The Carbon Advocate.

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☞ *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 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.*

"Nothing keeps a stingy man from stealing but the risk of the thing.

It costs more to be proud than it does for everything else put together.

Africa is now completely encircled by submarine cables.

Politicians that kin lie and won't lie air gittin skeerce every year.

Kind words never die, unkind words don't die either.

A man named Sledge was arrested recently for swindling. He struck hard luck.

SERIOUS DANGER.

How the human system ever recovers from the effects of the nauseous medicines often literally poured into it for the suppositive relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments, is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic, would oftener be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is a searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing, in consequence of its basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local bitters and stomachic often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

Chicago cabinet makers now want eight hours, $2, and weekly payments.

Popularly called the king of medicines—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It conquers scrofula, salt rheum and all other blood diseases.

If tombstones were always reliable, the devil would soon be willing to put out his fire and quit.

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.

Uncle Sam jist aint afeared of nobody, that's what.

Make a Note of It!

Read it over and over again, spell it out and sing it, until it is indelibly fixed in your mind, that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is an infallible cure for chronic catarrh of the head, with all its distressing complications. Impaired taste and smell, offensive breath, ringing noises in the head, defective hearing, nose and throat ailments, are not only relieved, but positively and permanently cured! This is no fancy of the imagination, but a hard, solid fact, proven over and over again, and vouched for, under a forfeiture of $500, by its manufacturers, the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Denmark proposes an international union of machinists and blacksmiths.

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.

Pensions is a powerful argument in favor of patriotism.

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.

Five-cent savings banks are proving a great success in a number of Western cities

Fat offices inspires patriots with confidents in this country.

How to get a Handsome Husband.

"When'er some lucky Indian maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
"Muska!" cried they altogether:
"Muska!" you shall have a sweetheart—
You shall have a handsome husband."

The handsome man always admires the beautiful woman. Then simply make yourself beautiful. Remove all blotches, pimples, "crowfeet" and other signs of turkey tracks" from your features, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a tonic to the nervous, circulatory and procreative systems. Its use brings roses to the cheeks, and sparkle to the eyes. Take it, and you will, like the Indian maiden, find a "red ear" in good health, an omen of future happiness. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

The thing to do is to get education before you wear out your brains in trying to understand it.

SPECIMEN CASES.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stock man, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man". J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: Electric Bitters is just the the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at Reber's drug store, Lehighton; and Biery's, Weissport.

New York jockeys organized. They want $500 on winning a stake race, $25 for ordinary, and $10 for losers.

WILL BE GIVEN AWAY.

Husbands too often permit wives, and parents their children, to suffer from headache, dizziness, neuralgia, sleeplessness, fits, nervousness, when by the use of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine such serious results could easily be prevented. Druggists everywhere say it gives universal satisfaction, and has an immense sale. Woodworth & Co., of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Snow & Co., of Syracuse, N. Y.; J. C. Wolf, Hillsdale, Mich.; and hundreds of others say "It is the greatest seller they ever knew." It contains no opiates. Trial bottles and fine book on Nervous Diseases, free at Thomas, Lehighton; and Biery, Weissport.

Nine women out of ten would rather have you praise their judgment than their beauty.

HOW I SUFFERED.

I have been a sufferer from catarrah for years. Having tried a number of remedies advertised as "sure cures" without obtaining any relief, I had resolved never to take any other patent medicines, when a friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm. I did so with great reluctance, but can now testify that after using it for six weeks I believe my self cured. It is a most agreeable remedy—an invaluable Balm.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Ave, Brooklyn.

It looks as though there are some things that the devil could learn from a hypocrite.

There is no better medicine for family use than Ayer's Cathartic Pills Their sugar-coating makes them easy and even agreeable to take, and as they contain no calomel or other injurious drug, they are perfectly safe for patients of any age.

Of quaint proportions is a silver match box disguised as a huge pea pod.

CAPTIVE BALLOONS.

THE IMPORTANCE THEY MAY HAVE IN NAVAL WARFARE.

Interesting Experiments Made by the French Authorities — Observations That Were Made at a Height of 1,500 Feet.

A recent dispatch from London states that German military aeronauts have gone to the island of Heligoland to experiment with captive balloons, with a view to making use of them for naval purposes.

