

Advertising Rates

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H. V. Morthimer, Jr., Publisher.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS. HORACE HEYDT, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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

H. V. MORTHIMER, Sr., NOTARY PUBLIC.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS. W. G. M. SEIPLE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

F. A. Rabenold, D.D.S., BRANCH OFFICE—Opposite Chase & Bro's Bank St., Lehighton, Pa.

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

MAUCH CHUNK, PA. PATIENTS have the benefit of the best improvements in mechanical appliances and the best methods of treatment in all surgical cases.

DR. G. T. FOX, Visits Lehighton regularly on THURSDAY of each week.

OTELS AND RESTAURANTS. CARBON HOUSE, LEHIGHTON, PA.

PACKERTON HOTEL, Lehighton, Pa.

MANSION HOUSE, Lehighton, Pa.

W. A. Peters, Lehighton, Pa.

NEW RESTAURANT, next door to the 1st National Bank.

Meals at Short Notice! The Bar is supplied with the best wines.

C. V. KLEINTOP, INSTRUCTOR IN MUSIC.

THE SOUTH, Are you interested in learning the South?

The Carbon Advocate

H. V. MORTHIMER, Jr. Publisher.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. XIV., No. 46.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 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.

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 gent.

THOMAS makes Horse and Cattle Tenders 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.

WALL PAPERS and BORDERS—the largest assortment in town.

Go to THOMAS' with your prescriptions. Go to THOMAS' for your Patent Medicines.

Go to THOMAS' for your Patent Medicines, Trusses and Supporters, and for your Horse and Cattle Tenders.

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ST. JACOBS OIL. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain.

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

SAFE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

CHARLES F. VOELKER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

LAY ME LOW. Lay me low, my work is done.

I am weary, Lay me low, Where the wild flowers wear the sun.

Where the lily lingers low, Where the butterfly takes wing.

Where the asters drooping grow, Where the young birds chirp and sing.

I am weary, Lay me low, I have striven hard and long.

In the world's unequal fight, Always to maintain the right.

Always to maintain the right, Always with a stubborn heart.

Taking, giving love or blow, Brother, I have played my part.

And an weary, Lay me low, Stern the world and bitter cold.

It seems to endure, Everywhere a love of gold.

Nowhere pity for the poor, Everywhere midst, disguise.

Pride, hypocrisy, and show, Draw the curtain, close mine eyes.

I am weary, Lay me low, Others may, when I am gone.

Restore the ringing battle-call, Always to maintain the right.

Fighting in the which I fall, God may quicken some true soul.

Here to take my place below, In the heroes' muster-roll.

I am weary, Lay me low, Shield and buckler, hung them up.

That I may stand on the wall, I have drawn the mortal coil.

To the finish, dress and all, When our work is done 'tis best.

When our work is done 'tis best, Brother, hear that we should go.

I'm a weary, Lay me low, I am weary, Lay me low.

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED. The girls that are wanted are good girls—

Good from the heart to the lips; Pure as the lily, white and pure.

From its heart to its sweet lips. The girls that are wanted are home girls—

Girls that are mother's right hand; That fathers and brothers can trust to.

And the little ones understand. Girls that are fair on the heartiest, And pleasant when nobody sees;

Kind and sweet to their own folk, Ready and anxious to please. The girls that are wanted are wise girls,

That know what to do and to say; That drive with a smile or soft word The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense, Whom fashion can never deceive; Who can follow whatever is pretty, And dare, what is silly, to leave. The girls that are wanted are careful girls,

Who count what a thing will cost; Who use with a prudent, generous hand, But see that nothing is lost. The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts,

They are wanted for mothers and wives; Wanted to create in loving arms The strongest and fruit of lives. The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl,

There are very few understand; But, oh! for the wise, loving home girls, There's a constant and steady demand.

ARIEL'S GIFT. BY QUINCY WARE. At the end of a narrow, leafy lane,

Just visible from the main road, stood a picturesque little cottage. That it was untenanted one could see

at a glance, as was evidenced by the bare, uncurtained windows, the grass-grown doorstep, the tangled garden, and the air of desolation that hovered over the place, despite the fact that the sun was shining, the roses blooming on the neglected bushes, and the birds chirping and piping among the rustling leaves overhead.

