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BROADBRIM'S N. Y. LETTER.

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Looking at the man as he stood in the dock it was difficult to understand why the mental strain of such a terrible life did not kill him. Hundreds of men have killed here, in this city, to be relieved of a thousandth part of the dreadful anxiety that he must have suffered for years. Yet as those who were most closely associated with him look back, they remember nothing but the cool, calm, self-poised man who, living a life of conscious rectitude, defied the chances of fate. His family was one of the best known on the fashionable Hill district of Brooklyn, and his wife, a beautiful woman was possessed of her husband, proud of her home and proud of children, and when the crushing news was brought home to her, by his flight that her husband was a thief, it nearly killed her; but when she realized that he was not only a thief, but had been systematically robbing the bank that trusted him for ten years, her despair knew no bounds. She was forced to give up her home from the schools she had been attending, for the other children wanted to finish their father's crime. But the end came this week. Assured that if he put the country to the expense of a trial that his accumulated sentences would be equivalent to imprisonment for life, he was allowed to plead guilty to forgery in the third degree, and so escapes with a sentence of nine years, which his good conduct may reduce to seven. When will young men realize the truth of that homely old adage, "Honesty is the best policy." I know it's old fogy; it is not fast, but it is true. Mr. De Baun realizes this morning as he marches with cropped hair to the lock step with murderers and thieves who for the next few years will be his only companions. His heart-broken wife realizes it as she sits weeping in the midst of her children whom their father has never seen. Think of this, my youthful friend, and if you feel inclined to go for a jack-pot, or a horse-race, or a flyer on stocks, if you can't do it on your own money don't try it on anybody else's. Take my advice—Don't.

A singular case came to light in the Surrogate's Court this week which might furnish ground-work for a novel by Wilkie Collins or Harrison Alenworth. A few years ago an old merchant named Peck died, leaving a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars to his widow. The couple never had any children, but had lived for each other in a very humble way, rolling up the dollars which are now the subject of a suit, till death tapped at the door, and Mr. Peck answered the call. When Mr. Peck was laid in his final resting place, Mrs. Peck felt exceedingly lonesome, but lonesome as she felt, she showed no great desire to find a successor to the departed Peck, nor indeed were there many applicants for the vacancy, for after Mr. Peck's demise Mrs. P. began to display an inordinate love for good eye, and as she lived alone in her big house without even the companionship of a cat, or a dog, or a chicken, she was badly missed, and at last in the morning, laid herself out like a demijohn, and when she was full lie down on the floor or any other convenient place, and prepare herself for a second dose. What few relations she had gave the old lady a pretty wide berth; for when she was in her tantrums even the butcher boy hardly dared to look over the fence, for it was her habit to "drive a skillet, a pot lid, or whatever came handy at any opportunity looking at her. The only person who enjoyed any kind of immunity was the doctor, and as she was in a very muddled condition all the time, the doctor proceeded to feather his nest. He induced the old lady to make a will, giving him all her property and when the will was finished he tried to get her committed to a lunatic asylum so that she could never make another. When the will was made the old lady put it away, and refused to let the doctor take care of it, but he was equal to the occasion, and stole the will, offering it for probate after Mrs. Peck's death. There is no doubt but the will must be rejected, and that the property will go to Mrs. Peck's relatives who are very poor. Moral: If any of your rich relations are dying keep your eye on the doctor.

For years we have been blessed with a Josh Hoise that would have delighted the heart of Confucius; but it is only this week for the first time in our history that we have had a genuine Chinese Theatre. Some stupid persons will begin to laugh at the idea of a Chinese Shakespearer or a colonial Gilbert and Sullivan, but it is no laughing matter my friend. I doubt if you understand the first principles of dramatic construction. Think of a tragedy in a hundred and forty-nine acts, and a musical comedy in two hundred and ninety-eight. None of your "Patience," that "Pinafore," or "Pirates of Penzance," that is all over in a couple of hours, but a good solid musical entertainment that will last you for six months, and then the Oliver Twist make you ask for more. And tragedy means tragedy with them and no scollaps. When you look at the heavy tragedian in his war paint you feel in your heart that he would just as soon eat you as cut off your head. He tells you so himself, and you never doubt his word, for he looks like just that sort of man. Then there is a delightful unconventionality about the Chinese drama which is very refreshing to a barbarian. During the performance of the Warrior Life and Deeds of the Great Chung Hui Foo Lun Kee, one of our orchestra, which sits at the back of the stage on a raised platform, felt a sea in his stocking. He stopped in the middle of an exquisite solo on his bamboo ten-ton, and went for the flea. He was a buster from Husterville, and he made it so lively for that flea that no doubt he wished himself back on the Yany Wo Foo. A thunderous burst of applause rewarded the capture, and it certainly was one of the most interesting features of the performance. The piece which was begun this week will end some time between New Year's and Christmas. The tragedy is very high toned, and the actors are all first class.

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**BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

Administrator's Notice.  
Estate of GEORGE W. WALLACE, late of Mauch Chunk, Carbon Co., Pa., deceased.

BIDS WANTED.  
THE LEHIGHTON WATER COMPANY having an Artesian Well contemplated supplying the town with water.

