The Carbon Advocate

LEHIGHTON, PA.,
SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1888.

ENTERED AT THE LEHIGHTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

NOTICE TO DEMOCRATS.

Notice is hereby given that an alteration or amendment to the rules and regulations governing the Democratic Organization in Carbon county will be made at the next Democratic County Convention, in accordance with Article 16th of the Democratic Rules adopted in 1876, so as to abolish the present delegate system and substitute the so-called Crawford county system. We give this notice at this time because editor Rauch of the Mauch Chunk *Democrat*, in last week's issue makes the following timely and sensible suggestions bearing directly upon this point:

"As it is an admitted impossibility to formulate a conferee system that will fairly represent the number of voters in each county without giving Northampton absolute power over all the rest why not cut the matter short by adopting the Crawford county system, to enable every Democrat in the district to cast his ballot direct for his favorite candidate. There would be neither conferee pocketing nor rotten borough representation in that. It would be be an open, fair and square submission of the Congressional question direct to the people, where by right it belongs."

The principle here set forth is just as sound when applied to county offices. If not, why not? BY REQUEST.

A TARIFF STORY.

The Philandiphia Evening *Call*, an independent Republican newspaper, in a recent issue sums up spiedly the war tariff rates as follows: The American workingman returns at night from his toils clad in a woolen suit taxed 55 per cent., stockings and undershirt taxed 75 per cent., a cotton shirt taxed 45 per cent., a woolen hat taxed 75 per cent., and perchance, a pair of gloves in winter taxed 76 per cent

He carries in his hand his tin dinner pail taxed 45 per cent., and greets his wife with a cheery smile as she looks at him through the window pane taxed 60 per cent., from which she has drawn aside the curtains taxed 40 per cent.

After scraping his boots on a scraper taxed 45 per cent. he wipes them on a mat of bagging taxed 40 per cent.; he lifts the door-latch taxed 45 per cent., steps in on a carpet taxed 68 per cent., and gives a kiss to his wife in a woolen dress taxed 70 per cent. She has a needle taxed 25 per cent. in her hand with which she has been mending, with thread taxed 46 per cent., an alpaca umbrella taxed 50 per cent.

It is a small brick house, which they have bought with their hard earnings of a building association. The bricks were taxed 20 per cent., the lumber taxed 16 per cent. and the paint 54 per cent. The wall-paper, taxed 25 per cent., makes the room brighter, with its plain furniture taxed 35 per cent.

Hanging his hat on a brass pin taxed 45 per cent., he hangs his pail on a steel pin taxed 45 per cent. and proceeds to get ready for his supper. He washes his hands with castile soap taxed 20 per cent. in a tin basin taxed 45 per cent., and wipes them on a cotton towel taxed 45 per cent. He then goes to the looking-glass taxed 45 per cent. and fixes his hair with a brush and comb taxed 30 per cent.

He is now ready for his supper which his wife has cooked on a stove taxed 45 per cent., with pots and kettles taxed 23 per cent. The table is spread with the commonest crockery, taxed 55 per cent., and he drinks his water out of a cheap glass tumbler, taxed 45 per cent. The little sugar that he puts in his tea is taxed 82 per cent. and he stirs it with a spoon taxed 45 per cent. His meal is a frugal one because hard times have cut his wages down and he is saving every cent he can to pay the next installment due on his house.

With an appetite worthy of an ample meal he takes up his knife and fork taxed 45 per cent. and begins to eat a piece of salted fish taxed 25 per cent. He pours on it a little vinegar taxed 36 per cent. Upon his boiled potatoes taxed 40 per cent. he sprinkles salt taxed 80 per cent. and eats a small pickle taxed 35 per cent. He ends his meal with a pudding of rice taxed 112 per cent. and an orange taxed 20 per cent.

After supper he smokes a pipe and enjoys the happiness of his wife who has this day bought a woolen shawl taxed 65 per cent., a black silk dress taxed 50 per cent. and a pair of scissors taxed 45 per cent.

NOTES IN BIG POLITICS.

