ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Carbon Advocate

PRINTED EVERY SATURDAY BY

The Morthimer Publishing & Printing Company.

—LIMITED—

OFFICE—Beller's Block, North First Street, Lehighton, Pa.

This Paper has been accepted at the Lehighton Post Office as Second Class Matter.

OUR ADVERTISING RATES.

Local and Reading notices to take run of paper 5c per line for each insertion.

Executors' Administrators' and Auditor and Divorce notices $1.00

Cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, and similar notices one time $1.50.

Local notices of entertainments, suppers, festivals, fairs, dances, and all entertainments designed to make money 5 cents per line, unless job printing has been done for the same at this office.

Display advertisements, five inches and over, $4 per inch per annum.

Subscription price $1.00 when paid year cash or $1.25 if not so paid. This rule will hereafter be strictly enforced.

Terms—Transient advertising and job printing cash; yearly advertising payable quarterly.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1893.

Our Circulation 1504

DR. KREAMER's election as county treasurer is assured.

LEHIGHTON's borough council should make an effort to have the arc light for street illumination. We should get a move onto ourselves.

THE District Attorney would like to see the credentials that were handed to Chairman Cassidy from Lansford borough. "Me, too" says the Grand Jury.

HARRY SCHWARTZ will be Carbon county's next Register and Recorder. He is well equipped for the duties of this office. He can speak both English and German and is just the man for the place.

Now would be the accepted time for "Bushy" Maloy to tell what he knows of the Lansford primary election when he was a candidate for the Legislature. Your great friend Gov. Pattison, would be proud to learn how you carried the day, "Bushy."

THE Grand Jury of last Court did a grand work. They unearthed a gigantic fraud in Lansford. It was a crime against free government. "Let no guilty man escape," should be the cry of every honest citizen of Carbon county.

THE report is that one of the election officers indicted for ballot-box stuffing at the last Democratic primaries was a criminal, convicted not long ago in Schuylkill county of a grave offence. Did Chairman Cassidy know this when he appointed this man?

THE OFFICIAL duties of County Commissioner are of a very responsible character. No one will deny that in the way of business ability, honesty and integrity John O'Donnell and M. T. Trexler are not fitted for the great duties of this office. This being so they should both receive the unqualified support of every Damocrat in Carbon county.

IF THERE was nothing crooked about the Lansford borough credentials why were they withheld from the Grand Jury, and why are they withheld from the District Attorney? One thing is certain, men were returned elected as delegates who were not elected, and their names appear in the returns made to Chairman Barber by Chairman Cassidy. What does all this mean? Chairman Cassidy as an honest man should hand over these credentials at once to the District Attorney so that he may investigate the rascals and the rascality!

THE EFFORT of the Mauch Chunk Democrat and of the Lansford Record to raise the race issue as the motive of our exposure of Mister Mickey Cassidy and his questionable political tricks is as babyish as it is rediculous. It would make no difference to us whether Cassidy was Irish, German, French, Pole or English it is the duty of good newspapers to know the people unfaithful leaders and demagogues and we intend to do it, regardless of either or both of the above newspapers which are apparently controlled and subsidized by the Honorable Mister Mickey or Michael Cassidy which ever you please.

TURN ON THE LIGHT.

The action of the Grand Jury in finding true bills against the ballot box stuffers of Lanxford, is an official approval of the refusal of the last Democratic convention to accept their credentials. The Grand Jury made every effort to get the bogus credentials, but they were not successful. The list of delegates handed to Chairman Barber is in the handwriting of Mr. E. B. Enbody. Presumably he got the names from county chairman, the Honorable Michael Cassidy. The rules require that the list of delegates shall be made up by the county chairman from the credentials handed to him. Now the question is, where are the credentials of the Lansford ballot-box stuffers? Will the Hon. "Bushy" Maloy, or the Hon. Michael Cassidy or Mr. E. B. Enbody, secretary, please tell the public where they are? They must know.

This is a sorry business for somebody. Tampering with the ballot-box is a crime against society of the highest kind. This is not the first time the ballot box has been stuffed in Lansford. It is now high time that the offenders are brought to justice. Every good citizen should interest himself in this matter. Tampering with the ballot-box in Carbon county must be stopped—the ballot box stuffer must go!