Ariel took it up and saw that it was a sketch. The subject was a familiar one—a corner of an old porch, with the pillars vine-wreathed, and standing in graceful attitude, the figure of a young girl.

Her dress was simple, with its short skirt and open jacket over a waist of puffed muslin; a broad-brimmed hat with a smiling mouth and frank, beautiful eyes.

Under the figure was written in letters scarcely legible now, "My little love." A warm flush swept over Ariel's face, and then her eyes grew sad.

"Five years ago," she murmured, "Oh, Lord! if I had only known! Five years ago, and we have not met all the while. Did I ever look like that—so happy, so care-free? Ah!"

A step had sounded, and then a handsome man was bowing before Ariel, with polite words of apology for having startled her, ere he saw the drooping face under the daisy-breathed hat.

Then he fell back with a hoarse cry: "Ariel!" "Yes, Lord, it is I. But I did not think to meet you here. I came to see the dear old place once more."

"I am sketching the bridge just beyond," he said, with a strange constraint in his manner. "I returned for my portfolio."

She held out to him the sketch, and saw the flush of color that dyed his blonde face. "You have kept it all this time," she said softly.

To her surprise he drew back, and a dark look settled on his handsome face. "You have learned my secret," he said in tones that were almost harsh.

"You know now that I loved you here, that I love you now; but what I might have said to the heartless, willful woman, I never uttered to the courted belle and heiress. I have heard of all your triumphs, and thought with pride that from the elevation to which your uncle's wealth had raised you, you could never look down and say, 'There's a heart that does not care for me, did I choose to stoop to take it.'"

"Loyd!" cried Ariel, "how you misjudge me!" He turned from her silently with a bitter smile, and strode away while she stood there, mute and rigid, with locked hands and wild eyes.

"What did he mean?" she murmured. "I was not unkind to him in the past. I was capricious but not unkind, and I did not know he loved me. Loved me—loves me yet—and I—Oh, why would he not like me explain? Why did he leave me like this? His pride made him unjust and cruel."

The tears welled to her eyes, and with faltering steps she went from the place back to the hotel where, avoiding those who would have detained her, she hastened to her room and locked the door behind her.

And pleasant when nobody sees; Kind and sweet to their own folk, Ready and anxious to please. The girls that are wanted are girls of sense, Whom fashion can never deceive;

Who can follow whatever is pretty, And dare, what is silly, to leave. The girls that are wanted are careful girls, Who count what a thing will cost; Who use with a prudent, generous hand, But see that nothing is lost.

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She lifted her brown eyes shyly and clasped her arms round his neck. "Myself," he whispered, "Will you accept, or is your pride still?" He checked her with a long, lingering kiss.

The Deserted Wife. BY EILEEN M. HOLAHAN.

"Really, the most stupid place on earth!" again remarked Arthur Clark, in a languid, weary voice. "The women are mostly all senseless flirts, and the men—a crowd of snobs. I sometimes wonder why I stay, and—"

"Wonder no more then!" laughs Jack Gartscherie, lazily lighting a fresh Havana. "The reason is self-evident. If Mrs. Wallack were to flee from the scenes of her present conquests, you would quickly bid us adieu, my friend."

The slight, tall gentleman, with weary dark eyes, and a slight stoop of the shoulders, who makes the third of the party smoking on the balcony of the Saratoga House, looks up with some show of interest on his pale, careworn face.

"Who is Mrs. Wallack?" he asks quietly. "I was not aware that I had a namesake here."

"The weariness of his voice is quiet in keeping with the weary, stern melancholy of his face and eyes; but a close observer might detect an latent note of anxiety in the question; but neither of his companions are close observers, and Arthur Clark flashes slightly, while Jack Gartscherie laughs lightly, and answers in his happy-go-lucky fashion:

"Who is Mrs. Wallack? Well, my dear fellow, I can only tell you that she is a divinity—a queen—the only woman in Saratoga worth Clark's notice, and the proudest she is in Christendom! Not to know her argues yourself unkind. But be warned in time, my friend. Do not burn your fingers, and tear your heart at her shrine. She is beyond your mortal reach."

