FINE JOB PRINTING —AT THE— Lowest Prices! SEE US

The Carbon Advocate.

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

VOL. XVIII. No 3 Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna. November 30, 1889. Single Copies 5 Cents

GET THE Carbon Advocate All the News! 52 WEEKS! $1.00.

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.
aug7-1y 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. may21-1

The - Weissport - Bakery,
C. W. LAURY, 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 SCHWEITZER,
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-y

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

APPLES
—AND—
POTATOES
Received in Car Load Lots almost every week at
O. J. Saeger's
East Weissport, Pa.
Store-keepers, Hucksters and all others can save money by making purchases of him. Other fruits in season. Call or write for prices.

Over Canal Bridge E. Weissport

Joseph F. Rex,
UNDERTAKER
AND DEALER IN
FURNITURE,
PARLOR SUITES,
BED ROOM SUITES,
&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,
April4-1y 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 8-89-1

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

ESSANG'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. Roeder's Hair tonic, cures Dandruff.

A RELIABLE JEWELER: D. S. BOCK,
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. RAUDENBUSH, 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. KUDER, Pastor.

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

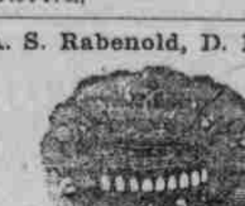
Professional & Business Cards.

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

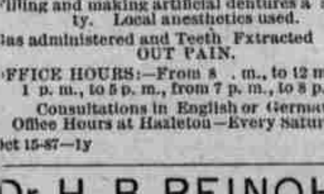
W. G. M. Seiple,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOUTH STREET, - - - LEHIGHTON.
May be consulted in English and German.—Special attention given to Gynecology.
OFFICE HOURS: From 12 M. to 2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. mar. 31-y1

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



BRANCH OFFICE:—Over J. W. Raudenbush' 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.
Preservation 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 26-3m*

DR. G. T. FOX
172 Main Street, Bath, Pa.
AT EASTON, SWAN HOTEL, TUESDAYS.
AT ALLENTOWN, AMERICAN HOTEL, THURSDAYS.
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 all 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 left at Sweeny's Corner Store or at my residence on PINE 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, 1888—1y

RHEUMATISM
For More than Twenty-five Years.—A Complete Recovery.—The Means Used.

I had Inflammatory Rheumatism. For nearly a year I had to be fed and turned in bed. I could find no relief. My stomach was ruined and cut to pieces with powerful medicines taken to effect a cure so that I was compelled to live on bread and water. I suffered for twenty-five years in this way. I was induced to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y., and

I Am Now Well,

thanks to this medicine. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is my best friend. With it I am enabled to enjoy a good night's rest. Also food, such as meat and pastry, which I have been deprived of for years, showing that the Favorite Remedy has no equal for the cure of Indigestion and Dyspepsia as well. If any should doubt this statement I will send the ready proof at once.—Garrett Lansing, Troy, N. Y.

It is my pleasure and absolute duty toward those who are struggling for very life against the deadly

Diseases of the Kidneys

to add my testimony to the already weighty evidence of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. My wife was a hopeless case, abandoned by the physicians. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was resorted to; not because any hope was placed in it, but because nothing else remained. All means and medicines had been tested without avail. The effect was little short of a miracle. At the second bottle she had regained strength, and continuing the treatment has fully recovered.—Jay Sweet, Albany, N. Y.

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

O. W. SNYDER,
Horse Doctor,
(Honorary Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.)
Office: Carbon House Bank St., Lehighton
CASTRATION, DENTISTRY,
—AND—
Diseases of Horse and Cattle,
SUCCESSFULLY TREATED.
Special and Particular Attention paid to
LAMENESS :: SPAVINS,
Splints, Ringbone, Hoofbound,
And all diseases prevalent among Domesticated Animals.
His Horse and Cattle Powders sold by himself and stores generally.
Consultation Free——Charges Moderate.
Calls by telegraph and telephone promptly attended to. Operations Skillfully Performed.

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!

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.

