☞ Are you a subscriber to the paper you are now reading? If not, it will cost you but $1. for 52 weeks to become one, and I'm sure you can tell your neighbor that you will neither borrow nor lend.

The Carbon Advocate.

☞ If you want a paper that owns itself and isn't afraid to tell the news; that believes in public morality, and the enforcement of the laws against malefactors; that has opinions, and isn't afraid to express them, get THE CARBON ADVOCATE.

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

VOL XIX., No 34 Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., July 4 1891. Single Copies 5 Cents

Spring and Summer Millinery

NOW ON DISPLAY AT

MISS ALVENIA GRAVER'S

Millinery Emporium.

The styles are the newest on the market. Every place was carefully searched for the newest ideas and handsomest effects in our line, and we feel sure that our new spring and summer stock represents the cream of the best. We cordially invite you to come and see us, examine our goods and learn prices.

Everybody is Cutting Prices:

Our's Remain the Same!

Don't Buy Until You See Our Goods and Compare Prices!

One day time clocks, 60c., 75c., and up to $2.50.
One day alarm clocks, 80c., $1.00 and up to $3 50.
Eight day clocks from $3.00 up to $10.00.
American Lever Watches from $5.00 up to $50 and $60

We don't make a "blow" about low prices and we have no need to "cut" for the simple reason that our prices are now as low if not lower than those of other Jewelers in this town or in the county. We repeat our invitation: Come and see us and examine our goods and learn prices before buying elsewhere.

D. S. BOCK,

AGENT.

The Reliable Jeweler,

The Warm Weather

Makes it Quite Seasonable for

Rich Ice Cream, Fresh Soda Water & Good Milk Shake.

Parties, Picnics and Festivals supplied with Ice Cream at the very lowest prices.

Confections, Fruits and Groceries.

Toys, Games and the New Novelties.

In this line we have everything that is new. Our prices are always the very lowest.

SILVERWARE AND JEWELRY.

We can't be beat in a fine line of silverware and jewelry. We have all the new effects at the lowest prices.

BEN K. CULTON,

ICE CREAM, SODA WATER, MILK SHAKE, CONFECTIONS AND FRUITS.

WE ARE now nicely located in our new store room and with increased facilities and conveniences are better than ever prepared to cater to the public. We extend an earnest invitation to the people to call and see us at our handsome new store.

Ice Cream and Confections, In Retail or Wholesale lots. Picnic and festival committees and wedding parties will be promptly supplied at the very lowest price. Don't buy elsewhere until you call and learn our prices. We furnish all flavors of Cream in any quantity at short notice.

FINE SILVERWARE, WATCHES AND BEAUTIFUL JEWELRY.

WE CARRY as fine and as complete a line of the above goods as can be found in any Jewelry Store in Carbon county. We have all the newest novelties and the prices are the very lowest. ☞Come and see us before you buy.

All the Very Latest Novelties in Toys

Chas. H. Nusbaum,

BRIDGE STREET, WEISSPORT, PA.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

We have opened up a very nice line of Seasonable Underwear in

Ladies, Misses, Childrens and Gents.

Ladies Vests, 13cts each or two for 25cts. Something better at 15c, 25c, 45c and 50c. These goods are actually worth double the money and cant be excelled. Gents Gauze Shirts, 25c, 45c, 50c. Low values not to be matched in town

Mitts for Ladies and Misses

In Black and Fancy Colors at 25c and 50c. They are worth more and can't be matched in town at the price.

Hosiery

For Ladies, Misses, Children and Gents at lowest prices.

☞Don't forget our 5 and 10 cent Counter. Rare Bargains

HAGERMAN'S,

OBERT'S BLOCK.

Adam's Express Company.

SULPHUR BITTERS

THE GREAT

German Remedy.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

For those doubting Bilious Spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS it will cure you.

$1,000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

Do you suffer with that tired and all gone feeling: If so, use SULPHUR BITTERS it will cure you.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Blotches and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS and health will follow.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS it never fails to cure.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up and make you strong and healthy.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich and strong, and your flesh hard.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy, free.

Professional & Business Cards.