The idea of employing balloons for purposes of reconnoissance at sea originated with the French navy. The successful trials on land of captive balloons for army use led to the experiment being tried of utilizing them for service on board ship, and the French naval authorities instituted a series of practical experiments in 1888 with this object in view.

The first captive balloon with which experiments were made was of the ordinary spherical shape, and was made of Chinese pongee silk, covered with several coats of waterproof lacquer. This balloon was manufactured at Chalais Meudon, just outside of Paris, at the works of the Central Aeronautic establishment, where the war balloons are made. It was inflated with hydrogen gas and held captive by means of silk rope about 1,500 feet in length. In order to accustom the sailors to handle so large an object in the narrow and confined space offered by a ship, a platform was erected in the park of the manufacturing grounds of the shape and form of a ship's deck, with mast and rigging complete, and on this deck the men were exercised.

Everything being in readiness, the balloon and fittings were placed on board the gunnery ship L'Implacable and then inflated. The ascent from the ship at anchor on a calm day was successful in every way. The officers who went up reported that they had no difficulty in making out with the aid of telescopes not only the movements of all the vessels visible to their extended horizon, but that they could even discern their nationalities and the courses they were steering. All the information obtainable from their lofty station the officers transmitted to L'Implacable by means of a telephone, the wires of which were stopped up alongside of the rope that held the balloon captive.

The practicability of perfectly communicating between a captive balloon and a ship at anchor being thoroughly established, the French government proceeded to try the efficiency of such a mode of obtaining information from a ship under way. To accomplish this the balloon and apparatus were placed on board another ship, L'Indomptable, selected because she had very little rigging to interfere with the balloon on deck. The vessel then steamed out from the roads at a moderate rate of speed. The day was clear and calm. Long after the big black hull of the armored ship had sunk below the horizon of those watching within the harbor the balloon remained plainly visible, and to the observers in the balloon the harbor and the shipping movement remained in sight for a long time.

Further trials were continued on board the flag ship Formidable, and are thus described: "Several officers of the ship made ascents and ascertained that in clear weather all the details of the coast from Marseilles to the extreme point of the Islands of Hyeres were plainly visible, and that no building nor ship for 20 to 35 miles round could escape the notice of an observer in a balloon." These observers also reported that they could see vertically downward toward the bottom of the sea to a depth of nearly 100 feet, the water from their height appearing transparent.

In the exercises described the behavior of the balloon was all that could be desired. Going at the speed of 10 knots, with quite strong winds, the Formidable found no difficulty in towing the balloon with nearly 200 feet of line. To finally demonstrate this fact the balloon was made fast to a torpedo boat that towed it with perfect ease with 200 feet of rope for two hours, in which time 21 miles were made.

This is as far as captive balloon experiments on board ship have been carried. There are many uses for balloons at sea if they can be cheaply and easily made and handled, and the Germans intend thoroughly to go into the matter.

A Pretty Fellow's Attire.

A century and a half ago the dress of a pretty fellow was a matter of constant study and care. Embroidered coats, laced waistcoats with gold worked button holes, and black velvet breeches, were his delight. For the last mentioned garments black velvet was for years the extremely fashionable material. In describing a beau a satirical writer of the time says, "In black velvet breeches let him put all his riches;" and another satire of the same time puts the unanswerable question, "Without black velvet breeches, what is man?" Fine Mechlin lace to adorn the shirt bosom and wrists, red heeled shoes with brilliant buckles, and gold clocked stockings rolled up over the knees, were also essential parts of the costume of the pretty fellows. Perukes with very long queues were the fashionable wear. They were heavily scented and powdered;

"Mix with powder pulvil,
And then let it moulder away on his shoulder."

Not only the peruke, but the whole attire was heavily scented. Musk, orange flower water, and civet shed their fragrance on the air. In the fob of the laced waistcoat was a gold watch. The macaroni of a latter day was accustomed to carry two watches, which seldom agreed—"one to tell him," as Walpole said, "what o'clock it was, and the other what it was not." A sword and a snuff box were necessary parts of our beau's equipment. A hilt adorned with rich filigree work, and an elegant sword knot with gold tassels, set off the weapon that no pretty fellow was ever man enough to draw.

There is a grate future for the nutmeg.—New Orleans Picayune.

toat 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.