PERSCRIPTIONS Caefully 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 inspect 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. jan22-1y

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 tablespoonsful 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. O. Wilson, and is the genuine article. Owners of above named animals should

Dun by an expert—Call from the debt collector.

The mantle of justice is an appropriate court dress.

"I've had a great many trials in my time," remarked the veteran criminal, sadly.

The great difficulty about advice is the predominance of quantity over quality.

100 Ladies Wanted.

And 100 men to call at druggists, for 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.

"Yes," said the dentist, as he yanked away at the tooth regardless of the patient's yells, "a man is bound to succeed at his work provided it is done with sufficient pains.

IS CONSUMPTION INCURABLE?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at REBER'S Drugstore.

The man who sighs, "How soon we are forgotten," has only to leave a hotel without paying his bill to find out how sadly mistaken he is.

A SENSIBLE MAN

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lungs Troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large Bottle 50c and $1.

A little enlightenment is more to be desired than a big gas bill

HIS BODY TERRIBLY MANGLED.

A shocking accident occured at the Union Knitting Mills, whereby Isaac Cox was horribly mutilated. Red Flag Oil the Famous Pain Cure was quickly applied and recovery soon followed. you can try this great remedy for 25 cents.

If you want to drive away Dyspepsia, Billiousness, constipation, Poor Appetite and all evils arising from a disordered Liver use Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator. Trial bottles free at T. D. Thomas.

When you assist the needy don't do it ostentatiously.

Hints That are Better than Gold.

If you have bad breath, sluggish bowels, pain in the small of your back, nervousness or giddiness, your vital organs are sadly out of order. A mere "dose of physic" will not help you. Your only wise course is to take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy of Rondout, N. Y., and cleanse your system of the impurities. It regulates the Liver and Kidneys.

The eyes are the windows of the soul, but most of us have pains elsewhere.

Didn't Want a Girl.

Last summer my wife's health was all run down, and she wanted me to hire a girl to do the work. In a little while I found one I thought would suit her, when to my surprise she said I need not hire any one, as she felt much better, and thought another bottle of Sulphur Bitters would cure her. Donald Grey, 41 Worcester square, Boston.

Young poet—Now, to tell the truth, I don't think this poem of mine can be improved on. Friend—Is it so bad as that?

Fortunate Father and Son.

"I am as certain as I now live," says C. E. Bartholomew, of Kalkaska Mich., "that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., saved my life when I was a victim of that terrible renal disorder—Bright's Disease. My son had a fever sore on his leg. He, too, used Favorite Remedy and is now well. But for this medicine I am sure both father and son would have been six feet under the sod.

It's mighty curious how big some faults look until after a man has committed them himself.

REMARKABLE NERVE.

The early history of America is full of instances of men having great nerve. But we are rapidly becoming the most nervous people on earth. The recent increase of insanity, epileptic fits, headache, backache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, nervousness, dyspepsia, fluttering of the heart, etc., point to an early decay of the race, unless this tendency is checked. Nothing will cure these diseases like Dr. Miles' Nervine; warranted to contain neither opium nor morphine. Sample bottles free a Biery or Thomas' drug store.

Save us from those who know exactly what their constitution will bear, and—sip up to it.

Salt Rheum

With its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

It is better to give than to receive. This relates especially to advice and medicine.

Not only is the spring time, but all the year round people will need a reliable cathartic. We would recommend Laxador. Price 25 cents.

The real need of a sick baby is not so much medicine as it is something to "assist nature." Many things are recommended, but the best known remedy for the ailments of young children is Dr Bull's Baby Syrup. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

The latest trust is in dried apple—Give it plenty of water and it is sure to swell.

PERHAPS no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

ASPIRATION.

Ever higher while the turmoil
Thrills with silent pain the soul;
Ever higher while the storm waves
In their wildest fury roll,
Through the strife and thro' the peace,
Through the griefs that o'er us fall,
Through the light, and through the gloom,
Ever higher through it all.

