

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. VI., No. 34.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1878.

Single Copies, 3 cts.

Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.

Passengers for Philadelphia leave Lehighton as follows:
3:17 a. m. via L. V. arrive at Phila. at 6:40 a. m.
7:25 a. m. via L. V. " " 11:00 a. m.
11:00 a. m. via L. V. " " 2:05 p. m.
2:47 p. m. via L. V. " " 5:15 p. m.
4:41 p. m. via L. V. " " 7:50 a. m.
7:47 a. m. via L. V. " " 10:50 a. m.
11:07 a. m. via L. V. " " 2:05 p. m.
2:27 p. m. via L. V. " " 5:40 p. m.
4:57 p. m. via L. V. " " 8:50 p. m.
7:31 p. m. via L. V. " " 10:30 p. m.
Returning, leave depot at Berks and American St., Phila., at 8:15 and 9:45 a. m.; 12:30, 5:30, and 8:00 p. m. ELLIS CLARK, Agent, June 3, 1878.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

MAY 12TH, 1878.
Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—
(Via PERKIMEN BRANCH.)
For Philadelphia, at 4:25, 5:00, 11:45, a. m., and 4:55 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
For Philadelphia, at 4:25 a. m., 3:35 p. m., and 9:05 p. m.
For Reading, 2:30, 5:50, 9:05 a. m., 12:15, 2:10, 4:30 and 9:05 p. m.
For Harrisburg, 2:30, 5:50, 9:05 a. m., 12:15, 4:30 and 9:05 p. m.
For Lancaster and Columbia, 5:50, 9:35 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.
Does not run on Mondays.

SUNDAYS.

For Reading, 2:30 a. m. and 9:05 p. m.
For Harrisburg, 2:30 a. m. and 9:05 p. m.
Trains FOR ALLENTOWN leave as follows:
(Via PERKIMEN BRANCH.)
Leave Philadelphia, 7:31 a. m., 1:00, 1:30 and 4:30 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
Leave Philadelphia, 8:00 a. m. and 3:15 p. m.
Leave Reading, 7:40, 7:45, 10:35 a. m., 4:00, 6:15 and 10:30 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg, 5:20, 6:10 a. m., and 2:00, 3:57 and 7:55 p. m.
Trains marked thus are run to and from depot 9th and Green streets, Philadelphia, other trains to and from Broad street depot.

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CARDS.

Furniture Warehouse.

V. Schwab, Bank street, dealer in all kinds of Furniture. Orders promptly filled—work warranted.

Shoe and Shoe Makers.

Clinton Rowley, in Leason's building, Bank street. All orders promptly filled—work warranted.

Attorneys.

JOHN D. BERTOLETTE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Broadway and Squaquehanna Streets, Opposite Court House,
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.
May be consulted in German. 104523-15*

P. P. LONGSTREET,

ATTORNEY AT LAW
Next door to the "Carbon House,"
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
December 16th.

W. M. RAPSHER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate, Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Deceased a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. Nov. 25.

JAS. R. STRUTHERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office: 2d floor of Rhoard's Hall,
Mauch Chunk, Pa.
All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. May 27, 1y.

P. J. MEEHAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Next Door to First National Bank,
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.
Can be consulted in German. 1 Jan. 9.

Justices and Insurance.

H. A. BELTZ,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Ober's Building, BANK-ST., LEHIGHTON.
Conveyancing, Collecting and all other business connected with the office promptly attended to. Agent for the best Fire and Life Insurance Companies; Rates collected at reasonable charges, &c. April 15-21

THOMAS S. BECK,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
Conveyancing, Collecting and all other business connected with the office promptly attended to. Agent for first-class Insurance Companies, and Risks of all kinds taken on the most liberal terms. Jan. 9, 1878.

THOMAS KEMERER,

CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE,
READING MUTUAL FIRE,
WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE,
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Detective and Insurance Company.
March 23, 1878. THOS. KEMERER.

Physicians and Dentists.

