

Advertising Rates

For Legal Notices. The following prices for legal advertising have been adopted by the Carbon Advocate.

Charter Notices \$4.00
Auditor's Notices 4.00
Commissioner's Notices 4.00
Divorce Notices 4.00
Administrator's Notices 3.00
Executor's Notices 3.00

Other legal advertising will be charged for by the square. H. V. Morthimer, Jr., Publisher.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS. HORACE MEYDT, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

W. M. RAISHER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

H. V. MORTIMER, Sr. NOTARY PUBLIC.

W. G. M. REIPLE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

F. A. Rabenold, D.D.S., BRANCH OFFICE—Composite Glass & Bro's Bank St., Lehighon, Pa.

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

EYE AND EAR. DR. G. T. FOX.

CARBON HOUSE, JONATHAN KESTLER, PROPRIETOR.

PACKERTON HOTEL, T. J. PACKERTON, PROPRIETOR.

MANSHION HOUSE, Opposite J. & S. Depot, Lehighon, Pa.

W. A. Peters, NEW RESTAURANT.

Meals at Short Notice! The Bar is supplied with the best wines, fresh Lager Beer, and Choice Claret.

TO ADVERTISERS. A list of 1000 newspapers divided into States and Sections will be sent on application.

C. V. KLEINTOP, INSTRUCTOR IN MUSIC.

The Carbon Advocate

H. V. MORTIMER, Jr. Publisher.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. XIV., No. 43.

LEHIGHON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1886.

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' Drug & Family Medicine Store, Bank Street, Lehighon, Pa.

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

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 Gentlemen.

THOMAS makes Horse and Cattle Powders a specialty. He has 15 years experience in the drug business giving him a great advantage in that line.

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 Gentlemen.

THOMAS makes Horse and Cattle Powders a specialty. He has 15 years experience in the drug business giving him a great advantage in that line.

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 Gentlemen.

THOMAS makes Horse and Cattle Powders a specialty. He has 15 years experience in the drug business giving him a great advantage in that line.

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 Gentlemen.

THOMAS makes Horse and Cattle Powders a specialty. He has 15 years experience in the drug business giving him a great advantage in that line.

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 Gentlemen.

THOMAS makes Horse and Cattle Powders a specialty. He has 15 years experience in the drug business giving him a great advantage in that line.

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 Gentlemen.

THOMAS makes Horse and Cattle Powders a specialty. He has 15 years experience in the drug business giving him a great advantage in that line.

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

RED STAR COUGH CURE. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

THOUGHTS AFTER SCHOOL. In the slowly gathering twilight I am sitting all alone.

THOUGHTS AFTER SCHOOL. In the slowly gathering twilight I am sitting all alone. Thinking of the happy days.

THOUGHTS AFTER SCHOOL. In the slowly gathering twilight I am sitting all alone. Thinking of the happy days.

THOUGHTS AFTER SCHOOL. In the slowly gathering twilight I am sitting all alone. Thinking of the happy days.

THOUGHTS AFTER SCHOOL. In the slowly gathering twilight I am sitting all alone. Thinking of the happy days.

THOUGHTS AFTER SCHOOL. In the slowly gathering twilight I am sitting all alone. Thinking of the happy days.

THOUGHTS AFTER SCHOOL. In the slowly gathering twilight I am sitting all alone. Thinking of the happy days.

THOUGHTS AFTER SCHOOL. In the slowly gathering twilight I am sitting all alone. Thinking of the happy days.

THOUGHTS AFTER SCHOOL. In the slowly gathering twilight I am sitting all alone. Thinking of the happy days.

THOUGHTS AFTER SCHOOL. In the slowly gathering twilight I am sitting all alone. Thinking of the happy days.

THOUGHTS AFTER SCHOOL. In the slowly gathering twilight I am sitting all alone. Thinking of the happy days.

THOUGHTS AFTER SCHOOL. In the slowly gathering twilight I am sitting all alone. Thinking of the happy days.

THOUGHTS AFTER SCHOOL. In the slowly gathering twilight I am sitting all alone. Thinking of the happy days.

THOUGHTS AFTER SCHOOL. In the slowly gathering twilight I am sitting all alone. Thinking of the happy days.

Like an automaton she moved around preparing the simple supper; and as she gave the finishing touches to the nearly laid table, Joe Vance and his boarder came in.

Monteath's eyes met Millie's for a moment, but there was no look of questioning at the sight of her pale, tortured face, and the girl's heart sank like lead in her bosom as she sat before her unfastened oval.