THE JOLLY OLD MARINER.  
A jolly old mariner sailing the sea, With a raring a sore and thus thundered he.

A WORD OF WARNING.  
There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory," they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable quality of the genuine.

At Miss A. Gravel's  
Lehighton, ladies will find the largest and most fashionable assortment of seasonable Millinery at Prices very low. Don't fail to see our stock.

W. L. DOUGLAS  
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

W. L. DOUGLAS  
\$3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Andrew Bayer,  
BANK TRUST, LEHIGHTON.

Wall Paper, Window Shades and Fringes, Curtain Poles and Chains, WOOD AND BRASS STAIR RODS, OILS, PAINTS, VARNISHES, AND PAINTERS SUPPLIES.

C. C. C. CURTIS' COUGH COMPOUND.

Howard Deifenderfer,  
OPPOSITE THE PUBLIC SQUARE, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF VERY VALUABLE REAL ESTATE!

BOCK'S Popular Jewelry Store,  
In Lehigh's Block, opp. Carbon House.

ARNER'S Pure Bone Super Phosphates!

# BARGAINS.

We have just received a lot of Shoes from a well known Shoe Mfg Co., in Kid and Dongola Leather, Round Toe, Square and Common Sense, and in different widths. These goods are strictly solid, first-class in style and wearing qualities, and were made to retail at \$2.00 and \$2.50; but, by taking the entire lot we have secured a Bargain, and our customers, as well as the public in general, shall reap the advantage; they will be sold at \$1.50 per pair. Now, we have not got a car load of them—only FOUR HUNDRED PAIRS! so you had better call at your earliest convenience.

ALL BARGAINS:  
Every pair of our Ladies Low Shoes. All styles, different colors, prices: 65c., 75c., 85c., \$1.00 and \$1.25.

HERE IS ANOTHER!  
There is a large demand for a Child's Shoe that will wear like iron; we offer you such a shoe in our "Little Trojan."

YET ONE MORE!  
Have you ever tried our Men's "Peerless" Calf Shoe at \$2.00 per pair? or our "Patrol" Shoe at \$2.50? If you have not do so now, and we will guarantee these two shoes to be the best and greatest bargains to be found in

E. G. ZERN'S  
Opera House Block, Bank St.

Kuhn's Special Announcement.  
Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work  
Receives our special attention at this time, and in connection we are prepared to Repair Wash Ringers, no matter how far gone. We can supply new rubbers and new cog wheels and make your washer as good as new at a very small cost.

Lehigh Coal & Hardware Co.,  
Coal, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Glass, Agricultural Implements and Repairs, Field and Garden Seeds, Phosphates, &c.

Roofing Slate, Cement, Lime and Building Sand,  
A full supply of which we have constantly on hand.

Lehigh Coal & Hardware Co.,  
Coal, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Glass, Agricultural Implements and Repairs, Field and Garden Seeds, Phosphates, &c.

Roofing Slate, Cement, Lime and Building Sand,  
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ARNER'S Pure Bone Super Phosphates!  
There are none better made Prices are about \$5.00 less than most of other brands.

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THE JOLLY OLD MARINER.  
A jolly old mariner sailing the sea, With a raring a sore and thus thundered he.  
"Our ship is as bold as an eagle on wing,  
And she carries a cargo that's fit for a king;  
A cargo that's welcome to peasan't or poor,  
Our ship she is laden with IVORY SOAP."  
"I've plowed all the oceans to every port,  
To visit all nations and climates in my sport;  
We carry our goods to the ends of the world,  
Our trade is announced on our banner unfurled;  
Best blended on present from top-most and riper,  
We bring to all people the Ivory Soap."  
"From Procter & Gamble, my lady, do you mind?  
We carry a blessing to glaciers and fountains;  
For dirt is a foe to the body and soul,  
And soap must precede it's the gospel's control;  
Then hurrah! hip hurrah! for philanthropy's hope,  
Hurrah for the advent of Ivory Soap."  
"Its bars, like the truth, or a life-saving boat,  
Ever rise to the top and triumphantly float;  
As the foam on the wind-furled billow 'tis light,  
As the elephant's tusk, it is glossy and white;  
The posts all praise it in measure and trope,  
The ocean is thundering—IVORY SOAP!"

A WORD OF WARNING.  
There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory," they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable quality of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

At Miss A. Gravel's  
Lehighton, ladies will find the largest and most fashionable assortment of seasonable Millinery at Prices very low. Don't fail to see our stock.

COTTON DRESS GOODS  
GREAT VARIETY!

Best Colored French Satines at 25 cents per yard.  
Best Colored American Satines at 10 cents per yard.  
French and Scotch Ginghams, 25 and 50 cents per yard.  
American Ginghams, 64 and 124 cents per yard.  
Cotton Challies, 64 cents per yard.  
Wool Challies, 20 to 60 cents per yard.  
Penlope suitings, 64 cents per yard.

H. GUTH & SON,  
638 Hamilton Street, Allentown.

BOCK'S  
Popular Jewelry Store,  
In Lehigh's Block, opp. Carbon House.

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