

The Carbon Advocate

LEHIGHTON, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

Men drop out of politics one year and then drop in again.

The result of the election in Carbon county this fall will not be significant of the result next year.

There is a tide in the affairs of man which taken at the convention leads not in the way of the political heeler.

This political bee buzzing in the cranium of a certain partisan Carbon county Democrat is just a little lonesome since "we didn't get our man nominated Monday."

To our Republican friends put in nomination a ticket next Monday that embraces the strength and force of the Democratic ticket we may expect a very heated campaign surrounded by the usual uncertainties.

Of course, it is very early in the political season to ask for votes, still every voter in the borough of Lehighton should remember that the genial and obliging Paul Wagner, of North street, is one of the Democratic nominees for Auditor and the people want to give the genuine Lehighton send off.

The Democrats of Carbon county in convention assembled at March Chunk on Monday put in nomination a ticket against which no true Democrat can find the least possible fault. George Dolon, of Packerstown, the nominee for county treasurer, represents the sterling Democracy as do all the other candidates who possess natural and essential qualifications which makes the ticket substantial in every particular.

There is too much disposition to jump on "Editorial" every time he opens his mouth on any subject. * * * —Weatherly Herald.

Rather a peculiar echo to the mastery language of condemnation which so devoutly flowed from the pen or pencil of brother Rinker not many weeks ago. The above paragraph naturally leads progressive readers to infer that Rinker has already commenced fishing for favors—probably for the Prothonotary next fall?

To the Democrat: Yes, Hon. W. M. Rapsler, of March Chunk, received sixty votes for Judge of the Supreme Court, in the Allentown Convention last week, standing fourth on the first ballot with Thompson, Arnold and McLean leading. This is a fitting compliment to Mr. Rapsler, who today stands, undeniably, as the foremost Democratic citizen in Carbon county. Taking this into consideration with the fact that a few years ago Mr. Rapsler, of the Democrat, received about THIRTY votes for the nomination of Assemblyman in the Democratic County Convention, it places Rapsler beyond a doubt in the category of miserably small fry politicians who stoop to the will of political sycophants and demagogues of which Carbon county has her share.

THE ADVOCATE remarked editorially last week that the Knights of Labor, of this borough, had put in nomination, last spring, "a Knight of Labor ticket." We are led to understand that the Assembly heretofore exceptions to our remarks, standing that no ticket was formulated, under their knowledge, nor in the Assembly rooms. This may be true, still it does not remove the fact that a ticket was nominated at the Exchange Hotel reading room and by some of the nominees pronounced a Knight of Labor ticket, and we believe many voted the ticket with that knowledge. If it was not a Knight of Labor ticket, it was a barefaced deception upon Knight of Labor voters in this borough. We would not feel at liberty to make the assertion that the Assembly proper had taken a hand in the nominations, as that body could gain nothing by it, but it was the impression and is so still, that the Knights in this place formulated the ticket, and under that caption made every effort possible to elect it.

The following paragraph from the Evening Sun, which we take the liberty to reproduce for our readers, expressing the pronounced views of Henry George on the anti-poverty scheme, certainly makes that particular scheme appear more improbable than ever:

"In his speech at the Anti-Poverty Society meeting Sunday night in New York city, Mr. Henry George said, doubtless with sincere enthusiasm, 'We are going to abolish poverty not only in the United States, but in the world.' Of course it would do no good to abolish poverty in the United States and let it continue to exist in France and England and Italy and the rest of the world. Unless a prohibitive tariff could be enforced against European, Asiatic, African, Australian and South American poverty, it would rush wildly to this favored country on the first intelligence that there was no poverty to compete with here. The Anti-Poverty Society has to begin all over again, which would be very discouraging. An unparalleled mis-quarry activity will have to be displayed by Mr. George's society in all parts of the world; and considering how big that world is and how small in comparison is the devoted band of anti-povertyists, it is impossible to do, and the judge, after a careful review considers him entitled to a new trial. Several of the paners here have tried and convicted Mr. Sharp and having finished the job irrespective of the courts, they are astonished that the Sheriff has not railroaded Jake Sharp to Sing Sing. There is too great a tendency in this city to be too keen in the newspapers and to render a verdict irrespective of the jury. A notable case occurred in Brooklyn last week. A miserable, drunken woman, blasted and disfigured

Broadbrim's New York Letter.