—*From the Boston Herald.*—That Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is preparing to be the successor of Mr. Blaine is becoming more evident constantly. Mr. Depew omits no opportunity to compliment the latter and to renew his allegiance to him as a candidate. If this thing continues much further, it will go far to be believed that Mr. Depew is a good deal of a politician. While Mr. Sherman and even Mr. Allison are now apparently laboring for themselves. Mr. Depew is proceeding upon the Scriptures—that he who losses himself shall find his profit in the end by the act.

—*From the Commercial Gazette.*—The present probability is that William L. Scott of Pennsylvania will be made Chairman of the National Committee in place of W. H. Barnum, whose loyalty to Cleveland is disputed. Scott is the chosen confidant and chief manager of the President for a second term. Though never before recognized as a political leader, he has suddenly come to the front solely by Cleveland's favor. He now stands in closer confidence with the President than all the Cabinet combined.

—*From the Boston Daily Advertiser.*—In circles friendly to Mr. Blaine's nomination for President we find that a feeling exists that before the Convention meets he will, in unequivocal terms, decline the nomination. That is the general understanding in this vicinity among the best informed Republicans.

—Chairman Cooper will probably not open the Republican State headquarters before the National Convention has been held. The party organization is however, in admirable condition, and the preliminary work will not be neglected in the meantime. Says a Republican exchange.

—*From the Albany Times.*—Mr. Cleveland has no residence in Buffalo, none here in Albany, none anywhere in this or any other State, and consequently will have no vote, even in the campaign where it is proposed that he shall head the Democratic ticket.

—The Republican National Convention will be held at Chicago, Illinois, June 19th, 1888, when candidates for President and Vice President will be nominated.

Broadbrim's New York Letter.

Special to the CARBON ADVOCATE.

When the Rev. Doctor Talmage finished his bitter and scathing sermon on spiritualism, every man, woman and child in the congregation felt that it was the key-note of a fight. The reverend doctor talks like a fighter, he acts like a fighter, he looks like a fighter, and he is a good fighter—at long range. He reminds me very much of the Irishman who went out to fight a duel with a Frenchman. The Frenchman was sick, so his second approached the Irishman's second and said, "My dear sir, my principal is so weak that he can hardly stand; would you have any objection if he should lean against yonder milestone?" "Not in the laste, sur; not in the laste, if you will grant me a favor?" "Certainly, certainly," said the Frenchman. "Thin," said the Irishman, "my principal is wake too, an I would like to have him lane against the other milestone."

It is very possible that Judge Abram H. Daily is not quite as well known in Timbuctoo or Nova Zembla as Doctor Talmage is, but to the two or three millions of people in and about New York he is as well known as the Tabernacle pastor, and in private or public his word will go as far and his character is just as good as the Doctor's. Judge Daily replied to the Doctor's bitter phillipic by challenging him to an open discussion in the largest assembly hall in Brooklyn. He offered to defray one-half of the expense and promises to furnish such proofs in open daylight as should convince the Doctor, but Mr. Talmage refused to meet him, denouncing spiritualists as liars and fools. Now Judge Daily is a gentleman of good character, of extensive practice as a lawyer, and a gentleman every way as worthy of consideration and belief as Doctor Talmage himself. When he denounces the great body of spiritualists as liars and fools, that proves nothing but the Doctor's ill manners and bad temper, both of which are but indifferent recommendations for a first-class clergyman. Judge Daily asserts on his honor, that he has seen materializations, and that they have approached him and he touched them, and then that they vanished into thin air. There are many of us who do not and cannot believe all this; but this man says he saw it, not once but often, and his word would be taken in any court of justice just as soon as Doctor Talmage's, or that of any clergyman in New York or Brooklyn. Some allowance must be made the Rev. Doctor on account of the experience of the past few weeks, brought out in the trial of the bogus Editha Montes, alias Madam Diss Debar. This notorious creature, tripped up in effecting the ruin of old Luther Marsh, appears in court with another woman's husband, and the old wretch Diss Debar gets up in open court and acknowledges that he has a wife and children in Philadelphia, whom he calls his financial wife, and turning lovingly to the brazen harlot at his side with the eyes of judge, jury and a thousand people fixed upon him, tells the court without a blush that "this is my spiritual wife." Such moral degradation has seldom been witnessed in a court of Justice before. No wonder that the Doctor's blood grew hot when he read it, and he felt like his Master when he seized a whip and drove the money changers from the court of the Temple.

