The Carbon Advocate.

$1.00 a Year in Advance. INDEPENDENT--"Live and Let Live." $1.25 when not paid in Advance.

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Advertising Rates.

For Legal Notices.

The following prices for legal advertising has been adopted by the CARBON ADVOCATE.

Charter Notices	$4 00
Auditor's Notices	4 00
Commissioner's Notices	4 00
Divorce Notices	4 00
Administrator's Notices	3 00
Executor's Notice	3 00

Other legal advertising will be charged for by the square.

E. V. Morthimer, Jr., Publisher.

Weissport Business Directory.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
EAST WEISSPORT, PENN'A.
This house offers first-class accommodations to the permanent boarder and transient guest. Panic prices, only One Dollar per day.
augt-ly JOHN REHRIG, Proprietor.

Oscar Christman,
—WEISSPORT, PA.—
Livery and Exchange Stables.
Easy riding carriages and safe driving horses. Best accommodations to agents and travellers. Mail and telegraph orders promptly attended to. Give me a trial. may21-1y

The - Weissport - Bakery,
C. W. LAUBY, PROPRIETOR.
Delivers Fresh Bread and Cakes in Weissport, Lehighton and vicinities every day. In the store I have a Fine Line of Confectionery for the Holiday Trade. Sunday schools and festivals supplied at lowest prices. dec3-6m.

R. J. HONGEN,
SUCCESSOR TO CHARLES SCHWERTZER,
Near the Canal Bridge, in
EAST WEISSPORT, Penna.,
Is prepared to do all kinds of
Blacksmithing and Horse-Shoeing,
at very Reasonable Prices. TIRE SETTING A SPECIALTY. Also, Agent for the
P. P. Mast Road Cart,
the Cheapest and Best on the market. feb2-y1

Headquarters for CARRIAGES!
HENRY CHRISTMAN
—AT THE—
Fort Allen House, Weissport,
Sells the Popular and Celebrated
Burlington O and O York
SINGLE AND DOUBLE CARRIAGES
At prices that are considerably less than competition. I have all styles and qualities which I wish you would not fail to inspect before making purchases. may11-3m

RETAIL MERCHANTS
Before purchasing elsewhere will do well to call on or address,
OSCAR J. SAEGER,
East Weissport, Penna.,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Oranges,	Sweet Potatoes,
Lemons,	Cranberries,
Bananas,	Cocoanuts,

and all other Fruits and Vegetables in season. Also, all kinds of Fish.

RETAILERS in the community can save freight and have the goods delivered at their doors by a few hours notice. Give me a trial; satisfaction guaranteed and prices the very lowest. may11-1y

Over Canal Bridge E. Weissport.

Joseph F. Rex,
UNDERTAKER
AND DEALER IN
FURNITURE,
PARLOR SUITES,
BED ROOM SUITES.
&c., &c. Prices the very lowest. Quality of goods the best. Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular.

Caskets, Coffins and Shrouds.

We have a full line which we will furnish at the lowest possible prices.

Flour, Feed, &c.,

Of the choicest quality at very reasonable prices. Call and be convinced.
JOSEPH F. REX,
Apr14-1y EAST WEISSPORT.

DENTISTRY.
Dr. J. A. Mayer & Son.
Dr. GEORGE H. MAYER,
a Graduate from the Dental Department of the University of Pennsylvania,
has opened an office in the same building with his father, second floor in the Bay Window,
59 BROADWAY, MAUCH CHUNK, PA.,
and is now prepared to receive every one in need of first-class dental service. June 8-89-1f

Lehighton Business Directory.

VAL. SCHWARTZ, Bank St., the oldest furniture house in town. Every description of furniture always on hand. Prices very low.

W. A. PETERS, Saloon and Restaurant, Bank Street. Fresh Lager always on tap, Oysters in season. Drop in and see us. nov12-1y

EBRANG'S SHAVING SALOON, opposite the ADVOCATE OFFICE, is headquarters for shaving and hair cutting. Cigars & tobacco sold

GO TO FRS. RODERER, under the Exchange Hotel, Bank street, for a smooth shave or a fashionable hair cut. ☞ Closed on Sunday's. Roerer's Hair tonic, cures Dandruff.

A RELIABLE JEWELER:
D. S. ROCK,
Jan28-88 OPP. PUBLIC SQUARE.

THE CARBON ADVOCATE OFFICE, Bank street, plain and fancy job printing a specialty. ADVOCATE one dollar per year in advance.