Higher yet, and higher, though
The perfumed roses droop, and fade,
While o'er our weary way the upas
Flings its cool and deadly shade.
Higher, though the stifling mists
Close round the gathering night of life,
While thro' the darkness clashing armor
Tells of fierce and deadly strife.

Higher, though each step of progress
Leaves its mark in mortal pain;
Higher, though each upward motion
Racks the throbbing, tortured brain,
Through the wilderness of gloom,
Through the martyrs' reddening fire,
Through the wondrous astral spaces,
Through the eons, ever higher!

—Eva Gorton Taylor in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE SIX ROADS' GHOST.

"If you look sharp around here you may be able to see a very fine article of ghost!"

The above was the remark made by an old friend as they drove along, approaching the south branch of the Rahway river at the Six Roads.

"Ghost? Whose ghost?" was the natural query.

"I have never seen the unquiet shade myself, but popular tradition assigns the specter to a handsome British officer who had his career summarily adjourned sine die, at this first bridge while he was busy trying to coerce the revolutionary rebels into love and duty for his master, King George III."

By the time he had made this explanation we were across the bridge, and our horse had given a spasmodic jump as though he had seen the ghost, but it was only a ruminative cow that breathed a sigh in the near-by pasture.

"Well, regarding your ghost. What is its history and who has seen it?"

"Several people claim to have seen it, and it is also fair to say that there are quite a number more who are willing to swear that they have not seen it, although they have looked for it conscientiously. I belong to the latter class myself. I look for that ghost every night that I cross that bridge. Not that I particularly want to see it or that I have any special business with either British officers or their unquiet shades, but because it is very natural that, when a man is told that a ghost may be seen in a certain place, he will look for it there, and at the same time solemnly asseverate that he don't believe in ghosts in any form.

"Now, as to the history of this particular ghost, if a ghost can be said to have a history, which I claim is open to doubt, I will give you the tradition the folk lore of the vicinity furnishes. Before the iron horse knocked the business and the romance out of many a country tavern, the locality known as the "Six Roads" was quite a place. Previous to the building of the turnpike road, in 1810, the cross roads at that place was the rallying center for a large district of country. Some of the earliest Fourths of July the country owned were celebrated there with great pomp and ceremony, and the patriotic glories of 'trainin' day' always drew there a crowd who feasted, fought, drank and made merry with great heartiness. Even before the Revolutionary war there was a blacksmith shop and several houses, besides the tavern, to give the place importance, and during 'the time that tried men's souls' some tragic events transpired near the old tavern.

"The south branch of the Rahway river runs about four hundred yards south from where the old revolutionary tavern stood, and dividing itself on this low ground, required then, as now, two bridges. In the revolutionary days, and for many years after, the bridge furthest from the tavern was a single arch stone structure, several feet higher than the road leading to it from the south.

"At the time the British army lay around New Brunswick and Perth Amboy, Washington found his force too weak to risk a battle, and he retired to the mountains in the rear of where Bound Brook and Plainfield now flourish. He could easily defend himself there, and the British had the rare good sense to know that to tackle George up among those hills would be a most unhealthy and unprofitable investment of time, talent and Hessians that cost too much to be wasted.

"They were anxious, however, to draw him out, and to that end frequently sent out troops to make threatening demonstrations in that direction. These movements Gen. Washington could see from what is now known as 'Washington's rock,' back of Plainfield, which has of late years become very popular as a place of resort for special picnickers who desire to get rained on.

"Washington viewed these British demonstrations apparently with exasperating calmness; but he sometimes sent Gen. Morgan down to interview the intruders, whereupon the British suddenly discovered that they had pressing business at Perth Amboy, and lost no time in getting there.

"One day a small British command with two pieces of artillery was cut on one of these raids, and came down from Woodbridge towards the Six Roads. On the way they stopped and fired a round shot over towards the old tavern. What they did it for, nobody knows, as there was no one in sight. The ball finding nothing else to assault, struck a rock out by the barn and knocked a chunk off it as big as a flour barrel, and the piece lies there yet.