Whether it legitimately belongs to it or not, spiritualism has had a deal of free love tacked on to it; and all through this Diss Debar trial the court room has been full of men and women acknowledged spiritualists, who have applauded Diss Debar whenever he declared his intention to stick by the woman he called his spiritual wife. Now, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has taken care of her son and daughter, Luther Marsh having turned them out of doors, and just in the midst of our spiritual excitement, Kate Fox, one of the great Fox sisters, turns up in a Harlem police court as a poor drunkard unfit to take care of her children, two boys, who have been brought up in gross ignorance, she seldom having sent them to school. What a fate! Here is the woman that startled the ball of spiritualism rolling till it circled the great globe, millions of people have sat entranced in her presence, and, notwithstanding the closest investigation, she has never been detected in her tricks. She has made and spent a dozen fortunes. She married a German Baron and lived in a castle with retinues of servants, horses, carriages and gold and jewels galore; but they are all gone now, and the wretched old woman, a slave to drink, finds no spirits to come to her aid now that she needs them as woman seldom needed them before. Her sister married Captain Kane, the Arctic explorer. In view of these palpable results a charitable margin of allowance must be made for Doctor Talmage's righteous indignation, though it would have been more satisfactory to the great body of his admirers if, instead of shooting at long range, he had tackled Judge Daily at close quarters, and as far as such a question can be settled, had knocked him out on the first round.

"It is the very error of the moon that comes more near the earth than she was wont and makes men mad." Three suicides last week startled the City of Churches, for they were all rich Brooklyn men, though doing business in the city of New York.

Mr. De Baun, the cashier of the Park Bank, did not blow his brains out or hang himself, but he committed moral suicide, nevertheless, when he robbed the bank that trusted him for twenty years, of $100,000 and fled. He sat high in the sanhedrim of the elect of Brooklyn, for the reason that he was the honored representative of one of the staunchest and richest banks in the United States. In a few years, in the due line of succession, he might hope to rise to the presidency. As it was he was just on the eve of promotion to a place with a salary of $12,000 per year. The shock at this man's crime can scarcely be imagined, for he was loved and honored and trusted by all who knew him, and no living man suspected him of being a thief till he fled.

His friend William T. Phippard took a different method of balancing his books; he did it with a 32 caliber pistol, and that was the end of him. He was once a rich broker but fortune fled from him and with fortune friends; he could not face poverty, hard work and old age, so he blew his brains out.

James H. Hunting, another stock broker, a friend of Phippard and De Baun, blew his brains out at the door of Cyrus Field's office.

Do you want to know what brought about all these tragedies? A very simple cause indeed—Gambling! Not altogether in stocks, though they all lost money that way, but in a quiet little gentlemanly game of poker. Night after night they tried it for years; the losses at first did not seem large, sometimes not more than ten or fifteen dollars, and again getting up from the table at three or four o'clock in the morning, loss a couple of hundred. Hundreds were swept away in this manner, then thousands; then they took chances to make their losses good. They'd soon be all right, and they went on, on, on! It is the same old story told a thousand times, ending in shame, misery and death. There are few such thieves of honor and honesty as that same gentlemanly game of poker, which has ruined and killed more decent men than all the faro games or monte games in the land.

