

The Carbon Advocate

LEHIGHTON, PA.,
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1888.
ENTERED AT THE LEHIGHTON POST-OFFICE AS
SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CORONERS ADJOURNED ON SATURDAY at one o'clock. The late session was one of the longest, perhaps, in the history of the country and one that accomplished as little in the way of sound, practical and necessary legislation as the most quiet and careless of its predecessors. All along we have contended that there would be no definite action taken on the tariff reform measure and we were right. The presidential year was a very ill-advised period in which to bring up so great and important a question. Both parties were in the midst of a political tumult, both parties were anxious to secure advantages over the other, and that necessary legislation was from the first out of the question. For this reason the ADVOCATE has always advocated the election of men for principle and not for party, and we believe the time is coming when such will be the aim of every workingman and of every voter who has at heart the welfare of the country and not the aggrandizement of party. Imagine a forum filled with men politically prejudiced, one half against the other, and what chance is there for sound, practical or beneficial legislation? None, of course not, so with the last Congress and senate; members of both Houses prompted by political prejudices obstructed measures and vilified one another, for no other reason than that one party might not gain an advantage over the other in which to go into the presidential contest. It was not a question of benefiting the masses, but of benefiting party. So long as men of such narrow principles are elected to frame our laws, just so long may we look forward to congresses and senates where filibustering obstructionists rule the day. Elect honest, intelligent and conscientious men to these high positions, men who forget party and vote for principle and the country will move forward and our congresses put on an air of sound respectability that will be fruitful of substantial legislation.

THANKS TO DISTRICT ATTORNEY Rutherford's promptness the negligent employees who caused the horrifying Mud Run holocaust a few weeks ago have been arrested and placed under heavy bonds for their appearance at court. This is as it should be, after the finding of the Coroner's jury of investigation. There have been entirely too many railroad horrors of late years, due to criminal carelessness of the part of negligent employees and the sooner the responsibility is made to justify and properly rest on the shoulders of the guilty the better will be, both for the traveling public and the railroad companies. These men will be given a trial and if found guilty must pay the penalty, if not guilty, they will be honorably discharged. The extreme penalty is five years imprisonment and five thousand dollars fine.

SAYS THE NEWS OF STROUDSBURG: Mr. Mutchler's election is a foregone conclusion, as there is no opposition in the district. If he lives he will be our representative in Congress for the next two years. He is a gentleman of sound ideas, is honest and capable, and has already made a record in Congress that any man might well feel proud of. Since the retirement of Mr. Scott of the Erie district Mr. Mutchler is looked upon as the leader of the Democratic delegation from Pennsylvania. This, in itself, is no small honor for our district.

THESE HAS BEEN NO POLITICAL CAMPAIGN in the history of Carbon county than the great and important issues have been more publicly ventilated by able speakers than the present one. In all the towns and villages, as well as in the larger towns, public meetings have been held during the past few weeks, and the great issue of protection and tariff reform thoroughly discussed. This being the case Carbon county voters should be prepared to vote intelligently at the November election. You can only vote once, consequently you should make it a point to vote right.

BROADBRIM'S N. Y. LETTER.

NOT many years ago Paris was supposed to be the most cosmopolitan city in the world; but the scepter is passing away from Paris, and its abiding place in the future will be the city of New York. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, all the hooligans of the world would have run after and pealed a Chinaman; to-day a Mongol dressed like Gilbert and Sullivan's Mikado might march from one end of Broadway to the other, and scarcely any one would give him a second look. I stood on Broadway facing Wall street with my back to Trinity Church, and within thirty minutes such a procession passed as could be found in no other city in the world.

First came a party of ten carrying all their earthly goods—the women and men wearing wooden shoes and thick-suspension goods, which had evidently been woven on domestic looms away in the north of Europe. The women shared the burden with the men, and seemed abundantly able to do their share. One carried a huge trunk on her back, and all of them had loads that would have appalled or broken the back of an American woman; but they trudged along as contented and happy as a New York woman going to Macy's or O'Brien's on a bargain day. They had scarcely passed when along came a party of Albanians with their huge turbans, flashy scarfs and baggy breeches, and a fine active, healthy looking body of men they were; but what struck me particularly was that the women were so inferior to the men. The men were well featured, some of them remarkably handsome, while the women were mostly ill-featured, and lacked that bold free air that distinguished the men; they were not companions; they were not equals; they were merely slaves.

