

The Carbon Advocate.

The Carbon Advocate

An Independent Family Newspaper
Published every SATURDAY, in
Leighton, Carbon Co., Pa., by
HENRY V. MORTIMER.
OFFICE—BANKWAY, a short distance above
the Lehigh Valley R.R. Depot.
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H. V. MORTIMER, Jun'r, Publisher.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. XII, No. 49.

LEIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1884.

If not paid in advance, \$1.25

Advertising Rates.

We desire it to be distinctly understood that no advertisements will be inserted in the columns of this paper unless accompanied by the cash. The following are our only terms:
One year, each insertion..... 10 cts.
Six months, each insertion..... 15 cts.
Three months, each insertion..... 20 cts.
Less than three months, first insertion..... 25 cts.
Each subsequent insertion..... 25 cts.
Local notices 10 cents per line.
H. V. MORTIMER, Jr., Publisher.

Attorneys & Counsellors.

W. M. RAISHER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
BANK STREET, LEIGHTON, PA.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will handle Real Estate, Conveyancing, etc. etc. Collects promptly made. Settling Estates of Estates a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. Nov. 23.

T. A. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office—Corner of Bank Street & Bankway
2nd building above the Carbon Advocate
Printing Office,
May 19, 1884-mo
LEIGHTON.

Physicians and Dentists.

DR. W. W. REBER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BANK STREET, LEIGHTON,
OFFICE Hours at Parlyville From 9 a. m. to 12 m, daily.
May be consulted in the English or German Language. May 17, '84.

W. A. DERHAMER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd sts., Leighton, Pa. April 13, 1878.

N. B. REBER, M. D.,
U. S. Examining Surgeon,
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office: Bank Street, REBER'S BLOCK, Leighton, Pa.
May be consulted in the German Language.
Nov. 25.

REMOVED.

W. G. M. Seiple, Physician & Surgeon,
Has removed his office and residence from Second St. to SOUTH STREET, in the building formerly occupied by A. J. HOLLENBACH, where he will be pleased to see his friends and patients. OFFICE HOURS: From 8 to 9 o'clock P. M. March 31, 1882.

W. A. Cortright, D.D.S.,
OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House,"
Mauch Chunk, Pa.
Patients have the benefit of the latest improvements in mechanical appliances and the best methods of treatment in all surgical cases. AN EXTRA SPECIALTY: See his specialties. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk, should make engagements by mail. 1879.

CARBON HOUSE,
J. W. RAUDENBUSH, PROPRIETOR,
BANK ST., LEIGHTON, PA.
The Carbon House offers first-class accommodations for the traveling public. Boarding by the Day or Week on Reasonable Terms. Choice Cigars, Wines and Liquors, and all the good things that a hostelry should have. Good Beds and Stables, with attentive Hostlers, attached. April 10-11, 1884.

PACKERTON HOTEL,
Midway between Mauch Chunk & Leighton
LEOPOLD MEYER, Proprietor,
Packerton, Penn'a.
This well known hotel is admirably refitted, and has the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent tables and the very best liquors. See his specialties. Sept. 16-17, 1884.

Mauch Chunk House,
Susquehanna Street, Mauch Chunk, Penn'a.
T. F. FEHL, Proprietor.
When visiting at the County Seat this hotel will found that the facilities are every respect. Wines, Liquors, Lager Beer, Cigars and other refreshments of purest quality at the bar. Terms very moderate. See his specialties. Sept. 22, 1883.

Beer Saloon and Restaurant,
1143 Vine St., Philadelphia.
Dennis Gilbert, Proprietor.
The Bar is furnished with choice Cigars, Fresh Lager, and other refreshments. Persons from the Lehigh Valley or any other place are respectfully invited to give us a call. March 25, 1884.

DAVID EBBERT'S
Livery & Sale Stables
Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE in connection with his hotel, and is prepared to furnish Teams for Weddings or Business Trips on short notice and most liberal terms. All orders left at the "Carbon House" will receive prompt attention. Stable on North Street, next hotel, Leighton. 1882-3.