La Tosca is tired of her husband and now applies for a divorce from him. Mrs. Price, nee Fanny Davenport, does not like the idea of her husband going off with Miss Margaret Mather as her agent, and Mr. Price does not like Mr. Mulbourn McDowell as his wife's leading man in La Tosca. Miss Davenport says that Mr. Price has been very naughty, and the provoking part of the business is that Mr. Price don't deny it, and says, What are you going to do about it? As there is but one cause on which absolute divorces are granted in New York, and as Mr. Price virtually acknowledges that he has given her that cause, she will get her divorce with small delay, and as Mr. McDowull has got rid of his troublesome rib, perhaps we shall see what we shall see before the snow flies.

The Methodist Conference that has been in session this week at the Metropolitan Opera House, has been one of the most notable gatherings of the year. A bitter and acrimonious fight has been made by the woman delegate question, and both parties are religiously convinced that they are right. In a committee of sixteen, eleven reported against the admission of women, and among them, to my astonishment, I saw the name of Warner Miller. It is reported that Mr. Miller has had the Presidential bee faintly buzzing in his bonnet. If the day ever does come when he makes a start for the White House, he'll have reason in the hour of defeat to repent of the vote he cast against women on the third day of May, 1888, while a delegate to the Methodist Conference. To my thinking the women delegates who were locked out were by far the brightest, handsomest and most intelligent looking portion of the Conference, and if they had given us outsiders a chance to vote the women would have gone in with a rush. But patience, ladies, there's a good time coming; these hide-bound old fogies can't live forever, there will be lots of smart women left after they are all dead, and then the women can capture the convention and turn all the objectors out of meeting, and let them join the Hard-shell Baptists or the Salvation Army.

"The law's delay," is a favorite figure of speech, and at times she is a slew, halting, old jade. But Charles Rickard, one of the finest, has nothing to complain of on that score, for he was detected in a robbery on Tuesday morning about five o'clock; his case went before the Grand Jury at ten; at one o'clock he was brought into court, where he pleaded guilty to an indictment for grand larceny; at two o'clock he was sentenced to State's Prison, and at half past four he was in his cell at SingSing. The robbery, capture, indictment, sentence and execution all being compassed within eleven hours and a half.

Mr. Sheppard, of the *Mail and Express*, is the latest addition to New York journalism, and in as much as the *Mail and Express* is private property, and is run to suit its owner, I don't see that any one is privileged to find fault with anything he does, especially as he is abundantly able to pay for his amusement, being a son-in-law of the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt. He startled our wicked editors by putting scriptural texts at the head of his columns calling sinners to repentance, and every editor and reporter in New York thought it was aimed directly at him. His latest fad is forbidding profane swearing in the office of the *Mail and Express*. Why, this is attacking the liberty of the press! Why, even the *Independent* allowed reporters to swear on Monday afternoons, and the *Christian Advocate* any time after twelve o'clock at night. In the *Sun* office swearing is allowed Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. In the *Tribune* office the rule is mild forms of objurgation after Mr. Whitelaw Reade has retired. In the *World* office the principal swearing is done by Pulitzer in person, ably assisted by Colonel Cockrill and Ballard Smith. In the *Times* office profanity is of a mild type, and all the other papers indulge more of less. What is the world coming to when a printer can't swear a little? Knock a form of the *Mail and Express* into pi, and if Brother Sheppard passes safely through we'll think of it.

Truly yours,
BROADBRIM.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER

PHILADELPHIA Pa., May 15, '88

That was a wonderful operation that Dr. T. Webster Fox, the eminent opthalmist, performed about two weeks ago upon the eyes of a Mrs. Shick. The lady through constant inflammation of the eyes had become totally blind. In consulting Dr. Fox he suggested that if she were willing to submit to an experiment he would endeavor, and he believed he would be able to do it, to restore her sight. The consent was given, and Mrs. Shick was directed to be at the Germantown Hospital to be operated upon the following Sunday. Fox commenced his opera ions by deadening the nerves with cocaine and then by an instrument specially manufactured in Germany, for said purpose, removed the corner of the patients eye. This part of the work finished a similar operation was performed upon a rabbit and the corner of the rabbit's eye transplanted or grafted into the space of the woman's eye. The bandages were now applied and maintained in place for one week, and upon removal examination proved that the graft had taken—that is, that a portion from the rabbit's eye had grown to a similar space in the woman's eye, and as a result the woman was able to see again. This is the first operation of the kind in America and only the second in the history of the world. A great German doctor with the co-operation of Dr. Fox had the honor of innovating this method of treatment. Science accomplishes some very wonderful things for the human family. The longer we live the more astonishing the achievements. What the next thing accomplished will be no one knows, but in the light of later developments it would not be so very surprising if a counter poise of death would be discovered. This would only be in line of the assertion of Dr. Hammond, that there is such a medium as to maintain physical life unending. Well is it said "there are stranger things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than thou hast dreamed of in thy philosophy."