J. W. HAUDENBUSH, Bank street, wholesale dealer in choice brands of whiskies, gin, brandies, wines, &c. ☞ Patronage solicited.

Our Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, South Bank street. Sunday services at 10 a. m., and 7.00 p. m., Sunday School 2 p.m. REV. DUNGAN, Pastor.

TRINITY LUTHERAN, Iron street, Sunday services, 10 a. m., (German), 7.00 p. m., (English), Sunday school 2 p.m. J. H. RUDER, Pastor.

REFORMED, Lehigh street. Sunday services at 10 a. m., (German), 7.00 p. m., (English), Sunday school 2 p. m. J. ALVIN REIER, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL, South street, Sunday services at 10 a. m., (German), 7.00 p. m., (English) Sunday school 2 p. m. J. S. NEWHART, Pastor.

CATHOLIC, corner Northampton and Coal streets, services every Sunday morning and evening. REV. HAMMACHER, Pastor.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN, which King Solomon never heard of—a CLOTHES LINE that requires NO CLOTHES PINS. Every housekeeper, laundress and storekeeper wants it. Sample sent by mail, 6 feet for 6 cts., 12 feet for 50 cts. FIRSTCLASS AGENTS WANTED FOR THIS COUNTY. Address, NORMAN W. BOND & CO., Manufacturing Agents, Philadelphia, Pa., (Lock Box 938). 15 1

Professional & Business Cards.

Horace Heydt,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
OFFICE:—The Room recently occupied by W. M. Rapsher.
BANK STREET, - - LEHIGHTON, PA.
May be consulted in English and German. July 4-1y

W. M. Rapsher,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
First door above the Mansion House,
MAUCH CHUNK, - - - - PENN'A.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. nov. 22-y1.

W. G. M. Seiple,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOUTH STREET, - - - LEHIGHTON.
May be consulted in English and German.—Special attention given to Gynecology.
OFFICE HOURS; From 12 M. to 2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. mar. 31-y1

A. S. Rabenold, D. D. S

NEW OFFICE:—Over J. W. Bandenbush' Liquor Store,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON.
Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth Extracted without Pain. Gas administered when requested.
Office Days—WEDNESDAY of each week.
P. O. address, ALLENTOWN, Lehigh county, Pa.
jan 3-y1

F. I. SMITH, D. D. S.,
Office opposite the Opera House.
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

DENTISTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Filling and making artificial dentures a specialty. Local anesthetics used.
Gas administered and Teeth Extracted WITHOUT PAIN.
OFFICE HOURS:—From 8 a. m., to 12 m., from 1 p. m., to 5 p. m., from 7 p. m., to 8 p. m.
Consultations in English or German
Office Hours at Hazleton—Every Saturday.
Oct 15-87—1y

Dr. H. B. REINOHL,
Graduate of Phila. Dental College.
DENTISTRY!
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Perservation of the Teeth a Specialty.
OFFICE HOURS: From 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.
OAK HALL, Market Square, Mauch Chunk.
BRANCH OFFICE:
EAST - MAUCH - CHUNK,
Two Doors North of Post-Office.
OFFICE HOURS: 7 to 9 a. m. and 5 to 7 p. m.
April 28-3m*

DR. G. T. FOX
172 Main Street, Bath, Pa.
AT EASTON, SWAN HOTEL, TUESDAYS.
AT ALLENTOWN, AMERICAN HOTEL, THURSDAY
AT BANGOR, BROADWAY HOUSE, MONDAYS.
AT BATH, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
Office Hours—From 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Practice limited to diseases of the
Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat
☞ Also, Refraction of the Eyes for the adjustment of glasses.

Stoves, Tinware, Heaters and Ranges,
—In Great Variety at—
SAMUEL GRAVER'S
Popular Store, Bank Street.
Roofing and Spouting a specialty. Stove repairs furnished on short notice. Reasonable!!

FRANK P. DIEHL,
—NORTH STREET,—
Practical Blacksmith & Horseshoer is prepared to do al work in his line in the best manner and at the lowest prices. Please call. nov26-86-1y.

