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"INDEPENDENT"—"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

VOL XX. No. 39. Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., August 27 1892. $1.00 a Year in Advance.

Reading R. R. System.

Lehigh Valley Division.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 15, 1892.

TRAINS LEAVE LEHIGHTON

For Newark and New York 5.38, 7.46, and 11.4. a.m.; 3.06, 5.32 & 7.26 p. m.

For Manunka Chunk and Belvidere 5.38, 6.216 9.00, a. m.; 12.52, 4.37 and 7.26 p m.

For Lambertville and Trenton 5.38, 9.00 and 11.12 a. m.; and 12.52 & 4.37 p.m.

For Slatington, Catasauqua, Allentown, Bethlehem, and Easton, 5.38, 6.41, 7.46, 9.06, 9.54, 11.12 a. m.; 12.52, 2.45, 3.06, 4.37, 5.22, 7.26 and 10.21 p m.

For Philadelphia and points south at 5.38, 6.47, 7.46, 9.54 and 11.12 a. m.; 2.45, 3.06, 4.37, 5.22 and 7.26 p. m.

For Reading and Harrisburg 7.46 and 11.12 a.m., 4.06, 5.22 and 7.26 p.m.

For Brownsdale, Lehigh Gap, Cherrytree, Lauer's, White Bale, Coplay, and Hokendauqua 5.38, 6.47, 9.00 a.m & 11.12 a. m.; 12.52, 2.45, 4.37, 5.22, and 10.27 p. m.

For Mauch Chunk 6.36, 7.45, 9.36, 11.18 and 11.52 a.m.; 1.10, 2.07, 4.10, 5.15, 7.17, 8.39, 9.32p. m. and 12.00 Night.

For Weatherly and Hazleton 6.32, 7.43 9.36 and 11.33 a.m.; 4.10, 5.15, 7.17, 10.34 p.m.

For Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Ashland 6.32, 7.43, 9.36 and 11.33 a.m.; 4.10, 5.15 & 7.17 p.m.

For Mt. Carmel and Shamokin 6.32, 7.43 and 11.33 a.m.; 5.15 p. m.

For Pottsville 6.32, 7.43, 7.46, 9.36 11.12 and 11.33 a. m.; 2.06, 4.10, 7.17, and 7.26 p.m.

For White Haven, Wilkesbarre and Scranton 7.43, 9.36 and 11.33 a.m.; 4.10, 5.15, 7.17 and 10.34 p. m.

For Pittston and L. & H. Junct., 7.43, 9.36, and 11.33 a.m.; 4.10, 5.15, 7.17 and 10.34 p. m.

For Tunkhannock 7.43 and 11.33 a. m.; 4.10, 5.15 and 10.34 p.m.

For Owego, Auburn, Ithaca and Geneva 11.33 a.m.; 10.34 p.m.

For Lacrville, Towanda, Sayre, Waverly, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and the West 11.33 a.m.; and 10.34 p. m.

For Elmira and the West via Sahanoy at 4.32 p m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

For New York 6.07 and 11.11 a m.; 5.17 and 7.26 p. m

For Philadelphia 7.57 a. m.; 3.57, 5.17 and 7.26 p. m.

For Easton and Intermediate Stations, 8.07, 7.57, 11.17 a.m.; 12.07, 3.55, 5.17 and 9.07 p. m.

For Mauch Chunk 8.16, 8.36, 11.45, 11.28 (1.28 a. m.; 3.08, 6.15, 5.44 and 9.53 p. m.

For Reading at 6.07 a. m.; 3.57 and 7.26 p. m.

For Hazleton 8.36, and 11 53 a.m.; 3.08 and 10.54 p. m.

For Mahanoy City and Shenandoah 8.36, 11.53 a. m., and 3.08 p. m.

For Pottsville at 3.32 p. m.

For White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Tunkhannock, Towanda, Sayre, Ithaca, Geneva, Auburn, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and the West 10.54 p.m.

For further particulars inquire of Agents for Time Tables.

