# The Carbon Advocate.

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which I intend to keep in connection with the

Blue Grass Condition Powders,

and recommend both makes as exceptional as to value and quality, if indeed a recommendation is necessary. Have circulars to spare

I have now put in four of the W. and B. DOUGLAS FORCE PUMPS and have sent in my orders for four more, all of which are sold and will be placed as soon as they arrive I am having a grand success with them. Everybody is pleased. I can please you if you give me a chance to put one in your well I also keep in stock the CUCUMBER WOOD PUMPS

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Go to THOMAS' for your Fancy Articles. Farmers and Horsemen go to THOMAS' for your Horse and Cattle Powders. jan 17

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### THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

F. B. WELCH.

'Twas the day before Christmas and out on the street
Was an incessant trampling and stamping of feet,
As, to and fro briskly mankind moved about,
And from the gay markets came throngs pouring out.

In the air was perfume of holiday spice;
On the walk was a coating of hard, gleamy ice;
The glad music of sleigh bells rang out sweet and clear,
And the world seemed replete with Christmas-tide cheer.

In the midst of the bustle, with hands and arms full,
And tugging behind him a load hard to pull,
Went surging and puffing, with good-natured air,
A jolly old gentleman with snowy-white hair.

His appearance suggested a familiar saint;
Though his garb and his manner were not quite so quaint;
Still, what with his bundles and his many gew gaws,
He strongly resembled dear old Santa Claus.

* * * * * * *

Alas! that Disaster should plume her dark wing;
Alack! that so certain is Trouble's sharp sting;
When poor trusting mortal most upright would stand,
On his back, in the struggle, he's likely to land.

Thus it was with my hero, the jolly old gent,
As slowly and cautiously onward he went;
In an unguarded moment he lost his firm grip,
On the smooth icy pavement his foot made a slip.

In a frantic endeavor to outright remain,
He threw down his parcels, but all was in vain;
On his load just behind, with a great crushing noise,
[illegible]

Then about him soon gathered a curious throng,
Pressing eagerly forward to see what was wrong;
Some laughed at his mishap, some viewed with regret,
The painful misfortune with which he had met.

Rising up in a hurry, he made a quick grab
For his scattered parcels, then summoned a cab;
To the seat he soon clambered, gave the driver a word,
And that was the last of my Santa Claus heard.

Yet, I know an old gent who has snowy white hair,
Who tell to the children who cling round his chair,
A laughable story of jolly Saint Nick,
Who fell down on his pack like a thousand of brick.

## HIS OWN WORLD.

BY M. EILEEN HOLAHAN.

"LANTHE!"

The girl, standing by the rustic stile—fitting passport to an old rail-fence almost hid from view by a wild tangle of shrubbery, vines, and heaped dead leaves—the remains of numberless dead summers—stifled a gasp that might have been pain, surprise or joy; perhaps a combination of all.

The dreamy, thoughtful eyes grew suddenly dark and dilated with suppressed feeling; but she turned with slow, proud unconcern, and her face—

Such a lovely face it was, tinted like a sea-shell; delicate, clear-cut features; soft, large eyes, darkly gray, containing a look of frightened, pleading sadness in their sweet depths; a daintily chiseled nose, and a mouth of exquisite beauty, but touched like her eyes, with a suspicion of grave melancholy.

"Ianthe!" said the man, in low, caressing tones; "have I sinned beyond hope of pardon? Will you not even speak to me, child. It was a natural sin, little one; a sin for which, looking at you now, I can feel no regret."

He smiled indulgently—a rarely-pleasant smile, too—and advanced so close to her that the autumn wind ruffled some of her long golden hair, and tossed it against his handsome face, in sportive mockery.

She stood silently and shyly before him, pulling dead shreds from the clambering vines, and making a pretty picture for the eyes of Paul Waring to smile down upon, but he did not attempt to touch her—a proud incline of her head forbade that.

"Ianthe," he repeated sternly, "you must speak to me. We shall be neighbors all our lives now. Do you think I will let you pass me by like this. Look at me, Ianthe. Let me be your friend, your father; forget that kiss which I could not resist, and let us be friends as we have been, little girl."