W. M. Rapsher,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
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. 22-91

O. A. CLAUSS,
Office with Clauss Bros., First street, Lehighton
FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
Only First-class Companies are represented
Information cheerfully furnished. 4-19

Ex-Sheriff Rabenold.
224 N. 5th St., - - - - ALLENTOWN.
DENTISTRY,
in all its branches. Fresh gas always on hand. The patronage of the people is solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. 4-5-90

DR. J. P. BROWN,
Slatington, Penna.
Special Treatment given to Diseases of Women. Specialist in Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Catarrh Permanently Cured.
Fine Frameless Eye Glasses and Spectacles adjusted—my own patent. aug8-1y

DR. G. T. FOX,
172 Main Street, Bath, Pa.
AT BANGOR, BROADWAY HOUSE, MONDAYS.
AT EASTON, SWAN HOTEL, TUESDAYS.
AT BETHLEHEM, SUN HOTEL, WEDNESDAYS.
AT ALLENTOWN, EAGLE HOTEL, THURSDAY
AT BATH, FRIDAYS 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 or the adjustment of glasses.

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. W. F. DANZER,
No. 20 North Wyoming St.,
HAZLETON, PENNA.

Specialist in Diseases of the
EYE, NOSE AND THROAT.
Dr. Danzer will be at the
Exchange Hotel, Lehighton,
Spectacles and Eye Glasses accurately fitted at reasonable prices.
☞Consultation in German and English. augustis-90tfs

A. S. Rabenold,
DENTIST.
BRANCH OFFICE:—Over J. W. Rauchenbush' 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,
5-91 Lehigh county, Pa.

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,
20 BROADWAY, MAUCH CHUNK, PA.,
now prepared to receive every one in need first-class dental service. - 20 jan91

Piles! Piles! Piles!
Frey's Universal Pile Suppository. A sure cure for every form of Piles, internal or external, blind or bleeding, and long standing cases. Has never failed. Try it, even if you have tried with every other remedy. This Suppository is concealed, easy to apply, safe, neat and clean, and possesses every advantage over ointments and salves. Physicians use it in their practice. Give it a trial and you will be relieved and satisfied. If your druggist does not keep it or get it for you, send for it by mail. Price, 50 Cents a Box. Address, ADAMES G. FREY, Lancaster, Pa. Sold by Dr. G. R. Reber, C. A. Roda and T. D. Thomas, in Lehighton, Pa.

"Politics is so funny," remarked Miss Flippins. "A man runs for office, and then the first thing you know the officers are all running after the man."

What Does It Mean?

"100 Doses One Dollar" means simply that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most economical medicine to buy, because it gives more for the money than any other preparation. Each bottle contains 100 doses and will average to last a month, while other preparations, taken according to directions, are gone in a week. Therefore, be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier.

"I am not stuck on my shape," said the porcupine, "but others are."

A felin orchestra ought not to complain of a higher purr critical audience.

Every Home Should Have It.

It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand; it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cts.

There are few things in life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for Colds, Coughs and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents at Thomas' Drug Store.

Be not deceived by the grease on the slide of folly; there are slivers under it.

Guns are only human after all. They will kick when the load becomes too heavy.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists

Bismark knows well enough that he has outlived all of the great men of Germany.

She: Is Jack trying for the chorus? He: Well he must be if they are at all sensitive.

If Sufferers from Consumption

Coughs and Colds will try Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels and liver. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes all these troubles. Trial bottles free at Thomas' Drug Store.

Silence may be the most effective weapon in a dispute, but it is generally the hardest to use.

"Who was the author of the saying, "There is always room at the top?" "The hotel clerk, I believe.

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. P. M. Shrout, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 20 lbs. in weight.

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at REBER'S Drug Store. Regular sizes 50c, and $1.00.

The fashion now in vogue among the very swellest young men—that of rolling up the trousers—is not as silly as it seems. The young men will grow a good deal yet, you know.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The BEST Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by REBER druggist.

All things come to him who waits, if the hungry man is patient and tips the waiter.

If a husband and wife are one, is the man beside himself when he stands by his wife?

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it, notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Large bottles at all druggists, 50 cents and $1. Sample bottle free.

The best friends a man has are those

The national game of base ball encourages the production of basic steal in this country.