What struck Billy Sowden. It hit him as though lammed with a sledge-hammer. The President assigned some good reasons for the veto of the Allentown Post-office bill. But the question that agitates some people is whether it was the good reasons that did it or the idea, that is somewhat associated with Sowden, that "I am a bigger man than Grover." Opinions seem to be divided, Democrats generally accept the "good reasons" while their opponents seem to think the "bigger man" did it. No matter what was the cause it was a wise veto. The biggest mourner ever it is that tariff-ridden, monopoly-shrieking organ, the Philadelphia *Press*. Sowden no doubt is very mad, but he evidently forgot a speech, an excellent speech in every respect, he delivered two days previous to the veto. It was a sensible attack directed against the River and Harbor bill, appropriating some $20,000,000 for the improvement of some harbor aud more little streams. In this speech the Lehigh Representative descanted very heavily upon the extravagance and profligacy involved in the measure. Making inquiries right and left of Congressmen whether they had secured their portion of the "pork" appropriation—for their support of the measure, His eloquence knew no bounds when he pictured the Nemesis for such members, the like which overtook representatives of 1882 who then supported a similar bill, though only appropriating $10,000,000. Sowden was consistently against this kind of "pork," but is mad at being knocked out of the post-office "pork" which is only another species of fraud.

That sounds well—Hon. S. S. Dreher for Judge of the Supreme Court. The Democrats could go much further and not find a more competent, better qualified nor abler man for the exalted position. Dreher has proved himself an exceptionally good and competent judge upon the Common Pleas Bench, and as a candidate before the people, against the bosses candidate, James T. Mitchell, of the Republican party; he would be strong before the people. A wise and meritorious support upon the part of the delegates from his section of the State might accomplish his nomination.

Caleb Cape died Saturday morning at his home on Spruce street. Born in 1797 he had attained the ripe age of 90 years. He was a conspicuous figure in public life.

Last week Sheriff Krumbhaer executed a double hanging. The culprits were David Vincent and Gilbert Hall.

"This is one of the happiest days, proudest days of my life," were the words of G. W. Childs, the millionaire philanthropist, of Philadelphia. The occasion was the celebration of his 59th birthday. The celebration took place at Deoner's Hotel, where many plates were spread for admirers. The dinner was given by the delegates of the "International Typographical Union."

In addition to Mr. Rapsher's article, in the *North American Review*, of especial note is the article from the pen of Hon. Dudley Field on the "Theory of American Government." This contribution bristles with so much good, that no true American citizen who has sufficient patriotic interest in the welfare of his country can fail to read it.

The speech of Congressman W. L. Scott on the tariff, in Congress Friday, was an unexpected blizzard for the monopoly protection claquers. These paid hordes were huddled and befuddled at the irresistible analysis of the figures presented by Scott. The consternation was somewhat in the nature of a fleeing away, fleeing from a victorious adversary. The speech should be translated into the languages of the different nationalities inhabitating our country.

That astute political observer, Col. A.K. McClure, perpetrated quite a fake upon the the Blaine leaders by asserting through the columns of the *Times*, as reliable information, that Blaine would accept. This sensational telegram served its object tolerably well, for it has drawn from ambush every Blaine follower from top to bottom, and caused them to declare their purposes, namely, to have Blaine nominated. It was a shrewd dodge, that was, of McClure's.