BACK INTO THE CRYPT.

M. MATHIAS'S STRANGE RUSE TO TEST THE FIDELITY OF HIS WIFE.

When they heard of the death of M. Mathias in the little city of Lyre-sur-Ys, there was a feeling of great surprise. A man scarcely 40 years old, robust, straight as an arrow, married only two years to a young and charming girl he adored, all exclaimed, "What a mischance!"

Naturally, now that M. Mathias was dead, they only discussed his virtues while living. He was no longer called a skinflint and miser. They even forgot the story of his famous marriage, which was not at all to his credit. Only a few recalled the vague dislike this great man had always inspired with his sly, treacherous ways, or the strange stories that, rich and retired from business, he employed his leisure hours in concocting and manipulating poisonous drugs, with which he experimented upon dogs and animals. But now these are idle tales. He is dead. Peace to his soul.

In carefully reflecting upon his death, was it so very extraordinary? Evidently M. Mathias had a presentiment of his demise. He had but lately constructed a family chapel in the cemetery, which awaited his remains. Moreover, for a long time he had appeared unquiet and restless, wandering around his house as if suspicious of mysterious robbers. For whole weeks he would shut himself up in his laboratory, and the chimney would roar and flame all night. "Premonitory symptoms of cerebral excitement," said Dr. Dabarre, "which will suddenly end in fatal apoplexy."

Well, to be brief, M. Mathias had a magnificent funeral. Scores of the population attended him to his last resting place. But I must confess there were many dry eyes. When the great oak coffin was lowered into the crypt of the funeral chapel it seemed truly monumental. Two men of his size could have slept in it easily.

On returning from the funeral, everybody was saying, "I wonder what the charming widow of M. Mathias will do?"

Now, to tell the truth, M. Mathias was not dead at all.

Two hours after the ceremony you could have witnessed a strange scene in the underground vault, where the bier had been placed.

A little sharp sound was heard, like the click of a spring; the coffin opened like a cupboard. M. Mathias raised up, stretching like a man just awakened from sleep.

A dim light from a grating in the upper part of the wall enabled you to see M. Mathias step from his coffin and rub his legs, which were a little cramped. Otherwise he felt very well, very comfortable, indeed. The narcotic potion he had swallowed, after careful measurement, had produced the exact effect he desired. They had believed him dead, had buried him; so far, so good.

For a long time M. Mathias had taken every pecaution in preparing for this event. The vault in the chapel had been constructed with the most wonderful ingenuity, workmen had been brought from Paris to build it, secret places arranged for suitable clothing, eatables, and a few bottles of good wine, cool and fresh, as you may well suppose.

By this time M. Mathias realized that nothing hollows the stomach more than being buried; so comfortably seating himself on his coffin, he complacently ate his rations and drank to the future.

Now it is time to explain why M. Mathias is six feet under ground of his own free will.

As always, there is a woman in the case.

M. Mathias, formerly a druggist, enriched by pills and cataplasms, had fallen in love with the niece of the receiver of taxes for the city of Lyre-sur-Ys. He quickly proposed to the young girl, and she as quickly refused him, which rendered him as madly in love as an imbecile—pardon—as a man 40 years old who had never been in love before. Treacherous and dishonest by nature, he inveigled the receiver of taxes into a plot so skillful the unhappy man at the end of the year, knowing the government coffers were not intact, seriously contemplated suicide. Then M. Mathias appeared as a savior, imposed his little conditions, and the niece sacrificed herself for the uncle who had always been as a father to her, although she loved and was fiancee to a young notary of a neighboring city.

She, unhappy victim, submitted to all the consequences of this unfortunate marriage. But M. Mathias had the conviction that she hated him; from that it was easy to believe she deceived him; and this suspicion soon degenerated into positive monomania.

His wife never went out, no one ever visited the house. No matter, M. Mathias felt that only his own obtuseness, his want of finesse, prevented him from discovering her infidelity.

Then this luminous idea surged in his brain. He would similate a journey, not to Havre or Versailles, like the husband in a comedy, but a longer journey, from which it was far more difficult to return. But he would return, safe and sound, one of these nights and confound his unfaithful spouse.

He had given himself three days to remain in the grave. Thinking of his nearly consummated plan with great satisfaction, he comfortably retired to rest in his coffin.

