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Professional & Business Cards. Horace Heydt, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC.

W. M. Rapscher, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

C. V. Kleintop, INSTRUCTOR IN MUSIC.

W. G. M. Seiple, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

A. S. Rabenold, D. D. S., DENTISTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

F. I. SMITH, D. D. S., DENTISTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

DR. G. T. FOX, 172 Main Street, Bath, Pa.

Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat. Also, Refraction of the Eyes for the adjustment of glasses.

O. W. SNYDER, Horse Doctor, (Honorary Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.)

CASTRATION, DISEASES OF HORSE AND CATTLE, SUCCESSFULLY TREATED.

LAMENES, SPAVINS, Splints, Ringbone, And all diseases prevalent among Domesticated Horses and Cattle.

FRANK P. DIEHL, Practiced Blacksmith Horse-shoer.

PACKERTON HOTEL, Midway between Lehigh and Lehigh, LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR.

MANSION HOUSE, Opposite L. & S. Depot, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.

T. J. BRETNEY, Respectfully announces to the Merchants of Lehigh and others that he is now prepared to do all kinds of

HAULING OF FREIGHT, EXPRESS MATTER AND BAGGAGE very reasonable prices.

L. A. Werner, Contractor and Builder, (Next door to Reuben Fernstermacher's)

Professional & Business Cards.

Horace Heydt, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC. W. M. Rapscher, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

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WISSPORT BUSINESS DIRECTORY. FRANKLIN HOUSE, EAST WEISSPORT, PENN'A.

Oscar Christman, WEISSPORT, PA. Livery and Exchange Stables.

The Weissport - Bakery, C. W. LAURY, PROPRIETOR. Delivers Fresh Bread and Cakes in Weissport.

THE Fort Allen House, Weissport, Carbon County, Penna.

Henry Christman, Proprietor. The public is respectfully informed that this well known house has been refitted and improved.

A FINE POOL ROOM. In connection with the hotel is a FINE POOL ROOM handsomely fitted up.

Over Canal Bridge E. Weissport. JOSEPH F. REX, UN BERTAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, PARLOR SUITES, BED ROOM SUITES.

Flour, Feed, &c. The choicest quality at very reasonable prices. Call and be convinced.

COAL, COAL, COAL. BEST OF COAL! At prices fully as low as the lowest. Give me a trial and you will be convinced.

HENRY CHRISTMAN, Fort Allen House, Weissport. The Cream of all Books of Adventure.

PIONEER HEROES AND DARING DEEDS. The thrilling adventures of all the hero explorers and frontier fighters.

PATENT !! FRANKLIN H. ROUGH, Solicitor of American & Foreign Patents.

AL CAMPBELL, Jeweler and Watchmaker, Bank Street, Lehighton, Penna.

Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry, at Prices that defy competition.

REPAIRING. Don't Forget the Place. Al. Campbell, SIGN OF THE BIG WATCH.

DRESS GOODS, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, SILVERWARE, &c., &c.

E. H. SNYDER, Bank Street, Lehighton. Goods guaranteed and prices as low as elsewhere for the same quality of goods.

WANTED - AGENTS TO SOLICIT ORDERS For our Choice and Hardy Nursery Stock.

SOMETHING NEW. UNDER THE SUN, which King Solomon never heard of.

OUR CHURCHES. METHODIST EPISCOPAL, South Bank Street, Lehighton.

W. A. RAUBENBUSH, Bank Street, Lehighton. Sole agent for the sale of the following goods.

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The Carbon Advocate.

INDEPENDENT--"Live and Let Live." \$1.25 when not paid in Advance.

Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., December 8, 1888. VOL. XVII., No 4.

SWITCHBACK CLEANZINE

Removes Paint and Grease from Woolens, Silks, Satins, Cashmires, Laces, Crapes, &c.

It is called the "Father of Detergers," because there is no medium through which it so often attacks the system.

Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Bad Breath, &c.

The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels.

It is called the "Father of Detergers," because there is no medium through which it so often attacks the system.

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CONSTIPATION

When daylight dawns the skies, When evening shadows fall, About I watch with dreaming eyes

That in constant strain, Person each other on the street, And mingle with my dream.

Never an echo from his heart, His form its own, I see, For forehead felt no more, Yet, with a trick of lightning, Caught long and long ago.

Where are the wandering thoughts, What breath of land and sea, How dim and empty of delight, How faint my love and me?

Perchance, with green earth overstrained, He sleeps a dreamless sleep, Or tossing waves his head, Their ceaseless murmur keep.

Never an echo from his heart, His form its own, I see, For forehead felt no more, Yet, with a trick of lightning, Caught long and long ago.

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WHY WORKS SWIM WELL

The records of the humane societies on both sides of the Atlantic show that late years a fair proportion of their medals fall to the lot of swimmers.

It is a wonderful habit, in which good money is spent for bad deed.

It is an unwholesome habit, harmful to the lungs, which take in the air defiled by it.

It is a habit that often gives offense to the fair sex and to the mothers of many boys.

It is an unclean habit.

So, dear boys, don't learn to smoke!

WE'VE SAID THE NAME. Now and then we see a boy smoking tobacco in the street.

We saw three boys between twelve and fourteen years old going on the Bowery, New York.

They were smoking a pipe. They were out showing off.

Don't learn to smoke, boys! It is a poor foolish habit.

It is a wasteful habit, in which good money is spent for bad deed.

It is an unwholesome habit, harmful to the lungs, which take in the air defiled by it.

It is a habit that often gives offense to the fair sex and to the mothers of many boys.

It is an unclean habit.

So, dear boys, don't learn to smoke!

