

Thousands now are wrapped in slumber—
Went late to rest, will late arise;
How few are they among the number
Who know the worth of exercise.

If they would master thee, my wheel,
And ride a mount good, strong and light,
What beauties would this land reveal,
What charming scenes, what pure delight.

Rolling here 'neath nature's bowers,
They'd hear the birds so sweetly sing;
Breathe air perfumed with wild spring flowers
Partake of joys a wheel can bring.

Would mount the hills with ease and grace,
On summit high the landscape view;
Coast down the slope with rapid pace
Gain health and strength and life renew.

Feast eyes on farms where plenty dwells,
Fine blooded stock, horse, kine and sheep,
Grazing in valleys and shady dells,
With grand background of mountain steep.

See beauties in each changing scene,
If fertile field or patch of brier;
A noisy mill turned by a stream
Some village church, heaven-pointing spire.

Then back for home with appetite,
A morning plunge, a wholesome meal,
To work with mind so clear and bright,
They'd join with me to praise the wheel.

Yes, ere the sun had dispelled the sparkling dew at crimson dawn, that perfect, lovely day, twelve cyclists met who were friends firm and true, for a delightful run of eighteen miles. Intent on pleasure, not records to break, but in happy converse, as side by side we rode. The exquisite scenes, the elegant weather and fair skies above. Ah! our happiness was complete. We arrived at Tamaqua about 9:30 a. m., and just had our wheels put away when the Pottsville and Hazleton wheelmen arrived, and their smiling faces was sufficient evidence that they enjoyed the trip and were exceedingly happy. I dare say it did my heart good to see so many noble and true wheelmen together—Pottsville and Hazleton wheelmen are certainly very hospitable—they cannot be beat.

The call for dinner at 12:30 received a hearty welcome I assure you. A glance around those hungry bicyclists disclosed the following count: Pottsville, twelve; Weissport, twelve; Hazleton, four; Tamaqua, four; Slatington, two; Parryville, one; Coaldale, two. At 1:30 twenty-nine of the of the wheelmen took a spin of thirteen miles, over fine roads, to Lansford and back. At 4:30 good-byes and best wishes were extended on every hand, when all started home highly pleased with the occasion.

Yes! Weissport has more wheelmen than any other town of its size in the State.

Now my Lehighton friends where are you? Well, I should say you are way back. FRANKLIN.

—Subscribe for the CARBON ADVOCATE only $1 a year.

—Read Broadbrim's popular New York letter.

Harvest Excursions West.

Now is the "Merry Harvest Time" when the magnificent crops of wheat, corn, oats, barley, hops, fruit, vegetables and herds of fat cattle, horses, sheep and swine in Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas can be seen to the best advantage. To facilitate the wishes of Eastern friends who desire to acquaint themselves with the vast productive capacities of the West, the management of the CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY announces that tickets will be sold on September 8 and 22, 1886, to principal points in Minnesota, Dakota, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska at GREATLY REDUCED RATES, and with stop-over privileges. For further information apply to your nearest ticket agent, or to E. A. Holbrook, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, C., R. I. & P. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by T. D. Thomas, Lehighton.

—Woman refused to give a meal to a dwarf the other day, because she was opposed to dine-a-mite.

What are Suppositories?

A. G. Rose, of New London, Conn., writes: "Send me two bottles of your Kemp's Pile Suppositories by mail. Our druggist is out. They are for a friend. I tried everything without help, but the Suppositories cured me."

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—Young wife—John, Mother says she wants to be cremated. Young husband—Tell her if she'll get on her things I'll take her down this morning.

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—Girls desiring to have small mouths should very frequently repeat rapidly, "Fanny Finch fried five flounder fish for Frances Fowler's father."

Hay Fever, Asthma. Immediate relief. Fontaine's Cure. For sale by C. T. Horn, Druggist.

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—Society's favorite flower—The dandylion.

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