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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. 44.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 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' POPULAR Drug & Family Medicine Store, Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

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

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TRAVELERS' BAGGAGE—A large assortment in stock.

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ST. JACOBS OIL. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN.

A SONG OF SERVITUDE.

By ERIC MACRAE.

This is a song of sympathy that I have made; There are no servants but the living men; The old and young, the proud and the lowly, All must serve, for all must be obeyed.

There are no tyrants but the serving ones; There are no serfs but the living men; The Captain conquers with his army's guns, But he himself is conquered by his sons.

What is a parent but a daughter's slave; A son's retainer when the lad is free; The great Creator loves the good and brave, And makes a flower the spokesman of a grave.

The son is servant in his father's halls; The daughter is her mother's maid-of-work; The wren must answer when the robin calls; And earth must take the raindrop when it falls.

There are no "ups" in life; there are no "downs"; For "high" and "low" are words of like degree; He who is light of heart when fortune frowns, He is a king, though nameless in the town.

None is so lofty as the sage who prays, None so un-high as he who will not kneel; The wren is servant to the summer days, And he is bowed to most who most obey.

These are the maxims that I take to heart; Do thou accept them, reader, for thine own; Love will thy work; be truthful in the mart, And loaves will praise thee when thy friends are gone.

None shall upbraid thee, then, for thine own; Or show thee meaner than thou art in truth; Make friends with death; and God, who is so great, He will assist thee to a nobler fate.

None are able to serve; none on their knees Can pray, when sound the bells of doom; The flowers are servants to the pilgrim feet, And windy winds are tyrants of the trees.

All things obey; all things incur a debt; And all must pay the same, or soon or late; The sun will rise to-morrow, but he must set; And man must seek the laws he would defy.

There are no tyrants in the universe, No false accounts, no treachery, no contempt; The work we do, the good things we receive, Are loans of nature basely named a curse.

"Give us our daily bread!" the children cry, And mothers plead for them, while thus they speak; But "Give us work, O God!" we men should say, That we may gain our bread from day to day.

'Tis not alone the crown that makes the King; The service done, 'tis duty to his kind; The lark that sings so high is quick to sing; But proud to yield subservience to the spring.

And we who serve ourselves, whatever befall; Ourselves and those we need, and those we love; Dare we forget, at joy or sorrow's call, The service due to God, who serves us all!

Might Have Been.

By M. EILEEN HOLAHAN.

"Beautiful!" cries Dora Danzil, rapturously, turning from the reflection of her own sweet, saucy face in the mirror.

"Happy?" she whispers hoarsely. "Between you and me, Arthur Hanlin, even were you free, there is no such word. You are the very loveliest, most exquisite thing in the world. I have hardly begun to dress yet."

Miss Quiverleigh's laugh comes lightly—low as the saddest sob of a summer's breeze—sweet as the tenderest note of a priceless flute; but on her lips rests a smile in which there is more scorn, more contempt, than pleasure, as she draws the train of dead white silk and priceless lace across her beautiful arm, saying:

"Oh, I have been ready for ages, I think. Perhaps it is barely possible!"—and the smile dies away into a pathetic curve of the lovely lips—"my mother's to subdue your 'lordly knight,' and subjugate the handsome brother who, all unknowingly, disapproves of me—has made me overestimate the time of waiting!"

A swift scarlet flush, comes to birth on Dora's pure brow, and dies away beneath the dainty lace on her bosom.

"Tom is not unjust," she says stoutly, turning again to her dressing table.

"Not knowing how could he disapprove of you, Naomi? I do not believe it; it is but a rumor you heard."

Naomi shrugs her beautiful white shoulders with a little laugh.

"Society people always know each other, my little saint," she says, "or hear of them. Your mother, I believe—"

"—clearly—is a society man, is he not?"

not? I have heard a great deal of him, in— Oh, I assure you—as Dora turns quickly with startled eyes—"rumor has it only that he is the perfect man—the noblest work of God."