"An old continental soldier, who passed away many years ago, has left upon record that he saw the ball strike the rock, and that the pieces flew and hummed like the nation. A few minutes after he saw a young British officer come down the road riding a very fine horse. He was a good rider and the horse was going at a smart trot as he passed the old tavern; but a few minutes later he came on the full run and with an empty saddle. A patriot sentinel stood on the hill by the school house, near where the Bramhall house is now, and when the officer got to the stone bridge and was about to cross it, that sentinel shot him dead.

"The circumstances would probably never have excited especial interest in those piping times, full of the stirring incidents of vindictive warfare, had it not been that, after waiting for the disgusted royalists to retire, the sentinel went to look for his game and could not find it. The body of the British officer had mysteriously disappeared, and though an active search was made it never was found.

"Years after, when the old tavern was dispensing applejack amid scenes of pastoral [illegible], an old continental soldier who resided in the neighborhood, and was familiar with the story of the shooting and the missing body, started home from the tavern one night, and the landlord was about shutting up when his customer came back on the full run, regardless of his well earned rheumatism. He was white with terror. With chattering teeth he related how he was toddling along home, with his head down and thinking of nothing in particular, when he heard a big sigh close by, and, looking up, he saw right on the end of the bridge a handsome looking British officer in his red uniform and on a big bay horse, riding about the road slowly, looking intently on the ground and sighing as though he was looking for something he wanted very much but could not find.

"'B' gosh!' said the old soldier, 'I knowed right away it was that dead British officer looking for his body, and I came away as quick as I could.'

"Thus, you see, the authenticity of the Six Roads' ghost is regularly established."
—J. D. C. in Newark Call.

A Cowboy President.

A correspondent of a German paper gives an interesting account of the career of the late president of the Bulgarian national assembly, Zackaria Stoyanow. His parents, who lived at Rustchuk, were so poor that it was impossible for them to pay anything for his education, and at an early age he was hired out as a herd boy. There are persons still living in Rustchuk who remember seeing him trotting merrily along the streets soon after the break of day, taking his flock to the pastures on the outskirts of the town. After a time he got a promotion. His employer and a number of other Bulgarians decided upon establishing a reading room in Rustchuk, and, as they wanted some one to keep the books and papers, and the place generally, in good order, young Stoyanow was brought in from the pasture and put in charge.

The sight of printed matter for the first time in his life was a revelation to him, and he began to feel the influence of that passion for knowledge which remained with him throughout life. By dint of hard work, he acquired a knowledge of reading, and in six months had taught himself to read fairly well.

Following on his mental expansion came greater ambition. He went to Bucharest, where he found employment in a printing establishment. There he acquired skill as a compositor, and there, too, he made the acquaintance of another type setter, who became his lifelong friend, and is now known as minister-president of Bulgaria, M. Stambulow. Stoyanow occupied his leisure by studying scientific and other subjects; he also attained considerable knowledge of French and German.

Some articles he wrote soon after the war with Russia, concerning Russian policy in Bulgaria, attracted attention to him as a man of genius, and he was soon after elected a deputy. From that day his career was one of advancement.

Peculiar Legal Case in Germany.

Germans are anxiously awaiting the final verdict in a very peculiar case which recently came before the German courts. Two ladies of Wesel, it seems, made a complaint before a magistrate some time ago that one of their neighbors was owner of a rooster whose loud crowing disturbed their slumbers every night. The magistrate decided that the noise was disorderly and fined the owner of the rooster "because he did not prevent the animal from crowing at night." An appeal from this decision was taken to the higher court, but without success. Now, it appears, the owner of the objectionable rooster has appealed to the highest tribunal in the country. He argues that his rooster only exercises his natural right when he crows, and that a rooster is a useful and very necessary animal. "Without roosters," he explains, "there would be no hens, and if we had no hens there would be no eggs. Since, therefore, we cannot do without hens and eggs, we cannot do without roosters either." The case, so far, has been rather expensive for the defendant, but he is of good cheer and hopes to carry the day by his logical argument.—Exchange.