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C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.
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May 14, '92. 1y

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oct. 3, 1891

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Filling and making artificial dentures a specialty. Local anesthetics used.
Gas administered and Teeth Extracted WITHOUT PAIN.
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Consultations in English or German
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Henry Drumbore, Prop'r,

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June 18, '92-1y.

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Liberal Minded Physicians Endorse Them

As being the Greatest Discovery of the Age. Positive cure when used in accordance to instruction, in diseases heretofore so-called incurable. Diphtheria, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, congestion of the brain, the result of sunstroke, apoplexy, and locomotor paralyzed restored to their natural condition. Spine, hip and bone disease cured. Rheumatism sciatica, neuralgia, Bright's disease of the kidneys, liver complaint, dysentery, and so-called heart disease are entirely cured by pure medicine of my own preparing.

During nine years over 16,000 persons have used these medicines and are living witnesses of their worth. I will not go into practice myself, being over 75 years of age, will sell my medicines only. I have five eminent physicians connected with me to attend to calling at the residences of the sick if required.

TESTIMONIALS.

NEWTOWN, Feb. 17, 1891.

Dear Sir—To those suffering from Spinal trouble, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Heart Diseases and Rheumatism, I would highly recommend Prof. Boudrou's remedies; I was a sufferer of these complaints for years at times; was hardly able to move; could not straighten myself. The pain and agony was inexpressible. Doctored with several physicians for years; found but little relief, not permanent, until I was cured by his medicines. He is unsurpassed; would highly recommend Prof. Boudrou's liniment and medicines to all sufferers.

Respectfully yours
M. J. Vanartsdalen,
Newton, Bucks co., Pa.

NEWTON, Feb. 17, 1891.

PROF. BOUDROU.

Dear Sir—Allow me to write you a testimony of your medicine. I can say to all those suffering with alimentS of my description, would recommend Prof. Boudrou's medicines. Had pain in my stomach for a long time, suffering can hardly be described by words, deprived me of sleep at nights; would be awake suffering with pain for hours at a time. Doctored with several physicians, their medicine would for awhile relieve me, but would soon lose their effect; by using Prof. Boudrou's remedies have been entirely cured; would recommend his remedies to those suffering with similar complaints.

Respectfully yours,
J. M. Vanartsdalen,
Newton, Bucks co., Pa.

Office and Laboratory open daily from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. Call or write to

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O. C. DORNEY, Prin.

Please mention this paper. 6-27-6m

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering several years with a severe lung affection, and yet dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address,

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn, New York. apr. 25, '92-1y.

J. A. PHILLIPS,

—DEALER IN—

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in Aaron Snyder's new block, at the Eastern end of the Lehigh Bridge, in the BOROUGH OF WEISSPORT, where all orders for Job Printing will be expeditiously and cheaply executed.

Subscriptions for the Carbon Advocate also received and receipted for.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Propr.

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THE GREAT

German Remedy.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

For those dreadfully Bilious spells depend upon SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

Do you suffer with that tired and languid feeling; if so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and work shops; 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Leave orders at Sweeny's, Koch's or Leibengath's.

The Robert's Safety Lantern,

J. E SCHOLL, agt.,

Lehighton, Carbon county.

It is Self Lighting, Non-Explosive, with a Self Wick Regulator.

Just Right for Railroad Men!

Price—Plain, $1.50. Nickle, $2.00.

Don't buy any other until you have seen this popular lantern.

The Celebrated

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Guaranteed full Length.

The very best Shingle in the Market, Manufactured by

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who will do your work at Reasonable Rates.

RESIDENCE, UNION HILL, EAST WEISSPORT, PA. oct. 24, '91.y1

To Contractors and Builders.

The undersigned announces to Contractors and Builders that he has now opened his stone quarry, at Beaver Run, and is prepared to supply

Building Stones

in any quantity at reasonable rates. He also keeps a supply at his residence on SECOND STREET, to supply immediate demand.

HAULING of every description, promptly attended to.

Also, constantly on hand a full supply, of the best brands of

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Livery and Exchange Stables.

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JOHN REBRIO, Proprietor.

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SAMUEL GRAVER'S

Popular Store, Bank Street.