"He is," exclaims Dora, emphatically. Her brother is her idol. "He is the handsomest man I ever saw—and the dearest and wisest and best! Gracious!"—as the tiny, jeweled clock on the mantel chimes for the hour in a burst of music—"eight o'clock, and"—Estella, Estella, do hurry me up, else the guests will arrive before I am ready. Come in Naomi, and sit down, if anything so heavenly can sit down!"

"I could," laughs Miss Quiverleigh, softly, "very forcibly, indeed; but I will not. I am 'moon-struck,' and must go out into the garden. When you are dressed, Dora, call me from the balcony. I shall hear, if the flowers are not wooing me."

With which she turns and runs lightly down the broad, shallow stairs, tripping back a laugh, and a snatch of popular opera to Dora's ears, and a snatch of popular opera to Dora's ears, and a snatch of popular opera to Dora's ears.

"Do not get your slippers damp, Naomi; the dew is falling. In just one half hour I shall be ready."

"Half an hour!" thinks Miss Quiverleigh, scornfully. "Who or what is this, with so much care and time! What fools all we women are, and how long a time it is before we discover the fact of which I am brilliant illustration!"

Drawing her long white skirts around her just sufficiently to display a beautiful slim ankle, she steps out across the balcony into the white, wind-tossed beauty of the June night.

"I will keep in the gravel paths," she whispered, bending above a bed of white lilies, and severing the loveliest from their parent-stem. "The grass is damp and cold. But somehow I do feel over-rebellious to-night—just like doing something which shall make the world raise its hands in holy horror—just like breaking the chains of mode, fashion, and costume to scream—just once—I am free!"

Down the gravelled paths she glides, between the beds of sleeping, dewy flowers, like some fair, frail shadow of the white moonlight flooding the earth with its glory.

"It is glorious!" she whispers to the faint night wind that riots around her. "But what can it bring to me—to any of us? The moon goes down in darkness, and the flowers die in tears! Ah, the people are already arriving, so I must desert the path, or else return to the house. The latter I cannot do—at least, not yet! Ah, I must view the lake with this moon on its breast!"

"On its breast!" it is lying, certainly, just as a vague, hazy, pain is lying on her heart—the remembrance of a hope long since blighted, the memory of a priceless, tender, passage which neither wealth, position, nor adulation has ever been able to renew.

"It is dead, of course. It is almost four years since all her tender love and wild miseries were burned out together in unavailing tears.

Since then—how can they blame her that she has no heart—that she must laugh with and at all alike, as the case may be.

The only wonder would be that she had not become imbecilled.

The lake, with its mossy shore decorated with gleaming white statues and vases, lies sleeping in the moonlight from above.

Through the branches of water-willows and beeches the wind sighs faintly, while from the house comes the distant sound of a sweet, clear voice, singing:

"Alas! that I and I were sleeping 'neath the eberhard's quiet sod— One hour at rest on earth's tender breast, And our souls at home with God."

Naomi stands—her beautiful bare arm thrown carelessly above a white stone vase, to which she appears an exquisite carving—part of itself; her beautiful eyes are resting on the water with a look of sad, pathetic pain, of which the world would never dream; but as the last faint note of the song dies away across the lake, she falls on her knees with a cry of irrepressible pain, passion and despair—the pent-up misery of years.

"Naomi!" whispers a man's voice, low and eagerly. "Oh, my darling, my darling, why will you suffer so, when a word, a little indifference would set us free—make us happy again!"

He attempts to draw her in his arms, but she eludes him with a look in her face that holds him silent.

"Happy?" she whispers hoarsely. "Between you and me, Arthur Hanlin, even were you free, there is no such word. You are the very loveliest, most exquisite thing in the world. I have hardly begun to dress yet."

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came here to-night. Forgive me the base intention; but I meant that you should fly with me. That is all over now. I am a better, if hopeless, man. I shall never return, dear. Will you kiss me once—cousinly, if you will—that I may carry it with me to the grave?"