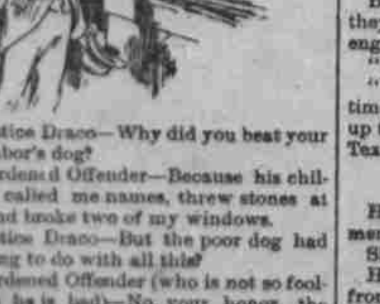
The Napoleon of Road Agents.

Black Bart, who is known to fame as "the lone highwayman of California," has, it is thought, gone to China or Australia. Over thirty robberies of stages and express trains are attributed to this Napoleon of the stand-and-deliver game. Evidence to convict him was obtained only in two or three cases. When he was caught in 1883, he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to prison for seven years. He was a good prisoner, read devotional works and was liked by the authorities at San Quentin. During the last year his robberies have been very numerous.—Cincinnati Commercial.

The production of Bessemer steel ingots in the United States during 188[illegible] was 2,269,190 gross tons. Of rails the output was computed at 1,562,410 gross tons. The production of Bessemer steel ingots in 1886 was 698,670 tons more than that of 1885, while the production of rails had increased by 602,939 tons.

In Great Britain the quantity of coal dust remaining unemployed annually is calculated at 28,000,000 tons. Various methods have been attempted to convert it into cakes, but the operation is not sufficiently remunerative.

The Joints of His Armor.



Justice Draco—Why did you beat your neighbor's dog?

Hardened Offender—Because his children called me names, threw stones at me and broke two of my windows.

Justice Draco—But the poor dog had nothing to do with all this?

Hardened Offender (who is not so foolish as he is bad)—No, your honor, the dog wasn't in it at all; I just beat him to break up the man. He's a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; he wouldn't notice it if I scalped his children, but he laid awake and cried all night when they told him I'd hit the dog with a clothesprop. I'll make that man govern his family better or I'll break his heart.—Burdette in Lippincott.

ONE DARK, BLACK NIGHT.

The Light Went Out in Time to Save the Stranger's Story from Becoming Tragic.

A long silence had fallen on the group around the little stove in the back of the Oklahoma dry goods store. Each of the rough citizens had told his story or related some experience which once befell him, and the silence that followed an incredible yarn of the Hon. Jim Jenks was intense.

The stranger from the east had listened throughout in a listless, wandering manner, and yawned exceedingly when the others laughed. The silence thickened with the smoke, and as they looked at one another in the growing darkness for encouragement to break it Mr. Mike Swipes, with a slight hem, said:

"Wal, now, we've all had our say. Let the stranger say suthin'."

All eyes were turned toward the stranger, who had come from the east. He pleaded ignorance of a good story, but they persisted. They weren't particular. After a moment's deliberation, during which all snugly placed themselves in their favorite attitudes, the stranger consented and began in a monotonous and sing-song voice as follows:

"One dark, black night a band of robbers gathered around a camp fire in the heart of the Hartz mountains, in Germany. They had just returned from a plundering expedition and were resting themselves. The camp fire threw a flickering light on the weird scene. The captain of the band was standing in the shadow, leaning against a tree, his hands resting on a gun. His eyes were bent on the ground and his face bore a troubled expression. Suddenly he turned, and walking to where his lieutenant stood, said to him:

"'Scuddy, my boy, tell me a thrilling story.'

"Scuddy settled himself on a log seat, and told the following thrilling tale:

"'One dark, black night a band of robbers gathered around a camp fire in the heart of the Hartz mountains, in Germany. They had just returned from a plundering expedition, and were resting themselves. The camp fire threw a flickering light on the weird scene. The captain of the band was standing in the shadow, leaning against a tree, his hands resting on his gun. His eyes were bent on the ground and his face bore a troubled expression. Suddenly he turned, and walking to where his lieutenant stood, said to him: 'Scuddy, my boy, tell me a thrilling story.' Scuddy seated himself on a log seat and told the following thrilling tale:

"'One dark, black night a band of robbers gathered around a camp fire in the heart of the Hartz mountains, in Germany. They had just—'" A sudden click was heard in the store, followed in quick succession by two more clicks. Silence again fell on the group. The little oil lamp which had hitherto lighted the scene went out, and all was dark. Somebody struck a light, and in the glare it was found that the stranger had disappeared.