The prospective couple, "Philly pleads guilty to widow and all," will, after the splicing, appear in a minature role of a Lamppost and Fire-plug; the one tall and handsome and commanding, the other, short, good looking and eloquent. Yes, a desirable match it will be.

From Washington: News Notes.

Special to the CARBON ADVOCATE.

WASHINGTON D. C., May 14, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Numerous complaints have been made to the State Department by Frenchmen who have become citizens of the United States by complying with the requirements of our naturalization laws, and who have afterwards, upon visiting France, been impressed into the French military service. When the matter has been brought to the attention of the French Minister his reply has uniformly been in effect that the question of allegiance was one over which the administration had no jurisdiction, and which must be settled by the court. He declares that, under French principles, citizenship is conferred by parentage, and the expatriation of the French citizen requires the consent of the French government. In reply to this proposition the Secretary of State insists that the proofs of citizenship of this country are not open to impeachment by any foreign government; and he has demanded the instant release of all such impressed citizens, with compensation for their detention, and that under no circumstances will the United States admit of the propriety of submitting the question involved to the delays incident to judical action; just what the outcome of this controversy will be it is difficult at this time to conjecture. The Secretary has submitted all of the correspondence to the Senate, with the request that the matter will receive their immedate attention.

It has at last been decided that we are to have a Zoological Garden at the National Capital. Congress has appropriated the necessary funds for defraying the preliminary expenses, and workmen are engaged in constructing buildings for the temperaly accommodation of the herds of buffalo, deer and other animals that have been ordered from the west. Prof. William T. Hornaday, who for several years past has held the position of chief taxidermist at the National Museum, has been appointed curator of the garden.

OUR TABLE.

In April number of THE WEST SHORE, a beautifully illustrated magazine, published at Portland, Oregon, are many fine engravings and an interesting articles descriptive of Seattle, the largest city on Puget Sound, locally known as the "Queen City." The number is accompanied by a large supplement, in colors, giving a charming view of the Olympic Range as seen from Seattle harbor. This is a long range of rugged, snow-capped peaks, occupying that portion of Washington Territory lying between Puget Sound and the ocean, and forms one of the scenic attractions of that inland sea. THE WEST SHORE gives from month to month engravings and descriptive articles of cities and matters of interest in the Pacific North west, besides containing much excellent fiction, poetry, etc. Each number is accompanied by a large supplement in colors or tints. To one interested in that region, and especially to one desiring to learn of its resources and its opportunities for settlement and investment, this magazine is invaluable. L. Samuel, publisher, Portland, Oregon; $2.50 per year; single copy, 25 cents.

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DRESS GOODS!

While in the Market last week our DRESS GOODS buyer was very fortunate in securing some remarkably cheap lots, which we propose to distribute to our friends at prices that cannot but be pleasing to them.

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IMPORTED SUITINGS

in Mixed Pin Checks, also Pin Stripes with a wide band stripe running through them. This line of goods we have been selling right along this season at Forty-five cents a yard and are quite popular at that price. The new lot can be sold at a profit to us at a much less price and we propose doing it. They are forty inches wide; good colors, and without exception the choicest little lot we have offered in this Department this season. The price until gone

Twenty-Nine Cents.

NO. 2 LOT.

Is a purchase of a lot of

All-Wool Black Cashmeres,

forty-six inches wide (note the width) good weight, excellent color, fine Twill, and over our own counter in the regular way value for Seventy-five cents a yard. Have lately been shown samples marked more, not any better. Price on this lot until gone

Fifty-Five Cents.

We want you to see these two lots.

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Opera House Store,

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The season is fast approaching for the usual Spring house-cleaning, in the thorough completion of which you may require new Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Shades, &c. If you are in need of anything in this line we extend a cordial invitation to you to call and see our stock, including

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Potato and Cabbage Phosphate at	$30 00 per ton
Our Pure Bone Phosphate at	$28 00 per ton
Our Jumbo Super-Phosphate at	$26 00 per ton
Our Pure Bone Meal at	$28 00 per ton
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