The good die young. The others become oldest inhabitants and lie about the weather, their ages and everything else.

Look at Him!

A year ago he was not expected to live. Liver complaint almost killed him. He got great relief from three bottles of Sulphur Bitters, and six bottles cured him.—Editor Weekly Sun.

"That's what I call relief from an unexpected quarter," said the tramp who asked for a nickle and got a twenty-five cent piece.

The proposed law making newspaper writers sign their names to their contributions is supposed to be mainly directed against the spring poet.

How to Succeed.

This is the great problem of life which few satisfactorily solve. Some fail because of poor health, others want of luck, but the majority from deficient grit want nerve. They are nervous, irresolute, changeable, easily get the blues and "take the spirits down to keep the spirits up," thus wasting money, time, opportunity and nerve force. There is nothing like the Restorative Nervine, discovered by the great specialist, Dr. Miles, to cure all nervous diseases, as headache, the blues, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, fits and hysteria. Trial bottles and fine book of testimonials free at Thomas Lehighton and Biery, Weissport.

"Ladies in waiting"—Old maids.

An ocean greyhound should be bark rigged.

A LITTLE WOMAN.

[illegible]

[illegible] and woe, in rain and storm,
[illegible] she trod the path of duty;
[illegible] in her life was all the beauty.

[illegible] with them?
[illegible] Still she couldn't have been?
[illegible] the whole west Dowdy enclosure
[illegible] a woman's hand to save them.

[illegible] "God bless her!" came
[illegible] made humble,
[illegible] breathed her name;
[illegible] God bless that little woman."
—E. L. Stanton.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

The war which I refer to was not one of those which we have lately had upon our hands, but that which a few years ago raged so long, so fiercely, between the Northern and Southern States of America. It was my fortune to serve on the medical staff with a portion of the Northern army during most of that terrible struggle; and it is needless to say that many personal incidents came under my notice, which will never leave my memory. Not one of them, however, made so painful an impression upon me as that which I am about to describe.

Towards noon on the day after one of the fiercest battles of the war, a young soldier was brought in from the battle field, where by some misclance he had been overlooked and abandoned, while comrades of his far less grievously wounded than he, had been sheltered and tended before nightfall. The poor fellow had lain all night and during the long scorching hours of the morning, amid heaps of dead, both men and horses, suffering from the loss of an arm, and other wounds. An army surgeon is not as a rule a man prone to undue sentiment or to feminine softness at the sight of physical suffering; I am not conscious of any weakness that makes me an exception in this particular. There was, however, in this youth's expression of countenance something which struck me irresistibly, and with the strong glance of his large bright eye, fixed my attention and awakened my eager interest. He was a slender youth, tall, yet gracefully made, with a head which, as the novelist phrases it, would bring ecstasy to the soul of a sculptor; and every feature molded to the true type of manly beauty. A single glance gave me this summary outline of my patient before I had time to ascertain the nature or extent of his injuries. A very brief examination soon told me that the life which for hours had been ebbing so painfully away, was well nigh spent; and he must have read the awful truth in my face, for he whispered to me faintly and said as I rose: "Is there, then, no hope?"

Alas! there was no hope; but I had not speech to tell him so; for something was rising into my throat and choking me, and a moisture in my eyes was blinding me; and the only reply I could give him was a shake of my head. The brave spirit which had nerved him through the fight had kept him up till now; but now, when the dismal truth had broken upon him, there passed over his pallid face a look of mingled disappointment and resignation which it was painful beyond expression to witness. I lost no time in giving him such surgical aid as his desperate condition called for and his waning strength could bear. I had hardly done so when an unexpected voice addressed him: "My own dear boy! my brave heroic boy!" The tone was of cheery encouragement, yet feebly disguising the woe of a breaking heart; for it was his mother's voice that spoke, and her lips that kissed his fevered brow. Gently she turned back his disordered and blood stained locks, dissembling with evident effort the mother's anguish lest she should add another sorrow to the pangs of his dying hour.