PACKERTON HOTEL,
Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton,
Z. H. C. HOM, Proprietor,
PACKERTON, - - - PENNA.
This well-known Hotel is admirably refitted, and has the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent Tables and the very best Liquors. Stables attached. jan5-y1

MANSION HOUSE
Opposite L. & S. Depot,
BANK STREET, - - LEHIGHTON.
C. H. HOM, PROPRIETOR.
This house offers first-class accommodations for transient and permanent boarders. It has been newly refitted in all its departments, and is located in one of the most picturesque portions of the borough. Terms moderate. ☞ The BAR is supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Fresh Lager on Tap. apr 17-y1

T. J. BRETNEY
Respectfully announces to the Merchants of Lehighton and others that he is now prepared to do all kinds of
HAULING OF FREIGHT, EXPRESS MATTER AND BAGGAGE
On reasonable terms. Orders do at Sweely's Corner Store or at my residence cor. CYNE St. near the Cemetery, will receive prompt attention. Patronage solicited.

For Newest Designs and Most Fashionable Styles of
DRESS GOODS,
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
SILVERWARE, &c., &c.
—GO TO—
E. H. SNYDER,
Bank Street, Lehighton.
Goods guaranteed and prices as low as elsewhere for the same quality of goods.
July 18, 1885—1y]

FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA.

419 Huron St., Sheboygan, Wis., Nov. 13, 1888.
I have used St. Jacobs Oil for chicken cholera with great success. Every fowl affected with the disease was cured by it and I recommend it as a sure cure. It has saved me many dollars. H. A. KUENNE, Breeder of Fine Fowls.

Bakersfield, Cal., Oct. 12, 1888.
I have used St. Jacobs Oil for sorehead of chickens with promptness, permanent cure. One bottle will cure 10 to 15 chickens; 2 to 3 drops cures Wheezes. JAS. BETHAL.

☞ *GENERAL DIRECTIONS.—Mix a pill of bread or dough saturated with St. Jacobs Oil. If the fowl cannot swallow force it down the throat. Mix same corn meal dough with the Oil. Give nothing else. They will finally eat and be cured.*

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Andrew Bayer,
BANK TREET, LEHIGHTON,
—DEALER IN—
Wall Paper, Window Shades and Fringes, Curtain Poles and Chains,
WOOD AND BRASS STAIR RODS.
OILS, PAINTS, VARNISHES,
AND PAINTERS SUPPLIES.
See our Elegant GILT PAPER
at 5c. Per Roll
Call and see us. No trouble to show goods, whether you buy or not. Our time is your time.
Paper Hanging, House and Sign Painting, Graining and all kind of Gilding Work executed in the very best manner and at the lowest rates. 3m-march14.

Dr. C. T. HORN,
—AT THE—
Central Drug Store,
OPP. THE PUBLIC SQUARE
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.,
IS HEADQUARTERS FOR
Pure Drugs and Medicines,
Fine Soaps, Brushes, &c., &c.,
Choice Wines and Liquors,
Largest Assortment of Library Lamps!
Wall Paper and Decorations!
—AT—
Spectacles!
When you buy a pair of Shoes you want a good fit. But if you need SPECTACLES it is much more important that the EYE should be accommodated with correct lenses and a properly fitting frame which will bring the lenses directly before the centre of the eye. If you buy your spectacles at Dr. Horn's you will find the above points properly attended to.
—AT—
PERSCRIPTIONS Carefully Compounded
Oct15-1887

New Livery and Feed Store
AT PACKERTON.
LEOPOLD MEYERS respectfully informs the people of Packerton and vicinity that he has just opened a LIVERY STABLE on BEAVER St., where persons can be supplied with Good, Safe Teams either for Funeral, Wedding or for Hauling Purposes at very Lowest Rates. In connection Therewith he has also in stock the very best brands of FLOUR and FEED, which he will sell at Lowest Prices.
Attention, Builders!
The undersigned is still working the DOLON STONE QUARRY, and is prepared to supply, at shortest notice and at Lowest Prices, persons who desire with GOOD STONE for BUILDING PURPOSES. Call and in post the Stones and learn Prices before purchasing elsewhere.
LEOPOLD MEYERS,
feb.2-1y Packerton, Pa.