Roofing and Spouting a specialty. Stove repairs furnished on short notice Reasonable!

FANCIED EXPERIENCE OF A WORLD.

A little world inhabited by men
Had swung for ages round its central sun,
Until its people came to know all stars
Within their range of vision.
Each they named and weighed and measured,
Computed with their spectroscopes
What metals burned in this and what in that,
Until their wise men thought they knew it all
No wonder was there but they told its law!
All things from nebulæ they formed,
And all reduced to system,
Until they lost all sight of God
And said he was a principle
Held helpless in the grasp of changeless laws
Which he as well as others must obey.

The future of their race was all laid out
By these wise scientists, and cut and dried,
Until one day God laughed at the little fools
And sent his messenger to fetch them.

Then from out a distant part of space,
Never conceived by that puny world,
A roaring comet of stupendous size
Rushed with a sweep illimes indescribable,
And passing close, within some million leagues,
Lashed with its fiery tails that nancy world,
And, sucking it away from its old sun,
Whirled it, as in derision, through the void,
And dragged it flaming past some thousand stars
For all to wonder and to marvel at;
Then flung it far out into vasty space,
Where no sun was, where no light came,
And there it turned into a blackened ball
And froze till God found better use for it.

—New York Sun.

SHE LACKED A PENNY.

How a Lady With a Bank Account Had to Act as Newsboy.

There are some things more embarrassing than to simply be without money, says a New York paper. One of these is to be a Harlem lady down town with four cents. Nine miles from a seventh floor nest and short one cent is worse than Sheridan 20 miles away on a thoroughbred horse. A lady who lives in Harlem and is accustomed to spending her small change in contiguous shopping districts found herself in this unfortunate predicament a day or two ago. She didn't make the discovery until she had reached the platform of the elevated railroad to return home—then she almost fainted. She had purchased an evening paper as she came up and was short just that one cent. She had overtraded. The amount was small, but the deal was quite as disasterous in her case as if she had been short 300 shares of Reading when the coal combine got hold of it. She felt through everything composing her costume likely to contain money, and added and subtracted and multiplied and divided, but only the four cents remained. Conscious of the scowls of the cold, synical gateman and the curiosity of those who noticed her at all, she modestly withdrew from the stair, not however, before a gentleman lifted his hat politely and inquired if she had lost anything.

"N—no; oh, no!—thank you" she had replied confusedly, and got away.

She was neither good looking nor young. It is painful to admit this, but it is necessary for the truth of history and to show why she didn't go right along through and have a dozen gemen to assist her. Being neither good-looking nor young and accustomed to the seclusion of Harlem, she was exceedingly timid of the world that roars and seethes in lower Broadway. It was after 4 o'clock, and a few acquaintances she could think of had gone home, she felt certain. When she paused at the bottom of the elevated steps her knees knocked together so violently she could hardly stand up. Her first thought was the boy who sold her the paper—perhaps he'd take it back.

"Awe! what are ye given me?" said the boy when this was suggested.

"I'm giving you the paper, if you'll give me back that cent—I n-need it to go home and"——(Oh, the humiliating confession!)

"Rats! Come off yer perch now, old woman! I ain't no chump!"

"Old woman!" Gracious heavens! All for one cent, too—and she with a bank account and a husband with a bank account and three children with a bank account. It was dreadful, but she was desperate. If this boy wouldn't take back the paper she would have to beg one cent of somebody, and that—oh, dear! Such horrible people do that every day and nobody would believe her! So she pleaded with the boy to buy the paper.

"Here—give me a paper!" said a man of the crowd gruffly shoving a cent into her hand. He had just come along and caught at the first paper extended as he made for the stairs; but as he put the penny in her hand he noted, half blindly, that the hand was white and soft and the fingers wore handsome rings. He had reached the second step before this got lodgment in his busy brain, and then he looked back and said:

"Well, I'm dashed! I didn't know there was so much money in the newspaper business!"

The poor, blushing lady, clutching her cent, hurried across to the other stair and reached home to fall into hysterics when she told her husband. And he, the brute, almost has hysterics every time he tells of it.

Irish Wit.