A MAN WORTHY OF SUPPORT

The Easton Call of last Sunday said: The Democratic convention of Carbon county that nominated a county ticket also declared its unanimous preference for Allen Craig, Esq., for president Judge. Mr. Craig was thus made the candidate of his party in Carbon county and he was entitled to receive the support of the Democratic newspapers and Democratic organization of the county. But instead Mr. Michael Cassidy, the chairman of the Democratic county committee, announced his intention to bolt his county's choice, and the Mauch Chunk Democrat took down Mr. Craig's name.

Cassidy and the Democrat can give no valid reason for this desertion of their county's candidate, except that in past political fights Mr. Craig had not been ranged on their side. Mr. Craig is well qualified for the high position to which he aspires. He is acknowledged to be a sound lawyer and an honest man, whom any consistentous citizen could support. He is a man in good health, which Judge Storm is not and is therefore better fitted for judicial duties than Monroe's candidate. Besides Monroe county has had the president judge for upwards of twenty years. If ever a man was worthy of the united support of his party in his own county that man is Allen Craig in the present contest, and only the meanest and most contemptible pretty factional spirit robs him of that."

LOOKING BACKWARD.

The Hon. "Bushy" Maloy is just now very ardent for the election of Judge Storm of Monroe. He has even bolted the nomination of Carbon to accomplish this. "Bushy" was not always so much in love with Storm of Monroe county. Here is an extract from the Lansford Record of the 14th, of June 1890. It is in the elegant phraseology of "Bushy."

"The Mauch Chunk Democrat is indignant, and justly so, because Brother Storm has handed the Monroe county conferees over to Congressman Mutchler. As the Democrat hints, it is useless to send conferees if men like Storm can make a nomination in advance of the conference. Carbon county has no person to blame for the loss of a Congressman but Mauch Chunk politicians."

"For some unaccountable reason they have for years been handing over the favors of the Congressional, Senatorial and Judicial districts to Stroudsburg and in return they get nothing but kicks from Monroe. Monroe must have thirty years of Judicial life; she must have two Congressional terms to Carbon's one, and Monroe is not willing to concede Carbon's right in the Senatorial fight. And who is to blame for all this? A few so-called statesmen at Mauch Chunk. Boys in the primer class of politics could not manage things worse."

Will "Bushy" take the trouble to look up his paper and see if we are correct in the quotation?

Now here we have this libeler of that good man, Judge Dreher, protesting Monroe must not have "thirty years of Judicial life"; yet, in three years there after, he bolts his ticket, eats his own words, and advocates the election of Judge Storm, Monroe's candidate, and seeks to give her thirty-three years of Judicial life!

"Bushy" thou art in truth a chameleon and thy name should be inscribed beside that of Judas.

English Livings.

There are about 14,000 livings in England and Wales. Of these nearly 7,500 are in the gift of the crown, Prince of Wales, lord chancellor, bishops, chapters, archdeacons, universities, rectors and vicars (as such) and trustees. About 2,000 others are in the patronage (as to 1,400) of peers and (as to the rest) of other titled persons. Although now and again a nobleman's livings are sold, and even distinguished colleges have been caught tripping in the matter of simony, it is among the remaining 4,500 livings that almost all the traffic exists. Statistics fail us here.

No doubt the majority of those 4,500 livings never come into the market, and belong to patrons who recognize their responsibility. What fraction of them have been acquired as to patronage or incumbency by means more or less tainted it is impossible to say. The "clergy list" for 1892, however, shows that there are 593 livings where the incumbent and the patron are the same person and 424 where both are of the same name. A considerable proportion of the parson patrons have, it can hardly be doubted, become patrons in order to present themselves. On the other hand, some of the 593 and a large number of the 424 represent "family livings." As to these, it would be inaccurate to say that the living has been bought for the sake of the parson, but in many cases the parson has been ordained for the sake of the living.—Contemporary Review.

Birds and Their Nests.

