

The Carbon Advocate

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REVENUE

Recently speaks the Eastern Evangelist as follows: "Carbon is now engaged in trying a murder, and in a few weeks must try another. Lehigh, too, will soon be called upon to dole out justice to a fund confined in its prison. No pity should be shown in any of these. If guilty of the crimes imputed to them, they merit the full penalty prescribed by law. The sentiment of playing with murderers is the vilest nonsense; and extremely dangerous; too!"

THERE is a revival of interest among the Knights of Labor, tending to a re-organization of shattered forces caused by discontent. Recently at Mauch Chunk a special meeting was held and many new names were added to the roll. This is only an instance however, as the revival is going on in all sections. Perhaps some day when labor appreciates the importance of organization there will be an amalgamation of all the unions under one head with a common purpose, viz: the amelioration of the common classes and the betterment of condition generally.

The laboring man who comes into the coal regions of Pennsylvania at this time in search of employment, says an exchange does not add to the wealth of the community, but on the contrary increases its poverty, and this fact deserves to become generally known. There are too many men for the amount of work done in the mines, but the employing companies should see to it that the present law-abiding and intelligent men of miners is not supplanted by men possessing a lower degree of intelligence and less regard for law and order. It is not an encouraging sign to see men of character quitting the mines and a lower order of men coming in at the same time to lessen instead of advancing the standard of intelligence.

In our next issue we will re-publish from Current Content and Legal Miscellany a brilliant thesis on "Progress and Poverty" from the able pen of our distinguished former townsman, Hon. W. M. Rapsler, of the Carbon county bar. In concluding this exceptional bright and able article the honorable gentleman says: "The lesson of all strikes, coming sharper and clearer as the years go by, is the lesson that the social problem cannot be ignored." Mr. Rapsler is rapidly becoming one of the most popular writers in the field of letters, if the fact that his production eagerly sought after, and accepted by the North American Review, the Standard, Legal Miscellany and many other periodicals read in America and Europe, can be taken as a criterion.

BROADBRIM'S N. Y. LETTER.

The Methodist Conference closed this week giving greater evidence of the change that is going on in that powerful church. Many a conference for many years past, literary seems to be done in a hurry, and after extension is adopted by each succeeding convention; but like Oliver, at the workhouse table, they constantly clamor for more. Within my memory, one year was considered sufficient for any preacher in many districts, and when the time was extended to two years, many of the faithful shook their heads and thought that Methusalem was going astray. But the fact is that many eloquent and pious ministers have left the Methodist Church, because they did not like to be shrouded around from post to pillar, but preferred a fixed home. One of the most significant occurrences during the convention was the visit of the Rev. R. R. Meredith; the eloquent pastor of the Tomkins Avenue Congregational Church on Tuesday. Dr. Meredith was formerly a member of the Methodist Church, and when he left it it was a terrible shock to his congregation, by whom he was greatly beloved. When he entered the convention he was received with clamorous welcome, and the Bishop personally introduced him as a beloved brother whom they had loaned for a short time to a neighboring church. Another evidence of change was found in the fact that one of the leading lights of the conference declared his disbelief in the efficacy of Prohibition; he did not believe it could possibly accomplish its purpose, and that the class intended to be saved must be saved by the Gospel of Christ, and not by any summary law, and this opinion was sustained by a number of the ablest men in the convention.

A sorrowful scene was enacted in a Brooklyn Court this week when an old man, between seventy and eighty years of age, was sent to the Penitentiary for five years for swindling the city by securing every year an appropriation for his charitable hospital. The city divides its excise fund among the various charitable institutions. They make an annual report of the number of persons they have relieved and receive so much per head. Doctor Wilcox last year sent in a report of several hundred cases relieved, three or four hundred births, fourteen hundred visits, &c., &c., and drew from the city funds seventeen hundred dollars, his report being signed by the president, Doctor Wilcox of the board of trustees, a secretary and a treasurer. When, however, the attention of the Grand Jury was called to the case of this knavish old swindler, it turned out that there never was a president, a secretary, a treasurer, or a trustee except Doctor Wilcox himself; that he made no visits, distributed no medicines, but he gobbled the public funds all the same. He lived in a large house with a fat old houndling, and he had been carrying on this swindling for several years, and when discovered assumed a bold defiant air, and laughingly asked, "What are you going to do about it?" He found out this week, as he was dragged back from the bar to the prisoners' pen with a sentence of five years ringing in his ears. Verily, verily, the way of the transgressor is hard!