An Irishman told his friend that he had defended him against the abuse of his enemy.

"What did the scoundrel say of me?" said his friend.

"He said you are not fit to carry garbage to a bear."

"Did he? I am glad you were there to defend me. What did you say?"

"Why, of course I contradicted him in the flattest terms and silenced him in a minute, for I declared that you were."

"Pay me the six-and-eight-pence you owe me," said an Irish attorney to one of his clients.

"For what?"

"For the opinion you had of me."

"Faith, I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

An Irish girl told her forbidden lover she was longing to possess his portrait, and intended to obtain it.

"But how if your friends see it?" inquired he.

"Ah! but I'll tell the artist not to make it like you; so they won't know it."

"Now, Patrick," said a judge, "what do you say of the charge? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Faith, but that's difficult for yer honor to say, let alone myself! Wait till I hear the evidence."

The world is full of people who are always looking for a sledge hammer to crack a peanut.

The greatest of all duties is the present one. You can't do business for eternity on a credit basis.

Many lives contain whole chapters of goodness, not a word of which is ever put on a tombstone.

All men are alike when it comes to death and dollars.

A man is a cat, and the people too often shut him up in the same room with the ostnry.

A FALSE PROPHECY.

Would be prophets tell us
We shall not reknow
Them that walked our fellows
In the ways below!

Smoking, smoldering Tophets,
Steaming, hopeless plaints!
Dreary, note-eyed prophets!
Poor, skin pledging saints!

Knowing not the Father,
What their prophecies?
Grapes of such none gather—
Only thorns and lies!

—George Macdonald in Cosmopolitan.

ETYMOLOGY MADE INTERESTING.

The Origin and Curious Evolution of Some English Surnames.

A magazine article by Sir Herbert Maxwell presents in a very readable form the derivation of a number of common names. It will be news, for example, to many of our readers that Snooks was once known as Sevenoaks. Some persons are not aware that Elizabeth is to be accounted an uncouth form of Isabel, which was formed from Isabeau on a false supposition that Isabeau was masculine. Eliza, it is stated, is not a shortened form of Elizabeth, but is the equivalent of Alice. Marion, we know, is in line with Marie, Mary and Maria.

Patronymics have been much multiplied through pet names. The Saxons formed pet names by adding to the original name—often abbreviated—kin and cock, and the Normans introduced et and ot, en and on. From William we have the pet names Will, Wilcock, Wilkin, Willett, Willey, Willamot, Willes, Bill and Guill (Latin). From these we get, in order, Williams, MacWilliam, Williamson, Wills, Wilson, Wilcox, Wilkins, Wilkison, Wilkinson, Willet, Willetson, Wilmot, Willing, Bilson, Gill, Gilson, Gilkins, Gilkison, Gillon and Gillott. Robert—through Robin, Dobb, Hob, Rob and Robkin—gives us Roberts, Robertson, Robins, Robinson, Robison, Probyn, Dobbs, Dobson, Hobbs, Hobson, Robbs, Robson, Hopkins and Hopkinson.

Philip gives us Pilpps, Philpot and Philpots. Richard has been distorted by affection into the pet names Rick, Richie, Dick, Diccon, Hitchin and Hitchcock. From these in turn we have Richards, Richardson, Rickards, Pritchard, Rixon, Ritchie, Richison, Dick, Dixie, Dixon, Dickens, Dickenson, Hitchins, Hitchison, Hitchcock and Hitchcox. David has given as Davidson, Dodson, Dodds, Davy, Davison, Daw, Dawson, Dawkins and O'Dowd. We have from Henry the derivations Hal, Hallet, Harry, Harriet and Hawkins.

From John we get Jack and Jenkins; from Simeon, Simkins. Thackeray's ancestor was a thatcher. Malthus got his name from malthouse and the common family name of Bacchus would be more correctly spelled bakehouse. Macpherson means parson's son. Vickers was the vicar's son. Wallace means a Welshman, and Bruce is a Norman name. Sinclair, Montgomery, Hay and Vance are, like Bruce, names derived from lands in Normandy. Many English surnames end in ford, ham (house), leaton (farm) and by (dwelling), from the old practice of naming persons after their native place. Aylesford, Grimston, Habersham and Ormsby are examples.