CHAS. T. HORN, M. D.,

OFFICE: OVER H. A. PETER'S DRUG STORE, BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.
General practice attended to, and SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO DISEASES OF WOMEN. Mar 23, 1878-91

W. A. DERHAMER, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd sts., Lehighton, Pa. April 3, 1878.

DR. N. B. REBER,

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, Bank street, next door above the Postoffice, Lehighton, Pa. Office Hours—Ferryville each day from 10 to 12 o'clock; remainder of day at office Lehighton Nov 23, '78.

W. G. M. SEIPLE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Next to E. H. Snyder's store, BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PENNA.
N.B.—Special attention given to the Care of Salt Rheum, &c. Jan. 13, '79

J. FRANKLIN LESH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
(Late Resident Physician of Harrisburg Hospital).
OFFICE: Next door to the Union Church, WEISS-PORT, PA.
Special attention given to the Diseases of Women. Consultation in English and German. Aug. 18, 1877-88

DR. EDWARD BROWN,

SURGEON DENTIST,
Of the Pennsylvania Dental College, Philadelphia, has opened an office in LEHIGHTON, on BROAD STREET, next door to Snyder's store. All work warranted satisfactory.
LAUGHING GAS used for the painless extraction of Teeth. Aug. 11, 1877-91.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

Groceries, Provisions,

Candies, Confections, &c.,

Jacob Straussberger,

March 30 23 WHITE ST., Welesport.

THE DUMB PAINTER;

OR,
LOVE THE CONQUEROR.

The warm, glowing afternoon of a Spanish day was waning to its sunset, and the dimness of the room where Maraquita was sitting was lighted up by little flocks of western rays that came through the lattices and played upon her white dress and the cool white of the marble floor. She was sitting upon a couch of light construction, the whole being twisted from canes; while her small feet, with their delicate silken slippers, were resting upon another couch of the same material. Around her swept the waves of her long black hair, which she was coiling and uncoiling alternately; now gathering the heavy masses into one or two long, rich braids, and then flinging down the wreath of tresses, until they covered her like a bridal veil.

The poor little Spanish maiden was evidently ill at ease. The elastic lounge, upon which her slender figure was supported, swayed and bent with her nervous movements; and the pet dog that lay beside her, vainly trying to lick her hand, seemed astonished that it would not lie still long enough for the operation.

"What can I do, Max?" she said, addressing the dog. "I am a silly little maiden, and dread to have found out that I am so. Here are my good father and mother, in whose eyes I have been all perfection, and who thought that even this grandiose Don Carlos was not more than half good enough for me, will now believe that the spirit of evil has taken me. Max, you are a good dog, but I don't believe you have wit enough to get poor Maraquita de Mona out of this difficulty."

Max laid his paw on her arm, closed and unclosed his eyes, and looked as wise as some others might when expecting a tale of confidence from a young damsel; but Maraquita's playful mood had passed, and she roared and paced the room with restless steps.

By this time the sun had sunk out of sight, and the voice of Don Albert de Mons, calling to his daughter to be ready for a drive to the plaza, was heard, as he descended the stairs and knocked at the door.

"Not to-night, father," she replied; "I am ill. My head aches terribly—pray excuse me. I will remain here quietly until you and my mother return."

"Well, the afternoon has been sultry," said her father. "Lie down and rest while we are absent. Shall I call your maid?"

"No, father," she replied. "I do not need her—I shall be better alone."

Better alone! Ah, Donna Maraquita, thy poor father is deceived, but thou canst not hide it to thyself that it is only to see the handsome painter of Logrono that thou sitest braiding thy beautiful hair—only to watch him, as he comes down the street in the twilight, and as he looks up with eager glance at the lattice, to throw a moss rosebud at his feet. Thou knowest, too, that at that token he will venture to enter thy presence, and that his life will greet thee as the one dearest to his heart. Not with words will be that greeting, but with another language, always understood—the language of kisses.

No, not with words—for the painter, Navarrete, is both deaf and dumb. But there is no need of words for lovers. And so it was with these two lovers; they met and parted, with only the soul's telegraphic signals, and they needed no echo from the lips.

Donna Maraquita had been invited by a friend, some months before, to visit the studio of Juan Fernandez Ximenes Navarrete, to see a beautiful painting of the virgin which he had recently executed. This young painter, who was called El Mudo, from his misfortune, was rapidly gaining fame, and this very painting was the great stepping-stone to public favor. The excitable Spaniards warmed with enthusiasm at the beauty of the head, which was said to have been copied from that of the artist's mother, Donna Catalina Ximenes.