It was over at last. Millie had flushed her cheeks for the first time, and was standing in the kitchen doorway, her hands clasped, and an utterly we-begone look on her young face.

Get your hat and come down with me to the cliff, Millie! Slip away so that your father will not see you. I will be waiting for you at the turn in the road.

For a moment the blood surged loudly in the girl's veins, and then seemed to recede, leaving her cold as ice. It was the first time she had ever been urged to an act that involved anything clandestine or desecrated, and the whole force of her litanic pure and innocent life arose in instant protest.

But alas! only for a moment—then every other consideration was lost in the one overpowering desire to be with him—to hear his voice, and look back into that eye that glowed in those dark, fascinating eyes.

Slipping quietly back into the house, she secured her hat and a light shawl, and passing swiftly out, sped down the road like a frightened deer.

Mr. Monteath was waiting for her. Without a word he drew the little trembling hand through his arm, and they walked on until they reached the cliff—a broad ledge overlooking the sea, and entirely inaccessible from the water.

A few large stones scattered about served as seats; and on one of these Monteath seated himself, drawing the trembling girl down beside him.

"Millie," he said, in a low voice, "do you know I am going away?"

Millie bowed her head in silence—she could not speak.

"Your father told me to-night that I must leave his house. For some reason he seems to have taken an unaccountable aversion to me; so I must go—will you be at home, Millie?—or will you go with me?"

"As your wife, Arthur?" breathed the agitated girl.

"Certainly, little one—what else?" She did not see the cruel compression of the lips under the drooping moustache, or her face was hidden on his breast, to which his arm held her close.

"Yes—yes!" she murmured in a paroxysm of delicious joy.

"Then we must go at once—to-night, Millie—your father finds a way to prevent," he said, rising with his arm still around her. "Return home now, and at twelve o'clock meet me here again. Be prudent and careful, and in a few hours more at most, we will be on the way to—"

Like an automaton she moved around preparing the simple supper; and as she gave the finishing touches to the nearly laid table, Joe Vance and his boarder came in.

Monteath's eyes met Millie's for a moment, but there was no look of questioning at the sight of her pale, tortured face, and the girl's heart sank like lead in her bosom as she sat before her unfastened oval.

It was over at last. Millie had flushed her cheeks for the first time, and was standing in the kitchen doorway, her hands clasped, and an utterly we-begone look on her young face.

Get your hat and come down with me to the cliff, Millie! Slip away so that your father will not see you. I will be waiting for you at the turn in the road.

For a moment the blood surged loudly in the girl's veins, and then seemed to recede, leaving her cold as ice. It was the first time she had ever been urged to an act that involved anything clandestine or desecrated, and the whole force of her litanic pure and innocent life arose in instant protest.

But alas! only for a moment—then every other consideration was lost in the one overpowering desire to be with him—to hear his voice, and look back into that eye that glowed in those dark, fascinating eyes.

Slipping quietly back into the house, she secured her hat and a light shawl, and passing swiftly out, sped down the road like a frightened deer.

Mr. Monteath was waiting for her. Without a word he drew the little trembling hand through his arm, and they walked on until they reached the cliff—a broad ledge overlooking the sea, and entirely inaccessible from the water.

A few large stones scattered about served as seats; and on one of these Monteath seated himself, drawing the trembling girl down beside him.

"Millie," he said, in a low voice, "do you know I am going away?"

Millie bowed her head in silence—she could not speak.

"Your father told me to-night that I must leave his house. For some reason he seems to have taken an unaccountable aversion to me; so I must go—will you be at home, Millie?—or will you go with me?"

"As your wife, Arthur?" breathed the agitated girl.

"Certainly, little one—what else?" She did not see the cruel compression of the lips under the drooping moustache, or her face was hidden on his breast, to which his arm held her close.

"Yes—yes!" she murmured in a paroxysm of delicious joy.

"Then we must go at once—to-night, Millie—your father finds a way to prevent," he said, rising with his arm still around her. "Return home now, and at twelve o'clock meet me here again. Be prudent and careful, and in a few hours more at most, we will be on the way to—"

Like an automaton she moved around preparing the simple supper; and as she gave the finishing touches to the nearly laid table, Joe Vance and his boarder came in.

Monteath's eyes met Millie's for a moment, but there was no look of questioning at the sight of her pale, tortured face, and the girl's heart sank like lead in her bosom as she sat before her unfastened oval.

