

# The Carbon Advocate.

INDEPENDENT—“Live and Let Live.” \$1.25 when not paid in Advance.

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Arrangement of Passenger Trains.  
IN EFFECT Feb. 16th, 1891.

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### MINDING HER BUSINESS.

"He and Squire Bagshot have been a talkin' things over, and we've concluded to go into partnership," said Miss Naomi Nutting.

"Oh? What?" cried the Widow Scarsby, hastily adjusting her ear trumpet, "you a-talkin' of gettin' married at this time o' day?"

Miss Naomi gave a sniff of exceeding great derision.

"Who speaks of marriage? Not I, nor I guess the squire. We're out on our first child, and we ain't got to our second, I calculate—not yet, at any rate."

The widow looked disappointed.

"Then what do you mean?" she said.

"Why," continued Naomi, "the squire he's got the old farm. I'd got to let it to somebody. What between the taxes, the interest, and repairs, it was too much for a woman to look after. But the cows and the poultry is to remain, and I'm to run the dairy and egg business. Ten per cent commission I'm to have, and the use of the old house. And I've set out a lot of new strawberry roots, and some of the offshoots of Hester Brine's sweet amlia! English violets. I'm goin' to earn my livin' if I be a woman!"

"And a strawberry! John bain't no faith in that sort o' thing."

"It don't matter to me whether he likes or not," curtly answered Miss Nutting. "A woman never yet made farmin' pay."

"You're runnin' a great risk," sighed Mrs. Scarsby, in genuine Job's comforter accents.

"There's always the porchouse left, if I don't succeed," sarcastically remarked Naomi.

And Mrs. Scarsby went away to tell her news throughout the whole neighborhood.

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Doctor Plumb, "the woman has pluck! But of course she won't succeed; women never do."

"I never was so fat in all my life," said Mrs. Scarsby, "as I was when I heered Naomi say she was going into partnership with Squire Bagshot. I supposed, of course she was going to marry him."

"Well, I don't know why she shouldn't," said Mrs. Plumb. "The squire ain't young, but he's a likely man enough."

"A likely young man," said Mrs. Scarsby. "A pretty little fellow, with one foot in the porchouse."

"Folks used to say your John was partial to her," shrewdly observed Mrs. Plumb.

"That's all a mistake," said Mrs. Scarsby.

Then she took herself and her ear trumpet off to the next house, while little Ella Price, Mrs. Plumb's bound girl, who had been sitting through the dumb waiter, in a drowsy state, to the grocery for the cure of powdered cinnamon which she had been told half an hour ago to bring, and there informed Mrs. Peppercorn, as a profound secret, that Miss Naomi Nutting and Squire Bagshot were about to be married.

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Peppercorn.

"I heard it with my own ears," said Ella, glowing all over with the importance of her news.

"An old maid like that!" said Mrs. Peppercorn, scornfully.

"She ain't 30 yet," said Ella. "I heard missus tell Mrs. Scarsby so."

"Oh news, they say, spreads fast; so does good news. Which of these heads Squire Bagshot's engagement comes under is hard to specify, but certain it is that the moral of gossip spread like wildfire through Cherry Valley."

"He engaged to Naomi Nutting!" said the squire. "Well, it's the first I've heerd of."

"N-om! going to marry that old widow?" said John Scarsby. "What nonsense. You told me yourself, mother, that she denied it up and down."

"You're a little scoundrel, a little don'tful fellow," but think what they always do. It would be a good thing for Naomi Nutting."

"I'll never believe it," said John.

The old love affair between him and Naomi Nutting was dead and gone long ago, but some ever over the prevalent atmosphere seemed to fan the faint spirit of his ashes into new life. John Scarsby remembered how black and bright her eyes once were, and what a trim figure she had. While the squire, meditating on the perfect domestic cleanliness of Naomi's dairy, and the efficiency with which she had set out the violet roots and the strawberry creepers, said to himself—

"I don't know but that I might do worse. To be sure, she's poor, solitary, friendless creature, without any property except that old mortgage ridden farm. But I can't get no hired girl short of \$11 a month, and it is sort o' lonesome settin' on the stoop of a woman all alone. She's been brought up economical, too, and won't want to spend more money than she can help. That's a great thing."