"Indeed!" exclaims Philip Wallack, with a slight scornful elevation of his dark, melancholy eye. "I will not presume, in my dear friend's humility, to worship your divinity. But where, may I ask, is her habitation, that he allows all you masculine loungers to make this 'parade riot' over his wife?"

"A myth, for all we have ever seen of him," laughs Gartscherie, softly. "Rumor says 'somewhere in the South'; but there is a few unkind enough to insinuate that he never had a mortal ex-

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or stronger than his own will binds this man with the heavy, weary eyes and drooping shoulders to the brilliant waiting place, which in itself holds no interest for him.

Early next morning, while the sun is glinting the ocean in its first splendor, he meets her suddenly on the beach.

With almost a start and flush, she meets his glance, then with a slow, cold bow, passes on to the house, while he curses the fate that ever entwined her life with his—the fate which for her sake has dashed all his brightest and best dreams, making his faith illusory, and love seem like an unquenchable blur of crime.

And Cyril had never loved her with the mad ardor which is searing his life. A brief frenzy of despair when he first found that Leigh was lost to him, that was all.

Years ago he had married the woman with whom rumor had connected him in marriage while yet he was betrothed to Leigh.

It is many days before he again sees her alone. Other men flock around the only woman on earth to him, while he, who has the right, is not even allowed to touch the sacred hem of her garment.

In his self-corn and abasement, he even envies the man, less wretched than he, who can stoop to take his own life.

His heart leaps with a great madness as he finds her one day sitting on the balcony alone, a weary, thoughtful look in her beautiful proud eyes as they watch the gay groups on the sands.

His voice is calm and cool, with an undercurrent of resigned despair, as he passes before her and speaks: "Are you not satisfied?" he asks slowly. "Or must my atonement last forever?"

"Forever," she answers, rising with a proud, proud dignity. "It is not atonement sufficient for your sin, Philip Wallack!"

Then suddenly, while the slight holds her spellbound, the calm, weary look on his face changes to one of grand scorn and dignity.

"My sin, which was to love a woman without a heart, he answers, calmly as ever, suppressing all signs of passion. "For such a sin there should be no pardon! Love gladdens the lives of other men, mine it has devastated and blighted. Every passion, ambition and hope of my life has been burnt out in unavailing remorse and yearning. If I could give back your entire freedom, I would gladly do so. As it is, I shall never molest your peace. Only this, that I have loved you as a goddess while you are only a woman—cruel and merciless as the grave. You are not worthy the generous, unbounded love I gave you!"

"Love elevates its object," she said softly, "never degrades it." "There was no degradation in the honorable name I gave you, nor at the life I laid at your feet. But words are useless—they cannot bring us back our buried hopes and ambitions, so farewell!"

A few hours later, she is again on the balcony, her eyes suspiciously red, when he is carried up the marble steps she descended so recently and—and there is blood staining the ghastly face against Jack Gartscherie's shoulder.

"Pray do not be frightened, Mrs. Wallack," says Arthur Clark, reassuringly, as he comes toward her. "Poor Phil! it was a brave act, but one for which I fear he will suffer all his life. He saved a little girl's life by snatching her from before a runaway team; but I think his back is hurt."

There is a low, gasping sob, and the beautiful belle—the "proudest she in Christendom"—is kneeling beside the wounded man.

"My husband!" she cries in an agony of regret. "Oh, my husband, my love—Philip, forgive!"

"If he ever one stares in amazed surprise, she caresses the bruised head, and his pale lips flutter faintly, and grasp: "Leigh! At last, my love—my life!"

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION. "What's this about this Cutting case, Bayard?" "Well, Mr. President, I—er—" "He's a bad egg, isn't he, this man Cutting?" "Yes, Mr. President."