Slowly she lifted her beautiful, shy eyes to the face of this handsome, wealthy aristocrat—the master of Graymound, and her widowed mother's landlord, with a look of passionate, reproachful sadness.

In her ideal dreams Paul Waring, the handsome new master of that grand old place, had been a very god among men, with his chivalrous ways, deep intelligence, and magnificent beauty; now— Perhaps her idol and fallen, perhaps she despised him.

"Why do you speak to me after that?" she asked slowly, regarding him with proud yet shrinking eyes—the memory of that stolen kiss makes them very shy. "What have I ever done to you, to invite your insult? Go back to those haughty ladies at your home, to whom you would not offer insult! You have no right with me, and my pardon can matter little to you!"

She dropped her lovely face in her hands and burst into a passion of suppressed sobs.

Man-like he tried to check them, and laid one white hand caressingly on her bowed head, but she shrank from his touch.

"You misjudge me cruelly," he said, as if trying to pacify a child. "I meant no insult to you, Ianthe—would not have harmed one golden hair of yours for worlds untold. The only wrong in the kiss which offended you was that a sin-stained man should kiss a beautiful, lovable child!"

"I am not a child," she said coldly, turning to go; but pausing with one small foot on the first step of the old stile. "And you will please add no more to the insult, Mr. Waring. I understand it all. Because your world is so much higher than mine—because I am poor and unprotected, you insult me, and try to make me believe it is right. I have discernment enough to know better. You are as good as engaged to Cecil Montgomery. Kiss her if you will; but always remember that I despise and scorn you—despise your aristocratic self—scorn your honor, or lack of it! Good day!"

Stunned by the torrent of her words, and such words from her, he stood and gazed until the sobbing, half-denuded trees hid her from view; then he burst into a low laugh.

"Condensed, emphatic, underlined!" he laughed. "She has got her share of spirit, surely. I have another virtue—perseverance, and my little wood queen and I will soon be the best of friends again!"

And he sauntered homeward through the blue twilight, thinking of her, and whistling at a soft, low key,

"She was fairer than the finest,
Ever faithful, fond and true;
And adown her neck were hanging,
Amber tresses tied with blue."

And having not the slightest doubt but that morning would set all right again, although he had no definite aim.

The very thought of marrying her was too far-fetched to touch him; yet he did almost sigh a vague wish that she belonged to his own world, where he might see her when he would.

Those society ladies were so elegant, so shallow, so affected and heartless, so languidly uninteresting; while the men—

The ennui of the next week nearly killed him; but finally, the last guest said good-bye and departed, and left him alone with the servants.

"Deuced glad of it!" mused Mr. Waring, as he sauntered down the leafless aisles of the forest, where the winds were sobbing a pitiful cadence that somehow echoed itself in his heart. "My small stock of patience and endurance was just about exhausted."

A little cottage rose before him through the bleak trees.

In the waning light it looked gloomy and desolate, but Paul Waring paused and gazed on it with a feeling almost sacred

It was the home of Ianthe Lorne and A man [illegible]

"If be you're wanting another tenant for the place, sir," he said, "I'd like the bit of land, as it joins mine—and the house, too."

"Another tenant?" asked Waring, in some surprise. "What do you mean, Grahame? Mrs. Lorne and her daughter live here."

"Lord, sir!" exclaimed the man, "don't you know? It's near a week since they went, and left the keys at Larkin's. They was called suddint with a telegram. Mrs. Lorne had a rich aunt somewhere, who was dyin'. But I thought you knew, sir!"

Mr. Waring went slowly home, a vague disappointment at his heart.

He had counted so much on Ianthe to brighten the gloomy winter now blustering itself in, but—

"I shall perhaps never see her again," he said regretfully. "It may be better so, but 'the race of fools are not all dead,' and I am sorry. But no one else shall have the place; they will probably come back in time."

But time passed, as it will until run out; the gloomy winter was driven away by the smiles and tears of spring; the crowd of summer guests swarmed into Graymound; then departed; three times the summer foliage bloomed and died; yet to the scenes of her former life Ianthe Lorne was as dead as if the grave had taken her.