D. J. KISTLER
Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE, and that he is now prepared to furnish Teams for Funerals, Weddings or Business Trips on the shortest notice and most liberal terms. Orders left at the Carbon House" will receive prompt attention.
STABLES ON NORTH STREET,
next the Hotel, Lehighton. Jan2214-

Howard Deifenderfer,
OPPOSITE THE PUBLIC SQUARE, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON,
MANUFACTURER - OF - FINE - CIGARS
Also a Choice Line of
TOBACCOS, CIGARS, AND SMOKERS SUPPLIES.
☞ Don't Forget to Call ☜

SHOEMAKER'S
Horse and Cattle Powder.
Joshua Shoemaker, Proprietor
CHERRYVILLE, P. O., Northampton co.,
DIRECTIONS—For a horse, 1 tablespoonful, two or three times a week; when sick, 2 tablespoonful a day. For a Cow, 1 teaspoonful twice a week; when sick, twice a day. The same for Hogs. For Poultry mix with feed.
☞ This powder is prepared after the recipe of the late Dr. H. H. Wilson, and is the genuine article. Owners of above named animals should use it trial apr7.89

JUST DO YOUR BEST.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A-findin' fault with Providence,
And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake
At every prancin' step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
If stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions, and be satisfied;
Jest do your best, and praise or blame
That follows that, counts jest the same.
I've alus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

SINNED, BUT FAITHFUL.

When the rush for the Kansas farming lands was at its height, and eastern farmers, tired of the red soil at home, were selling out at a sacrifice in order to join the pilgrimage to a land rumored to be literally flowing with milk and honey—where broad and productive acres could be had for the asking—Andrew Wright, an honest, practical young Granger who had spent all his life in the Mohawk valley, was taken with the western fever. He was not wealthy in the goods of the world, but he had a wife and 2-year-old boy that helped to more than make up for the lack of financial resources.

By shrewd bargaining he found after he had sold everything he owned that he had enough crisp bank bills in his hands to go to the west and make a start on the new place. His objective point was Kansas, but when almost there he was induced by a land agent to go over into Nebraska and take a quarter section within three miles of that muddy and erratic stream dignified by the name of Platte river.

Once settled, and with a three room sod house built on his claim, he started in to work with a will, and at the expiration of two years he found himself well on the road to the complete ownership of as fine a farm west of the red Missouri as "lay outdoors."

His one great trouble was the scarcity of farm hands in the busy season; so it was not at all surprising when one day a tramp who applied for work was taken in as almost one of the family and looked upon as a veritable godsend by the overworked young emigrant.

"Tony" Williams, as the newcomer called himself, was a hard looking, uncouth sort of individual, who worked with a will during the day and at night romped with little 4-year-old Joey until the lad used to watch for his coming, and find the most pleasant hour out of the twenty-four when Tony was with him.

It was rather a queer sort of friendship, but it lasted all through the winter, and until one spring night, when the old restless spirit came back upon him and the farm hand packed up his little bundle and quietly stole away in the darkness.

A year spent in the mining districts did not increase "Tony's" financial condition nor his appearance, either, for that matter, but it found the young farmer just so much nearer to the complete ownership of his quarter section, and at the expiration of that time the tramp turned his face to the rising sun, and by dint of sundry "lifts" and stolen rides on freight trains, found himself one fitful night treading the land he had plowed some months before. It hardly seemed like the same place to him, for instead of the sod house there stood a one story frame building, and less than a hundred yards away was a big roomy barn.

"I'll jest crawl into ther barn," soliloquized Tony, "so's not to wake ther folks. I wonder how the little chap is and if he will be glad to see me. They're pretty white sort of people, and I guess I'll stick by 'em this time and take ther old man's advice an' make a man outer myself."

Thus satisfying his conscience at having run away, he crept into the barn, and half burying himself in a pile of straw which had been left near the open door, was soon asleep.

It was hours later when a lurid red glow, which lighted up the sky and heated the air for miles around, caused Tony to shift uneasily on his rough but comfortable bed and to finally open his eyes and an instant later jump to his feet with a bound.

The prairie was on fire!

Away off, on what seemed like the lower edge of the horizon, was a sheet of flame which had formed itself into a barrier through which none might pass and live. Forked tongues of fire, leaping from the mass, licked at the air as if to find more food for their greedy appetite. The tall, dry grass swayed and shivered as if each particular stalk was endowed with life and was making an effort to escape a certain fate.

As the tramp looked, particles of burned herbage floating down the wind fell about him and he heard distinctly the crackling of the consuming element as it ate its way through the matted growth.

The grandeur of the sight stupefied him, and he was lost in contemplation of the awful spectacle. The uneasy lowing of the cattle, and the fretful whinnying of the horses aroused in him a sense of the danger, and he instinctively turned and looked towards the house.

There was no sign of life.

It was time for action now, and he had already lost many valuable minutes. He ran to the house and beat with both hands on the door.

"Mr. Wright, the prairie's on fire—the prairie's on fire!"

There was no answer. Time was precious now, and when Tony saw a spade standing up against the side of the house it seemed to him like a providence, and he took advantage of it. The door went in with a crash and as he jumped through the opening he met Wright coming out of the bed room.

The room was brilliantly lighted by the reflection, but not a word of recognition was spoken.

"Get the horses," said Wright, in a low tone, and when the tramp went through the door Wright turned back to the room.

"Our only hope is the river," he said to his wife, who with a white, drawn face, was hurriedly dressing Joey, but her poor, trembling, nervous fingers made little headway with the task.

When Tony came with the two horses, Wright and his wife took one while the tramp held Joey in place on the other. There were three miles to ride to the river and safety, and all but the boy looked with anxious eyes at the line of thundering flame, while the farmer sighed as he thought of the destruction that fringe of ragged fire would do his place.

But there was no time for sentiment, so away they started, leaving all but hope behind. For two miles the horses kept almost side by side, and then it began to look as if the race was not going to be an easy one for the heavy, well fed animals. Steadily the fire had gained until now, as they were almost in sight of the river, a sweep of the wind seemed to hurl the flames at them and their throats became so parched they could hardly breathe. Tony's horse, beating the lighter burden, sped ahead, but the struggles of the other animal were becoming so labored that he slacked. Wright beat with his fists at the tired beast, who, faithful enough under his double burden, tried hard to respond by an increase of speed, but it was no use, for with the effort he went down on his knees, throwing the two heavily to the ground.

As the woman shrieked in her downward flight the tramp heard, and turning in his uncertain seat he looked in time to see two motionless forms, the struggling horse, and then, like a thing of life heeding to grasp its prey, the wave of death swept over them.

Everything seemed a blur to the tramp after that, for when he opened his eyes an hour later he was lying on the opposite side of the creek, with Joey near by, watching with wondering eyes the glare of the embers on the blackened waste. He remembered nothing but the going down to death of the farmer and his wife, and realized the fact that he had a new burden to bear in the care of the orphan boy.

When strength came back to him he picked Joey up in his arms with a feeling of tenderness he had never known before and made for the ranch of the nearest neighbor, some miles away, where he told the story and found willing hands to help in the sad ceremony of consigning the charred remains to a decent grave.

As for himself, Tony was for going over into the Colorado diggings, leaving the boy with the new friends, but Joey refused to be separated from his protector, so with a little purse donated by the big hearted farmer and with a resolve to devote himself to his charge, the tramp took the orphan up into the mines and prospected with the hundreds of others for nature's wealth.

The erection of a new cabin announced the fact that he had come to stay, and during the months which followed the boy grew strong and hearty under his foster father's care and became the life of the camp. As a miner, poor, inexperienced Tony was an indifferent success, although he managed to keep a sack of flour and a rasher of bacon in the provision box, and occasionally made a barter with a wandering Jew for little delicacies for Joey.

But even this poor luck was not destined to last, and when one night the boy cried because he was hungry, and the tramp knew there was nothing in the little place to eat, he became desperate and walked out in the cool night air of the mountains to think what was to be done.

There had been days in his life when he had little respect for the eighth commandment, and it was very natural then, at this critical period, that his uneducated mind should urge him to take from others to supply himself and the boy. He tried to reason that it was right enough under the circumstances, but his logic was not powerful enough, and he put an end to the whole matter by saying to himself as a sort of mental apology:

"Ef it wasn't for Joey it 'ud be diff'rent, but he's got to be looked after somehow."

After that the provision box in Tony's cabin was always full to overflowing, and the tramp grew so extravagant as to send to a far away city for a new suit for the boy, who, delighted at the new prosperity, was happier than ever and forgot entirely the pangs of hunger which had racked his little frame. One morning, however, the boy, who was well on to 6 years old, woke and found himself alone. He lay a long while waiting for Tony and then dressed himself and went out.

It was but natural when he saw a crowd around the Red Light saloon that he should make for that point, and he did, calling all the while with his shrill little voice for "Uncle Tony."

One of the men picked the boy up and carried him back to the cabin, while the rest were gathered about the prostrate figure of a man which lay partly propped up by a folded blanket in front of the saloon. The man on the ground was saying in a weak, thin voice:

"I allus tried to do ther squar thing, pards, although I hev made some slips in my life. I don't mind going hungry myself, for that's nothing new, but I couldn't see the kid want, and I had to do somethin'."