"Huh," muttered the Hon. Jim Jenks as he pocketed his shooting iron. "He saved his skin this 'ere time."—New York Sun.

One Favor Asked.

Poor Author—And this is all I am to have from the sale of my book?

Wealthy Publisher—That is the regular percentage, sir. What more do you want?

"Um—well, I'd like the loan of your turnout and coachman for an hour or so."

"Humph! Where do you want to be taken?"

"To the poor house."—New York Weekly.

The Glorious Future.

Tailor (100 years hence)—Here is a bill for your suit, sir, $50.

Professional Humorist—Ah, yes. I left my check book at home, but (producing a wad of MS.) I presume you have no objection to my paying you in jokes?

Tailor (receipting bill)—Certainly not sir. They are always good at any newspaper office.—Exchange.

A Flattering Critic.

Farraday (finishing the reading of his manuscript)—"End." There, Clincher! Now, what do you really think of it? Don't you think I ought to get it published on its own merits?

Clincher—I do, my boy! 'pon my word I do. They publish such awful rubbish nowadays.—Judy.

Where They Keep the Animals.

"That is the bull ring," explained a member of the Petroleum exchange to his country cousin.

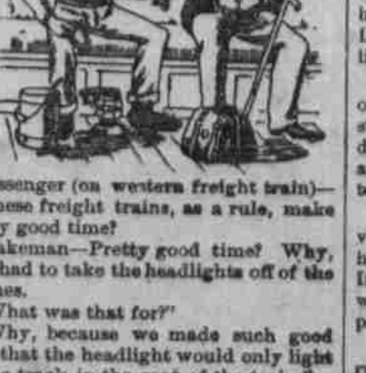
"Indeed!" she replied, interestedly. "now won't you show me the bear pit?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Not a Free Agent.

"What I admire about Josephine is her self possession."

"Yes. I fear she can't help that. I don't know anybody else who would have her."—Munsey's Weekly.

Fast Time.



Passenger (on western freight train)—Do these freight trains, as a rule, make pretty good time?

Brakeman—Pretty good time? Why, they had to take the headlights off of the engines.

"What was that for?"

"Why, because we made such good time that the headlight would only light up the track in the rear of the train."—Texas Siftings.

Considerate.

He (during the ballet)—Yes, I think men are more considerate than women.

She—What makes you think so?

He—Well, you see that young lady in front of us? She wears a high crowned hat, and the man behind her can't see over it.

She—Well?

He—Now see the man in front of her who is so earnestly watching the pretty girl in tights?

She—Yes.

He—He is so considerate of those behind him that he does not even wear his hair, let alone his hat.—Boston Budget.

HIS REVENGE.

How Algernon Fitz-Thompson McStab Wreaked an Awful Vengeance.

CHAPTER I.

"Ha! You refuse me, do you, Miss Hamtagg?"

The man who asked this question had passed the first flush of youth. He was no longer, properly speaking, a young man. Yet he was well preserved. He had not reached the age at which it seemed expedient for him to part his hair just above his ear and plaster a thin layer thereof over the top of his head. He had thrown aside the walking stick of young manhood, but had not assumed the cane of middle age.

It is well to speak of these facts, for they are necessary to the full understanding of this painful history.

Moreover, they cost nothing extra.

"I do, Mr. McStab," said the young lady, coldly.

"Then listen to me, Rachel Flickergy Hamtagg!" he hissed. "I swear you shall bitterly repent it!"

CHAPTER II.

Wild whistled the bleak wind. Dismally moaned the huge elm tree that rasped and scratched itself against the cruel edges of the shingles on the cornice. Shrilly shrieked the weathercock on the barn roof for a drop of oil, and growsomely groaned Algernon Fitz-Thompson McStab as he stole forth in the dead of night, made his way cautiously by a circuitous route to the ancestral smokehouse in the back yard and went inside.