In silence she lifts her beautiful head, and touches her lips to his, and perhaps the peace and benediction of her kiss were registered in heaven. Then she turns toward the house, telling herself that now, at least, life is dead.

"Where have you been, Naomi?" cries Dora, meeting her on the balcony, and starting back in affright as she lifts her lovely dark eyes, heavy with unshed tears. "What is the matter, dear? I sent Tom to look for you, and he says he could not find you."

A swift rush of color dyed Naomi's pale cheeks. Of course he saw her if he was all over the garden, and—him.

Her heart gives a wild throb of pain, hardly so much for the misery of the moment she felt behind her, as for the shame of standing before this strong man, and knowing that in his heart she is condemned.

"You are rash," he says in a low, cold tone, as she leaves them at the foot of the stairs. "The night air is dangerous, especially at the lake. It is quite wrong to go there!"

"So many things we do that are rash and wrong," she says wearily, turning away. "That one more or less cannot matter. I wonder if we ever do anything right or well?"

But it is hardly a look of scorn with which his eyes follow the beautiful form until the corridor takes it from view; and although he avoids her, apparently, very frequently during the brilliant ball his eyes meet hers, and hold them in some vague, strange way that thrills and startles Naomi.

"You were unjust," says Naomi in a low voice; "you never gave me any chance; you condemned me before you saw me."

"But never since, replies Tom Deniz, in a voice quite as low, for the shore is crowded with gay, laughing guests. "Never since the night I came to seek you here, Naomi, and found you."

"Don't!" she whispers, beseechingly extending one tiny hand, which he catches and for a moment holds. "Be merciful—I am going away to-day, you know."

"Are you?" he asks suddenly. "You did not tell me. Why?"

"Why should you care?" she asks, with averted eyes. "It can make no difference—"

"But it does," he answers, so sternly that her eyes are raised to meet his. "You belong to me by right of discovery that night. No, love-bearing, how could I condemn you? I will never surrender you, unless—Naomi, do you love me? Answer me!"

And the strangest part of it is that he takes it for an answer—that shy lift of her lovely eyes.

Late Recompense.

By M. EILEEN HOLAHAN.

A low, dark, tumble-down cottage on the very edge of the deep, pathless forest; not much of a view, certainly, to meet the eye of a fastidious gentleman belonging to the most exclusive aristocracy of the land, and fondled with all its luxuries; yet it is with a sigh of relief and a look of yearning toward the haven of rest, that Mark Wolcott lets the bride fall slack on the neck of his jaded horse, and dismounts at the tumble-down gate.

"A long day and a hard day we've had running it, my beauty," he says tenderly, while fastening the hitching-post to the remnant of what once was a rough picket fence. "About time that you and I had a little rest and refreshment, Trumper. I may not receive a very cordial reception, but they can hardly turn us out without night's rest, unless they possess more physical power than I do; so here goes."

With a low, pleasant laugh at his own expense, he strides off in the direction of the cottage.

The only sign of life visible is a faint blue curl of smoke from the chimney; yet even that gives him hope of cheer and warmth, for the forest air is chill and damp.

Resolving within himself that to put him out on one more more than ordinarily powerful, he walks up the battered porch quite as nonchalantly and gracefully as if on the fashionable pavements of his native city, and makes the door tremble with the force of his knock. So faint comes the reply that he fails to understand whether it is a dismissal or summons; but certainly he takes it the latter, being the most welcome. It does not take any length of time for the hungry man to open the door and cross the threshold.

But he forgets hunger, weariness—all things but the shock to feelings, in the slight which meets his gaze.

A woman, who must once have been very beautiful, is lying on a meager bed, and her eyes burn to his with the wildest, most appalling intensity.

It does not take a keen glance to tell that the joys and lilies, the veils and veils; that mark life, are for her nearly over; and from her fascinated face, Mark's eyes turn pityingly to the child—left for a kneeling beside her with her hands clasped around her neck.