The squire brushed his lank hair coarsely, but then he over the gleaming dome of his bald cranium, and considered seriously the propriety of dyeing his grizzled beard.

"Mother," said John Scarsby, that day, "it'd be right for you to do all the house-work by yourself. It's too much for you."

"La, John, I do hope you ain't thinkin' of hirin' a help!" exclaimed Mrs. Scarsby, in dismay. "Of all the shifts, it'd be wastin' things—of a help! We've got to do something, mother," said John. "I can't let you work yourself out."

A vicious heifer at Warehouse Point, Conn., broke into Joseph Allen's fruit cellar, where she ate his turnips and cabbage, causing him a severe loss by not closing the door behind her when she retreated, thus leaving the vegetables to freeze. —*See a local journal.*

It was true, John Scarsby had said the same thing time and again to his mother; but he said it now with genuine earnestness, looking at her as she did so, and secretly wondering how he should break to her the tidings of an impending daughter in law. And Naomi Nutting, of all persons, the woman whom Mrs. Scarsby designated as "that poor, forlorn old maid."

John was a brave man, but there are more kinds of courage than one.

Mrs. Scarsby cried over the butter beans she was cutting up for dinner.

"I won't have a help in the house," thought she. "If John really wants a woman around, why can't he get married? I don't know no smarter girl than Naomi Nutting. I've a great mind to go and see if she can't break her old contract with Squire Bagshot. I wish I dared to speak right out to John about it. He used to like Naomi, but men are queer."

Naomi had just come in from weeding her late onion patch the next evening, when the squire arrived, all in his best.

"Good evening, squire," said Miss Nutting. "Sit down till I light the lamp."

"Don't light it," said the squire hesitantly. "I am partial to the twilight."

"I ain't," said Naomi. "I mostly like to see what I'm doing. You've come about this time, I suppose."

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### TWO FAIR EXAMPLERS.

A Beautiful Girl in Town and a Self Possessed One in the Country.

She was a Normal College girl, and she drove to take the Sixth avenue elevated railway up town. Being in haste she carried her coin in her mouth, that she might lose no time at the ticket window. When she reached the ticket window, she swallowed the coin, and several people missed several trains while she coughed it up again. When her ticket was deposited she found herself to be on the downtown side. She was in a hurry, and she gritted her teeth and ran down stairs. Then she got rattled, crossed Twenty-third street instead of crossing the avenue, and, mounting, found herself where she had less before. She stuck her tongue out at the gateman and started again. As she crossed Sixth avenue the gateman on the downtown side called to the crazy girl who was coming. She came. She was a good deal out of breath, and she studied a \$3 bill through the window. As the train drew up she swept together her change, mostly silver, flung it into the ticket box, and, firmly grasping her ticket, dashed for a place. The gateman dragged her back, but she did not believe him. Then, while the station telegraphed to the central office for instructions, she sat and made faces at the gateman over the way. And the gateman on the downtown side called to the gateman on the uptown side.

"Are you going to the bait this evening?"

And the gateman on the uptown side called to the gateman on the downtown side:

"Not this evening."

Another girl was one of a pair who had reached the gate. How soon the gate is reached when it marks the end of a walk with your girl! She fingered. She was a girl of sense, and she knew Brown wanted to get it off his mind. Brown made a move nearer, and slipped his hand along her face till it came in contact with her hair; then he started, returned up his coat collar, and seemed about to depart.

"What did you say?" she asked, heading him off.

"Oh—oh, yes—certainly," gulped Brown, but he turned down his coat collar and leaned against the gate.

He shuffled his feet. Then he slipped his hand along the fence till it came in contact with hers. Where it started violently, and she said: "Well! He turned up his coat collar and appeared about to depart; but she said: "Well!" again.