A NOVELLETTE. They were seated on the tete-a-tete, his left arm encircling her waist and her right hand resting in his, while her sunny head

which in the dimly lighted parlor offered no suggestion of the proximity of a white horse--reposed on his well-padded shoulder.

The grate fire threw out a grateful warmth and as he sat there, occasionally inhaling the faint, sweet perfume of her breath, he was very, very happy.

But the demon of unsatisfied longing to have her tell him again how much she loved him made him speak.

"Darling," said he, "are you sure you would be true to me, even though my wealth should vanish and I be a pauper?"

"Oh, Petya," she answered, with a reproachful look, disengaging herself, "how can you for an instant question my love, when you know I refused Tom Plunger for you--Tom, who was so handsome and made me so many beautiful presents."

"But," he persisted, "but--"

"Why do you hesitate, my own darling?" she asked encouragingly.

"Well, my sweet, you remember it was only after Tom went broke on the Futurity that you finally consented to be mine."

Her eyes now had a far-away look to them, and a regretful sigh escaped her as she murmured, half unconsciously:

"That's where I was foxy."

HE BROKE THE PONY. "Chon you remember that little black boy I bled my the poodler next week?"

"Yah, vot of him?"

"Nothings, only I get sheated burly pad."

"So."

"Yah. You see in the vurs, place he ish plint with bole legs, and ferry lame mit von eyes. Den ven you got on him to ride he rases up behind unt kinks up before vorse as a crackumle. I dinks I dake him a liddle rite yesterday, unt so sooner I gets cotraddle his pack he commence dat yeh, shut so like a vegin paan on a post steam; unt ven he get tone, I flints myself zettin' around packwatts, mit his dail in mine haunts vor de pride."

"Yell, vot you zotting to do mit him?"

"Och, I viced him petter as cham up--I hitch him in te cart mit his best where his tail ought to be; unt I give him about so a dozen cuts mit a bittocke; he starts to go, put so soon he sets to cart before him he makes packwatts. Burly soon he stumplets peket unt sets down on his hanches, unt I look den he feels burly shamed mitself. Den I dakes him unt, hitch him de rite way, unt he goes rite off shut so good as anybody boy."

"Mrs. Partington says that she was much elucidated last Sunday on hearing a fine discourse on the parody of the prodigal youth."

"A woman is like tar, says an exchange; melt her and she'll take any form you please."

THE Seducer - HIS VICTIM. 'The seducer! Playing upon the most sacred affection, he betrays innocence. How? By its unsuspecting faith, by its honor, by its trust, often and often, is not the accomplice so much as the sufferer, betrayed by an emotion which bewitch her noblest affections to become the suicide of her virtues. The betrayer, for the most intense selfishness, without one motive, without one pretense of honor--by lies; by a devilish jugglery of fraud; by blinding the eyes, confusing the conscience, misleading the judgment, and installing the dew of sovereignty upon every flower of sweet affection--deliberately, heartlessly damns the confiding victim. It is there one shade of good intention, one glimmering trace of light? None. There was not the most shadowy, tremulous intention of honor. It was a sheer, premeditated, wholesale ruin, from beginning to end. The accused sinner opens the door of the world to push her forth. She looks out all shuddering; for there is shame and sharp-toothed hatred, and chattering slander, and malignant envy, and triumphant jealousy, and old revenge--these are born but will not kill. And there is for her want, and poverty and gaunt famine. There is the world spread out; she sees father and mother heartless, abandoning her, a brother's shame, a sister's anguish. It is a vision of desolation; a plundered home, an altar where honor and purity and peace have been indolently sacrificed to the foul Moloch. It is cheerless the eye, and her ear catches the sounds of sighing and mourning, wails and laments; and far down, at the horizon of the vision, the murky cloud for a moment lifts, and she sees the very bottom of the infernal, the ghastliest of death, the spasms of horrible departure, the awful thunder of final doom. All this the trembling, he, the creature that with a voice that might move the dead, she turns and clasps his knees in awful agony: 'Leave me not! Oh! spare me--save me--cast me not away!' Poor thing--she is dealing with a demon!--Spare her! Save her! The polished scoundrel betrayed her to abandon her, and walks the street to boast his hellish deed. It becomes him, him, him, Oh, my soul; believe it not! What sight is that? The drooping victim is worse used than the infernal destroyer. He is fondled, courted, praised from honor to honor, and she is crushed and mangled under the infuriated tramp of public indignation! On her mangled corpse they stand to put the laurels on her murderer's brow. When I see such things as these, I thank God there is a judgment, and that there is a hell--Henry Ward Beecher.

AND THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT. Some years ago, a lady, noticing a neighbor who was not in her seat in church one Sabbath, called on her return home to inquire what should detain so punctual an attendant. On entering the house she found the family busy at work. She was surprised when her friend addressed her:--'Why, where have you been to-day, all dressed up in your Sunday clothes?'

"To meeting."

"Why, what day is it?"

"Sabbath day," she replied.

"Sabbath day? Well, I did not know, for my husband has almost forgotten his readings; Polly has got quite morose again, because she has no poetry or stories to read. Well, if we have to take a cart load of potatoes and onions to market, I'm resolved to have a newspaper."

ALLEGED HUMOR. "Notiss--John Smith, blacksmith and shaver done here, lost wedded, hard curried, bleeding and tooth drawing and Farrier work, P. S.--All sorts of spirits and other mollickers according to the kilmickel art, and licensed to be sold on the premises. N. B.--Take notice--my wife keeps skilful, and takes in needle work, and polite art, and washing--teaches reading, riting and rithmitys, and other langtwiches; and as assistants to learn dancing, sewing, and mathematics and all other fashionable amusements. The above notice is hung up in an Eastern Pennsylvania village.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy