

Advertising Rates.

For Legal Notices. The following prices for legal adver-

Weissport Business Directory.

FRANKLIN HOUSE. EAST WEISSPORT, PENNA.

Oscar Christman.

Livery and Exchange Stables. easy riding carriages and safe driving horses.

The Weissport - Bakery.

Delivers Fresh Bread and Cakes in Weissport.

R. J. HONGEN.

Successor to CHARLES SCHWETZEL.

EAST WEISSPORT, Penna.

Blacksmithing and Horse-Shoeing.

At very reasonable prices. TIEB BELTING A SPECIALTY.

Headquarters for CARRIAGES!

HENRY CHRISTMAN AT THE Fort Allen House, Weissport.

Burlington O and O York

SINGLE AND DOUBLE CARRIAGES

SEAGER'S

EAST WEISSPORT, Penna.

Over Canal Bridge & Weissport.

Joseph F. Rex, UNDERTAKER

AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, PARLOR SUITES, BED ROOM SUITES.

Flour, Feed, &c.

JOSEPH F. REX, EAST WEISSPORT.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. J. A. Mayer & Son.

Dr. GEORGE H. MAYER.

Leighton Business Directory.

W. A. PETERS, Saloon and Restaurant.

PACKERTON HOTEL.

MANSSION HOUSE

T. J. BREITNEY

HAULING OF FREIGHT, EXPRESS

DRESS GOODS, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

SILVERWARE, &c., &c.

E. H. SNYDER,

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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Professional & Business Cards.

Horace Heydt, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC.

W. M. Rapsher, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

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

A. S. Rabenold, D. D. S.

Dr. H. B. Reinohl, DENTISTRY.

Dr. G. T. Fox, DENTISTRY.

Dr. J. A. Mayer & Son, DENTISTRY.

Dr. George H. Mayer, DENTISTRY.

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Bright's Disease.

A Two-Year-Old Child Died After the Failure of Four Physicians.

My little girl, ten years of age, was taken sick in March, 1888, with Bright's Disease.

Her life was despaired of.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

Dr. J. W. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

O. W. SNYDER, Horse Doctor.

(Honorary Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.)

CASTRATION, DENTISTRY.

Diseases of Horse and Cattle.

LAMENESS--SPAVINS, Splints, Ringbone, Hoofboils.

Dr. C. T. HORN,

Central Drug Store,

Bank Street, Leighton, Pa.

Spectacles!

When you buy a pair of shoes you want a good fit.

Attention, Builders!

The undersigned is at work on the DOLAN

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THE UNFINISHED STOCKING.

Let it settle--her work--no more she sits by open window in the western sun.

Let it settle; the needles in their places;

Let it settle; her work in done and well.

Let it settle;--say not her work is done;

Let it settle;--say not her work is done;

BLACK HALL.

A great storm was abroad in the Blue Ridge mountains;

And all this distracted nature an observer might have seen the two lamps of the Amherst stage coach

leaved eyes through the rain, as that heavy rain, driven by a powerful wind,

Suddenly a bright, young face peeped out of the coach window, and a girlish voice cried:

"Driver, how near are we to Commodore Develin's?"

"Be that in 'ju' tree minutes, Miss. It's dat air big house on the hill yonder all abaze here."

"A moment more and they were driving into the grounds. Again the impatient girl essayed to look forth,

and receiving a cold dab on the cheek from the wet leaves, she fell back impatiently and listened to the heavy, wet boughs,

and as they brushed the top and sides of the coach.

Suddenly the stage stopped, old Nicodemus jumped down in the mud, with a lantern in one hand, and flinging open the door with a flourish,

to walk the children, drawn by a powerful wind, contemplated suicide of his wife, and dwelt so on the horror she felt in committing the deed.

But Lena, she continued, after a pause, in which they heard the rattling of the wind in the branches without, "you don't believe that she haunts this place?"

"Of course not," and Lena's sweet lips curled.

"By jove! What a voice!" he ejaculated, as the tone sank to a plaintive, the many atmosphere like a burst of sunshine.

"In a two wheeled huckster's cart, which had been disabled and deserted, stood a little girl about 9 years old.

She had washed her face back as far as her ears, so that he could see that she was very pretty.

Her hair was pulled up in a bun, and she was looking at the professor with a look of intense interest.

When the professor appeared the entertainment stopped and the little girl looked as shy and as confused as if she had been caught doing something naughty.

But the professor did not notice her confusion. He pushed his way right through the dirty, sticky little group and up to the side of the cart.

"What is your name?" he asked eagerly. "And where do you live?"

"My name is Alice Flynn, and I live down there," nodding her head toward a basement near.

"Who taught you to sing?"

"Nobody. I always knowed how, answered the little one, with a side look at her companions.

THE STREET SINGER.

All of the days that's the week. I only carry that one day.

It was an old, old song. But the voice that sang it wasn't old by any means.

It was fresh and clear and sweet and strong. And it came ringing out from the dirty, foul-smelling alley, reminding you of a time when I heard a bird song come floating up from the dark hold of a ship.

Down the street, as if he were in a great hurry to get somewhere, came Professor Hale, the man who taught the children of the rich people uptown how to sing.

He looked tired and worried as if the harmony of the day had jangled all out of tune. All at once he, too, heard the voice, and now it was singing:

"Then I do not see my way. And I do not see my way. And I do not see my way."

The grave professor seemed suddenly to forget his hurry. He stopped stock still.

"By jove! What a voice!" he ejaculated, as the tone sank to a plaintive, the many atmosphere like a burst of sunshine.

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"My name is Alice Flynn, and I live down there," nodding her head toward a basement near.

"Who taught you to sing?"

"Nobody. I always knowed how, answered the little one, with a side look at her companions.

"When do you live with?" was the professor's next question.

"Gram'ma," answered Alice.

"Will you take me to see your grandmother?" asked the professor, suddenly.

"Instead of answering him Alice looked at her audience and giggled. Professor Hale evidently knew how to gain his point, for, taking a silver coin from his pocket, he said:

"I'll give you this if you'll take me to your grandmother. Will you go now?"

"Oh, won't I just!" exclaimed Alice, and she scrambled over the wheel of the cart. "Come right this way."

The professor gingerly picked his way down the dirty steps into the dingy cellar which Alice called home. Sitting in an old rocking chair, smoking a rank-smelling pipe, was a very old woman. She was so nearly blind that she didn't notice at first that Alice had company.

"What is that?" she asked, looking at the professor with a look of intense interest.

"I think it's time you was a-gettin' home, you good-for-nothin' little trollop. Ah! if ye ain't brought the price of a sup o' tay and a bit o' bacon it will be 'twice for ye."

"I've brought a gentleman with me," said Alice. "He wanted to come and see you, and here's a quarter for your tea and bacon. He give it to me for bringing him."

The old woman lifted her shaking head and looked at the professor with a look of intense interest.

"Madam," he said, "this little girl has a wonderful voice. I want to take her down to the city hall. Are you willing that she should go?"

The Carbon Advocate.

For Legal Notices. The following prices for legal adver-

100 Ladies Wanted.

Remnant of the Seneca tribe of Indians still remain in Warren county, Pa.

A SENSIBLE MAN.

World we keep's Balsam for the throat and lungs.

The Woman's National Press Association intend to erect a statue to Mrs. R. B. Hays, in Washington.

FOUND DEAD.

Last evening a person giving the name of G. R. Thompson registered at Hotel H. T. and desired to be called in season to make the 12 p. m. train for Chicago.

ALL MEDICAL authorities agree that catarrh is no more no less than an inflammation of the bladder.

He who does not engage in the quarrels of others will have but few of his own.

It is common in Arabia Petraea to put chalk on the face.

It is stated by one of the guides at the Capitol, in Washington, that when brides on their wedding day each day of their lives.

Remarkable Nerve.

The early history of America is full of instances of men having great nerve.

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