Among the many who visited the studio were Don Albert and his daughter. The beauty of the painting, the filial, admiring reverence of the artist in taking his mother's head as a model, the "silent world" in which he lived, all wrought upon the susceptible imagination of the young girl, and from thence-forward El Mudo was associated in all her dreams.

On his part the painter had seen a vision of beauty such as he thought he had never before beheld; and yet it must have been only the sympathetic and cordial manner of Donna Maraquita that induced the thought—for, although she was indeed noble-looking, and with a grace blended with dignity, yet so were many others.

Again and again she came, sometimes accompanied by her father, but oftener alone; and at last the painter was delighted to find that she could converse freely with him in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. With what joy he now related to her his whole life—its mournful childhood and youth, when no sound of bird or breeze or human voice could reach his ear; and how he used to go wandering for whole days through picture-galleries, until the idea seized him that he, too, must paint, and how that, ever since that hour, he had lived in a higher and

more exalted sphere, and was no longer the lonely man, apart from his fellow-creatures, but that his art was the one grand link that bound him and them together.

And what more did Fernandez impart? He told her, too, that the moment he saw her he felt that she was to be the connecting one between him and happiness.

"And yet how—oh, how can I take you from the living, speaking music of the world, and bind you to a speechless silence that ever surrounds me?"

Her trembling fingers telegraphed to his mind that she sought no higher destiny. It was enough for the affectionate girl that he loved her. She would give worlds that his lips could speak; but her love could never be lessened because they were silent.

How to break the tidings to her parents was now the great object of her solicitude; and on this very night she had promised Fernandez that it should be told them. He came at the twilight held a brief interview with her, and then left her to tell what he felt it impossible for him to make them comprehend.

When Don Albert and his wife returned, they heard all from the lips of the trembling girl. Tenderly as they loved her, they could not give her up to a fate like this. They entreated her not to give him any hope; their decision now could never be reversed. Maraquita yielded to their tears what she could not have done to their commands; but the storm in her soul was no less severe. Her parting with Fernandez the next day was a terrible scene. The sight of his dumb and powerless anguish was more affecting than the most impassioned speech. The only consolation which he could receive was the solemn assurance of her continued affection.

They parted—Maraquita to go to her lonely room, which no persuasion could induce her to leave, and Fernandez to the country villa where his mother lived in quiet grandeur; for it was not poverty that induced her son to paint, but to fill the time hangover so wearily upon a person with his privation.

All the comfort which the mother could impart to his mute agony was given, but the wound was deep and lasting. He had no time, however, to give to grief, for he was summoned to Madrid, by Philip II., and appointed painter to the King, with a pension of 200 ducats. Here the "The Shepherds Announcing the Birth of Our Savior," and his representation of them was so very exquisite that every one exclaimed, "What beautiful shepherds!" This exclamation afterward became the name of this painting, it being everywhere known as "The Beautiful Shepherds."

Still Maraquita mourned, in almost utter loneliness, the loss of her lover. Still did Donna Catalina cherish bitterness toward her whom she could not acquit of coquetry toward her innocent and unfortunate son. Every one concerned in the affair was unhappy. Don Albert and his wife were miserable, for, although Maraquita made no complaint, her pale thin face was a perpetual reproach and her refusal to go into company distressed and annoyed them.

Maraquita had heard of the appointment, but she heard also that Fernandez had again left Madrid; she did not know why; but one evening a courier brought her a note from Donna Catalina, couched partly in bitter and partly in humble terms, informing her that her son, "whom her cruelty had nearly destroyed," was lying dangerously ill, and that she must come and look upon the wreck she had made. It closed with a frantic entreaty for her to come immediately. She showed it to her father, and he could not resist the pleading look which she gave him. A few moments later they were on the road with a pair of horses that seemed almost to fly.