"My mother!" he cried with almost frantic delight. "Is it you, my mother? How came you here? Is it you, or am I dreaming?"—and as he spoke he threw his only remaining arm around her neck, and kissed her with all the rapture of a child. "Thank God!" he continued in snatches, as his failing strength allowed him—"thank God for this blessed joy, that I see your face once more, my mother. All last night, as I lay amid the dreadful sights around me, I prayed that I might look once more upon your face, my sweetest mother, once more hear your voice. I seemed to pray in vain, yet still I prayed."

"My poor, poor boy," she said; "a curse upon the hand that has brought you to this!" and her tears at length broke from her control.

To my amazement of all, there appeared to be something in this exclamation of the mother that stimulated the dying youth to a final effort of speech and motion. He half raised himself from his bed, and with that unaccountable energy which sometimes marks the closing moments of life, he said: "No, no, don't say that. Don't my account. You know not the words you are speaking. Oh!" he cried after a moment's pause, "how shall I tell her the horrible tale? How can I smite her down with such a blow at such an hour?" and he fell back exhausted upon his pillow. The effort had been too much for him, and for some minutes we doubted if the spirit had not fled. It was only a passing pang, however, and before long he rallied a little. Again he spoke, but with a look of dreamy half consciousness as one who gazes gazing into his [illegible] seemingly for-[illegible]

"Truly it is a bloody trade," he said, "I had been in several hard fought fights, before, but they were all children's pastime compared with that of yesterday. No sooner had we come in sight of the enemy, than the ringing voice of the general was heard: 'At them, my boys, and do your duty!' What happened after that I know not. Know not, do I say? Oh, would it were true that I know not! Begrimed with dust, each man was confronted with his own individual foe; and if there be fighting passing fiends, then surely did our fighting resemble them. I was myself wounded, when a fair haired man bore down upon me from the opposing line, if line it could then be called, and I received his headlong onset with a terrific bayonet thrust, and as he fell I thought of Cain, I of that dead which has made the name of Cain a name of malediction for ever. I know not why, but I felt myself to be half in the midst of the melee, to kneel beside that fair haired man and look at him. I turned him over, and looked upon his face—his dear, dead face. Ah! mother, it was—it was my brother's face, and my own arm had slain him!"

The scene at that moment it would not be easy to describe. In an instant the weeping mother's tears were dry and her face became passionless as marble. My own emotion, which I have already acknowledged, I took no pains to conceal. Rough, hard favored soldiers standing by listened with bated breath to this more than tragic narrative, while big tear drops welled from their eyes unchecked and undisguised.

"Yes," he continued, soliloquizing, "my own arm had slain him. Dear, darling brother Fred! I laid my face upon his, and it was cold—that face which in our boyhood seemed but the mirror of my own; ever near me—at home, at school, at meat, and at play—which laughed when I was glad, and wept when I was sorrowful. Oh, would we both had died in those fresh bright days of innocence. I kissed his pallid lips; I looked into his eyes, but in them was no responsive glance. He was dead. I had slain him! The very thought was a burning madness in my brain. I heeded not the carnage around me. I thought not of my own wounds. I even knew not when my arm was gone. Oh, the arm that had done such a deed deserved to perish. Forgive me, Oh! my brother! How gladly would I give my life to bring back thine again! Stay, friends; do not shut out the blessed light. Let in the light. I can not see my dear mother—Fred, sweet brother, put up your sword, and let us play with flowers once more upon this pleasant grass."

And so he passed away—to join his brother, let us hope, in a land where bloom the flowers that never fade, where strifes and wars are unknown, and where the mysteries and misunderstandings of our present state are dispelled by the light that never dies.

Reverence for the childless mother's grief, as well as the many voiced call of duty, prevented my making at the moment the inquiries which thronged my mind both as to the history of this strangely sorrow smitten family, and the means by which the poor mother had come to know of her son's condition and whereabouts. I have often since tried to trace her; but the search has always been fruitless. They certainly belonged to the better class of society; and I think it likewise certain that they were Southerners. The younger brother—which I took him to be—whose sad narrative is here given, had probably resided for some time in the North, and becoming imbued with the sentiments and opinions which changed the atmosphere around him, found himself eventually in the ranks. In a word, I look upon the whole episode as one of those awful coincidences of fate which are generally thought to take place only in the pages of romance, but which a pretty wide experience has taught me to believe are by no means infrequent among the unrecorded realities of life.