After a brief pause he continued, although in a fainter voice:

"I don't blame Jim for pullin' on me, cuz I admit I was in his place to do him, but he done me. I know I'm going fast now, but, pards, look after ther kid. He aint got nobody now, and I done ther best I"——

The rest was indistinct, and when the convulsive twitch which had stopped the sentence ended, Tony was dead.

He had been as faithful to his trust as he knew how, but his life had been the price of his sin.

It was a long time before Joey became reconciled to have any one else take Tony's place, but the griefs of childhood are not lasting, and it was not until later years that the boy fully realized the sadness of his early life.—Fred A. Wilson in The Graphic.

The dressiest hats are made of tulle, lace and silk gauzes over very slight wire frames.

White laces are restored to fashionable favor, but black and colored ones are also in vogue.

The popular hat of the passing month is the light sailor hat of straw in any color preferred.

Combinations of green and blue are very fashionable, but one or the other color must be very dark.

The soft silk sash is the boon of the passing season to women who must wear their gowns of last summer.

Sun shades in bright yellow or dull red silk are made very becoming to the bearer by a lining and flounce of black lace.

Violet tinted Venetian crepaline forms an exquisite toilet for a 4 o'clock tea. Gold embroidered bands look dainty on the lilac silk blouse and petticoat.

Bodices of bright cashmere are worn at the seaside with plaid mohair and taffeta silk skirts. The bodices and sleeves are as elaborate as the skirts are plain.

The ostrich plume covered parasol is the very latest freak in sunshades. Some are seen with plumes half a yard long, from the top to the edge of the sunny.

ONE OF US TWO.

The day will dawn when one of us shall hearken
In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb,
And moons will fade, noons pale and shadows darken—
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come

One of us two must some time face existence
Alone with memories that but sharpen pain,
And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance
Like dreams of summer dawns in nights of rain.

One of us two, with tortured heart half broken,
Shall read long treasured letters through salt tears,
Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token
That speaks of those love crowned delicious years

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
All joy on earth a tale forever done;
Shall know henceforth that life means only duty
O, God! O, God! have pity on that one.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

CAPT. DUCK.

Capt. Duck was a Modoc Indian, with the shortest possible legs. His legs were so short that when he walked he waddled along like a very fat duck. And that is why he was called Capt. Duck at the stage station, which was at the foot of the great white mountain in the heart of the Modoc country, Mount Shasta. Some said his legs had been shot off in a battle. And then some said his legs had been eaten off by a bear. But I do not very well see how that could be, for his feet were there, all right. And very big feet they were, too; wide and big and flat like ducks' feet. So I think he must have been born that way.

Poor Capt. Duck could not hunt very well, or go on the war path with the other Indians, and so he came to the stage station to hire out with the few rough men who kept the old log fort and took care of the stage horses there.

These men did not like the old Indian, but as they were a lazy set, they were glad to have him at the fort to rub down and water the stage horses when the sun was hot or there was frost in the air. But they made all sorts of sport of the poor Indian. And, indeed, they laughed at him so much, and made so much fun of his short legs and big feet, that he often wished he was dead. For he was very sad and sensitive.

One day, Big Dan the stage driver left at the station a little boy whose father and mother had died; for the boy had no money to pay fare further. The rough, lazy men there put him to work with the Indian, and they named him "Limber Tim," because he was so slim and limber. And then they did not know his name. But I suppose that would have made no difference, anyway; for, in the mountains of California, they name folks just what they please. And if a boy looks as if his name ought to be "Limber Tim" or "Timber Slim," or anything of that sort, why that must be his name and he can't help it.

The little orphan boy was sent out every day with the short legged Indian, up on the side of the mountain, to herd the stage horses and keep guard over them. He had a belt, and a pistol in it, and a bowie knife in it; and also a gun to carry on his shoulder.

Pretty soon he came to like this very much and began to grow like a weed and get fat. He and the Indian were the best friends in the world. But the men of the station, somehow, were harder and harsher than ever.

But Capt. Duck and the boy did not mind it so very much now, for each had a friend—a friend in the other.

They would buckle on their pistols as soon as it was daylight and they had had a little breakfast of crackers and broiled bear meat or venison, and, each mounting a horse and driving the others, they would go up on the mountain side and there, by a little grove of thick wood, they would stop and let them graze all day. Sometimes Limber Tim would go to sleep on a warm, flat rock, while he was supposed to stand guard and look away to the right and to the left for Indians on the war path. But Capt. Duck would never betray him.