Four years from the time he had seen her last, Paul Waring crossed the old stile, satchel in hand, to catch the train for New York.

"I wonder where she is?" he mused. "I almost regret—but pshaw! how the world would laugh!"

Very slowly his carriage proceeded up Broadway, through the jam of other carriages; then suddenly, in that sea of faces, his keen gaze singled out one—different, more beautiful, more fragile, wrapped in costly furs and reclining on velvet cushions, but still—Ianthe!

Carelessly, with fashionable, languid unconcern, her lovely eyes met his, but into them flashed no gleam of recognition.

"That's the reigning beauty and belle!" exclaimed Jack Frazer, nudging his friend. "Exquisite piece, isn't she? Her name is Lorne—Ianthe Lorne, and she is heiress to a cool million if she marries the right man. An eccentric aunt left her the money under the funniest conditions!

"She must marry a Russian nobleman, who was a great friend of her aunt's; but she was given four years—until next Christmas—to decide. But of course she will marry him, and the four years were only given her to learn the value of the money."

Waring met Ianthe often—in crowded ballrooms, brilliant fêtes, operas, and all the other amusements to which wealthy, fashionable people go; but she was always the grand, petted favorite of the world—coldly, carelessly polite to him, ignoring any previous acquaintance, until he nearly went mad with pain, and returned to Graymound in disgust with the world which had spoiled the lovely, innocent child long before the Christmas-tide set in.

He had not the slightest doubt but that she would marry the ugly Russian nobleman.

She had become worldly wise, had learned the value of wealth and power, the worthlessness of honor beside them.

He almost cursed himself that once he had wished she might have belonged to that giddy world, with its light morals and lost principles.

Christmas Eve, and the wind whirled the white snow against the library windows of Graymound.

Save for the cheery fire glowing on the hearth, grimly contemplated by Waring, the room was in shadows, into which another shadow, with a beautiful, flushed face stole softly.

"She is at some mad revelry, I suppose!" he growled aloud. "And to-morrow the gaping foreigner will have her dead sure!"

He tilted his chair, laughed grimly, and lit another cigar.

"Fate of war! I simply 'fall back on the lap of a false destiny!' and—I deserve it; but, oh, Ianthe, Ianthe! my lost little love, if you could be here with me—by my fireside! Great Heaven! is it a vision?"

He started to his feet with a great cry, for a slim little figure had glided to him from the flickering shadows, and stood holding out two tiny hands to the blaze that leaped up merrily, as if glad to fall on a thing so fair.

She lifted her face with a trembling smile and he reached out his hand to touch her—fearful lest it were a delusion.

"I am disgraced from your world," she said simply. "I have returned to the cottage, and the old life."

"Ianthe—love!" he whispered hoarsely. "Don't let me dare hope that it is not so; that you have resigned him and—"

She shrugged her shoulders with a little laugh, and laid her little hands in his—so eagerly outstretched.

"Is have resigned them—all?" she answered lightly. "For the honor of my soul, and peace of my heart."

"Dare I hope, love?" he asked softly. "Dare I but be sure?"

"You may," she answered, with saucy tenderness, "or you may not. You may also give me the keys to the cottage, for mamma—"

"No," he answered tenderly. "Your home is here, love. And Heaven grant you may never regret it my own."

### WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKES

As it appears, each and every scientist has his own, and as it seems, his private opinion as to the cause of earthquakes. In all ages man has been brought face to face with this question, and has he solved it? Let us see. It has been only for the last thirty years that the phenomena has been subjected to exact investigation. A new science has thus been established, called seismology. But as it appears, few students have been attracted to this study. The first of any consequence in England was Robert Mallet. Accounts, too, are to be found scattered through the writings of many ancient authors, but are of little value. Such ancient historians and philosophers as Thucydides, Aristotle and Strabo, Seneca, Livy and Pliny. Nor is much to be gleaned from mediæval or later writers—among the most notable are Fromonde, (1527); Mongus, (1571). In this country, the earliest work worthy of mention is Dr. Robert Hookis' "Discourse on Earthquakes, (1668). Equally unsatisfactory were the attempts of Priestley and some of the other scientific writers of the last century to connect the cause of earthquakes with electrical phenomena. Rev. John Michell, professor of mineralogy at Cambridge in 1760, published an essay on the cause and phenomena of earthquakes, and gives as his opinion regarding the earth as having a liquid interior covered by a comparatively thin crust; he conceived that waves might be generated in the subterranean liquid, and that such waves by shaking the flexible crust would produce the shocks of an earthquake. Modern physicists claim that Michell did not understand the true nature of wave motion and the way in which it is transmitted during an earthquake shock. Modern [illegible] believe that an earthquake is a vibratory motion propagated through the solid materials of the earth, much in the same way as sound is propagated. [illegible] has been a favorite affair with seismologists. It has been suggested that water, finding its way through fissures in the earth's crust might reach highly heated rocks and remain quietly in the spheroidal condition until a been reduction of temperature suddenly caused it to flash into steam. Prof. Medes advocates the displacement theory. Prof. Mendenhall leans at the displacement theory. Major J. S. Powell, of the U. S. Signal Corps, believes that the late disturbances were due to the recent spouting of a number of dried up geysers in the far West. The super-heated gasses and boiling water could not find a sufficient outlet there, so they worked their way across the continent until they struck the Atlantic side where the earth's crust is thin and sensitive. The result was an upheaval followed by a series of cavings in. Prof. Andrew Jackson Deyoe, a self-taught meteorologist, of New Jersey, (57 years old), believes that earthquakes and atmospheric disturbances go together. The latter is the promoting cause of the former; now the normal external pressure of the atmosphere on the earth's surface is about fifteen pounds to the square inch; a series of heavy storms come and displace a portion of the atmosphere, diminishing the external pressure in that particular locality. The internal pressure—the volcanic forces at work without the earth seek vent wherever the external pressure is least—result, an earthquake. Now, all storms in my opinion are attributal to the movements of the moon. The moon carries the atmospheric waves upward, attracts them toward herself. Scientists of the schools deny this because they cannot weigh these suspended waves. I have a two-fold answer ready to meet this objection. Let us suppose that we have a small letter balance before us; I place a steel weight on the balance and it bears it down; now let me take a powerful magnet and hold it above the weight, note the result. The balance returns to its normal position just as if the weight did not rest upon it. How can I weigh that suspended weight now? Tell me, and I will show the scientists how to weigh a suspended atmospheric wave. My second answer is leveled at those who doubt the power of the moon's attraction. It is simply an argument by analogy. The moon, according the very generally accepted scientific theory, the ebb and flow of the tide. What is this but attraction and repulsion? If the moon can lift a volume of water thousands of miles in area and hundreds of fathoms deep, why cannot it lift a volume of air? Now to go back a little way to where I said that the normal pressure upon the earth's surface was changed by a series of heavy storms, you will now comprehend that this atmospheric displacement is attributal to the attraction of the moon. The moon causes the storms and then lifts the atmospheric waves; the pressure without the earth's crust has a diminished pressure from without to contend against, an upheaval follows. After carefully studying these different theories the fact stares us in the face that we really know nothing whatever regarding the cause of earthquakes. S.


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—"Pa, do 'pro' and 'con' mean opposite things?" "Yes, son." "Is that the reason why they speak of 'Progress' and Congress?" "Y-n—yes, son."

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—A fashion item says shoes are the same as in spring. Ours are not. We've had two pairs since then. But perhaps we are out of fashionable.

**Bucklen'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, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. at Thomas'.

—Felt slippers are to be worn considerably this winter. Bjornson's boy hopes his mother's will not be felt any more than formerly.

**Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters.**
Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram shop beverage. But are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, cleanse the blood and system of every impurity. Sold by druggists, $1. At Thomas' drug store.

—Oscar Wilde says: "I can't write poetry when I have eaten anything." Some benefactor of his race should invite Oscar to dinner every day.