An Abused Language.

It is curious to note what vulgarisms creep into the American language, even the language spoken by well educated, not to say cultured people. Just at present the ear is harrowed by a phrase, or rather a word, much used by belles who assist afternoon hostesses at that function called a "tea." "My dear," says one girl to another, "I'm invited to pour for Mrs. Commonwealth next Wednesday." "Oh, are you? Well, she asked me to turn, but I had another engagement." Heavens and earth, I think, what is the meaning of "pour" and "turn?" It was some time before the verbs and their impalled noun made a connection in my brain, and then the desire to stand these young women in a corner was so intense I retired to avoid a demonstration. The century has indeed grown old and lazy where the tongue finds so small a word as "tea" difficult of utterance. To pour tea is about as simple a phrase as can be spoken, and to drop the final word tea is to render it inexcusably vulgar. The custom at large afternoon receptions here of having two good looking girls perform this service, generally imposed on servants in well appointed houses in London, is thoroughly American, and so, too, is the abominable fault which has grown out of it.—[Boston Herald.

Kerosene Emulsion.

There is a difference between kerosene and kerosene emulsion in their effects on plants. The emulsion is an excellent insecticide, and also harmless to animals and plants. To make the emulsion cut up half a pound of hard soap and let it boil in one gallon of water. When boiling add two gallons of kerosene, but first remove the vessel from the fire to guard against danger. Churn the mixture, and a jelly will result, which will dissolve in water without the kerosene rising to the top of the water. The emulsion as recommended will answer for 25 gallons of water.

Hostess (to visitor, a Frenchman)—M. Dubois, do you like animals? M. Dubois—Yes, yes, madame! I like all so animals, ze dog, ze cat, ze horse—en fin, anything zat is beastly.—[Chicago News.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

DOWN THE FLUME.

THRILLING VOYAGE FROM THE SNOW LINE OF THE SIERRAS.

What a Log Flume Is—The Boat Used—A Narrow Escape—Tremendous Speed On an Incline—The Grand Scenery—End of the Trip.

After a slow and wearisome climb, and as it began to grow dusk, our team, tired and dusty, drove into Camp Sequoia. The flume extends from the high snow line in the Sierras to the plains, 52 miles distant. It is built of inch and a quarter planks, and at the start, where the grade is steepest, is 42 inches across the top. This width is increased, however, when the decrease in the grade necessitates a larger volume of water to float the lumber, and at the lower end reaches an extreme width of 64 inches. At each increase in the size of the flume more water must be added to the stream.

The first head of water comes from Lake Sequoia, and the supply is augmented by small streams at four different places between the mill and King's River. To preserve a fairly regular grade in constructing this flume enormously high trestles were found necessary to carry the flumes across canons, chasms, and around sharp spurs of mountains. The first 27 miles built took over 5,000,000 feet of lumber to construct, and most of this lumber had to be packed on the shoulders of men. It has taken about 9,000,000 feet of lumber, all told, to complete the flume.

But to return to the head of the flume, around which our little party of four was clustered, our spirits dropping as rapidly as the mercury during a cold snap, and our hearts seeking the seclusion of our boots. Coming down a flume when you are at the bottom and look up is a very different proposition to going down a flume when you are at the top and look down. Stories of former trips that resulted most disastrously flashed through our minds. If it had not been for the crowd of onlookers that stood around ready to cheer if we started, or jeer if we didn't, we would have backed out, one and all. There was no help for it, and with a last despairing look at the beautiful bright world around us that we were leaving—perhaps forever—we solemnly climbed into the flume boat and shook hands sadly with those that were not going.

The boat that was to carry us down the flume resembles nothing so much as a hog trough with one end missing. The flume being built V shape and at a right angle, the boat is constructed likewise, but at what would be the bow end of an ordinary boat there is no end at all, it being purposely left open in order to provide means for the water that backs up into the boat to escape. On examination we found our boat to be 16 feet long with a 14 inch plank running the length of the boat, thus making a false bottom, to raise us from reach of the water. On this plank rested four small wooden stools, one for each of the party.