Winslow is from words that mean Wine's hill. From Lea we get Lee, Leigh and Legh. The Welsh Ap, son with Robert, has become Prybert. Ap Rhys has become Price, Ap Owen has become Bowen, and Ap Hugh has become Pugh. A prosperous Dublin snuff dealer named Halfpenny has had his appellation shortened, it is narrated, to Halpen, and then enlarged to an impossing McAlpin. It is interesting in this connection to know that Finn and Findlay are Celtic surnames equivalent to our White. Duff, Macduff and Dow are for Black. Glass is for Gray. Roy, Cockran and Cochrane all mean red. Our Mr. Brown is in Celtic Mr. Dunn or Mr. Donnan. Moore and Moran answer to our Bigg. On the other hand, Beggs is good Celtic for Little or Small. Olphant (elephant) is a name derived from a shop sign. The reader will perceive that many of our Christian names and surnames have had curious histories.—Baltimore Sun.

Caleb Was Pretty "Nigh."

"Ef so be't anybody ah'd ask me who I caounted was th' mout an' aout meanest man in Bridgeby, or anywhe's raound," remarked Mr. Enos James to a select audience at the village store one evening, "I'wouldn't take me long t' set forth my mind, I ken tell ye.

"I hed t' go over to Caleb Simonds' of an errand for m' wife one day last week, an Miry, she persuaded me t' set daown t' dinner along with 'en, as I'd got to go over t' Centreville b'fore I went home, an 'twas jest th' noosin.

"I hated to stay, for I knew Caleb wouldn't be much set up t' see me, an I don't never seem t' relish my food there, someways, but I was overpaowered; kind of, b' Miry, an I staid. Caleb looked all took aback t' see me when he come in, but he tried t' appear cheerful.

"When I see that pooly, slim lookin little Follett gal come in I was sorry fer her, t' think what kind o' nourishment she'd most likely took in while she was boardin aout her time there!

"I ain't goin t' find no fault with th' food, fer I partook of it an filled up as well as I could. But ef ye'll b'lieve me, when we was half through with th' meal, sech as 'twas, Caleb casted his eye up t' th' clock an says he, 'Well, Miss Follett, I see your boardin time here is aout nuow ye've hed half y'r dinner, but I cal'late t' be lib'ral as c'd be expected, an I shan't begredge ye, ef ye eat posty nigh th' same amaount as usu'l.'

"O' course," concluded Enos James in a burst of indignation, "she never eat another maouthful! Caleb Simonds may hav his good p'ints, but he's jes' a grain too nigh f'r me t' see what they be!"—Youth's Companion.

He Knew the Woman.

A few years ago the writer was on a train on an Indiana railroad, and in front of him sat a woman in deep mourning. When the conductor came through she told him that she had no money nor ticket, that her child was lying at the point of death at Elkhart, and that she was trying to get to it. She begged and entreated the conductor to carry her to that point, where, she said, she had friends who would pay him well for his trouble.

"You must pay your fare or get off the train," said the conductor bluntly.

"You certainly will not be so inhuman as to keep me from reaching my dying child?" said the woman as the tears came to her eyes.

The conductor reached for the bell-cord as the engine whistled for a small station. The passengers began to grow indignant, and there was talk of a collection to pay the woman's fare, when the conductor, taking the woman by the arm, said in a loud voice: "This woman is a spotter. Seven years ago she caused the discharge of several conductors on the Lake Shore road, to whom she told this story and who carried her free. I regret to say that I was one of the conductors, and I do not propose to be caught again."

Without a word the woman got up and left the train when it stopped, and the indignation of the passengers melted away as she disappeared.—Indianapolis News.

"Gentlemen," said one worthy nobleman, who loved to use the Devonshire dialect, "I wish to propose a toast; and that there is this here, 'Fox hunting!'"

"Contagious diseases," says the old philosopher of the Canebrake region, "is sometimes gen'ly always ketchin."

A PERIL OF THE SEA.

