The Carbon Advocate.

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H. V. Morthimer, jr., Publisher.

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Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth extracted without pain. Gas administered when requested. Office Days—WEDNESDAY of each week. P. O. Address,
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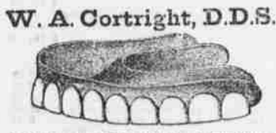

OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House,"
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Patients have the benefit of the latest improvements in mechanical appliances and the best methods of treatment in all surgical cases. ANÆSTHETICS administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk, should make engagements by mail. 198-y1

A BOOK ON
Deafness & Catarrh.
The above named book of near 150 pages by DR. SHOEMAKER, the well-known experienced Aural Surgeon, will be sent free to any address. Every family should have this Book. The book is illustrated, and fully explains in plain language all
Diseases of the EAR and CATARRH,
and how to treat these ailments successfully. Address,
Dr. C. E. Shoemaker,
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Dec. 6, 1884-1y*

HOTELS AND BREWERY.

CARBON HOUSE,
J. W. RAUDENBUSH, PROPRIETOR,
BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.
The CARBON HOUSE offers first-class accommodations to the Traveling public. Boarding by the Day or Week on Reasonable Terms. Choice Cigars, Wines and Liquors always on hand. Good Sheds and Stables, with attentive Hostlers, attached. April 19-y1.

PACKERTON HOTEL.
Hway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton
LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR,
Packerton, Penn'a
This well known hotel is admirably refitted, and is the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent tables and the very best liquors. Also fine stables attached. Sept. 19-y1.

Mauch Chunk House,
Susquehanna Street, Mauch Chunk, Penna.,
T. F. FERR, Proprietor.
When visiting at the County Seat this Hotel will found to be first-class in every respect. Wines, Liquors, Lager Beer, Cigars and other Refreshments of purest quality at the Bar. Terms very moderate. Patronage solicited. 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 visiting Philadelphia are respectfully invited to give me a call. Dennis Gilbert.
March 29, 1884—1f.

J. W. RAUDENBUSH
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
Funerals Weddings or Business Trips
on shortest notice and most liberal terms. All orders left at the "Carbon House" will receive prompt attention. Stable on North Street, near the hotel, Lehighton. jan22 y1

Thomas' Drug Store.

GREAT REDUCTION!

Just received a large stock of the very latest paterns of

Wall Papers
—AND—
Borders,

which I offer at the following reduced prices:

GILTS, 25 & 30c.
White Blanks, 10 & 12c.
Brown B's 7, 8 & 10c.

All must be sold in a few months. Call at

THOMAS'
DRUG STORE for bargains.

Durlings' Old Stand, Bank Street, LEHIGHTON.

T. J. BRETNEY,
Respectfully announces to the merchants of Lehighton and others that he is prepared to do all kinds of
Hauling of Freight, Express Matter and Baggage
at very reasonable prices. By prompt attention to all orders he hopes to merit a share of public patronage. Residence, corner of Pine and Iron Street, Lehighton, Pa.
Orders for hauling left at C. M. Sweeny & Son's Store will receive prompt attention.
T. J. BRETNEY.
Oct. 12, 1881-3m.

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 etective and Insurance Company.
March 29, 1873 THOS. KEMERER.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few day than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5.00 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co. Portland, Maine. dec. 20—1y

E. F. LUCKENBACH,
DEALER IN
Wall Papers,
Borders & Decorations,
Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods.
Window Shades & Fixtures,
Latest Styles, made and put up, if desired.
Paints, Oil, Varnish, Putty, Brushes & general Painters' Supplies.
No. 61 Broadway, Mauch Chunk, Pa.,
Below the Broadway House.

$200.000 in presents given away. Send six five cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you to work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me. Dec 10-1y

Subscribe for the ADVOCATE, only $1 per year.

New Liquor Store
The undersigned respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a
Wine and Liquor Store,
in the Building next to the "Carbon House,"
Bank St., Lehighton,
and is prepared to supply Choice Brands of WINES and LIQUORS,
RYE WHISKIES, BRANDIES, RUM, GIN, ALCOHOL, MINT, BITTERS, KIMMEL, &c., &c., at Very Lowest Prices. BOTTLES AND DEMIJOHNS CHEAP.
William G. Heilig,
March 7-y1 Lehighton, Pa.