"I'll show her!" he muttered between his teeth.

From beneath his coat he drew a compact bundle of letters, cut the string that bound them together, struck a match, made a bonfire of the collection and watched them slowly consume to ashes, while the crazy building shook as if with indignation, and the wind sighed hoarsely, like one in sympathy with the wretched but wrathful man.

He was burning the letters he had written in happier days to Rachel Hamtagg. She had returned them to him scornfully.

CHAPTER III.

"This is so sudden," said the widow blushingly, "and so unexpected. I—I thought your visits to our house were for the purpose of seeing my daughter."

"She is too young," replied the visitor decidedly. "I told her so last evening. We parted in a friendly spirit, but I gave her to understand as delicately as I could that I should not call to see her any more. This is sudden, it is true, but I trust none the less agreeable on that account. May I not venture to hope?"

"Why, sir, I"——

* * * * * * * *

"And now, my dear," he said at the expiration of a happy half hour, as he gently lifted her head from his shoulder, "I should like to see your—or perhaps I ought now to say our—daughter, to tell her of this happy event."

"Shall I call her?"

"If you please, my dear."

CHAPTER IV.

"Rachel," said Algernon Fitz-Thompson McStab, pleasantly, "you will be glad to know, I dare say, that I am to be your father. That is all we wished to say to her, was it not, my love? You may go, Rachel. Please close the door, my child, as you go out."

THE END.

—Chicago News.

An Explanation.

Our paper is a little late this week, and an explanation is due from us. We are in the hospital, and this letter is dictated. It is a short story. In answer to the question of a subscriber as to whether, in our opinion, Jack Jackson, the champion pugilist, was a gentleman, we answered in the negative. We did not know that Mr. Jackson was in town; that is why we answered in the negative. Mr. Jackson was in town; that is why we are in the hospital. Mr. J. is a gentleman from the word go.—Yankee Blade.

MEN YOU HEAR OF.

Thomas A. Edison is a firm believer in theosophical theories.

Count Taafe, the Austrian prime minister, is the Baron of Ballymote in Ireland.

Ex-President Cleveland has increased several pounds in weight since he retired from office.

Menelik III, king of Abyssinia, is the son of a beggar woman who took the fancy of his royal father.

Robert Bonner devotes all his time and attention to his horses. His mania now is to own the fastest horse on the trotting turf.

John Tenniel is 70 years old, and has been making pictures for Punch for forty years. He lives with his sister, and is a tall, military looking man.

Dr. Frithjof Nansen, the explorer of Greenland, will come to America next spring on a lecture tour, accompanied by his beautiful young bride.

William Waldorf Astor is a man of strong literary and artistic tastes, and if he had not been a millionaire's son he would probably have been an artist.

P. T. Barnum, Mrs. Barnum and their grandson, Barnum Seely, have gone to Europe. Mr. Barnum will have 1,000 employes connected with his show in Europe.

The late Thomas Monahan, the Irish millionaire, who lived in Melbourne for half a century, was one of the 360 poor Irish immigrants who sailed for Australia in 1839.

George Gould is a philatelist. He has one of the finest collections of foreign stamps in the world, and devotes a great deal of his spare time to arranging them and sticking them in albums according to their classification.

Henry Clews, of Wall street fame, devotes all his spare time and attention to his house. His hobby is his bath room. It is said to have cost $50,000. The floor, walls and bath, and, in fact, nearly every part of the room, are made of onyx.

Secretary Fair, of Nevada, wants to run a great racing stable. He contemplates laying out a track on a Nevada ranch, building handsome stables and purchasing valuable stock. He has already bought several fine brood mares.

Baron Hirsch, the great Austrian banker, has purchased Houghton hall, in England, for $1,500,000. It is a magnificent house and the park was formerly the finest in the vicinity, but for many years past the place has been much neglected.

Andrew Carnegie has appointed a committee of prominent Pittsburg citizens to select a suitable site in that city that he may buy it and erect thereon a free library, which is to cost $750,000. The building, it is said, will eclipse anything of the kind in America.