"Yes—oh, yes!" he assented, adding, after a moment's thought and with much flourish: "Certainly."

She waited a while. Then she slipped her hand along the fence till it came in contact with his. Where it started violently, she slipped his hand away, and turned down his coat collar and leaned against the gate.

She turned to herself that he wasn't worth it. Then she whispered: "You were talking about getting married."

He wasn't, but he said: "Certainly," with some fortitude, and shuffled his feet.

He slipped his hand along the fence till it came in contact with hers, whereat he started violently and turned up his coat collar.

"And I was thinking," she began, and paused. He turned down his coat collar and leaned against the gate. She slipped her hand toward his along the fence. Then she lost her patience and shouted: "What an idiot you are!"

"Certainly!" he cried, jumping in the air. He turned up his coat collar and fled.

An hour passed. The moon had risen. A dark form crept to the gate, turned down its coat collar, and, leaning against the gate, said: "If she'd give me a slice of your tail hair."

Then the figure started, slipped its hand along the fence, started violently, turned up its coat collar, and went away.

### The Way of the World.

The sweet, motherly face of Mrs. B., who always spoke decorously, but appeared on the promenade lately in a Rubens hat—back to be sure—but oh—

"Twenty years too young for her," ejaculated one friend behind her back. To her face she said:

"You dear thing! How becoming that hat is to you. Never wear a bonnet again."

"Did you see Mrs. B. at church to-day?" asked another lady of her husband.

"Yes, she never misses morning service," he replied.

"And did you notice her hat?"

"Why, no. I suppose it is the same one she always wears."

"Well, I don't mind telling you, since you ask me up and down," replied Naomi. "The man who owns the New Mountain Iron Works—Mr. Joseph Alden."

The squire made a little gurgling sound as if he were ineffectually trying to swallow something. Joseph Alden, the handsome, middle aged Englishman, the best catch in Cherry county, engaged to Naomi Nutting, whom he—Squire Bagshot—had meant to marry, as "a poor, solitary, friendless creature."

"Well, I suppose I'd better go," he said, raising heavily.

"I don't know that you'll gain anything by staying," remarked Naomi, coldly.

The squire was compelled to hire a stout Vermont woman at \$11 a month. Mrs. Scarsby still continues to do her own house-work, in spite of the remonstrances of her daughter, Naomi Nutting, who she did before—minds her own business. And the violet and strawberry business has proved a success, and a wedding day is fixed.

A vicious heifer at Warehouse Point, Conn., broke into Joseph Allen's fruit cellar, where she ate his turnips and cabbage, causing him a severe loss by not closing the door behind her when she retreated, thus leaving the vegetables to freeze. —*See a local journal.*

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### AN OLD HOMESTEAD.

It stands beside the window where countless flowers smile Time-loosed into a silver gray. An ancient shrouded pile.

Inside the gate a blue flag is bright with May-rain spots. And from the chimney the air A music softly oozes.

A willow rippled like the sea. In musical unrest, And cradles in its drapery An aching heart's nest.

Bright tufts at the doorway rose. That of the chimney the air A music softly oozes.

There is a straggling hedge of box And a row of cypress trees. The air is rich with rose and plum And murmurous with bees.

The happy roses dress and hum Mid daisies white as snow. And in the crooping pear and plum Rippled the songs of birds.

The garden pathway wanders through The quiet shades until Beneath an elm it falls into A cypress crystal fall.

The dusty road leads to wind. And all the balcony scene. Mists softly from my view behind A cedar's billowy green.

—*Lydia's Companion.*

### The Noble Turkey.

The chroniclers and ballad makers record many anecdotes as to the gentility and readiness of adaptation to circumstances which made Henri Quatre so popular among his subjects. Not long before the great battle of Iry he was lodging in a country house in the character of an inferior officer. The lady of the house was without pretensions, but informed her guest that a neighbor of hers rejoiced in the possession of a noble turkey, which he would probably sacrifice as a roset if asked to assist in demolishing it.