Every time that Big Dan, the stage driver, came by he would make all sorts of fun of Capt. Duck, as he hobbled about and hitched up the four stage horses, while the driver sat high up in the box and snapped his long whip.

The Indian did not like Big Dan, and Big Dan did not like the Indian. Dan said the Indian was a spy, and told the men at the stage station that some night Capt. Duck would set fire to the place and run away by the light of the blaze.

One hot day, as he sat on the box with the four lines in his hand ready to start off at a gallop down the great mountain, he told the Indian, with an oath, to "waddle in on his duck legs" and get him a drink.

The Indian did not move. Then Dan struck him with his whip. The men standing around roared with laughter. Still the sad faced cripple did not move. Then Dan struck him another cut across the face.

The Indian's brow grew dark and terrible, but he did not stir. Some one else brought the drink, and then, the driver snapping his whip, the stage dashed away down the mountain and left the Indian standing there, with the boy tenderly wiping his friend's bleeding face and speaking kind and pitiful words to him. The two friends went up on the mountain side by the little pine grove, and watched the horses as before, and the Indian never spoke at all of what had happened.

A month or two went by and everybody forgot about the trouble between Big Dan and the sad faced savage. Everybody, did I say?

One day the stage came thundering in with Big Dan, the driver, leaning forward helpless on the box. There had been a shot fired from the thick wood back upon the mountain side. The man was dying, and the four reins were slipping through his helpless hands.

Who could have fired that shot? When the stage driver was dead and buried some of the men took Limber Tim aside and asked him whether he had been all the time with Capt. Duck the day the shot was fired.

"All the time, every minute, every second," answered the lad, earnestly.

For he had no suspicion at all that Capt. Duck had shot the stage driver. Indeed, the boy believed what he said, and would have maintained it at any hazard. He forgot that he had fallen asleep on the warm flat rock that cool autumn day.

The next summer signal fires were seen one night on the mountain tops. The men at the stage station hastened to fasten the old log fort. For this, they knew, meant war. The Modocs were on the war path.

The men made their guns ready and gave Limber Tim an extra pistol to put in his belt, so that he might fight with all his might and help save their lives.

But when they came to look for Capt. Duck next morning he was gone. He had joined the Indians.

Then the men at the stage station were very much afraid, for they had been very cruel, not only to the cripple, but to all the Indians, and they knew that if they fell into their enemies' hands they had no right to expect any mercy at all.

The next night the Indians set the woods on fire, and all the land was dark with smoke. The great pine trees were falling across the road, and no soldiers nor anybody could come to help the men shut up in the little log fort, and surrounded by the blazing forests.

The men looked one another in the face as the air grew dark and dense from the smoke, and shook their heads sadly—for they believed their time to die had come.

About 10 o'clock one morning the Indians appeared behind the stables and began to fire on the fort. They took the horses out, mounted them and then set fire to the stables.

And now there was little hope, for the flames would spread to the fort, and then all must perish. The smoke was so dark and thick that the men were almost choked. They could not see to shoot the Indians, for it was like night.

"What can we do?" cried the men shut up in the fort, and hiding their eyes from the smoke. "The Indians will not come near enough for us to see them and fight. If we go out to find them we shall be shot down from behind the rocks and trees, and not one of us will live to tell the tale."

"Let me go out!" said little Limber Tim. "If I can find Capt. Duck, I will save you all."

They hurried the boy through the great wooden gate of the fort, as he tied a white towel on a ramrod and held it high over his head in the thick smoke. Then the men bolted the great gate and left the brave little fellow to do his best with his white flag.

By and by the boy with the white flag on the ramrod came pounding at the gate, and the men gathered around wild and eager as they opened it.

"What luck? What hope?"

"Well, if you will all leave your guns and go out one at a time down the stage road and never come back here any more, you can go."

"Never come back here any more?" cried one man as he jumped toward the gate; "catch me comin' back here any more, if I ever get out of this!" and he leaped out through that gate like a newly sheared sheep leaping over the bars.

Then another followed and another, all feeling very much ashamed of the way they had treated the boy. But somehow they did not have the manhood to hold up their heads and say so.

When the men had gone, glad to go and never thinking of looking back or ever returning to the Modoc country, Capt. Duck came hobbling in. The Indians helped Tim to put out the fire and then went away, taking all the stage horses and guns and blankets with them. So, when the soldiers came, three days after, they found only these two in charge of the fort—little Limber Tim and Capt. Duck.