Now a dozen Chinamen sweep by; they do not seem to be afraid of Dennis Kearney or the Chinese exclusion bill; these happy Celestials chatter and laugh as freely as they would in Hong Kong or Foo Chow—satisfied that as long as their barbarian relations are kept out they will have a monopoly of our washbaths. Ah, here come a dozen Swedes; their bright, frank, handsome faces win them to you at once; they are all bright blondes, with large blue eyes and a comfortable clean look that is at the first glance a recommendation. Right behind them are some Russian Jews on their way to the Russel and Jewish quarter on the west side. A sorry looking lot they are, unkempt and unshaven, as if they had never seen soap or water since they left the empire of the Czar. In looking at these miserable immigrants human degradation seems to have reached its lowest depth. The faces have all a mean, suspicious sneaking look, like that of the coyote on the western plains. Can such a race ever become good citizens—are they desirable? can they ever assimilate with us and become part of us? Is not the importation

of these ignorant, ill paid, mean living hordes a constant menace to the well paid labor of the United States? The sight of them is hateful to me, but here they are, and what are you going to do about it? Six or seven years ago, during the Judenfeind, when thousands of these miserable, starving wretches were driven out of Russia, and came pouring in like a deluge on New York, the English, American and German Jews, who are among the wealthiest and most intelligent and respectable portion of our population sought to grapple with this Russian problem; they labored night and day for months; they spent hundreds of thousands of dollars; and in their great distress they made no appeal for outside aid, but raised the necessary money among themselves, but it was no use; the Russian Jews were an ingrate race, the more that was done for them the more they expected. They were fed and housed for weeks free of expense, at last they surrounded the office of the disbursing agent of the Associated Jewish Societies, and boldly demanded money—he had none to give, and they assaulted him in his office, and would have beaten him to death, if he had not been rescued by the police. Since then the New York Jews have let their Russian brethren severely alone, and I don't think there would have been any very general mourning in the houses of Israel and Judah on this side of the water. If the Russian Emperor had massacred a few thousand more. But the procession still rolls on broadway, a steady stream—Frenchmen, Italians, Scotchmen, English, and I need not say Irish, for "the woods are full of 'em," Danes, Finns and even Kalmar Tartars.

