

# The Carbon Advocate.

INDEPENDENT—“Live and Let Live.”

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Are you a subscriber to the paper you are now reading? If not, it will cost you but \$1.00 per week to become one, and then you can tell your neighbor that you will neither borrow nor lend.

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.

## GREAT Closing Out BARGAINS! Koch & Shankweiler.

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Tweed Suits, Formerly \$12.00 Now \$9.00  
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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 new 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.

## We are Offering Special Prices in

## Light Weight Dress Goods,

## H. GUTH & SON.

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## SULPHUR BITTERS

### THE GREAT German Remedy.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

For those who are suffering from the various ailments of the stomach, liver, and bowels, Sulphur Bitters is the only remedy that will cure them. It is a powerful purgative, and will cleanse the system of all impurities. It is also a powerful tonic, and will strengthen the system, and give it the power to resist disease.

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### Professional & Business Cards.

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### LOVE.

You tell me that you love me, And that all life seems dear, That sunlight is a shadow, Except when I am near. You put your hand on mine, dear, With whispers soft and sweet, And lay your hopes and wishes, Your life all at my feet.

### More Sinned Against Than Sinning.

Meg rushed out of the lateful abode which had been her only home, out into the windy autumn evening, and ran for the river, stopping once or twice to listen for sounds of pursuit; but she heard only the moaning of the gale and the wash of waves upon the banks below.

In a few moments she reached the river, and loosed a small boat from its moorings.

Drugging it to the water, and wading in knee-deep, she scrambled aboard and began to pull with long, steady strokes down the stream.

The waves were wild, but wind and tide both being in her favor, she made good headway, heedless of her dripping skirts and uncovered head with the black tresses blown all about it.

Two hours later, wearied by her exertions, she saw a great brig bearing down toward her.

Fortunately at this moment the moon rose clear from the cloud wreck and shone full upon the boat.

She shouted with ner strong, young voice, and waved her hands wildly in the air.

Then as the vessel swept closer a rope was thrown to her, the boat drawn alongside the brig and she was soon on deck, uncomfortably conscious of the curious group of men who stared at their unexpected visitor.

"Who are you—what brought you on the river so late?" queried the captain.

"The girl hesitated and looked about her.

A little apart from the group of sailors stood a young man whom she rightly guessed to be a passenger.

Her great, wild eyes appealed to him. Stepping forward he spoke gently and gravely.

"Do not fear, child. Tell us where you belong and why you are here."

"I am from upriver," she replied, "I have no home. At the place where I lived the people were wicked and cruel. I was in fear of my life and ran away. I want to go to some city and get work."

"What is your name?" "Margaret—Meg."

"Have you no other?" "She looked at him slyly for an instant and then added:

"Steele."

He did not show his suspicion that this was but an assumed name.

Her youth (she seemed about sixteen) and her friendless appeal struck strongly to the tender side of Richard Winthrop's nature.

When he went ashore at P— he took the girl with him, and was driven in a carriage to his mother's home, a fine old place on the outskirts of the city.

Mrs. Winthrop took Meg in rather doubtfully, and gave her some light duties to perform about the house.

As the days went by Meg showed such aptitude, such intelligence, that the elder lady became greatly attached to her, and finally proposed to Richard that she should be educated and brought up like a daughter of the house.

To this Richard heartily agreed.

As for Margaret, she was not wholly happy.

A dark secret lay heavy at her heart, which she knew should be revealed unless she chose to exile herself from the house of her benefactors.

But she had grown to love them deeply.

She recalled her old life with a shudder.

scorn at her tears, and took her to his mother for the blessing, which was freely given.

For a time life went on like a happy dream.

Margaret had been wedded to Richard Winthrop three months.

They lived still at the old home. One day she and Richard were sitting in the library, the long windows which swung outward on the veranda.

It was June, and the apartment was scented with the fragrance of roses from the garden.

Meg was busy with some light needlework, when she became conscious of a shadow across her lap.

She looked up.

There at one of the windows stood a lithe, slender, dark-eyed, evil-browed man watching her with a sneering smile.

With a wild scream she sprang into the furthest corner of the room, and stood there trembling in every limb and staring at him with distended eyes.