After taking seats, with many misgivings and balancing ourselves, the order to cast off was given, the spikes holding our frail craft to the flume side were pulled out, and our craft shot on with the current on its journey to the plains. The sensation was exactly as if the bottom had dropped out of the universe and we had dropped with it.

"Watch out!" yelled the man in front, throwing himself back on the man behind him.

It was just in time. The sudden shock threw us all flat on our backs and the boat "zipped" under a projecting beam that would have decapitated the whole outfit. Cautiously regaining an upright position we took a look at the scenery around us. As far ahead as one could see stretched the flume, looking a thin, spidery thread stretching down the mountain side. On either side gloomy rocks and forest trees flashed past in an indistinguishable blur when the flume lay near the ground, but when it rose on trestles to cross some canon or ravine we seemed suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, "twixt heaven and earth."

In the meantime our speed had been increasing. Not a member of the party spoke a word, but in dumb amazement held a firm grip to the seat. Our boat had proceeded but half a mile when immediately before us could be seen what we subsequently learned to be one of the steepest inclines of the whole course of the flume—a drop of 250 yards, with a grade of 1,200 feet to the mile. It was but a few moments when our boat was at the head of this incline. Pieces of timber could be seen on the mountain side below us, these pieces having been hurled out of the flume during their course. The sight was not very assuring to us, but there was no such thing as stopping or turning back at this stage of the journey. Holding our respective breaths, and offering mental prayers for our own safety, we consigned ourselves to our fate. The boat stopped for an instant at the head of the chute, pitched over the curve, and shot out into what seemed to be mere space.

A dim perception of fleeing forests, dashing wildly past a wall of rocks for a few seconds, the noisy wash of the waters behind us, after all of which we found ourselves at the bottom of the incline trying to regain our breath. It was short, and luckily, too. Human nerves could hardly have stood the strain much longer. Going on at a slightly reduced rate of speed, we were treated to a constant change of mountain scenery, now closely hugging the perpendicular wall of the rocky gorge, again being swept around the sharp point of a mountain on our way across wide canons, up as high as 180 feet, with only the knowledge of the frail trestlework between us and—what?

No grander view of the lower Sierras could be experienced than that which we had as we swept on through space. The alternating views of deep gorges, high cliffs, timber clad mountain heights, combined with the novel means of transportation, robbed the journey of all weariness.

Finally we reached King's River, and our course now lay parallel with the stream and about the same grade. Our boat proceeded steadily, but with none of the occasional rapidity we had experienced in the higher mountains left behind. After having "flumed" about 27 miles we came to the suspension bridge across King's River. But even 52 miles of flume come to an end at last, and the speed becoming tame and slow in comparison with the early part of the trip, with the aid of several men at work "herding" on the flume our frail craft was safely brought to a standstill, and we climbed out on the trestle and stretched our cramped legs. A few moments later, with the aid of a 30 foot ladder, we reached terra firma, our strange cruise ended.—[San Francisco Examiner.

THE WHITE, WHITE ROSE.

O Georgia girl, with the storm-black eye,
Don't you mind long ago when the troops marched by,
Down the quaint old town of Maryland.
The sorry little lad in Stonewall's band?
'Twas a beautiful eve of a blue June day,
In his tattered cap and jacket of gray;
You stalled, but you pressed the sun-brown hand
Of the sorry little lad in Stonewall's band.

O Georgia girl, with the hanging hair
Of russet and gold in the sundown air,
Don't you mind that rose from the borderland
That you gave to the lad in Stonewall's band?
'Twas a white rose, white as rose could be,
And you stood 'neath the leaves of a maple tree,
A queen all crowned. 'Twas a beautiful thing,
And the lad on the chestnut horse was king.

O Georgia girl, with the tripping feet,
Don't you mind that house on the great big street?
And the ball that night, and the banner-decked hill?
For a bold old rebel was Dr. McGill!
Oh, the waltz, and the seat on the winding stair,
And the storm-black eyes, and the red-gold hair,
And smile, ah! smile like the noontime sun,
O Georgia girl, was it all for fun?

O Georgia girl 'twas a sweet farewell
To exchange for the burst of shot and shell
At Gettysburg. But the gold-red hair,
And the eyes and the smile with the rose went there.
Safe under the stars of that flaming cross,
But the bullets made merry with the chestnut horse.