Some birds will forsake their nests if so much as a finger is placed within, but others, suspicious that their secret has been discovered, seek to hide them more efficaciously by admirably ingenious plans. Among the thick fern growth of a bank a wood warbler had woven a nest. The bird had evidently selected this bank because of the quantity of dead leaves scattered and heaped thereon, the tawny crispness of these corresponding nicely with the domed edifice, thereby rendering discovery almost impossible. But the fine quality of the ferns led to its detection. Tugging at the frail fronds, a kindly disposed lady scared the sitting warbler, which flew with plaintive call to an adjacent bough, and there exhibited signs of distress.

The lover of nature could not resist a peep at the cozy house, which at a glance appeared like a shapeless mass of dead leaves and grasses. Some few days after, walking through the same wood, she was again attempted to pay the little wood bird a visit. Puzzled and surprised, she could not find its whereabouts, but a few minutes' search revealed an alteration from the original mode. The cunning bird had blocked up the old entrance and covered that side of the nest with dead leaves, breaking a doorway through on the opposite side.—London Tit-Bits.

A Portiere Made of Shells.

A lady who spends her summers at the seaside has collected about a bushel, more or less, of small, almost flat, thin, yellow shells, which abound at so many points on the coast. With these she this year fashioned a portiere that is novel and pretty beyond description. Each shell is pierced with a hot wire and then strung on a delicate wire so that the narrow end of one is next to the wide end of the other. A number of strings were made in this way long enough to reach from the floor to the curtain pole, where they were securely fastened to a strip of plantation cloth of the same shade as the shells. Through the fretwork above this curtain is draped a length of sea green india silk, falling half way to the floor on the right side.

A less ambitious woman has made a curious scarf by sewing these shells in artistic confusion on either end of a length of nile green silk, putting here and there bits of golden green seaweed. A fringe is made for each end by stringing shells on green embroidery silk instead of wire.—New York Letter.

Worrying Over Trifles.

"My young friend Seth Blooty," said Colonel Calliper, "was healthy and wealthy, and he had nothing to do but to get as much enjoyment out of life as he could. For a time he had great success; then a cloud arose.

"Seth was not a tall man—in fact, he was rather short, but he had never thought anything about this one way or the other until men began to wear large plaids, and, do you know, he was greatly distressed because he couldn't wear plaids as big as some of his friends could!

"Seems foolish, doesn't it, for a man situated as Seth was to fret over such a matter as that? But I venture to say that we all know men with every reason to be happy who make themselves miserable worrying over trifles not worth a moment's consideration."—New York Sun.

A Greek peasant living on the island of Ægina recently discovered a magnificent statue buried in the ground, upon which had been a small plantation and which he had cleared. The statue was sold to a bric-a-brac dealer, who sent it to London, where it has just been bought by the British government for the sum of £6,500.

Sport Versus Amusement.

Mr. Herbert Spencer recently put very neatly the distinction between sport as an amusement and as an occupation. Dropping in at his club, he met a young friend, who invited him to play a game of billiards. The philosopher led off and left the balls in a good position for his opponent, who dexterously ran out, not allowing his companion another shot. Then the young expert naturally looked at the philosopher for the customary compliment, but the loser of the game said, very seriously, after depositing his cue in the rack, "Sir, a certain proficiency in such a sport as this is a sign of a good education of the eye, the nerve, the hand, but the mastership of billiards which you have exhibited could have been acquired only by an ill spent youth."—London Life.

LUCK WAS WITH BOTH

A HOG SELLER'S PLUCKY BLUFF AND ITS SINGULAR SEQUEL.

An Adventure With Highwaymen Who Unloaded a Miner of His Gold and Silver and Where Everybody to the Triangular Transaction Was Satisfied.

We had finished our game of whist on the train when one of the players, a red-headed man, said: "Your speaking of narrow escapes reminds me of one I had years ago in the Sierras. Buckeye House," he continued, "is a public tavern, amid the mountains of southern Pinmas county and is a lonely spot, being surrounded by dense forests of spruce and pine. On the night of June 4, 187-, I stopped there and was told by the proprietor that a highway robbery had been committed in the vicinity during the preceding day. This made me exceedingly uneasy, for I was carrying $12,500 in greenbacks into the mountains to invest in a quartz mine. The money was wrapped up in my horse blankets and stowed away under the seat of the buggy, while I had about $100 in gold and silver in my pockets.