HOW A WOMAN PLAYS CARDS.

"Whose play is it?"
"Who took that trick?"
"What's trumps?"
"What was the lead?"
"Whose ace is that?"
"Did I take that?"
"What's trumps?"
"Is it my play?"
"That's the left bower, isn't it?"
"Is that mine?"
"Haven't you got a club?"
"What's trumps?"
"Did they euchre us?"
"How many did we make?"
"Whose deal is it?"

Meanest Sneak in Town.

Malarial gases sneaked up through the poorly constructed drains and made baby very sick with malarial fever. Baby would have died but for timely use of Brown's Iron Bitters. There is nothing meaner in its way of coming, nor worse in its effects, than this malaria from the underground regions. Mrs. McDonald, of New Haven, Conn., says, "For six years I suffered from the effects of malaria, but Brown's Iron Bitters cured me entirely." Try it when malaria steals in and undermines you constitution. It will give relief.

—Illinois spent $2,000,000 for charity last year.

—In 1883 no less than 11,330 militiamen deserted.

—Surf bathing has commenced in San Diego, Cal.

An Answer Wanted.

Can any one bring us a case of kidney or liver complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's disease, diabetes, weak back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c a bottle by T. D. Thomas.

—Michigan contains 60,000 people who cannot write.

—Spiders eat 26 times their own weight each day.

—American canned frogs are in great demand in France.

—The population of the United States is now reckoned at 56,700,000.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." Sold by W F Biery, Weissport, and C T Horn, Lehighton

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by W F Biery, Weissport, and C T Horn, Lehighton.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cents, 50 cents and $1. Sold by W F Biery, Weissport; C T Horn, Lehighton.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria, and canker mouth. Sold by W F Biery, Weissport, and C T Horn, Lehighton.

"Hackmetack" a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by W F Biery, Weissport, and C T Horn, Lehighton.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. Sold by W F Biery, Weissport; C T Horn, Lehighton.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by W F Biery, Weissport; C T Horn, Lehighton.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold by W F Biery, Weissport, C T Horn, Lehighton.

—Finger rings are said to be going out of fashion.

—Lemon growing is becoming a profitable industry in Florida.

—St. Paul, Minn., is to have a Masonic temple costing $150,000.

—The population of London is increasing at the rate of 100,000 people a year.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit, can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Circulars and testimonials sent free.
Address, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

—An international exhibition is to be held in London next spring.

—There are 940 churches in London within a radius of 12 miles.

—The sale of cigarettes to children in Missouri is forbidden by law.

Extract from a Private Letter.

Regarding Dr. David Kennedy's 'Favorite Remedy,' the writer, Prof. A. B. Chandler, principal of the Academy, at Brookhaven, Miss., says: "I suffered from torpidity of the liver and bowels and paralysis. I used 'Favorite Remedy' for two months, and am now able to use my side which for a long time had been like a piece of dead flesh. My general health was never better than at present.

—There is a petrified forest in Mexico covering 300 acres.

—Muskegon, Mich., has a lad who, although only 15 years of age, weighs 235 pounds.

—Nine tenths of the disasters at sea occur during the watch of the second mate.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblands, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

—A new railway station to cost a million dollars is to be erected in Indianapolis.

—The cost of patents has been reduced one half in England since the first of January.

—It is said that over three million trees were planted in Great Britain in 1882.

As a superb hair dressing and renovator Ayer's Hair Vigor is universally commended. It eradicates scurf and dandruff, cures all eruptions and itchings of the scalp, promotes the renewed growth of the hair, and surely prevents its fading or turning gray.

—The Bible says God made Eve out of Adam's rib, but there must be a mistake in the translation. She evidently was made out of his jaw.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I come from haunts of coot and hern;
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sulking,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazle covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Getting into Society.