O, Georgia girl, 'tis a long time ago;
Still the seasons come and the roses blow.
There's the white, white rose, and the rose that is grand,
But none like the rose from the borderland.
'Tis a long time ago. Ah! sad are the years,
And broken the lute that was swept in tears;
Shattered the spear and crumbled with rust;
Tired are the feet with the battle-dust;
But the white, white rose the dews still unfurl
For the sorry little lad, from the Georgia girl.
—[William Page Carter, in The Century.

"The Labor Question."

It is the unwillingness of the wage earner, and even of the capitalists often, to recognize the length and breadth of this labor question, which is to-day compelling, the workpeople in Europe and America to try to meet the issue by antagonistic action, when the only way out of it is through a large cooperation between producing nations, in which the principle of "live and let live" is openly followed. This point is brought out in the comments of the English press on the proposed labor commission for Great Britain. It is not legislation so much as a proper knowledge of the conditions of each industry, and especially of the situation of the same industry in different countries, which determines what is best to do. For this reason, none of the English papers expect much directly from the appointment of a labor commission. Its chief value will be that it will give a fresh study of the facts, and that it will bring the leaders of business and of industry together to discuss practical questions, so as to find out the truth about them, and to frame methods of action which will tide over existing difficulties without legislation.

What is wanted is intelligence on both sides, the willingness to accept the economic truth as a fundamental and regulative principle. The demands of a large proportion of the wage earners at the present time would ultimately wreck and ruin the business corporation or house which should grant them. It is not so much the unwillingness to yield as the impossibility of yielding and continuing in business which weighs upon employers of labor. The present industrial movement is advancing to the point where both parties must accept the truth as it exists, the truth for the laboring man, and the truth for the capitalist, not a compromise, not one party taking advantage of another, not legislation binding both parties where they need to be free, but the truth of the whole situation as it affects industries in general and the economic and commercial principles on which our modern life is based. The English labor commission, if it should work in this spirit, will accomplish something worth while, and in this country, where such a commission seems impossible, we must work our way out through discussion and experiment until both parties are prepared to take broader views, and each is willing to see the situation from the point of view of the other.—[Boston Herald.

Blood From a Tree.

Throckmorton county, Texas, possesses a natural curiosity in the shape of a large wild peach tree which, when cut in any part, exudes a sap almost the exact color and consistency of fresh blood. Botanists have confessed themselves at a loss to account for the peculiarity which they are unanimous, however, in ascribing to some coloring matter absorbed from the soil in which it grows and which is, in all probability, the correct way of accounting for it, as cuttings from the tree planted elsewhere invariably fail to develop the same peculiarity. The people at large, however, are disposed to look upon the tree as something uncanny, and as many as a dozen stories, all more or less bloodcurdling, are poured into any visitor's ears concerning it.

It is said that no negro will pass within half a mile of it at night for any sum that can be offered. The tree is a splendid specimen, and has obtained a greater size than is usual in its species. It belongs to J. R. Love, a farmer of the vicinity, who has been obliged to surround it with a high fence to protect it from injury at the hands of curiosity seekers, who have hacked it for the sake of obtaining a sight of the sap.—[Philadelphia Times.

Lake Superior to Be Utilized.

Since the organization of a company to utilize the water power of Niagara Falls an Englishman has organized another company to employ the water power produced by the fall from Lake Superior at Sault Ste. Marie to Lake Huron. It is estimated that 200,000 horse power are running away without an equivalent. It is proposed to build two canals—one on the Canadian side and the other on the United States side—the canals to be five miles long and 1,000 feet wide. It is expected that sufficient power will be obtained from these expensive races to furnish innumerable industries.

Mamma—You naughty girl! You've eaten every cookie there was on the plate. I told you you might have three. Little Edith—Yes, but you didn't tell me which three. So I had to eat all to be sure to get the right ones.—[Boston Transcript.

His Only Course.—Gimlet—The old man said last night I was the worst clerk he ever had, and if I came round again he'd have the porter fire me. Auger—Well, what did you do? Gimlet—Do? What would any gentleman do? I handed in my resignation.—[New York Recorder.