PATENT
ANDERSON & SMITH,
Soleholders of the U. S. and Foreign Patent for the "Patent Office,"
No charge for advice. No fee charged unless Patent is secured. Holders of Patents, Lewis & Co., Bankers, and Postmaster, Washington, D. C. Pamphlets of instructions from.
J. W. RAUDENBUSH, Leighton, Pa.
BANK AND SHOE MARKS, Bank St., Leighton. All work warranted. 1882-3.

LAND
CHUMAS a specialty, a 2d W. A. RAUDENBUSH, A. D. B. F. I. N. A. R. L. B. O. M. E. S. T. R. A. D. I. C. A. T. I. O. N. E. S. and all kinds of LAND SURVEYING bought and sold. Large Stock, and Highest Prices paid. Do you want to sell or buy? If so, write to A. A. THOMAS, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C. Jan. 5-18.

PRIZE
Send 50¢ for postage, and receive a copy of the "Carbon Advocate" for one year. All of either sex, secured from first hand. The best way to insure success here is to write absolutely true. As in the Golden Rule & Co., Portland, Me. 1884.

Thomas Drug Store.

Given Away FREE
AT THOMAS' Drug Store,
Sign of the GOLDEN MORTAR.
Oct. 18.

DR. BULL'S
COUGH
SYRUP

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.
Late one afternoon, in the autumn of 1845, on returning to my office after visiting some patients, I found this note lying on my table:
Dr. James: Will you do me the favor to call at my office this evening before retiring? I have something of importance to communicate.
J. L. GABRIELSON, M. D.
About 7 o'clock I finished my business for the evening and knocked at the doctor's door.
A voice bid me enter. I opened the door. The shutters were closed, and there was a lamp burning on the table. The doctor was standing near the door, with his hands placed behind him.
I went in, as I was turning around to close the door I received a heavy blow from behind, which stunned me; though I seem to have a faint recollection of the doctor's turning the key in the door, and then binding me.
But that as it may, however, I know when I recovered I was bound hand and foot, and so tightly that I could not stir, while I was securely gagged by a large handkerchief being stuffed in my mouth, and then firmly tied behind my neck.
"You have nothing to fear, Dr. James," said the doctor, who had taken a seat near the table, while he had placed me on a chair near the door. "I meditated no harm to you. I am sorry I was compelled to hurt you, but I had no other method of accomplishing my object. I have a confession to make to-night. The confession must not be told till I am dead. After the confession I intend to hang myself. The door will be locked in the morning, and you will be released. This will explain my conduct toward you this evening."
"You have known me, I believe, for about three years. You have heard me spoken of as a strange man; you think I am a strange man. When you have heard my story you will know what made me so."
"My father's money placed me in a respectable position as a doctor in one of our large Southern cities. In a short time I had gained quite an extensive practice."
"With one of the families that I came in contact with dwelt a young woman named Larne. She was employed as a governess, but her beauty and other attractive qualities won for her a place in the hearts of those with whom she resided, and she was treated more as a daughter than a governess of their children."
"Though my social position placed me far above her, still she made me equal, and finally I proposed to her and was accepted."
"My family were greatly against this alliance. From the moment of our marriage my father disowned me."
"My practice was good and we succeeded in keeping up an appearance of wealth. My wife's beauty and attractions drew many of the elite of the city to our house."
"One of the many visitors was a young man named Larne. He had all the qualities that charm the female sex—youth, handsome, witty, with a dash of mystery about him, and a thorough man of the world."
"I don't think I am naturally jealous, but I saw so many things between Larne and my wife that would have aroused the suspicions of the most confiding husband."
"To get my wife from the influence of Larne I relinquished the extensive practice I had gained by skill and industry, and came here to Philadelphia."
"We had been living here perhaps three months. I had put forth my greatest energies, and succeeded very well in getting patients. My wife seemed to get her allegiance to me, and I thought I had a full store of happiness before me, when one day, on returning to my home, I surprised my wife again in the arms of Larne."
"I was overwhelmed with passion. I threatened to kill him on the spot if he didn't leave my house. He had the advantage by his imperturbable coolness, and he answered my threats with insolence. He left the house, promising to call again when he felt pleased to do so. "I suspected the lovers would have a stolen interview that evening, as they knew I would be absent. But I had determined to stay at home unknown to them and watch."