The third day was nearly ended. M. Mathias was becoming restless, and impatiently waited for the cemetery clock to strike 11, the hour he had appointed.

His plot was well arranged. The walls of the cemetery adjoined his property. He would dress himself all in black, a spectral druggist, take his winding sheet to throw around him while in the grounds through respect to the locality, pass through the gate, go straight to his own house, and then—he would see.

M. Mathias made his toilet; all things being in readiness, he pushed aside the stone which closed the vault, climbed to the upper chapel, opened the door, and was outside with his winding sheet under his arm. He unfolded the great white cloth and tried to throw it about him; it was heavy, he missed the mark, and was struggling to adjust it when he was startled by a voice behind him saying: "Let me assist you."

Now, to be found in a cemetery at midnight trying to put on your own shroud is not a pleasant position, so you can imagine how disagreeable the surprise was.

The one who spoke was Father Grimbot, the guardian of the place, an old original, well known to all the surrounding wineshops. He approached M. Mathias, looking at him with a pleasant smile.

"How! is that you, M. Mathias, already?"

M. Mathias, very much embarrassed, tried to distort his features, thinking a sinister appearance would rid him of this troublesome fellow. But no, Grimbot gave him a benevolent pat on the shoulder, dexterously arranging his shroud.

"I have just come from my tomb," said M. Mathias in a sepulchral voice.

"Ah, that is plainly to be seen," interrupted Grimbot; "but you are in a greater hurry than the others."

M. Mathias never stopped to listen, but walked off with long strides on the tips of his toes, like a phantom. Grimbot, marching by his side, continued: "Yes, the others never came out so soon—always waited a month or two."

M. Mathias turned suddenly upon him, waving his winding sheet in the air. "Go," he cried in a hollow voice; "leave me; this is sacrilege."

"There now," said Grimbot, becoming fatherly, "I won't worry you; you only want to take a little promenade, like the others."

M. Mathias, very much annoyed, went straight on, disdaining to reply. He saw the entrance to the cemetery just in front of him. Being a man of precautions, he had some louis in his pocket. "Say no more," said he, holding out the pieces of gold. "Give me the key."

Grimbot drew back a step. "The key—you want the key. Well, that is a fancy."

"Four guineas," groaned M. Mathias, extending more gold.

Grimbot pushed aside the proffered handful, and said:

"You know, now that you are out of the chapel, I will not oppose your taking a little walk like the others."

"The others? What others?"

Grimbot made a sweeping gesture. "The dead."

"The dead! What dead are you talking of? I am living, don't you see?"

"Bless my soul, this is a good joke, but I am a jolly fellow. Come and take a glass with me." His hand fell like pinchers on the wrist of M. Mathias. He dragged him to the little building where he lodged, and pushed him into a room on the ground floor.

M. Mathias was actually dumfounded. Grimbot closed the door, took a bottle from the table, filled two glasses, and holding one up said, "Your health, M. Mathias."

"Listen to me, my good man. You love a joke; that's all right. Only there's a time for all things. For personal reasons I allowed myself to be interred, but now I want to go out. It is a serious affair. I will pay you well; you shall not lose by it."

Whilst he spoke, Grimbot turned away from the table and placed his back against the door.

"You talk well," he sneered. "Ah, you are not the first one. I have heard them talk like that before, you see. I love my people. Every night one or two of them come and take a glass with me. Yesterday it was the notary Randal—you know him well, he is your neighbor; the one with the broken column on his grave. Day before yesterday it was Mme. Claudine, a beautiful woman. Ah! I am a good fellow. I allow them all to come out and take the air."

M. Mathias turned pale. Grimbot spoke with such perfect sang froid, the firm responsibility of a functionary not to be influenced. He was a broad shouldered, thick set fellow, with the hands of a guerrilla, his eyes burning with a smoldering fire. M. Mathias shuddered. This man was evidently mad, filled with strange hallucinations. He believed his cemetery was peopled with returned spirits, and held high carnival with those phantom beings every night. He lived in a fantastic world created by his drunken imagination, and actually confounded the living with the dead.

M. Mathias begged, prayed, protested, finally became coaxing. How could the intelligent Grimbot mistake him for a dead man? It was absurd.