"I tell you, Jack, the farm is not your vocation. I become more and more convinced of the fact every day, and less contented with the life we are leading."

Breakfast was over, and we stood on the farmhouse portico arm in arm. On the sill sat baby, screaming with delight as she fed a pair of pet pigeons from her dimpled hands.

Our breakfast had been a delicious one—coffee clear as amber, bread like snow, and steak done to a turn.

All about us was a green tangle of sweetbrier and honeysuckle; the sun was just rising above the mountain peaks, and the morning air was sweet and fresh, and filled with exquisite woodland odors, and musical with the song of birds. We could catch a glimpse of the barn and the poultry-yards from where we stood, and hear the plaintive bellowing of the kine and the dreamlike tinkle of their bells.

I felt a vague sort of conviction that Jack had but little sympathy with my spirit of discontent, yet I was determined to carry my point if possible.

"You are dissatisfied with your lot—I see that plainly, Nell," said Jack, a trifle sadly.

"Oh, nonsense!" I put in. "Not with my lot, nor with you, only with the farm, Jack. I'm tired to death with this prosy, humdrum life, and I hate to see you delving and toiling like a slave from one year's end to another. You were born for something better, Jack—something grander and nobler. Fancy a man of your abilities sowing grain and digging potatoes and raising stock to his life's end!"

"But, my dear," suggested Jack, "one must live and have bread and butter."

"To be sure, Jack; but why not earn it in a more genteel fashion?"

"Honest labor is always genteel, Nell."

"Oh, pshaw! you understand me, Jack. I mean that you have capacities for something better. You only cling to the old farm to please your father, when you could do a hundred-fold better elsewhere. And, besides, where is our society in this place, Jack? What chance is there for our children, as they grow up?"

Jack laughed as he glanced down at baby, who was struggling furiously to get a pigeon's head in her mouth.

"Ah, Nell, that is looking so far ahead," he said; "and, my dear, you seem to forget that I have lived here all my life!"

"No, no, I don't forget. And pray what have you done, Jack?"

"Led an upright life and married yourself in the end."

"But you didn't pick me up among the clover blossoms, Jack, don't forget that. You found me in town, and Jack, dear, I'm anxious to get back to my native element. I'm tired of all this. You can get on ever so nicely in town, Jack, and there we can get into society."

"I'm not overfond of society, Nell."

"Oh, but you should be for my sake, Jack. I'm fond of it. I hate to live like a hermit. Why, Jack, if we desired to give a little party to-morrow we could not for lack of guests."

"Dear me, Nell, why I could muster scores."

"Of a certain sort, yes; but I don't want them Jack. I'm a little peculiar in my notions. I want no society but the best; the—the—sort of society one gets into in town."

"Fashionable society, Nell."

"Well then, why not? You have means, Jack, and I flatter myself that we are fitted to move in any circle. Why should we bury ourselves in this wilderness?"

"Our means are not inexhaustible, Nell."

"I'm aware of that, Jack, but we've enough for a start, and Vanborough offers you a good place in the bank."

"At a limited salary, Nell."

"Oh, yes, but you can work your way up, Jack; right up to the topmost round of the ladder. Do let's go, Jack! I've lived here to please you ever since our marriage; I think you can afford to please me a little now."

Jack sighed as he looked out upon his ripening grain fields, but he drew me close to his heart and kissed me.

"That's true," he said; "you can't be expected to care for the farm as I do, Nell. I promised to make you happy when you consented to become my wife, and I'll try and keep my word. You shall have it all your own way, Nell."

The continuous dropping of water wears away the solid stone. I had conquered my husband at last, and the desire of my heart was about to be accomplished.

When Jack once made up his mind to do a thing he did it with all his might. The matter was soon settled. Cherry Hill, as we called the farm, was sold at a great sacrifice, and one fine sunny morning we turned our backs upon the breezy mountain summits and golden grain fields, and journeyed cityward.

"I'm afraid you've made a big mistake," said Jack's father, as he bade us good-bye, "you'd better have stuck to the farm. You remember the old saying about rolling stones?"