**Dr. Frazer's Magic Ointment.**
A sure cure for all boils, burns, sores, cuts, flesh wounds, sore nipple, hard and soft corns, chapped lips and hands. Price 25 cents. Sold by druggists. Williams M'f'g Co., Prop's., Cleveland, O. Sold by T. Thomas, the druggist.

—It is whispered about the suburbs of Buffalo that a young girl of that city screamed so when the dentist was pulling her tooth that she turned yeller.

**The Verdict Unanimous.**
W. D Suit, Druggist, Bippus, 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 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at T. D. Thomas' Drug Store.


"Rapped in slumber" it is the man who snores.


Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by B. F. Biery, Weissport, and Dr. C. Horn, Lehighton.


—The man with a shabby suit of clothes is very likely to shine in society.


For forty years, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been demonstrated to be the most reliable remedy in use, for colds, coughs, and lung diseases. Slight colds should not be neglected. The Pectoral will prevent their becoming chronic.


—Fresh toe martyrs—The youths who buy tight boots.


When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria


—"Bah," he said, bitterly, "all this that we call love is cant." "Say 'want,' rather," she answered, softly, and he left her forever.


Itch, and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 Minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by T. D. Thomas, Druggist, Lehighton, Pa. Oct. 2-1y


—The dudes are very partial to winter because it's such chappie weather, you know.


Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by Dr. C. T. Horn, Lehighton, and W. F. Biery, Weissport.


—"You've got a black eye, Pat. How did you get it?" Pat—"Home Rule, sir!"


Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by Horn, Lehighton, and Biery, Weissport.


—Teacher—"Hans, name three beasts of prey." Hans—"Two lions and a tiger."


Hay Fever, Asthma. Relief guaranteed. Fontaine's Cure. For sale by C. T. Horn.


—Tumbletung, whose opinions are not without weich, notwithstanding his mixed rhetoric, says that a man must be an ass to work like a horse.


O! what a sharp pain! Apply a *Hop Porous Plaster* and experience relief and cure. 25 cts.


—It now appears that the next opera by Gilbert & Sullivan will not be ready before late this winter, and will have nothing Egyptian about it. It will be a rural story of two hundred years ago, the scene laid in England.


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. For sale at Dr. C. T. Horn's drug store.


—One of the most enterprising merchants says that it costs money to advertise, but it costs more money not to advertise.

—In Rome nearly all the hod-carriers are women.


Read the testimony of a prominent citizen of Pawtucket, R. I., under date of January 16, 1885. "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer for Coughs and Colds. I had not much faith in it at first, but a few doses cured me of a cold and tickling in the throat. It is a wonderful remedy."—G. L. Walker. For sale at all druggists. Price 25c. 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

Dr Seth Arnold's Sugar Coated Billious Pills unequalled for costiveness, jaundice, liver troubles. 25c.


—In Paris the surgeons make dimples on women's faces by cutting out a bit of flesh and grafting skin over it.

## Advertising Rates

**For Legal Notices.**

The following prices for legal advertising has 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 Notice | 3 00 |

Other legal advertising will be charged by the square.

H. V. Morthimer, Jr., Publisher.


## Scrofula

Is one of the most fatal scourges which afflict mankind. It is often inherited, but may be the result of improper vaccination, mercurial poison, uncleanliness, and various other causes. Chronic Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, Cancerous Humors, and, in some cases, Emaciation and Consumption, result from a scrofulous condition of the blood. This disease can be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

I inherited a scrofulous condition of the blood, which caused a derangement of my whole system. After taking less than four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am

**Entirely Cured**

and, for the past year, have not found it necessary to use any medicine whatever. I am now in better health, and stronger, than ever before.—O. A. Willard, 218 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores for five years; but, after using a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and I have now good health.—Elizabeth Warnock, 54 Appleton street, Lowell, Mass.

Some months ago I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores on my leg. The limb was badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy failed until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. By taking three bottles of this medicine the sores have been healed, and my health is restored. I am grateful for the good it has done me.—Mrs. Ann O'Brian, 158 Sullivan st., New York.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla,**

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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