"Shortly after leaving Buckeye the road ascends a deep declivity and then crosses a narrow, rocky, brush covered plateau. Three miles farther on I passed Palmetto ranch, an abandoned stopping place, where I again entered the dense forest that grew close to the highway. I examined my revolver carefully, placed fresh caps on it and laid it on the seat beside me ready for instant use. Nothing occurred until I reached Frenchman's mill, when as I was climbing one of the steepest parts I was suddenly stopped—so suddenly, in fact, that I had no chance to defend myself. A man sprang into the road and caught my horses by the bridles, while a second robber appeared from behind a tree, holding in his hands a shotgun at full cock. The man with the gun was a tall fellow with a squint eye and a red mustache, while the other man was short and stout.

"'Throw up your hands!' cried the squint eyed man in a harsh voice. I glanced at the muzzle of the gun and then at the revolver on my seat. 'Up with your hands, or I'll give it to you!' and the look on the robber's face indicated that he meant what he said, so I reluctantly gave up all my ideas of defense and slowly and mechanically raised my hands above my head, at the same time cursing my ill luck, for robbery at that time meant ruin to me. 'Git out and keep your hands up,' cried the tall man, 'till Jim takes yer money and yer popgun.' I got out and walked to the head of the horses as commanded and the short robber deftly examined my pockets and took what gold and silver I had, saying as he rattled the coins, 'It pays to drive hogs.'

"'Hogs!' I exclaimed. 'What do you mean by hogs?'

"'Oh, that's all right. He told us you were coming, and we laid in the brush for you,' was the response.

"I glanced up at that second and saw a murderous look on the squint eyed man's face, while his finger was on the trigger of the gun. As I was standing close to the small robber, the weapon, of course, covered us both. I gave an involuntary start, which caused the short man to look up. His face blanched white as he exclaimed, 'Take care there or you will shoot us both,' at the same time stepping back so as to bring my horse between himself and his companion's gun.

"I involuntarily followed his example, when the short man said in a low tone, 'I believe that rascal meant to kill us both. Now,' he continued in a loud voice, at the same time taking my pistol from the seat, 'you pile right in and be off.'

"I had supposed, of course, that they would search my buggy, and now that I was about to escape with my precious greenbacks my heart beat furiously and the blood rushed to my face as though I had just undergone great exertion. I hastily obeyed the injunctions of the robbers to 'drive on and keep a-going,' and as soon as I was out of gunshot I whipped up and drove at full speed until I overtook a little old man, shabbily dressed, driving a lot of fat hogs with the aid of a small dog.

"The old man looked at me with some astonishment as I drove rapidly up and cried, 'Say, did some fellers stop yer back thar?'

"'Yes,' was my reply. 'Did they rob you?'

"The old man laughed and slapped his leg and then laughed again ere he replied. 'Kinder curious how it turned out,' he said, 'but hanged if I knew any one was a-comin in a two hoss buggy.'

"'What do you mean?' I asked, for I saw nothing funny in the whole matter.

"'Why, you see, them fellows stepped out in the road, right in front of my hogs, and cried for me to stop. This scared the hogs, and they broke out in the brush. I pretended not to understand what they meant, and sending Boze out on one side I took the other, at the same time a-cussing them chaps right lively for scaring my hogs. When I got 'em all back again, I turned around and said, "Now, what do you want?"

"'Money,' cried the tall fellow. 'All you've got.'

"'Money!' and I roared so you could have heard me half way back to Buckeye. 'You don't reckon that a chap as has got to go afoot and drive hogs for a living has any money? If you want that, just stop the boss, who is coming along in a two hoss buggy, and you will get some.'

"'Get right on then,' said the tall chap, 'and we'll lay for the boss.'

"'And they got you?' continued the hog drover. 'I hope you did not lose much.'

"'A hundred dollars,' said I, 'but I got off lucky at that.'

"'So did I,' said the old drover, with a grin, 'for I sold a part of my hogs on the road and had the money with me. It was a case of sheer bluff on my part.'

"And of luck upon mine,' I answered. 'It was a narrow escape for both of us.'"—San Francisco Call.

Edison on Brain Food.

Said Edison in a recent interview: "Every man has his own ideas as to what he should and what he should not eat and what quantity of food he should partake of during the course of 24 hours.

