

Advertising Rates.

Legal Notices. The following prices for legal advertising...

Weissport Business Directory.

FRANKLIN HOUSE. EAST WEISSPORT, PENNA.

Oscar Christman.

Livery and Exchange Stables. Heavy riding carriage and safe drivers...

The Weissport Bakery.

Delivers fresh bread and cakes in Weissport...

H. J. HONGEN.

ROOSTER TO CHARLES SCHWETZER. Near the Canal Bridge in EAST WEISSPORT, Penna.

Blacksmithing and Horse-Shoeing.

at new Reasonable Prices. THE SETTING A SPECIALTY.

Headquarters for CARRIAGES.

HENRY CHRISTMAN. AT THE. Cort Allen House, Weissport.

APPLES AND POTATOES.

Received in Car Load Lots almost every week at O. J. Saeger's.

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Store-keepers, Hucksters and all others can save money by making purchases of him.

Dead Men Tell No Tales.

WE'RE ALIVE. Our Story's Short. We have got the BIGGEST STOCK of Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Notions, Boots and shoes, Tobacco, Cigars, &c., &c., &c.

A. W. MARSH.

Post-Office, Weissport, Pa. Over Canal Bridge E. Weissport.

Joseph F. Rex.

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

Attention, Builders!

LEOPOLD MEYERS is at work on the DOLLAR STORE...

SHOEMAKER'S Horse and Cattle Bowder.

Joshua Shoemaker, Proprietor. CHESTERVILLE, Pa., Northampton Co.

AL. CAMPBELL.

Jeweler and Watchmaker. Bank Street, Lehighton, Penna.

Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry.

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

The Carbon Advocate. An Independent Family Newspaper. Published every Saturday in Lehighton, Carbon County, Pa., by Harry V. Morthimer, Jr. \$1.00 Per Year in Advance!

THEY'VE CUT THE WOOD AWAY.

"They've cut the wood away. The cool green wood, Whence I used to play in happy mood."

The woodman's axe has chafed Each noble tree, And now, when summer day, And flow no more.

The fields are brown and bare, And scorched with heat; No more doth hover there, The blue-winged dove.

No more his notes is heard To blithely ring Where erst the woodland bird Would sit and sing.

No more the wood flowers bloom Where once they bloomed Amid the emerald gloom Of ferns entwined.

Fled, now, the woodland night, The sweetest night, Fled, all the woodland lights, That once were there!

And lo! the glorious moon Whom to that quiet wood I used to see!

"Here are my stumps. Now I won't have to be forever dipping my pen in ink for the 'cutters,' and 'choppers,' and 'hewers'...

"Elsie Harley!" and then it all came to him. Elsie Harley was the dead man's wife that was the secret of her life.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me...

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This cough and irritation has saved my life."

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted an severe cold that for some days I was confined to my stateroom, and a physician on board considered my life in danger."

"With this not altogether kind remark he took up his morning work and did not think further of rubber stamps or of the stenographer who sat in her little corner of the big room on the next floor..."

"I do," was the answer, and she stuck it on the hook in her old methodical manner, but he noticed that her hands trembled and that her face was paler than usual.

"The next morning Miss Harley was not in her place in the corner. Never before had she been late when the clock pointed to eight."

"No such person has ever lived at that number," was the word he brought back, and the managing editor looked across the desk at the city editor in a questioning way.

"Dear friend," she had never called him that before, "I thank you. I do not know how you found it out, but you have acted generously toward me, and I am more than grateful."

"Mrs. H. There's a mystery here. I should have known if it would make a good story, but we won't say anything about it."

"I suppose I shall have to get some one to fill her place, for it is evident she is not coming back. I would like to know what she thinks I found out; something connected with that stamp, I know."

"I thought those stamps were going to save time, but if they all have the same effect as this one did and I have to break in somebody new for every one of them, I will be always behind."

"The new stenographer came, named through the ordeal of being 'broken in,' and in time Elsie Harley was forgotten. Forgotten by all save Mr. Ambrose. The look in her clear eyes as she slowly turned toward him the last time he saw her haunting him, and he would say to himself, 'I would make a whole edition of the Echo to find out that girl's history.'"

"In the summer time Mr. Ambrose went to his country home a little way out of the city, running in every day to his business and back to the cool green shades at night. One morning three years after Elsie Harley's mysterious disappearance he was coming in on the morning train, and as they stopped at a station on the way a coffin was taken off and put into a waiting hearse. The conductor of the train knew Mr. Ambrose and remarked to him after the train moved on, 'That was the fellow we read about in the dispatches a day or two ago who was pardoned from prison. He died of consumption and they've brought him home.'"

"Mr. Ambrose remembered the case. He was surprised to have information...

LETTY'S LESSON.

"A masked ball! My dear little girl, what can you be thinking of?"

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