"My suspicions were correct. I heard Larne come in. They went into the parlor. Silently I crept into an adjoining room, and through the key-hole watched them. I heard all that was said and done. They were planning an elopement."
"My wife proposed having a little supper, and I knew they would use wine. I procured a bottle and drugged it, then placed it in a conspicuous position. The bottle of wine was used, and the lovers were soon, with their arms entwined, locked in the embrace of sleep."
"The rest was soon done. My first step was to bind their arms securely, then, with a rope, I strangled them as they sat locked in each other's arms."
"I partly understood the art of embalming. It was my only chance to escape detection. I put my skill to work, and before morning I had the bodies embalmed and hid."
"The next day I informed the neighbors that my wife had fled, and I expected she had eloped with Larne. I was believed. My character placed me above suspicion."
"Here the doctor ceased speaking, and taking a pen and paper, wrote for a considerable time. He then sealed the paper, and laying it on the table, said:
"That paper finishes the story, together with instructions I wish obeyed. I see you position is painful, but there can be no help till morning."
"He then bade me good-by, telling me I should never see him again alive."
"I managed to get on the floor, and lay there till morning. I don't know how many hours I remained awake suffering with my cramped position, but at last sleep came to me, and I slept till I was awakened by the noise of breaking in the door."
"The notes the doctor had left told me the bodies were concealed in a chimney that was walled up, and that his body would be found in the garret. We found the bodies where the doctor had indicated, and he was found hanging in the garret. His wishes were complied with to the letter—his parents coming on and taking charge of the bodies."
"IN THE DEVIL'S NAME."
Early in the morning of a severe winter day the concierge of a very high and narrow dwelling in the neighborhood of St. Madeleine, Paris, was disturbed by the sudden violent ringing of the door bell.
Monsieur Jean Joyeuse made an obeisance as he saw before him a gentleman of fine presence, who was the possessor of a head of remarkably black hair.
"There is a room to be let here," asked the stranger.
Monsieur Joyeuse assented with another bow. The stranger wished to see the apartment. Jean remarked most politely that he had three rooms to let—one in the first story another in the second, and still another higher up in the mansard.
"Then lead me to the mansard room," Monsieur Jean stammered forth that the attic was not fitted for such a gentleman.
The stranger made an impatient gesture, and said shortly:
"Prepare the room, and in the course of the forenoon I will move in."
With these words he drew forth his purse and gave a napoleon as earnest money. Jean then saw him enter an equipage near the church and rattle away.
Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse had ample leisure in the succeeding hours, which they devoted to the cleaning of the garret room. This was hardly accomplished as the mysterious stranger drove up, accompanied by a servant. The latter carried a gloomy looking black cask, resembling a child's coffin in size and shape. The stranger said, abruptly:
"Monsieur Jean, you are to admit only one gentleman to see me."
"Very well, sir; but how am I to know him?"
"By the countenance: In the devil's name!"
The worthy conjugal pair had hardly recovered from their fright when the bell jingled again, and a second stranger appeared, a man of most lowering aspect, with dark glances and still darker bushy eyebrows.
"Did a gentleman move in here to-day?"
"Yes; but he receives no one."
"He will receive me. Let me in. I come in the devil's name!"
Thereupon the dismal guest vanished likewise. From now on these two lodgers who did not make this his sleeping and the devil's ambassador—met each morning at a certain hour in Madame Jean's house, but the door of the mansard room behind them, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon departed, to meet again in the morning. Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse did their best to discover the clandestine practices of these dangerous men. They listened by turns at the door, but could hear nothing but godless songs, which re-echoed from the mansard walls. They endured this for six weeks. One day, when there was a pause in the singing, the porter caught up a few crumbs of the conversation,
"Courage! Courage!" Jean heard one say. He recognized his lodger's voice.
"But it is so hard to play the devil!" said the other.
"But only consider how effective it is,