"As a general rule, you may put it down that hustlers eat very little. I mean brain hustlers. They don't need much fuel. I eat very little."

"How much?"

The famous inventor picked up a scrap of yellow blotting paper lying before him and drew upon its rough surface a diagram. The broad brow of the thinker contracted. It must have been a difficult thing to determine just how much food substance it took to supply the system of the thinker. The result showed that Mr. Edison eats but 24 ounces of food a day.—Brandon Buckeye.

Wasted the Basting Threads Pulled.

Eating corn from the cob may not be the most graceful or dignified mode of enjoying the vegetable, but it is a method much affected throughout the country.

Observing a young lady attacking an ear in this way recently, a Brooklyn man was bold enough to make the remark, "You like your corn unshaven, do you, Miss Blank?"

"Unshaven, did you say?" replied the miss, whose teeth had just become entangled in some corn silk. "I wasn't thinking of the whiskers, but when you spoke I was wishing that they'd pull the basting threads the next time they serve it."—New York Herald.

They Can Do It.

"Is there any way to make new furniture look as though it had been made a century ago?" asked a correspondent. There is. A houseful of children will do it for you in about a week.—London Tit-Bits.

A piece of ancient wooden water pipe which was unearthed recently in New Britain, Conn., is claimed to have been nearly two centuries old.

The little town of Valeta, on the Rio Grande in Texas, is said to be the oldest settlement in the United States.

Bogus! Bogus white lead would have no sale did it not afford makers a larger profit than Strictly Pure White Lead.

The wise man is never persuaded to buy paint that is said to be "just as good" or "better" than

Strictly Pure White Lead

The market is flooded with spurious white leads. The following analyses, made by eminent chemists, of two of these misleading brands show the exact proportion of genuine white lead they contain:

Misleading Brand "Standard Lead Co., St. Louis." Strictly Pure White Lead.

Materials	Proportions	Analyzed by
Barytes	23.20 per cent.	Regis Chauvenet & Bro., St. Louis.
Oxide of Zinc	34.19 per cent.	
White Lead	6.46 per cent.	

Less than 7 per cent. white lead.

Misleading Brand "Pacific Warranted Pure (A) White Lead."

Materials	Proportions	Analyzed by
Sulphate of Lead	4.18 per cent.	Ledoux & Co., New York.
Oxide of Zinc	45.04 per cent.	
Barytes	50.05 per cent.	

No white lead in it.

You can avoid bogus lead by purchasing any of the following brands. They are manufactured by the "Old Dutch" process, and are the standards:

"Atlantic" "Bradley"
"Brooklyn" "Jewett"
"Ulster"

For sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., 1 Broadway, New York.

ROMANCE OF A NEWSBOY.

Incidents In the Career of Ex-Governor Waller of Connecticut.

Who does not know genial Tom Waller of Connecticut? Tom was for years the leading lawyer of Hartford, twice member of the assembly in the Connecticut legislature, once senator and twice governor of the Nutmeg State. He failed the third time because he immolated himself on the political altar to save Cleveland. The president rewarded his self abnegation by making him consul general at London, the richest office in the administration.

Tom Walter 40 years ago was a newsboy on the ferryboats which plied between Brooklyn and New York. There was no big bridge in those days, and the boys hovered around the ferryboats, which carried all of the human freight of the two great cities at that time. The lad's real name was Thomas Waller O'Grady, and he descended from a family renowned in Irish history.

One ancestor is the famous Baron-feather O'Grady, Ireland's greatest jurist and the compeer of Grattan, Curran, Phillips and other renowned Irish barristers. His granduncle was Thomas Standish Walter O'Grady, the bitterest Tory and hardest landlord in the good old bailiwick of Limerick.

Thomas Waller O'Grady's parents died while he was almost a child in arms. He was adopted by an old Dutch family in New York, but the restrictions imposed upon the future statesman were so irksome that he ran away and became a newsboy. Many is the time in his precarious calling in those days that young Tom was compelled to sleep in a dry goods box at night after an unsatisfactory day's labor. Tom had dropped the family name and was known by his youthful associates as Tom Waller. One day while crossing the Fulton ferry from Brooklyn to New York he met a fussy old gentleman who wished a copy of the Hartford Courant. It was the favorite paper of his native town, and as he thought away ahead of all metropolitan journals. Of course New York newsboys did not sell country papers, and Tom told him so.