"Is he a good comrade?" asked the officer.

"Yes, indeed," said the lady, "he is a capital fellow."

So the turkey was obtained, and its owner invited, and the lady and her two companions departed the plump and savory bird from the head to the tail. Fast and furious was the fun, the general king's jokes being capped by those of his bourgeois companion, and dignified with the air of a philosopher.

"What did you say?" she asked, heading him off.

"Oh—oh, yes—certainly," gulped Brown, but he turned down his coat collar and leaned against the gate.

He shuffled his feet. Then he slipped his hand along the fence till it came in contact with hers. Where it started violently, and she said: "Well! He turned up his coat collar and appeared about to depart; but she said: "Well!" again.

"Yes—oh, yes!" he assented, adding, after a moment's thought and with much flourish: "Certainly."

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"Certainly!" he cried, jumping in the air. He turned up his coat collar and fled.

An hour passed. The moon had risen. A dark form crept to the gate, turned down its coat collar, and, leaning against the gate, said: "If she'd give me a slice of your tail hair."

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She turned to herself that he wasn't worth it. Then she whispered: "You were talking about getting married."

He wasn't, but he said: "Certainly," with some fortitude, and shuffled his feet.

He slipped his hand along the fence till it came in contact with hers, whereat he started violently and turned up his coat collar.

"And I was thinking," she began, and paused. He turned down his coat collar and leaned against the gate. She slipped her hand toward his along the fence. Then she lost her patience and shouted: "What an idiot you are!"

"Certainly!" he cried, jumping in the air. He turned up his coat collar and fled.

An hour passed. The moon had risen. A dark form crept to the gate, turned down its coat collar, and, leaning against the gate, said: "If she'd give me a slice of your tail hair."

Then the figure started, slipped its hand along the fence, started violently, turned up its coat collar, and went away.

### AN OLD HOMESTEAD.

It stands beside the window where countless flowers smile Time-loosed into a silver gray. An ancient shrouded pile.

Inside the gate a blue flag is bright with May-rain spots. And from the chimney the air A music softly oozes.

A willow rippled like the sea. In musical unrest, And cradles in its drapery An aching heart's nest.

Bright tufts at the doorway rose. That of the chimney the air A music softly oozes.

There is a straggling hedge of box And a row of cypress trees. The air is rich with rose and plum And murmurous with bees.

The happy roses dress and hum Mid daisies white as snow. And in the crooping pear and plum Rippled the songs of birds.

The garden pathway wanders through The quiet shades until Beneath an elm it falls into A cypress crystal fall.

The dusty road leads to wind. And all the balcony scene. Mists softly from my view behind A cedar's billowy green.

—*Lydia's Companion.*

### The Noble Turkey.

The chroniclers and ballad makers record many anecdotes as to the gentility and readiness of adaptation to circumstances which made Henri Quatre so popular among his subjects. Not long before the great battle of Iry he was lodging in a country house in the character of an inferior officer. The lady of the house was without pretensions, but informed her guest that a neighbor of hers rejoiced in the possession of a noble turkey, which he would probably sacrifice as a roset if asked to assist in demolishing it.

"Is he a good comrade?" asked the officer.

"Yes, indeed," said the lady, "he is a capital fellow."

So the turkey was obtained, and its owner invited, and the lady and her two companions departed the plump and savory bird from the head to the tail. Fast and furious was the fun, the general king's jokes being capped by those of his bourgeois companion, and dignified with the air of a philosopher.

"What did you say?" she asked, heading him off.

"Oh—oh, yes—certainly," gulped Brown, but he turned down his coat collar and leaned against the gate.

He shuffled his feet. Then he slipped his hand along the fence till it came in contact with hers. Where it started violently, and she said: "Well! He turned up his coat collar and appeared about to depart; but she said: "Well!" again.

"Yes—oh, yes!" he assented, adding, after a moment's thought and with much flourish: "Certainly."

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