"So I have found you at last, my little demon," the man said, as he stepped through the window.

"What do you mean, you insolent scoundrel?" shouted Richard, delaying his progress by a heavy hand upon his shoulder. "Get out of my house!"

"Softly, my fine gentleman," returned the other defiantly. "My wife must go with me."

"Your wife?" The stranger nodded grimly and pointed Margaret.

"Yes, my wife, Meg," Richard lifted his fist, but Margaret screamed and rushed forward to grasp his arm.

"It is true, Richard—what he says, I am his wife, God help me! But I thought she was dead!"

With that she broke out into wild and pitiful weeping.

The man swore a great oath.

"Yes, she thought she had killed me—the young wild-cat! Get your duds and come along with me."

Meg dried her tears and turned a jagged face toward Richard, who had fallen into a chair and sat with his head in his hands.

"Try to forgive me," she said, brokenly. "I could not help loving you, my life had been so hard and cruel, and you were so heavenly kind."

"I was only a poor wif, as I have at ready told you, left at the door of that old house up the river."

"I grew up there in a den of outlaws. They married me to this man when I was little more than a child."

"More than once I tried to run away, but he always brought me back."

"That night when you befriended me they were all angry with me because I would not help them to rob an unsuspecting traveler who had put up there for the night."

"Shut up, Meg!" snarled the man, grasping her by the arm.

She turned upon him with a sort of fury in her eyes, and he shrunk back half in fear of her.

"Because I refused," she went on again, addressing herself to Richard, "this man, my husband, came at me fiercely with a knife and caught me by the throat."

I struck him with all my strength upon the temple, and he dropped to the floor.

I had not meant to kill him, but they said he was dead, and I supposed he was.

In the confusion I escaped unnoticed.

I should have confessed all this before—I have been weak and wicked, I know; but I could not bear to see you shrink from me, and I have tried to make myself worthy of you."

Her voice faltered and broke.

She took a dark hat and shawl from a chair.

"Good-by, Richard," she said—"good-bye, happy home!"

She was gone.

Richard started up and rushed wildly after her, calling her name, but she only turned at the gate and waved him back, and then went on down the road through the June sunshine, with that swaying, evile figure beside her.

A year later Richard was riding through a little country hamlet in another state.

He looked old and haggard.

And he stood with clinched fists, denouncing her with his eyes.

How pale she was! How sweet and womanly! And the baby—

He looked at it doubtfully as it slept, with one fat little thumb thrust contentedly into its mouth.

"He is yours, Richard," she said, softly, yet with some apprehension.

"Have you come to take him from me?"

"Mine!" exclaimed Richard, like one in a dream.

"Yes, do you not see that he has the Winthrop features? And see—"

She drew the man's hand down beside the baby's.

On each wrist was a tiny red birthmark, in shape of a cross.

"He is three months old. Is he not a splendid boy, Richard?"

Richard knelt by the cradle, his emotion too great for words.

Meg went on gently:

"And best of all, there is no shadow on his birth, for I was truly your wife. That man, Darke, tried to force me to return with him, but I would not. I found employment for my needle and for my pen, and finally engaged a lawyer to look into my alleged marriage with Darke. It proved to be a sham ceremony, performed to bind a poor ignorant girl. But I could not return to you, Richard, for I was not his wife. Darke is serving a life sentence in prison for his evil deeds. I have kind friends here who were good to me when baby was born—I am supposed to be a widow. I can earn enough for my modest wants with my needle and my pen. But the baby, Richard; you will not take him from me yet?"

But Richard was upon his feet, and his arms were about her.

"I shall take him home at once, Meg," he said. "I shall take my little son and his mother home!"

She shrunk away.

Oh, no, Richard. I have wronged you too deeply already. Think what my life has been."

But he only folded her the closer.

"But, child, you have been more sinned against than sinning; but you are my beloved wife, thank God for that."

August.