"However," said the cute little fellow in a reassuring way, "I think I can get it for you." By good luck Tom had seen an old lady in the saloon reading that very paper, which he recognized by the ancient type in its headline, and he forthwith came up to the dame and offered to exchange a copy of a New York paper for the mediæval country sheet. The lady was a New Englander and ready for a bargain. She had read The Courant and had no further use for it. She thought she had made a clever deal when she exchanged the country morning paper for a bright metropolitan evening journal. Tom knew he had. When he presented The Courant to the fussy old gentleman, that dignitary gave him $1 for his pains. Then he inquired his name.

"Tom Waller," promptly responded the newsboy. The old gentleman stood aghast. It was his own name. He took down the lad's address, looked up his references and in a fortnight adopted him. He had no children, and Tom was his idol. He gave him a sound preliminary education and then sent him to Yale college. There Tom graduated with high honors. His subsequent history is too familiar to the public to require repetition.—Boston Herald.

Tricoupis and His Dog.

M. Tricoupis, who may be regarded as the foremost statesman in King George's dominions, and who has repeatedly held the office of premier, is distinguished for the store set by him on canine friendship. One day when he was crossing from the Piræus to Constantinople on board an English steamer, his dog fell overboard. Tricoupis, who was not in office at the time and a stranger to the captain, entreated the latter to stop the vessel in order that he might rescue the hound.

"Impossible!" replied the Englishman. "My orders are very strict. I dare not stop, even were it a man instead of a dog drowning."

"Good!" laconically answered the Greek, and at the same time he sprang over the ship's side and swam toward his dog, although sharks abound in those waters. The sequel may be guessed. The English captain could not resist such a spectacle of pluck, and in spite of his strict orders to the contrary he stopped the ship and saved both man and dog.—New York Tribune.

Human Imitations of Vegetables.

Referring to the fact that the human head is sometimes facetiously and irreverently spoken of as "a cocoanut," the Boston Transcript remarks that scientists have recently discovered a remarkable resemblance between the shell of the fruit and the shell of the human brain. Then it quotes a French scientific periodical to prove that there is a wonderful likeness between other human organs and vegetable products. For example, the meat of the English walnut is a close copy of the form and convolutions of the brain; plums and cherries are like the eye; almonds are shaped like the nose; the ear is brought to mind by an opened oyster and shell; in a mammoth squash the entire body may be traced; the open hand is found in growing scrub willow and celery, and the heart is seen in the German turnip and the eggplant.

The Katydid's Song.

Everybody is familiar with the music of the katydid. It is the male that has the voice. At the base of each wing cover is a thin membraneous plate. He elevates the wing covers and rubs the two plates together. If you could rub your shoulder blades together, you could imitate the operation very nicely.—Washington Star.

Long Winded.

Overheard at the Salle des Capucines during the delivery of a lecture by the famous X.:

"How full he is of his subject!" said one of the hearers.

"Yes, but how slow he is in emptying himself!" was the reply.—Intransigeant Illustrée.

Her Fears Aroused.

Mrs. Flyabout—Weren't you awfully afraid that Sunday night you had that little card party and it thundered and lightened so?

Mrs. Gofrequent—Indeed I was. I told the girls it wasn't good form and that somebody would be sure to hear of it.—Chicago Tribune.

Wall Papers, Borders, Decorations, Pictures.

For the next few months the great question of interior decoration and house painting will be the leading consideration of property owners. Let us make a suggestion for you. You want the work done right; we can do it for you at reasonable figures, or we will sell you the wall paper and decorations. Come and see; let us talk the matter over and we know that we can please you.

C. A. GOTH,

BOWER'S BLOCK, Opposite P. O., LEHIGHTON, PA.

SOUTH END LIVERY,

A. Sell & Co.,

Rear of Opera House, Iron Street.

STYLISH Effects in MILLINERY.

It is the old story. We are on top both in our large line and very low prices for

New Fall Millinery
—IN—
TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS & BONNETS

As usual you will save money if you buy of us.