"Come," said Gambot in a decided tone, "Enough of this. Be reasonable and return."

"Return where?"

"To your place in the angle of the third division."

"What: to my tomb? Never!"

"You will not? Well, we will see."

M. Mathias looked at those enormous hands and shook with fright. He glanced around, seeking some way of escape; only one, the door, and before it stood Grimbot like a buttress. No matter, he must pass it, at any price. He made a rush.

Grimbot coolly stretched out his open hand and seized the throat of his aggressor. M. Mathias, gasping and struggling to be free, hung from the end of those sinewy arms, his legs dangling, his body writhing in convulsions. The clutch of those enormous hands tightened—a gurgling, sinister sound—then all was still.

Grimbot, who had seen so many others, threw him across his shoulders and carried him with the firm and dignified step of the faithful guardian to the chapel, cast him into the crypt, replaced the stone with a turn of his foot, then continued his way across the tombs, muttering:

"He will not come out of there again soon. Not if I am here."

And thus the charming widow of M. Mathias was able to marry the one she had always loved.—[Translated from the French of Jules Lermina by M. E. B.

The Corcoran Art Gallery, of Washington has bought a large pastoral painting by G. S. Truesdell, called "Going to Pasture." It is 7 feet by 5, and shows a French peasant girl leading a flock of sheep to pasture in autumn.

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In all your life you certainly never seen anything in this city that could or can surpass our new fall exhibit, either in price or style. The prices are as varied as the patterns, and both must be seen to be appreciated, so come and see our exhibit.
FURNITURE!
Beautiful, varied, complete and cheap, was overhead the other day while a lady was looking at our fall exhibition of Furniture. It must be seen to be appreciated. Prices are marked down to the lowest notch. Come and see us.
KEMERER & SWARTZ,
NORTH FIRST STREET,

FALL INVOICE OF
Beautiful New Queensware
At our popular Bazaar, surpasses any and everything ever shown in this town, and includes everything in our line at such a range of prices as astonish everybody. Come and see us and take advantage of the positive bargains that we now offer purchasers.
Hummel's Queensware Bazaar,
FIRST STREET, LEHIGHTON

J. L. GABEL'S
—IS HEADQUARTERS FOR—
GENERAL HARDWARE.
Paints, Varnishes, Glass,
ALL KIND OF COAL, &c
OPS. PUBLIC SQUARE,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa

AMOS REIGEL,
OPPOSITE L. & S. DEPOT,
FIRST STREET, - - LEHIGHTON, Pa
Has just opened an entire new line of
LADIES' FINE DRESS GOODS!
Comprising all the very latest styles in **White Goods, Sateens, Prints, Ginghams, Marseilles, Seersuckers and Fancy Dress Patterns** of the very best qualities at exceeding low prices.
Groceries, Provisions, Crockeryware, Glassware. Wood and Willowware of the best makes at low figures.
Cloths Cassimers, Hats, Boots, Shoes and Ready-made Clothing in great variety and at prices with the reach of all purchasers—prices fully as low as the same goods can be bought for at any other general store in this vicinity.
Carpets, Oil-cloths, Lamps and ixtures in great variety and of best quality at Rock Bottom Prices.
Best quality of **Flour and Feed** at prices fully as low as the same articles can be purchased elsewhere.
All goods of the very best quality and are being sold at prices equally as low as the same goods can bought at any general store in this section. Call and be convinced. Respectfully,
July 823-71 AMOS REIGEL.

Ely's Cream Balm for CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

"New Millinery Bazaar."
The ladies of this city and vicinity are invited to call and see the most fashionable line of new and seasonable millinery goods ever exhibited in this town now on display in our Bazaar of style and fashion. Careful attention will be paid to the wants of our patrons and satisfaction will be guaranteed in every particular. While our prices are very low you will find our goods to be the very best and we will merit your confidence and patronage by always furnishing the most fashionable millinery at the very lowest prices. Respectfully,
Mrs. M. A. Halpin,
Wieand's Building, Bankway, Lehighton.

Get Ready for the
Grand Fair and Festival
UNDER THE ADSPICES OF
Lehigh Lodge, No. 292, B. of R. R. T.,
—IN—
Gabel's Hall, Lehighton,
—ON—
Friday and Saturday, December 11 & 12.