An evidence of our polite cosmopolitanism the whole town has run wild during the week on the advent of Mr. Coquelin of the Comedie Francaise, Paris, and Jane Hading of the Gymnase. The position of Mr. Coquelin in Paris, can only be compared to that of Joe Jefferson at home, or that of Edwin Booth, but there is something more than that in the position of Coquelin. Among Parisians there is a deep affection and admiration for the man, and it is safe to say that he would be a social lion and welcome guest in every saloon in Paris. Rivalries exist in Paris as elsewhere; professional jealousies and bitternesses which are fostered by friends and fomented by enemies, and in certain lines of plays this rivalry has existed between the Comedie Francaise and the Gymnase. When Abbey made the engagements for his American season, he saw there was a pite of duels in bringing these rival houses together. Paris had never been able to do it, but Yankee flosses did what Parisian diplomacy could not; and the result was the appearance this week of Mr. Coquelin and Jane Hading on the stage of the same theatre. The first rumbling of thunder came when Miss Hading's little three and a half high headed garter touched the sidewalk in New York, and she caught sight of an announce poster of the first appearance of herself and Mr. Coquelin. Blood of Charles Martel! there was Coquelin's name, at least three inches longer than her's, and above her's instead of underneath. Sacra—well I won't tell you what she did say, but the air grew blue. Abbey was sent on the instant, and he wanted to reply by telephone, but back roared the electric wire—non, non, monsieur, silvous plait, un personne je demande. Abbey flew to the enraged lady and tried to pacify the outraged comedienne, but he might just as well have tried to paddle up Niagara Falls on a shingle, as to stop the flood of Gascogne that overwhelmed him and bore him down. Messengers flew hither and thither, Coquelin was immovable. It was to oblige mademoiselle je ne pas object bout de honneur de z Comedie Francaise vous stake, and I cannot go back on ze Comedie Francaise, Jane Hading was as firm as Mr. Coquelin, and at last a compromise was effected by calling it The Coquelin and Hading Combination, and putting both names on the same line, and in the same type. They have drawn immeasurably. Every who is anybody, must go and hear them. As I sat in the parquet, I saw plenty of people in the boxes, who did not know the French for potato, going into extacies over Coquelin's jokes, and ladies applying their handkerchiefs to their eyes at Jane Hading's splendid acting in "The Maire de Forges," who had no more idea of what she was talking about than if it had been Choctaw or Chinese. But it's all right, we are now the most cosmopolitan city in the globe. We have the most magnificent German Opera House in the world, excepting the noble building at Frankfurt on the Main. We have a Chinese theatre in full blast with almost even tragedians from the Flowering Kingdom. We give concerts Hungarian, Polish, Russian and Bohemian, and we have several theatres devoted to them where they can hear their plays in their own language, and it is not long ago since we gave a concert at St. Lucy Hall in the vernacular Irish in a style that would have delighted the heart of Brian Borromeo or Fin McCool himself. We have two German singing halls that can't be matched in Germany, and whole districts where for a day at a time scarcely a word of English can be heard. The result of the heterogeneous population, who can tell? Time alone can solve it.

Another considerable sensation has been the explosion of the Knights of Labor. The dynamite bombshell was Thomas B. Barry, who for years past has been high up in the Labor Sandhills. He was killed on Saturday at Nanticoke. He refused to give his name or anything as to his movements and was locked up for further investigation. A number of other Italians were arrested at White Haven. The above were without exception discharged, the contractor, McFadden, being satisfied that none of them had any knowledge of the affair. All theories that the murders were committed by ignorant Italian or Hungarian laborers have been abandoned, and for good. It is also pretty certain that the deed was committed by no more than two persons, and these certainly expert ruffians. McFadden received two shots in the back, probably at a distance of 150 feet, and both were within an inch and a half of each other.

Donegal Hill, in Hazleton, was Sunday night the scene of an Italian murder. Agan Starcille's wife arrived from Italy on Thursday night last, accompanied by several countrymen, among whom was Louis Ross. Several days ago Starcille received a letter from Italy which told a strange story of his wife. He was greatly interested thereby. Sunday evening he began kicking and beating her in a terrible manner. An Italian Loman, Starcille's boarding boss, and Ross interfered. They seized him, and while attempting to drag him away he drew a revolver from his hip pocket and fired two shots at Loman. The second shot struck Ross, instantly killing him. Starcille was arrested, and is now in prison. Ross was about 23 years old, and was to go to work in the mines Monday morning. Starcille has been here about a year, and was employed in the mines.

Jackson Emerson entered the Pilgrim's Rest Church, Tuesday and, without a word of warning, drew a revolver and fired at his wife, Nina, missing her. A second shot entered the back of her head, coming out over the right eye, and her brain fell over dead. The congregation stampeded and the minister jumped out of a second-story window. Emerson is in jail, and there are strong threats of lynching him. The parties were colored.

Benjamin Jackson and Gilmer Bolden, both colored, quarreled at Baltimore on Monday over six cents. Bolden killed Jackson with a knife thrust and escaped.

A farmer living near Hanover, York county, put \$10 in a hole in the ground the next day, and next morning found \$90 in his pocket. He was awoke with his life. Mr. Barry's expose was heartily applauded by thousands of Knights, and a vote of thanks was awarded to him. As a sequel to the Barry meeting came the row in District Assembly 49, which has been in the midst of a faction fight for a year past.