A very gratifying sign of the times is the wholesale improvement of the American drama; some of the productions of the past two years being far more successful than any of the imported dramas. D'Oyley Cart's troupe of English Gaiety-follies has gone by the board; one of the dearest failures of the season, and it evidently was not the fault of Gilbert and Sullivan, for the piece has been a marked success as played by the Boston Company. One of the most human pieces that I have seen for many a day was the

Henrietta, as it was produced by Robson last week at the beautiful Amphion Academy of Knowledge and Art in Brooklyn. It has had a very long run in New York before Robson and Crane parted company. Together they had made an ample fortune, and it was questionable if the separation would add to the success of either. Crane took the chances, and Robson took the Henrietta. It is the old story of Wall Street; bold speculation, desperate ventures, soft touches of humanity, utter faithlessness, a son's meanness and treachery, and from whence it was least expected, punishment, death, and virtue finally rewarded. One of the leading characters in the piece is a rough old broker of the Dan Drew or Russell Saxe stripe; bold overbearing, unscrupulous and not very highly educated. Graduating from the country late in life and successful from the start, he sweeps every obstacle from his path with no more pity or remorse than the hurricane feels as it sweeps onward in its destroying track. He has a son the counterpart of himself in most of his business methods, with this difference, that the old man has some heart and conscience, the son has none. The father is bolstering a western mine with which he built the market, and his son, in whom he puts the most implicit trust, and who is his partner in business, seeks his father's ruin that he may possess the entire business. The old broker has another son who is an utterly worthless dandy, played admirably by Mr. Robson. There is nothing bad about the fellow, but there appears to be nothing of him but his clothes. His father hates the sight of him, because he is not a business man like his elder brother, and is just about driving him out of his house when he discovers that he is beloved by the daughter of one of his boyhood friends, and finding that they are engaged to be married presents his five hundred thousand dollars to start housekeeping. Just as the marriage is about to take place a young woman is dying who was ruined by the elder brother, and who appeals to him with her dying breath for protection for her child—the daughter. The wife of the elder brother receives the message, accuses her husband of his perfidy, and he with a villainy, without a parallel, lays the crime at the door of his younger brother, and ruins his prospect of marriage with the girl of his love. The crisis comes at last on the Henrietta Mine, and the old broker is away on his yacht. Millions melt away in the storm like summer clouds in the sunshine; ruin, black ruin is everywhere; but just in the nick of time the old broker gets back on "Change to treat for the hurricane. He does not know up to the last moment that his eldest son, his pride, his hope, is the author of his ruin. He has still a half million of securities in the safe deposit, and he sends his son for them, but they have all disappeared. When the last hope is gone the dudal son arrives upon the scene. He still has four hundred thousand dollars left of the fortune his father gave him when he was going to marry, but was betrayed by his elder brother. He throws the whole four hundred thousand dollars into a pool, the market turns and the father is saved; the excitement kills the villainous son, and the despoiled child gains his bride and becomes the Napoleon of Wall street. The piece is remarkable in many ways. In the first place it is human through and through. Secondly, it is not a piece written, as most of our modern pieces have been written, for the glorification of one man or woman. Thirdly, while some parts are a little more prominent than others—all are good. From the least unto the greatest, and as this admirable piece was cast, any part would tax the ability of the most competent actor, and each man in this instance, and each woman, too, was exactly what the part required them to be. Lastly, it was bright and clean—there is in it, from first to last, no word or act that a loving father might not like his little daughter or son to hear of. In this respect it challenges criticism, and is a credit to our modern drama.

When Barrett the great English actor sees a "Thou shalt" in his return, it is a wholesome American drama. "The County Fair" has been running here for months; the same may be said of Shenandoah. Then look at Deanna Thompson; crowding the Academy of Music year after year with the Old Homestead, and finding the parquette and boxes filled with reverend looking folks that you met at the Methodist conference in the morning. I don't say they were ministers or perhaps deacons; but I would not like to trust and be delegates to a church conference, and by delegates to a church conference, and by delegates to a church conference. As the curtain went down on Wednesday night a stout old countryman with a white cravat turned to his wife and said, "And this is thy dear!" "I never was in one before, but by jehowkins, Marlar, I'd sooner come here than to go to prevermeest'n!" "Shoo John, how you talk," said Marlar as he hustled him out of the house. All the places of amusement have done well; though the Italian Opera had to stand back on Wednesday—Fatti took a ride in the Park and caught cold, that cold cost money Abbey several thousand dollars. He has plenty of duplicate singers, and could easily have given another opera, and a good one—but he is not that kind of manager—he preferred to personally stand the loss to breaking faith with the public. He is a cue manager in a million.

The week will long be memorable for the convention of geologic experts who met here on Thursday for a trial, and by exchanging messages by lightning, like lightning. It was a wonderful sight to an outsider, not deep in the mysteries of the electric brotherhood and sisterhood, when Fred Catlin, the projector of the tournament, sat down by his instrument to make the opening speech tick, tick, tick (roars of laughter), tick tick tick (tremendous applause) tick tick tick (uproarious applause, mingled with shouts of laughter, and cries of "that's so!"—"you can bet them every time!" "Tick tick, tick (cries of that's the talk, and applause. As Catlin rose from his seat—a country operator gabbled me by the hand and said "what's the best speech you ever heard. I should like to hear you and declared that I had never heard anything like it before in my life. The tournament was a day of surprises. 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