The government left some soldiers there after that, and Limber Tim was made station master by the stage company!

He was the youngest station master, I suppose, that ever was on the border.

When I passed by there, last year, on a visit to my parents in Oregon, I saw him once more. But he is a man now. He has long hair, a small black mustache, and wears two pistols in his belt; for the frontier ways prevail in that country still.

As for poor Capt. Duck, he is shorter in the legs than ever, I think. His face is deeply wrinkled now, and his long black hair has turned as white as are the shining snows of mighty Mount Shasta when seen against the cold, blue sky above. He never speaks to any one. But he loves Limber Tim with all his heart, and never is long away from his side nor out of his sight if he can help it.

Capt. Duck was sitting in the chimney corner by the great log fire, smoking his pipe, when I saw him last. He was looking straight into the fire—thinking, thinking. And what was he thinking about? Maybe he was thinking about the dead stage driver who had struck him with a whip. It may be so. It may be so.—Joaquin Miller in St. Nicholas.

A Classic.

Most parodies are cheap. They have not even the merit of satirical purpose. Once in a while, however, we find one that is so nonsensical on its surface and so exquisite in its deeper meaning that it belongs among the American classics. By the way, we should like to know who wrote the following verses. Can anybody tell us?

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside;
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside;
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.
—Washington Post.

A Revised Edition.

Blythe—Your autograph album is one of the finest I have ever seen. The names are all written so neatly and symmetrically.

Lythe—Yes, I copied them myself from the originals, some of which were perfectly horrid.—Omaha World.

THE GENTLER SEX.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher wears cloth gaiters of the old congress pattern.

Many a woman is expert with crayons who is not skillful in drawing tea.

Lady Dufferin intends publishing reminiscences of her experiences in India.

Among Mme. Christine Nilsson's maladies is an almost entire loss of hearing.

Mrs. Henry George is a Roman Catholic. Her only sister is a Sister of Charity in St. Louis.

The new Duchess of Portland has refused to permit her photographs to be offered for sale.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has retired to a convent near Paris to gather material for a new novel.

"Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of piety," said Luther.

Mrs. Lucetta Medbury, Mrs. Zachariah Chandler and Miss Brush, of Detroit, each have over $1,000,000.

While she is making new dukes, the queen is anxious to make Prince Henry, of Battenberg, duke of Kent.

The queen of Siam wears one and a half inch boots. They are all made with low heels and average $10 a pair.

The Carbon Advocate

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Bright's Disease.

A Ten-Year-Old Child Saved After the Failure of Four Physicians.

My little girl, ten years of age, was taken sick in March, 1888, with scarlet fever. When recovering she took a severe cold, which developed Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Her ankles, feet and eyes were terribly swollen; she had a burning fever, and all the symptoms of an aggravated case of Bright's Disease. Four of our best physicians attended her, but without success, and

Her Life was Despaired of.

But a mother's love and prayers surmount all difficulties, and I determined to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. This was a last resort, and I hoped, although my little daughter's case was a very severe one, that the Favorite Remedy would do for her what it had done for others whose condition had not been, seemingly, as hopeless. How happy I am that I determined upon this course—for an improvement was at once perceptible. The fever left her—her appetite improved—she gained six pounds in a short time, and one by one the well known and dreaded symptoms of the disease left her. Words fail to express my gratitude, and I cannot too earnestly recommend the Favorite Remedy. It was

A MARVELOUS RECOVERY,

and is due entirely to the Favorite Remedy, which was the only medicine taken after her case was abandoned by the physicians.
Mrs. Laura A. Kendall, West Rutland, Vermont.
The diseases that lead to Scarlet Fever, Measles, Diphtheria and various other eruptions of the skin have behind them sequelæ of the most dangerous character. To expel all traces of such disorders, tone up the various organs, and fill the veins with rich and nutritious blood, use Dr. David Kennedy's

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.
Prepared by
DR. DAVID KENNEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y.
$1 per bottle Six for $5. By all druggists.

—Since the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society has decided not to hold a State Fair in Philadelphia this year a number of Allentownians have put their heads together and are making efforts to have the State Fair held in Allentown during the county fair next month.

100 Ladies Wanted.

And 100 men to call at druggists, for a free package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr Silas Lane while in the Rocky mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large-size package, 50 cents. At all druggists'.

—Thirty-four missionary societies are at work in Africa.

FOR THE GOOD OF OTHERS.

I want to make known the fact that I suffered from a Bladder and Kidney trouble,