especially where you call the dead from their graves—and then the summons to Satan and his host, and the answer from the chorus of assembled devils—"
The visitors should not make his house a den of evil. The police must be informed immediately. The commissaire heard Monsieur Jean's horrible recital with amazement. He, with two constables, was soon upon the scene.
"In the name of the king, open!" demanded the commissaire.
The door was immediately thrown open.
"What is your name? Who are you?"
"Giacomo Meyerbeer."
"And you?"
"L'aveugle, the first bass of the grand opera."
The commissaire at once divined the truth, but he asked what they were practicing.
"We are studying the role of Bertram in 'Robert the Devil,' a new opera which will soon be produced. In order to be understood I rented this garret room," answered Meyerbeer, smiling.
"But the coffin! the coffin!" cried Monsieur Joyeuse, still incredulous.
The two musicians laughed aloud.
"A simple violin-case," said the composer, gazing with amazement on the looks of poor Jean.
"You are a blockhead!" said the commissaire to the disconcerted janitor, and, turning, he begged most humbly to be pardoned his intrusion. Then he withdrew.
A couple of weeks after Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse had, through the gift of a couple of tickets, the pleasure of witnessing the first representation of the famous composer.
"NEARER HOME."
A sweet, sweet, thought invades my mind
This eve, as 'mid the fading light
I feel the bird's career of day
Subside before the peace of night.
"Is this as sure as speed the ship
Across the ocean's troubled foam:
By just the journey of a day
I'm nearer home, I'm nearer home."
And further from all pain or care,
From every human fear or loss,
Much less to know of we and tears,
Than to the cup of earthly draught.
They many of us I've struggled on,
And past the wretched's dusty loam,
By just the journey of a day
I'm nearer home, I'm nearer home.
And, oh, the rapture that it brings
To know I'm nearer my waiting crown,
And closer to my father's fold,
Where earth's burthen's laid down
And now the night shade drifts athwart
The splendor of your sunset dome,
And by the journey of a day
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"My suspicions were correct. I heard Larne come in. They went into the parlor. Silently I crept into an adjoining room, and through the key-hole watched them. I heard all that was said and done. They were planning an elopement."
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"The rest was soon done. My first step was to bind their arms securely, then, with a rope, I strangled them as they sat locked in each other's arms."
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"I managed to get on the floor, and lay there till morning. I don't know how many hours I remained awake suffering with my cramped position, but at last sleep came to me, and I slept till I was awakened by the noise of breaking in the door."
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"My suspicions were correct. I heard Larne come in. They went into the parlor. Silently I crept into an adjoining room, and through the key-hole watched them. I heard all that was said and done. They were planning an elopement."
"My wife proposed having a little supper, and I knew they would use wine. I procured a bottle and drugged it, then placed it in a conspicuous position. The bottle of wine was used, and the lovers were soon, with their arms entwined, locked in the embrace of sleep."
"The rest was soon done. My first step was to bind their arms securely, then, with a rope, I strangled them as they sat locked in each other's arms."
"I partly understood the art of embalming. It was my only chance to escape detection. I put my skill to work, and before morning I had the bodies embalmed and hid."
"The next day I informed the neighbors that my wife had fled, and I expected she had eloped with Larne. I was believed. My character placed me above suspicion."
"Here the doctor ceased speaking, and taking a pen and paper, wrote for a considerable time. He then sealed the paper, and laying it on the table, said:
"That paper finishes the story, together with instructions I wish obeyed. I see you position is painful, but there can be no help till morning."
"He then bade me good-by, telling me I should never see him again alive."
"I managed to get on the floor, and lay there till morning. I don't know how many hours I remained awake suffering with my cramped position, but at last sleep came to me, and I slept till I was awakened by the noise of breaking in the door."
"The notes the doctor had left told me the bodies were concealed in a chimney that was walled up, and that his body would be found in the garret. We found the bodies where the doctor had indicated, and he was found hanging in the garret. His wishes were complied with to the letter—his parents coming on and taking charge of the bodies."
"IN THE DEVIL'S NAME."
Early in the morning of a severe winter day the concierge of a very high and narrow dwelling in the neighborhood of St. Madeleine, Paris, was disturbed by the sudden violent ringing of the door bell.
Monsieur Jean Joyeuse made an obeisance as he saw before him a gentleman of fine presence, who was the possessor of a head of remarkably black hair.
"There is a room to be let here," asked the stranger.
Monsieur Joyeuse assented with another bow. The stranger wished to see the apartment. Jean remarked most politely that he had three rooms to let—one in the first story another in the second, and still another higher up in the mansard.
"Then lead me to the mansard room," Monsieur Jean stammered forth that the attic was not fitted for such a gentleman.
The stranger made an impatient gesture, and said shortly:
"Prepare the room, and in the course of the forenoon I will move in."
With these words he drew forth his purse and gave a napoleon as earnest money. Jean then saw him enter an equipage near the church and rattle away.
Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse had ample leisure in the succeeding hours, which they devoted to the cleaning of the garret room. This was hardly accomplished as the mysterious stranger drove up, accompanied by a servant. The latter carried a gloomy looking black cask, resembling a child's coffin in size and shape. The stranger said, abruptly:
"Monsieur Jean, you are to admit only one gentleman to see me."
"Very well, sir; but how am I to know him?"
"By the countenance: In the devil's name!"
The worthy conjugal pair had hardly recovered from their fright when the bell jingled again, and a second stranger appeared, a man of most lowering aspect, with dark glances and still darker bushy eyebrows.
"Did a gentleman move in here to-day?"
"Yes; but he receives no one."
"He will receive me. Let me in. I come in the devil's name!"
Thereupon the dismal guest vanished likewise. From now on these two lodgers who did not make this his sleeping and the devil's ambassador—met each morning at a certain hour in Madame Jean's house, but the door of the mansard room behind them, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon departed, to meet again in the morning. Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse did their best to discover the clandestine practices of these dangerous men. They listened by turns at the door, but could hear nothing but godless songs, which re-echoed from the mansard walls. They endured this for six weeks. One day, when there was a pause in the singing, the porter caught up a few crumbs of the conversation,
"Courage! Courage!" Jean heard one say. He recognized his lodger's voice.
"But it is so hard to play the devil!" said the other.
"But only consider how effective it is,