The mute appeal of that sorrow-stricken face that lay upon the pillow almost unmanned Don Albert. He marked the agony of his daughter and the proud, stately grief of Fernandez's beautiful mother, and he asked himself if he could bestow sight upon either from his wealth that could compensate for the anguish of this hour. One word from him would bring joy back to all. Should he speak it? Could he give up his cherished hope of seeing Maraquita the wife of one of the proud Spanish grandees, and allow her to marry a painter? Yet everything here betokened wealth and the utmost refinement—almost, indeed, to fastidiousness.

He did speak that word. His daughter uttered a glad shriek. Donna Catalina pressed his hand to her heart and wept happy tears, and the mute sufferer himself was not slow to comprehend the general happiness. They were soon united, never more to be separated until death.

No cloud ever came over that perfect and enduring love. The noble Spanish wife devoted her time, her talents, and her affections, wholly to him she loved, and almost ceased to regret that she could not hear the voice when the eyes were so eloquent.

Still did his mother's beautiful and noble face look out from his canvas, but Maraquita's never. It was in his heart too deeply to bring it to the gaze of the world. He kept it there, shrouded and holy, within the bosom's innermost depths. It was that mute, unexpressed love, that needs not speech to declare it—the love of the dumb painter of Logrono.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

BY REV. H. W. THOMAS.

The Calvinist makes quick and easy but awful work of the future state. He sends all the unnumbered millions of heathen to an endless hell. He sends all the non-elect and unredeemed there. He saves such, and only such, as from all eternity it foreordained—and without any knowledge or foresight of faith or good works on their part—should be saved. The assumption that God is Father renders that belief to me impossible.

The Universalist says that God is Father, that punishment is correction, that probation continues after death, and that all will finally come into holiness and happiness. The doctrine of after-death probation, of course, supposes that the freedom with which we began this life is carried over into the life beyond. And this I readily admit; but in this very assumption of continued liberty lies the uncertainty and, as I look at it, the logical impossibility in affirming that all will ever choose the right. In this world "evil men and seducers wax worse and worse." And herein, as all confess, is the great danger—the infinite peril of sin—that it tends to strengthen in habit, and finally to crystallize in an unchanging character of evil. And if any soul this become a fact, the assumed law of moral sequence makes the result as lasting as the character in which it inheres, and such result cannot be less than an enduring separation from goodness. Nor, admitting the continued freedom of the soul, do I see how any one can certainly affirm that all souls will not, at some time, turn from the wrong. Universalism is indeed a humane doctrine and worthy of generous minds, and all could wish it might be true, but the evidence of its truth is not sufficient to command the assent of all. I do not see how it can be certainly affirmed on any other basis than absolute sovereignty of God.

The Annihilationists affirm that immortality is not a necessary attribute of the soul, but is conferred on the righteous—a gift to those who seek it—and that the wicked, not having attained to this undying state, pass into non-existence, are "punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord." It may be admitted that this doctrine is not without apparent support in the scriptures, and that it seems less objectionable to reason than everlasting punishment. It is not easy to see why a soul should be held in existence simply to suffer, when there is no possible hope of its ever being brought back to righteousness. Should annihilation be true, it is of course, eternal punishment—at least eternal death. Dr. Bushnell—and before him Augustine—maintains that there will be a descending scale of consciousness, in which the wicked will ever sink lower and lower, even to the lowest point of conscious existence, and will remain as monuments of ruin over which the curse of sin has swept.

The New Church hold that the love of a soul, whether it be good or evil, becomes its life, its existence, and that it so continues forever; but that this existence in evil is better than non-existence, and is, in a sense, the heaven of the wicked—that is, the best that God can do for them. This doctrine, you perceive, is that hell is a condition of the spirit, and, as such, a final separation between the good and the bad; and, we may admit, has much in it that does not seem unreasonable. You will perceive, also, that all these theories, save one, are in some form unending punishment.

This much seems evident to me, and this much I believe, and, believing, I preach. I have no possible doubt of future punishment, of the separation of the good and bad, of loss and suffering for those who die in sin. It is undoubtedly taught in the Bible, and supported by analogy. I have no doubt of the righteousness of God's government, and that wrong-doing will be punished. The law of God, with its rewards and punishments, meets us at our entrance into this world—follows us all the way through life with warnings of danger and punishment for sin; and from all along the shores of the unseen world the voice of God cries out aloud in punishment, assuring all that come to that world that the consequences of sin