Miss Alvenia Graver,
LEHIGHTON'S POPULAR MILLINER.

Consumption

That dreaded and dreadful disease! What shall stay its ravages? *Thousands say* Scott's Emulsion of pure Norwegian cod liver oil and hypophosphites of lime and soda has *cured* us of consumption in its first stages. Have you a cough or cold acute or leading to consumption? Make no delay but take

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

M. J. Hartzell,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS O'

HARNESS!

Whips, Fly Netts, Robes Blankets

And everything else usually kept in a first class store of this kind.

REPAIRING

Of all kinds attended to neatly, cheaply and promptly. Special attention paid to the manufacture of Harness to order.

STORE IN LEUCKEL'S BLOCK.

GASOLINE STOVES and GASOLINE

—AT—

Swartz Bros.,

Walp's old stand, First street,

LOWEST PRICES for the Best Goods.

PRACTICAL Plumbers & Tinsmiths.

Picnics, Festivals, Parties,

ICE CREAM

—AT—

EIGHTY-FIVE Cents Per Gallon

—AT—

Culton's

If you want the Best then Buy from us.

B. K. CULTON,

Opposite Park, Lehighton.

LEWIS' 98 % LYE PURIFIED AND PERFORATED

The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 10 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, jars, etc.

PENNA. SALT MF'G CO. Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

T. J. BRETNEY,

Blose's Old Stand.

We handle all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books and Story Papers, and we Deliver them promptly at your store, residence or office. Do you get a paper? If not please try us. Besides the news bureau we have a fine assortment of

Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, Fruits, Nuts, Toys and Fancy Goods

At the very Lowest Cash Prices.

Ice Cream!

THE BEST QUALITY. FRUIT FLAVORS.

We have a cozy parlor and will treat you courteously. Please call.

T. J. BRETNEY, Blose's Old Stand, - First Street

Now is Your Time!

---20---

Building Lots For Sale!

Don't wait, but come at once and buy one of these beautifully located lots. You will be surprised at the view they afford and the price will be sure to please you. No trouble to show you around. Call on either A. F. SNYDER, or R. J. HONGEN, East Weissport Pa

PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING,

Owen Rehrig,

Corner Second and Iron Streets.

We have severed our connection with Mr. O. F. Acker, and will hereafter do all kinds of house painting, decorating and paper hanging ourself. We will make prices on all work in our line as low as possible, while at the same time we will do only the best kind of work. We will be pleased to figure on any work that you may need and we also hope for a fair share of your patronage. We will continue on our headquarters for wall papers, Borders, Curtains, Paints and Supplies, all kinds of Stationery &c., and will kindly solict your patronage.

Owen Rehrig.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J SEPH S. FISHER,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
Office—COURT HOUSE BUILDING, MAUCH CHUNK, PA.
All business promptly attended to.

THE VALLEY HOUSE,
E. W. CLAUSS, - Proprietor,
OPP. L. V. DEPOT.
Excellent accommodation for permanent and transient customs. The Bar is stocked with Finest Liquors and Cigars.

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Also, Refraction of the Eyes or the adjustment of glasses.
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BREAD AND CAKES.
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GO TO FEE BODEKER, under the Exchange Hotel, Bank street, for a smooth shave and fashionable hair cut. Closed on Sunday's. Fresher's Hair tonic, never disappoints. Purity is stock a full line of fancy toilet articles at low and prices, and we give the only place in town where you can buy Bessler's Crutch for cripples.

ORPHANS IN AUSTRIA

THE STIGMA OF PAUPERISM NEVER CROWNS ITS HELPLESS TOTS.

It Is the Only Country In the World Where Foundlings Are Debarred From the Workhouse—Their Care Intrusted to the Refined and Wealthy.

There is only one country in the world where orphan children and foundlings are debarred from admission to the workhouse. It is in Austria, which maintains that to place the stigma of pauperism upon the poor little things is to handicap them later on in the race for life and bread, and thus to lessen their chance of ever becoming self supporting and self respecting citizens. That their reasoning is just is shown by the results. Whereas in Paris, London and Berlin the majority of children born in workhouses return years afterward to die there. In Vienna it is a most unusual occurrence for a foundling or an orphan dependent upon public charity to become in old age a charge upon the community.