Special to the Carbon Advocate. Nothing has occurred for years which shows the evil tendency of a certain portion of the Metropolitan press than Judge Potter's decision in the case of Jacob Sharp. We have in this State a Supreme Court and above that still a Court of Appeals. Now let us ask ourselves why these courts were instituted? Why have we placed them in the care of the ablest lawyers in the State, if not to secure equal and exact justice? Jacob Sharp, though accused of a heinous crime, stands exactly the same as any other citizen till he is legally convicted. His attorneys, believing that Judge Barrett's rulings were wrong, appealed to the Supreme Court as they had an undoubted right to do, and the judge, after a careful review considers him entitled to a new trial. Several of the paners here have tried and convicted Mr. Sharp and having finished the job irrespective of the courts, they are astonished that the Sheriff has not railroaded Jake Sharp to Sing Sing. There is too great a tendency in this city to be too keen in the newspapers and to render a verdict irrespective of the jury. A notable case occurred in Brooklyn last week. A miserable, drunken woman, blasted and disfigured

beyond human recognition, was found dead on the floor of her shanty. She had been married to her wretched husband over forty years and notwithstanding that this five all that time had been one after and another, she was a no divorcer for them in the Catholic Church to which they both belonged; so they continued to live together notwithstanding their suffering and misery—the husband, a withered, gnarled and penurious miser, and the wife, a reckless, brutal abandoned drunkard. The woman had the physique of a prize-fighter, and a temper (even in her sober moments) that had the savage ferocity of a white-calf, and in her period of drunkenness from the fatal fumes of her husband but to all the surrounding neighborhood. This drunken virago was found dead on the floor of her hut, and a very enterprising reporter got the item from the blotter at the Police Headquarters. He was anxious to make a sensation for his paper, so he deliberately sat down and gave all the minute details of one of the most brutal murders ever recorded—how the innocent old wife came mysteriously into the shelter of her home, how her brutal husband melted upon her with an axe and ruthlessly cut her down without a moment's warning, in fact, he literally chopped her to pieces. The facts were so well known that a trial was hardly necessary; yet as a matter of fact it was thought best to give him some sort of a trial, though there was not the slightest doubt that his doom would be the gallows. Well, on Friday the case came up before the Coroner, and when it came down to the hard legal facts necessary for a conviction, there was not a scintilla of evidence against the old man. Through several of the neighbors testified that his wife had often driven him out of the house and had frequently threatened to kill him, not a soul had ever seen him raise his hand against her. The woman fell in a drunken fit and struck her head against the stove, and lay there unconscious till she died. So instead of going to the gallows as the paper prognosticated, the old man, happily rid of a curse which had been the bane of his life, may now enjoy his final moments in a short season of comfort and repose.

When people outside of New York hear of the different gangs that infest our city, it is hard for them to understand how such organizations of unwholesome characters could exist in any well regulated metropolis. It would be more astonishing still if you could see where some of the criminals live. Right up by Central Park, in the more aristocratic portion of the city, for many years there was a colony among the rocks such as you would scarcely expect to find among the mountains of Wicklow or the hills of Connemara. The settlement was exclusively Irish, and you could hear more Irish spoken there in a day than you would hear in Cork or Dublin in a week. While the upper part of the city was comparatively unimproved, an enterprising Irishman squatted on a large extent of territory. He then made out leases to a large number of his confiding countrymen, and in a very short time he had two or three thousand tenants paying him from twenty-five cents to a dollar a week. He collected these rents for nearly seven years before the police dropped in his game; but before they found him out he had bagged sufficient to return to his native land a bloated bondholder, where he purchased an estate, and it is now said that he is one of the most rentless sycophants in all Ireland.

The names of some of these gangs have a national reputation, that is, representative members are to be found in every State Prison from Maine to California. The Wingo Gang is the legitimate successor of the Killers, the Short Boys, divided the criminal honors of New York for forty years ago. Mike Walsh, one of the gang, was a representative in Congress; his particular body guard, which then quartered near the Bowery, was known as the Spartan Band. The Killers and Short Boys, while bitter personal enemies, had one feeling in common, and that was a hatred of the Dutch; and everything was Dutch with them that could not speak English. Our German population was not so numerous then as they are now; but with each returning season they used to assemble in the green fields of Hoboken to have a Volksfest or a Schutzenfest, or a Sangerbund, or some other justification, and every time that they met the Short-Boys and Killers would cross over from New York, and out of pure deviltry assault the inoffensive Germans, outrage their women and break up their celebrations. The police afforded no protection for the Killers and Short Boys had a political pull, which the Germans had not. This went on for several years; but the Germans in the meantime were gaining strength. At last they turned on their persecutors, and the result was a number of coroner's inquests on Short Boys and Killers, and they were taught such a lesson that they have left the Germans alone from that day to this. The remnants of the two clans formed the Wingo Gang, which has flourished between twenty and thirty candidates for the gallows, and over a hundred to States Prison. About forty have been killed in brawls and the survivors are Thugs and thieves of the lowest class. Danny Lyons' wake last week closed the chapter of the last leader. The one before him was Dan Driscoll, the murderer of his paramour, Beesy Garrahan, who is now under sentence of death. Dan Lyons was found of late weeks, but always ready to pay for it—paying the barkeeper to hang it up. But on Tuesday he tackled a tough almost as bad as himself, and the result was a coroner's inquest and a wake which brought out in full force all the ladies and gentlemen in the Devil's Barren and the House of Blazes. The whole neighbor was aroused; they poured in from every quarter, for they were determined to give Danny a good send-off.