"And whatever has happened of late is but one of a series of incidents following a tacit understanding between officials on each side of the river, is it not?" "Yes, Mr. President."

"And the Mexican government is doing all it can to settle the matter satisfactorily, is it not?" "Yes, Mr. President."

"And there wouldn't be any talk of Colones' dreaming of glory and a lot of suttlers dreaming of profit, would there?" "No, Mr. President."

—Lady tourists now wear the satchel and field glass with straps over their shoulders "just like men." It is Albion, very British, you know!

—High turn-over collars are to be the rage on the tailor-made suits and jackets, and this pleases women who have a superfluity of neck.

Saved His Life. Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was, for many years, badly afflicted with Phthisis, also Diabetes, and the pains were almost insupportable, and would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions.

—During the driving hour, New York is now the place of all others to see the "most superb lace parasols that ever came to this country."

—Many of the autumn hats which the girl of the period will wear will be made of the same material as her supposed tailor-made suit.

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

—A Boston paper is authority for the statement that violet ink is used by society women again, and is once more the chic thing in ink.

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

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best of all for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, letter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required.

—Tennis hats are all very well for the country, but in town make the girl of the period an object of not very complimentary criticism.

A Sensible Man would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. It is curing more cases of cough, cold, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung troubles, than any other medicine.

—Present style of arranging the female hair is artistic and stylish, and enables most women to get along with what nature gave them.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Boulton, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S COMBINATION Cure, Biry, Weissport, and Dr. Horn, Lehighton."

—Bonnets of imported make are trimmed with tiny shells and thin strands of coral on the sides and top. The effect pleases the marines.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve cough, whooping cough and bronchitis. Sold by Dr. Horn, Lehighton and Biry, Weissport.

—Dress patterns for fall and winter wear, as they displayed, are simply magnificent. They are, indeed, as advertised, "high novelties."

No Cure—No Pay.—A new departure in medical science! Fontaine's cure for throat and lung diseases has cured after all other remedies failed.

—Advanced women of fashion at Lenox Mass., now carry a catie tied with a bow of ribbon, following a Parisian fashion of very shady origin.

The secret of successful advertising is to tell the truth. When we say that Dr. W. A. Peters' POLAR SOAP is the best and cheapest soap you can use for all purposes, it is a plain statement of fact, and the best way for you to satisfy yourself is to try a pound.

—"Harbor snuburn" is the newest thing in complexion, and even young women who were not there can produce it at small expense.

Sufferers from the effects of quinine used as a remedy for chills and fever, should try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is a powerful tonic, wholly vegetable, and without a particle of any noxious drug.

—Newport men seem to wear many rings on their hands as the fingers will hold. If it is "fashion," it lacks good taste very much.

The Carbon Advocate

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER. Published every Saturday in Lehighton, Carbon County, Pennsylvania, by H. V. Morthimer, Jr., BANK STREET.—\$1.00 Per Year in Advance!

Best advertising medium in the county.

Every description of Plain and Fancy JOB PRINTING

At very low prices. We do not hesitate to say that we are better equipped than any other printing establishment in this section to do first-class job-work, in all its branches, at low prices.

And Carbuncles result from debilitated, impoverished, or impure condition of the blood.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla prevents and cures these eruptions and skin affections, by removing their cause; the only effectual way of treating them.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has prevented the usual course of Boils, which have returned and distressed me every season for several years. It cures, restores, and restores, and I was badly troubled with Pimples on the face; also with a discoloration of the skin, which showed itself in ugly dark patches on my neck, forehead, and chest, and more than temporary glow. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a Perfect Cure.

I was troubled with Boils, and my health was very impaired. I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in a short time, the eruptions all disappeared, and my health was completely restored.—John E. Baker, Editor Stanley Observer, Albemarle, N. C.

I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Carbuncles. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me. I consider it the best blood purifier in the world.—Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25¢; six bottles, \$2.50.

No Patent—No Pay. PATENTS

obtained for inventors in the United States (Canada and Europe) at reasonable prices. With our principal office located in Washington, directly opposite the United States Patent Office,