In Austrian cities children of this class are boarded out in the families of workmen living in the suburbs at the expense of the municipality. But their care is intrusted, not to the workhouse authorities, but to gentlemen and ladies of leisure, fortune and respectability, who practically become the guardians of the little ones.

Their charge is a purely honorary one, and they are chosen as a rule by the burgomaster of the city or town from among the nobility, the retired magistrates, the half pay officers, the rich childless widows and wealthy old maids. They bear the title of orphan fathers and orphan mothers, and so honorable is the position regarded by the population that the mayor never experiences any difficulty in securing the services of a sufficient number of such official parents.

During the early youth of their wards the duties of these orphan parents are confined to visiting them at unexpected times and to keeping the people with whom they board up to the mark by showing them that the children have powerful protectors. Upon the official parent devolves the responsibility of deciding the special calling in life for which the youngsters show the most aptitude, the only stipulation made by the municipal authorities being that the boys should be taught some skilled labor or profession calculated to give them later on a chance of being able to support a wife and family and to lay by provision for old age. When these lads go out into the world, it is to their official parents that they turn for a character, and if evil days come to them they appeal to their official protectors for help.

It is an incalculable benefit for a boy who is just starting out in life to have a man of position to stand by him and to speak to the world in his favor, nor is there anything in connection between the two to ruffle the independence of the younger, for when once launched in life the elder stands to him simply in the relation of an old and tried friend, whose advice he may follow or not as he pleases.

With regard to the orphan or foundling girls, they are mostly trained for domestic service, which, however, they are not permitted to enter before the age of 14, and then it becomes the orphan mother's duty to investigate the character of the persons who propose to employ her, to see that she is well treated and eventually, when she marries, to find out about the man's reputation and as to whether he has the means of keeping a wife.

Usually it is from her own house that the marriage takes place, and at every turn the girl is made to feel the advantage of having a lady of rank to whom she can always appeal, who is bound to protect her, to defend her when wrongfully accused and to guard her as far as possible from evil.

Thanks to these orphan parents, hereditary pauperism in Austria has been practically stamped out, and there is much in the system that may commend itself to people on this side of the Atlantic. The condition of the pauper orphans and of the foundlings now dependent upon the public charity of this great metropolis would certainly be vastly improved and the future prospects of the little unfortunates rendered more promising were our leading citizens and their wives to follow the example of the people in similar standing in Austria, and to add a new and useful interest to their lives by assuming the honorary and honorable office of orphan parents.—New York Tribune.

A Stilt Race In France.

A French scientific journal gives particulars of a stilt race (course d'echasiers) at Bordeaux, in which Aime Martin, a young man under 20, beat the record by covering 440 kilometers (about 275 miles) in 76 hours and 35 minutes. His stilts were about 6 feet long and weighed over 16 pounds. His bare feet were not injured by the friction, and he suffered no inconvenience. Another race of portaniers—that is, women who carry burdens on their heads—was won by Margaret Pujol, 36 years of age. Her burden consisted of a basket laden with 45 pounds, and the course was 9 kilometers (about 5½ miles), which she covered in 1 hour and 5 minutes.—Exchange.

Vowel Sounds Photographed.

Professor Herrmann has succeeded in photographing the vowel sounds by speaking them into a phonograph, which reproduced them slowly. The vibrations were recorded by a microtelephone, which had a small mirror in the vibrating drum. A ray of light reflected from the mirror recorded its vibrations—that is to say, the vibrations of the vowel sounds—on a traveling band of sensitized paper.—Chicago Herald.

Theatrical Item.

Tom—I can't understand why you applaud such miserable acting?

Dick—I do it to keep myself awake.—Texas Siftings.

Cherokee Strip Indian Names.

In civilizing the Indian into a plug hat and English terminology we all too quickly forget to perpetuate him in the geographical nomenclature of the land he once so graphically christened. Of the seven new counties in the Cherokee strip, but one bears an Indian name. The others have names which are wholly commonplace, which are not associated with any incident to give them meaning, and which partake not in the slightest degree of the local tone and color of a region which has a rude but picturesque history and abounds in romantic traditions which ought to be preserved in the names of its towns and counties.—Kansas City Star