It was the second "dog watch," from 5 to 8 o'clock in the evening, and the crew of the bark Beatrice were gathered upon the main deck, indulging in that ever pleasing pastime of sailors, yarn spinning.

The vessel was homeward bound from Rio Janeiro after a very prosperous voyage.

Darkness was approaching as the chief officer rose to his feet and cast a searching look about the horizon. When his eyes roamed toward the west they rested for some moments on a small bank of leaden clouds which seemed to be working up from the water.

"Ah, we'll have a change of wind before midnight, and, if I make no mistake, it will bring nasty weather with it."

"We're nearing Cape Hatteras and must begin to look out for squalls. You might clew up and furl the light sails so that we will be prepared for whatever comes. If it looks too bad give me a call, I'm going below."

The second mate with his men sought their bunks to have a few hours' needed rest, while the chief officer, with his portion of the crew, took charge.

The seaman who came aft to relieve the wheel was a mere lad in years, but as skillful a mariner as any on board and a prime favorite with all, as could be seen by the kindly tone of the mate's voice as he addressed the youth.

"Watch her close, Harry, my son. If we have a shift of wind it'll come quick, and we don't want to get taken aback."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the respectful reply of the boy as he laid his hands on the spokes of the wheel.

Copper hued, feather shaped clouds now began to chase each other across the starry canopy of heaven.

As the gaze of the helmsman alternated between the compass, the sails and the horizon, he was alarmed to see away upon the starboard bow something that appeared like a heavy black shaft, reaching up from the water, in the shape of a tunnel, until it met another similar in formation which seemed to drop from the skies.

"There's a spout, sir," he said to the mate.

"Aye, aye. I've been looking at it. It's a heavy one too. As they always work to wind'ard, I'm afraid she'll come uncomfortably near. Keep the vessel's head nor'west for awhile and I'll speak to the skipper. I'd rather he'd be on deck when those fellows are about."

Obeying the order, Harry threw the wheel over, and the bark swung off until the dangerous column of water seemed to be a little forward or amidships.

Mr. Gorham, the officer, hurried to the companion way and called:

"Captain Bruce, there's a heavy waterspout making down upon us. Perhaps you'd like to take a look at her."

"Aye, aye," came a voice from the cabin, and the next instant the master was on deck.

He took one hasty glance at the danger impending, another at the compass, before he said quickly, "Let her go west," then shouted: "Check in the yards about four points to port. We must work out of its course. I will get my rifle; if it comes too near I will try to break it," and with that he hurried below.

The wind, which up to this moment had been reasonably strong, now died out to a "stark calm."

The sails were trimmed, but the headway of the vessel was slackening, for she had lost her propelling power.

The speed of the terrible volume of water power which was approaching them was not checked, and when the captain reappeared on deck with rifle in hand the heavy black clouds hung over the vessel like a pall, and the whirl of the angry, seething element was borne to the ears of the frightened and horrified seamen as they watched the outcoming of the merciless circling shaft!

Quickly the weapon of the commander was brought to his shoulder, and was instantly followed by a flash and report. Then came the deluge.

Tons upon tons of water, mingled with sand, fell upon the deck, which threatened to submerge the vessel and crowd her down into the frightful vortex which yawned close under the stern. Sails and spars hung a wreck from aloft, while skylights and bulwarks were crushed like eggshells in the grasp of a giant.

This latter calamity, however, proved to be a blessing, as it allowed the vast volume of water to flow freely off into the sea.

Harry had been knocked senseless over the wheel and there lay more dead than alive.

But the captain! Where was he? His voice was silent.

The second mate, who with his watch had been below, rushed affrighted from the cabin through the after companionway.

"For God's sake, what has happened?" he exclaimed. "Have we been in collision?"

But he received no answer, for there was no one to reply.

By the feeble light of the stars, which now began to twinkle forth, the officer observed the boy where he had fallen, and casting a hasty glance at the pallid features of the lad was convinced that he was past all hope of recovery.

The second mate, then crawling along the starboard rail to the "break of the poop," looked down upon the main deck, and to his horror, saw several bodies washing back and forth among the wreckage, to be swept, one after another, out through the rifts in the bulwarks.