On Saturday we entered the last month of summer, August, which in the old Roman calendar was called Sextilis, or the sixth month of the year, which began with March. Julius Caesar made it thirty days in length, and Emperor Augustus, when he conferred on it his own name, took a day from February and added it to August, giving the month 31 days, in order that it might not have fewer days than July, named in honor of his illustrious predecessor. It is usually a very hot month. The mythological representation of August is that of a naked man, with ragged, streaming hair, holding up to his mouth with both hands a drinking horn, while at his side are a bundle of peacock's feathers, a heap of melons, and a large drinking vessel.

Studying the Blooming of Flowers.

Phenology is the term proposed for a study of the periods of blooming in flowers appear with tolerable regularity—so much so that floral calendars have been based on the fact, and various days and church festival days because of blooming at special fixed times. The snowdrop for instance, is known in Catholic countries as "Purification flower," from its blooming on the fourth of February, the festival of the Purification. Our St. John's-wort is so named from its first opening on St. John's day, and so of other flowers. In our climate, however, phenology will not have much show as a science, except as it may show the unreliability of these times of flowering. There are, at times, a month of difference between one season and another, and sometimes a flower that blooms the earliest of all one year, will be far behind others in another year.

HOW TO MAKE A WIFE UNHAPPY.

See your wife as seldom as possible. If she is warlike and cheerful in temper, or if, after a day's or a week's absence, she meets you with a smiling face, and in an affectionate manner, be sure to look coldly upon her, and answer her with monosyllables.

If she forces back her tears, and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gaze in her presence, till she is fully convinced of your indifference.

Never think you have anything to do to make her happy, but that her happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices; and when she has done all a woman can do, be sure you do not appear gratified.

Never take an interest in any of her pursuits; and if she asks your advice, make her feel that she is troublesome and importunate.

If she attempts to rally you good-humoredly on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but frown her into silence.

If she has faults (which without doubt, she will have, and perhaps may be ignorant of, never attempt with kindness to correct them, but continually obtrude upon her ears:

"How good a wife Mr. Smith has!" "How happy Mr. Smith is with his wife!" "Any man would be happy with such a wife!"

In company, never seem to know you have a wife; treat all her remarks with indifference, and be very affable and complaisant to every other lady.

If you follow these directions, you may be certain of an obedient and heartbroken wife.

There are some 11,745 soldiers' graves at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo. Santa Barbara, Cal., boasts of a hotel waiter who can take an order for dinner in seven different languages.

There are 636 authorized guides in the Alps. Six of them are over 70 years of age.

In Amsterdam now it is the fashion to announce a broken engagement of marriage.

The agate symbolizes health and long life; the garnet constancy and fidelity.

Blood Poisons.

Is very liable to follow contact of the hands or face with what is known as poison ivy, especially in hot weather or if the body is perspiring freely. The trouble may continue for a time, only to appear aggravated from what opportunity offers. The great purifying powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla thoroughly eradicate every trace of poison from the blood, as the cures it has accomplished conclusively show. It also cures scrofula, salt rheum and all other eruptions arising from impure or poisoned blood.

Italy has raised the duty on petroleum.

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, Neuritis, 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 Coughs, Croup and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents at Thomas' Drug Store.

The fly-spider lays an egg as large as itself.

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. Good! they are 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.

The latest invention is a bill-posting machine.

If Sufferers from Consumption.

Coughs and Colds will try Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medicine 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 ailments. Trial bottles free at Thomas' Drug Store.

Beaver houses are not as plentiful as they used to be.

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shroat, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to say that the New Life Bible has done for me. My sins were sadly covered, and my parishioners thought I could live only by the grace of God. I look to the King's New Discovery and am sound and well, giving thanks to God."

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Penny Cough and Consumption Cure, says: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am a confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, Croup, and all other ailments of the throat, lungs, and bowels. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousands of sufferers is to give them the King's New Discovery, at my own expense. Free trial bottles at REBER'S Drug Store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00.

Ohio has the greatest number of pensioners, 57, 087.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, itchy humors, chafes, burns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no cure given. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by REBER'S druggist.

The tongue of a giraffe is nearly a foot and a half long.

Have we any truly great men at the present day? Some doubt it, and ask to be shown the modern Washington, Franklin, or Webster. However this may be, of one thing we are sure, there never was a greater blood-purifier than Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A Milwaukee (Wis.) grocer can sleep ten days at a stretch.