"And this the boys began to wake him. Lying on his little bed. With fifteen candles at his feet. And twenty more above his head." They kept it up for two days. Whiskey flowed like water, and finally this thieving Thug, who had been a thief and a ruffian ever since he could walk, was consigned to the grave with a pomp and circumstance that might have distinguished some public benefactor. That's the way we do things in New York. Within the past few months severe inquests have been made by the police on the principal gangs of this city, the remaining and killing of several policemen making their extermination a matter of necessity.

The cool weather and the arrival of September combined have helped to give the city a very lively appearance. Those who have been away are rushing back by land and sea. All the hotels are crowded, and the streets are full from early morn till late at night. The children and boys and girls who have been having their summer outing are all getting back prepared for the school. As an evidence of business prosperity, about all the great wholesale houses in dry goods, groceries, and hardware, men are working late into the night and sometimes all night packing goods for the West and South, while long lines of drays stand along the

curb loaded high with boxes ready for transportation. It is several years since I have seen such business activity in this city. Our sporting men are now absorbed in the coming race between the Thistle and Volunteer, and, strange as it may seem, I have heard many good Americans express the hope that the Thistle might carry away the cup. Whatever her destiny may be to win or lose—no foreign yacht that has ever appeared in our waters has created such a kindly and favorable impression. Her officers are sailors and gentlemen, and her crew such a body of men as one would be willing to trust his life with on any sea or in any work where it should be with the cup against one. Volunteer she will bear it up against with a Godspeed, and without one unkindly or bitter feeling. If she loses, she will at least bear back, if not the cup, the good wishes and kindest regards of every American who has had the good fortune to see her, and who will remember her as one of the most gallant races that ever visited our shores.

calling for the prompt expulsion of all liquor dealers from the craft. This, together with the action of the Grand Lodge of Dakota, denouncing all saloon-keepers, and pledging to follow within its jurisdiction, pledges to the cause of temperance reform in those States the support of an order whose membership in both number and charter makes it a tremendous power for law and order, and sobriety in every community.—Phila. Press.

For some weeks past the Pittsburgh Leader has been engaged in collecting a straw vote on the Presidency. The plan pursued to have been to exhibit of public carrier. If she can win the cup against one Volunteer she will bear it up against with a Godspeed, and without one unkindly or bitter feeling. If she loses, she will at least bear back, if not the cup, the good wishes and kindest regards of every American who has had the good fortune to see her, and who will remember her as one of the most gallant races that ever visited our shores.

Had she the Dead Baby. In the ladies' waiting room at the Union Station on a young husband and his wife. The man humed faint and bronzed by exposure to the sun, held in his arms what many doubtless looked upon as a sleeping babe. At his side sat a young woman with an old fashioned sun bonnet pulled over a rather handsome but grish face. Her dark eyes were wet with tears. She took but little notice of those about her, but her eyes flashed furtively upon the still living babe that rested in the arms of her husband. The cause of their grief could be easily guessed. The white cloth, upon which lightly rested a hand accustomed to tully, covered the lifeless features of a dead child. A sadder spectacle of misfortune has rarely been witnessed. The baby died in its mother's arms on board a Union Pacific train just before reaching this city. The father covered the dead face with a cloth, and held the body until an undertaker arrived to take charge of it.—Exchange.

H. A. BELTZ, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, AGENT FOR FIRST CLASS Fire, Life & Live Stock Insurance Companies.

Special attention of Farmers and others is called to the liberal terms offered by the FARMERS' MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, for which I am the agent for this County, and neighboring localities.

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Sept. 27, 28, 29, 30, Oct. 1.

Good Music Every Day!

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The Stands and Other Privileges.

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We have got a large lot of Remnants of Woolen and Cotton Dress Goods that we are offering very cheap.

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GO TO THE STORE.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS! NEW PRICES!

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Proprietor of the EAGLE STORE, opposite the L. V. Round House, Bank Street.

Cheapest Place in the Valley to Purchase Household Furniture!

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UNDERTAKER!

Furnerals attended with promptness, and Shrouds, Caskets or Coffins furnished at lowest prices.

FLOUR, FEED, &c., &c., of the choicest and best quality at reasonable prices.

JOSEPH F. REX,

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RECHESTER, N. Y., May 12, 1884.

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Ladies', Gents' and Children's Shoes.

Gents' Fine Shoes \$2.00 Up!

Ladies' American & French Kid \$2. to \$4.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR THE BEST FITTING, BEST MADE AND CHEAPEST CLOTHING.

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Made up in the latest styles and most substantial manner at prices that positively defy competition. Satisfaction guaranteed. You can save money by having your clothing made by

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REMNANTS!!!

We have got a large lot of Remnants of Woolen and Cotton Dress Goods that we are offering very cheap.

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NOMORE BIG PRICES! W. S. KUHN'S

Stoves and Tinware!

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GO TO SWEENEY'S

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Watermelons, Canteloupes, Peaches,

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Sweet Potatoes, Eggs Plants, Cabbage,

Coconuts, Onions,

And everything else usually kept in a first-class general store, including Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Queensware, China-ware, &c., &c.

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