"Mark Wolcott," gasps the dying woman hoarsely, springing up on her elbow. "Heaven! what fate, what mockery has brought you here, at my dying hour, to witness the last tragedy? Even your reproaches can make it no worse—the life which is so near its end. But my child—my darling! Oh, heaven! that I could take her with me!"

Mark Wolcott staggers forward with a low cry, and gives one piercing look into the woman's face.

"You—Lucile Beyer!" he cries hoarsely. "My God! have I gone mad, or is it indeed so? What ghastly trick of fate is this?"

She smiles grimly, and the child looks up at him, then shrinks away with big, frightened eyes.

"You call it rightly," the woman answers, drawing the child closer. "A ghastly trick of fate, and before the sun rises to-morrow, I shall be just all. Ten years ago, you would not forgive, Mark Wolcott, neither you nor my father, because I married the man who blighted my life—made me the thing I am, in loneliness and obscurity."

"Listen, Mark. Come closer, it is getting dark. From the high station where I met Ralph Beyer, he fell to— Oh! I cannot name the depths of degradation, yet it was no fault of mine. It was in his nature, I think. At last he brought us here—Lucile and I—among the rough miners, where— Well, there were none so depraved as he. He is dead now—let it rest—and I soon shall be; but what is to become of my child, my darling? Will you forgive the past, Mark? Will you take care of my baby, my darling? She is so young to battle with the cold, hard world—only mine. I was not worthy the love you gave me, Mark. Teach her to forget."

But what she wished her child to forget, Mark Wolcott never knows, for the words die on her blue lips, and the love of his youth—the woman who had made him look on all other women since as light, fickle, and heartless—falls back against the shabby pillows.

The cordial he draws from an inside pocket is useless here, and he lays it aside with a sigh of vague, sad pain, thinking of her blighted life, his broken dreams and hopes; and the child sobs quietly in one corner of the room, frightened at the presence of this tall, dark stranger.

"Poor child—poor little one!" he says at last, taking her in his strong arms, and pilloving her little, yellow head on his breast. "You have no mother now, you will be my little girl, as you might have been, had fate been less cruel."

A few days later, his mining business complete, Mark Wolcott returns to New York, bringing with him a shy little girl; with great, dark eyes of deep thought, at whom the ladies who pass them in the drive glance curiously and jealously.

Lucile is placed in a fashionable boarding school at Mark Wolcott's expense.

Orders are given that every advantage money can secure is to be hers; then her self-constituted guardian completely forgets her in the round of fashionable pleasures which constantly carve his presence.

Sometimes the memory of that scene in the cabin on the edge of the forest comes to him in the midst of gaudy; but he puts it from him with shuddering aversion, telling himself that to the child he has done his duty.

So the years pass; and although he has forgotten her, Lucile has never forgotten him.

It is ten years since she left the mining district, and those ten years have made of the little frightened child a girl of nineteen, tall, slim, graceful and beautiful as a poet's dream; but still in her great, dark eyes rests that look of deep thought, more pathetic than tears, the thought that makes the dreamer the artist she is.

One day Mark Wolcott receives a little sketch, beautifully executed in water colors, in which he bends an eager, anxious look.

It is marked "Lucile," and represents a low, dark house nestled against the picturesque forest he remembers so well to have seen in the mining excursion.

"I must see her," he exclaims at last. "It is—it must be nearly ten years since I have seen the child. Perhaps she is lonely, as I am, for when all's told, wealth does not bring happiness. She is my ward—why should not the child live with me here? Yes—why not?"

And the "child" does return with him to the great, grand house which before had seemed so lonely.

Little one under a veil, Mark watches her, and vaguely wonders at the fair, fragile beauty over which all New York gazes, even as they adore the famous young artist.

He becomes restless and cynical, angry that the crowd's-eyes have made such a thing of her, and that she is so young and so beautiful, and that she is so lonely, as I am, for when all's told, wealth does not bring happiness. She is my ward—why should not the child live with me here? Yes—why not?"

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