especially where you call the dead from their graves—and then the summons to Satan and his host, and the answer from the chorus of assembled devils—"
The visitors should not make his house a den of evil. The police must be informed immediately. The commissaire heard Monsieur Jean's horrible recital with amazement. He, with two constables, was soon upon the scene.
"In the name of the king, open!" demanded the commissaire.
The door was immediately thrown open.
"What is your name? Who are you?"
"Giacomo Meyerbeer."
"And you?"
"L'aveugle, the first bass of the grand opera."
The commissaire at once divined the truth, but he asked what they were practicing.
"We are studying the role of Bertram in 'Robert the Devil,' a new opera which will soon be produced. In order to be understood I rented this garret room," answered Meyerbeer, smiling.
"But the coffin! the coffin!" cried Monsieur Joyeuse, still incredulous.
The two musicians laughed aloud.
"A simple violin-case," said the composer, gazing with amazement on the looks of poor Jean.
"You are a blockhead!" said the commissaire to the disconcerted janitor, and, turning, he begged most humbly to be pardoned his intrusion. Then he withdrew.
A couple of weeks after Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse had, through the gift of a couple of tickets, the pleasure of witnessing the first representation of the famous composer.
"NEARER HOME."
A sweet, sweet, thought invades my mind
This eve, as 'mid the fading light
I feel the bird's career of day
Subside before the peace of night.
"Is this as sure as speed the ship
Across the ocean's troubled foam:
By just the journey of a day
I'm nearer home, I'm nearer home."
And further from all pain or care,
From every human fear or loss,
Much less to know of we and tears,
Than to the cup of earthly draught.
They many of us I've struggled on,
And past the wretched's dusty loam,
By just the journey of a day
I'm nearer home, I'm nearer home.
And, oh, the rapture that it brings
To know I'm nearer my waiting crown,
And closer to my father's fold,
Where earth's burthen's laid down
And now the night shade drifts athwart
The splendor of your sunset dome,
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