"Are you all dead?" he at length found voice to exclaim. "Am I left alone?"

But he was instantly gladdened by a reply from forward, "The starb'd watch is safe, sir."

"Thank heaven!" This louder the second officer called out, "Take a look at the long boat, and if it is not stove, cast the lashings adrift, and make ready to launch her. We may have to leave this bark."

In a few moments the welcome response came back, "She is all right, sir."

"That's good. Hold her ready until I sound the pumps and see if we have sprung a leak." He hurried to his room and secured the sounding rod and line; as most of the water had now rolled off from the main deck he succeeded in reaching the pump.

Quickly dropping the iron down the tube until it reached the keelson, he soon drew it up again.

"Six feet of water in the hold," he exclaimed. "She'll go down under us. Launch the boat"—and as he again hastened to the cabin, this time to procure what provisions might be handy, one of the men announced:

"The main hatch is stove in, and the cargo is all a-wash."

This report had the effect of accelerating the officer's movements, and seizing what few catables were at hand in the pantry he hastened to join his shipmates, who had succeeded in getting the boat afloat without damage.

Fearing to be in too close proximity to the bark when she should founder, they pulled rapidly away in the darkness, and as day broke they found themselves alone upon the ocean, but ere the sun was an hour high the black smoke of a steamer was descried upon the horizon, and before the great luminary had reached the zenith they were safe on board a large vessel which was bound to Baltimore.

The captain heard their story with feelings of sadness and extended to the shipwrecked mariners all the hospitality that lay in his power. When the steamer reached port the news of the loss of the Beatrice was flashed from city to city throughout the continent, and many were the hearts made sorrowful by the terrible tale.

But did the bark founder?

About an hour after the second mate had so hurriedly abandoned the supposed sinking craft, the boy, Harry, began to return to consciousness. Slowly he raised his head and looked around.

The night was clear now, but strange sounds fell upon his ear. It was the thrashing and chafing of the tattered sails and broken yards that still hung from aloft.

Tottering to his feet, the lad became aware that he was suffering most intense pain about the body and limbs, but as he took a few steps he was overjoyed to find that no bones had been fractured and the pain was only from external bruises.

As the youth was endeavoring to recall the terrible scene through which he had passed, he heard a feeble moan issuing from the port side of the after house, and staggering to that portion of the vessel he was delighted to see the beloved form of his benefactor, the captain, who was vainly striving to drag himself along the deck toward the wheel.

As the master looked up he murmured feebly:

"Ah, Harry, my boy! Has the good Lord spared us?"

"Yes, sir. But I do not know how many more are left."

"Go and see, boy, go and see. Some may be suffering and need assistance."

"But you yourself, sir; can I not do something for you, sir?"

"Never mind me. Look to your shipmates," was the brave reply, though the master with difficulty suppressed his groans.

Obeying the order Harry searched the vessel, but returned with the mournful reply that they two were alone.

"Well, my lad, we must do the best we can," was the response of the captain.

When morning broke the practiced eye of the captain discovered the absence of the long boat.

"Go forward, Harry, and see if the craft has been stove in or launched clear."

The boy hastened to obey, and returned with the report that the lashings had been cut.

"Thank heaven!" murmured Captain Bruce. "Some of our companions have escaped and have taken to the boat fearing that the bark would founder."

All through the day the captain and the lad strained their eyes in search of a sail, but none appeared to gladden their sight, and again night enshrouded them in gloom.

Upon the fourth morning Harry, who was early astir, startled the captain by calling:

"Come on deck, sir. There is a large towboat not more than five miles away."

"Set the ensign union down. It will not do to let him pass us."

The boy had no need to display the signal of distress, for the sharp eyes of the captain of the tug had espied the bark long before the youth had seen the steamer.

As the rescuing craft rounded up under the stern of the Beatrice, the windows in the pilot house went down, a head protruded and a voice called:

"How many of you are aboard?"

"Only two, sir!" replied Harry.

"Are you able to lend us a hand in getting a line out?"

"No, sir. We are too badly bruised," returned