It was over at last. Millie had flushed her cheeks for the first time, and was standing in the kitchen doorway, her hands clasped, and an utterly we-begone look on her young face.

Get your hat and come down with me to the cliff, Millie! Slip away so that your father will not see you. I will be waiting for you at the turn in the road.

For a moment the blood surged loudly in the girl's veins, and then seemed to recede, leaving her cold as ice. It was the first time she had ever been urged to an act that involved anything clandestine or desecrated, and the whole force of her litanic pure and innocent life arose in instant protest.

But alas! only for a moment—then every other consideration was lost in the one overpowering desire to be with him—to hear his voice, and look back into that eye that glowed in those dark, fascinating eyes.

Slipping quietly back into the house, she secured her hat and a light shawl, and passing swiftly out, sped down the road like a frightened deer.

Mr. Monteath was waiting for her. Without a word he drew the little trembling hand through his arm, and they walked on until they reached the cliff—a broad ledge overlooking the sea, and entirely inaccessible from the water.

A few large stones scattered about served as seats; and on one of these Monteath seated himself, drawing the trembling girl down beside him.

"Millie," he said, in a low voice, "do you know I am going away?"

Millie bowed her head in silence—she could not speak.

"Your father told me to-night that I must leave his house. For some reason he seems to have taken an unaccountable aversion to me; so I must go—will you be at home, Millie?—or will you go with me?"

"As your wife, Arthur?" breathed the agitated girl.

"Certainly, little one—what else?" She did not see the cruel compression of the lips under the drooping moustache, or her face was hidden on his breast, to which his arm held her close.

"Yes—yes!" she murmured in a paroxysm of delicious joy.

"Then we must go at once—to-night, Millie—your father finds a way to prevent," he said, rising with his arm still around her. "Return home now, and at twelve o'clock meet me here again. Be prudent and careful, and in a few hours more at most, we will be on the way to—"

"I call my wife dear," said Dagley, reflectively, "because she is."

"We may not like hotel-keepers, but we have to put up with them."

Dr. Frazer's Magic Ointment. A sure cure for all boils, furuncles, sores, cuts, flesh wounds, sore nipples, hard and soft corns, chapped lips and hands.

Dr. Frazer's Root Bitters. Not a demerol beverage. But a strictly medicinal in every sense.

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

What are Suppositories? A. G. Rose, of New London, Conn., writes: "I used two bottles of your Krom's Pills."

Brace Up. You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with headache, you are indigestive, nervous and generally out of sorts.

NIAGARA FALLS. An Agee People Who Don't Know Whether They Have Seen Them or Not.

There was an old couple at the Third street depot the other day who had been to Niagara Falls and were waiting for a train to their home in the interior of the State.

"We've just got back from Niagara Falls. Powerful sight, them falls are. Hilt'n nothing like them falls in this hull country."

"Never heard of 'em," gruffly replied the man.

"You didn't! Lord bless me, but that's astonishing! Never heard of Niagara Falls?"

"Never. What is it anyhow?"

"Why, it's the biggest lot of water you ever saw, falling over the awfulest precipice you ever heard of. Why, it makes folks shiver to look at it."

"Singular that none of the papers have ever mentioned it."

"They haven't? Why, them falls has bin there for thousands of years."

The Carbon Advocate. AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY PAPER. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. Carbon County, Pennsylvania. L. V. MORTIMER, Jr., Publisher.

Perfect Hair. Indicates a natural and healthy condition of the scalp and of the glands through which nourishment is obtained.

Ayer's Hair Vigor. For six months I suffered from liver troubles, my hair fell out, and I became weak and nervous.

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

No Patent—No Pay. PATENTS. Obtained for Inventors in the United States Canada and Europe.

SWITHIN C. SHURTLEDOME'S ACADEMY For Young Men and Boys. Meets every week at the Commercial Hotel, Lehighon, Pa.

GOOD SALARIES. The commission to Mrs. J. W. Whitman, Rochester, N. Y.

CATARRH BLY'S CREAM BALM. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE AND CURES Cold in Head, Catarrh, Hay Fever.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE SCOTT'S Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil.

T. J. BREITNEY, Respectfully announces to the merchants of Lehighon and others that he is prepared to do all kinds of

Hauling of Freight, Express Matter and Baggage.

F. E. LUCKENBACH, DEALER IN WALL PAPERS, Borders & Decorations, Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods.

Window Shades & Fixtures. Letted, Blinds, made and put up, if desired.

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

No. 61 Broadway, Mauch Chunk, Pa. Below the Broadway House.