Several weeks ago Master Workman Quinn the big head, got unceremoniously kicked out of Pythagoras Hall, which was the meeting place of the Knights of Labor. Then a lawsuit commenced, occasionally spiced by a broken head, and this week Quinn got a decree reinstating him in possession of the hall; he went there with six of his helpers, overpowered the watchman in charge, broke open all the doors and marched into his old office only to find the safe busted, and all the official papers gone.

Noah Jago Wed, evening fatally shot Miss Ella Green, at Owingsville, Ky., to whom he was engaged to be married. He claims that it was an accident. Miss Green would give no statement. From the fact that he tried to stab her a short time ago and had been quarreling with her about receiving other company, he is suspected of shooting him to death.

The order can now be safely let alone, the warring factions will evidently destroy each other. The interests of workmen can safely be trusted to their Trades Unions, and the interests of the United States? The sight of them is hateful to me, but here they are, and what are you going to do about it? Six or seven years ago, during the Judenfeind, when thousands of these miserable, starving wretches were driven out of Russia, and came pouring in like a deluge on New York, the English, American and German Jews, who are among the wealthiest and most intelligent and respectable portion of our population sought to grapple with this Russian problem; they labored night and day for months; they spent hundreds of thousands of dollars; and in their great distress they made no appeal for outside aid, but raised the necessary money among themselves, but it was no use; the Russian Jews were an ingrate race, the more that was done for them the more they expected. They were fed and housed for weeks free of expense,

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Mrs. Hannah Strock, the oldest resident of Catawba, and with one or two others the wants of the different trades, and will no doubt abundantly provide for them. The attempt at a wholesale anteroom has turned out a miserable failure, and the expense of Mr. Barry may be considered its death knell and its epitaph.

BROADBHM.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO VOTE?

A little more than one week's time remains for political office seekers to "see the people" and ask for favors from their hands. How are you going to vote? Carbon county is Democratic by at least five hundred, and on the 18th of October, Barry may be considered its death knell and its epitaph.

HAY-FEVER TRY THE CURE.

A article applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 25 cents at druggists; by mail, 40 cents. ELY BROS., 36 Warren Street, N.Y.

WM. RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

The Great GERMS & BACTERIA DESTROYER.

To Cure Disease Remove the Cause.

Physicians, by scientific researches, have discovered the Great Germ called Microbe, the cause of disease. The MICROBE KILLER CURES by destroying the microbe, the cause of disease. The MICROBE KILLER is a powerful disinfectant, and kills all the system. Mr. Radam has established Factory No. 1 at 8th Street.

Invalids and persons suffering from CATARRH, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Blood, etc., by writing or calling at above address, will receive a free copy of the book "The Microbe Killer and the cause of all disease." Send a post card and state your trouble. The Microbe Killer will supply.

A SURE RESTORATIVE TO HEALTH.

To Whom it May Concern.

All persons are hereby forbid harboring or trusting on my son John Longkamer, as I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by him. CHAS. LONGKAMER, Paterson, Oct. 6, 1888.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LEHIGHTON, PENNA.

LIABILITIES.

Overdrafts.....	\$124,602.00
U.S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	25,000.00
Discounts on bills of exchange.....	2,421.55
Due from other National Banks.....	3,619.00
Real estate, furniture and fixtures.....	8,627.90
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	9,007.00
Checks and other cash items.....	9,955.25
Bills of exchange.....	9,050.00
Specie.....	13,000.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasury.....	3,375.00
Total.....	\$824,285.14

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in.....	75,000.00
Surplus.....	7,010.00
Undivided profits.....	2,000.47
Deposits, including those outstanding.....	67,000.00
Dividends unpaid.....	12,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check.....	124,410.86
Cashier's checks outstanding.....	1,144.00
Due to other National Banks.....	6,020.31
Due to State Banks and Bankers.....	607.02
Total.....	\$284,285.14

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

COUNTY OF CARBON.

I, W. W. Bowman, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of October, 1888.

HORACE HEYDE, N. P.

CORRECT—ATTEST.

R. P. HOFFORD,
J. J. ZERN,
A. J. DURLING,
Directors.