"I don't believe in old sayings, sir," I answered, loftily; "and I think I can appreciate my husband's abilities better than any one else can."

"All right; I hope you won't find yourself mistaken, my dear. Good-bye to both of you. Whatever you do, care well for the little one. I'm afraid she won't like the change. If you happen to tire of town and fashion don't forget that a welcome always awaits you at home."

Jack's heart was too full for utterance.

"Thank you, sir," I said, "but we shall not get tired."

Our new home in Penryth was a stylish residence in a fashionable block. We established ourselves in the principle hotel, and then set about the task of furnishing the house.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Vanborough, the banker's wife, dropping in for an early call, "don't dream of such a thing as ingrain carpet. Get brussels, by all means, good English brussels. You'll find it much cheaper in the end, and besides it is so much more stylish."

We hearkened to our friend's advice and laid our rooms with brussels, and the cost ran up into hundreds.

Then furniture we got to match, Mrs. Vanborough and several other friends aiding us in our selection, and all sorts of pretty, costly bric-a-brac, and real lace curtains, and a new cottage piano. My old instrument was too plain and clumsy for the new establishment.

There is a curious sort of excitement in spending money, which seems to drive the most sober and economizing people desperate, when they once get at it. Jack had always been the most careful of men, counting the cost of everything as he went and saying every stray penny.

Once in the vortex of city life his prudence was speedily changed into a sort of recklessness. After the first few days, and by the time our new home was ready to receive us, he actually seemed to take delight in seeing his money go.

"We've got snug quarters here, Nell, by George!" he said, looking through the extravagantly furnished rooms with admiring pride. "No one in town can outshine us, not even Vanborough himself. It has lightened our purse a good deal, I'll admit, but what does that signify? What good comes of having money unless one enjoys it?"

"We must try and save up a little now, Jack, since we are fixed so nicely," I said, feeling somewhat terrified at his growing recklessness.

"Pshaw, child! Whoever heard of a banker's clerk saving anything. If we make both ends meet it will be more than I look for."

"My dear," said Mrs. Vanborough, when we were pleasantly settled in our handsome house and had hired a couple of servants, "I suppose you will want to give some sort of a party now. Suppose you let it be an informal reception, with cards and coffee for the old people, and ices and fruits and dancing for the young ones? That would do nicely. You can throw your parlors into one, and the new carpets will not get much injured. I'll help you to order your refreshments, and Cecelia will write out your invitations for you. She's excellent judge as to whom it is expedient to invite."

I mentioned the matter to Jack when he came home, and he entered into the spirit of the affair with great excitement.

"To be sure, my little wife, have a party by all means. When one's in Rome, one must do as Romans do, you know. Don't spare expense either, my dear; we must make as good a show as other people. And I shall take it upon myself to order your costume. I want you to look as grand as a little empress."

"But Jack," I suggested, timidly, "we are spending a great deal of money."

"Oh, well, never mind. It will all go, anyhow, one way or the other, and we might as well enjoy it. You've always wanted to get into good society, Nell, and you're fairly in now, and it won't do to let people see that you are cramped for money. Let's make the most of it while we've got it."

My heart ached a little; and in the midst of all the flare and flutter of preparation, I was conscious of a vague feeling of regret whenever I recalled the quiet months of my early wifehood spent at Cherry Hill. Jack had seemed such a different person in those days—so strong and steady and self-reliant; and now he seemed to take as much pleasure in life's frivolities as I did. With the foolish inconsistency of my sex, I sat down and cried over the consummation of the very hopes which I had cherished so long.

But, despite my tears, our reception went on and it turned out to be a great success. The best people in town honored us with their presence, and everything, thanks to Mrs. Vanborough's foresight, was carried out in the most lavish and elegant manner.

"By George," said Jack, "this sort of thing is jollier than the old farm. I see now, little wife, that you were right, always right."

I would ten times rather he should have upbraided me for what I had done.

The winter that followed was exceedingly gay. We were invited everywhere, and our house was constantly filled with guests. Balls, soirees, kettledrums and the opera, seemed to engross every hour. Jack and I seldom had a quiet moment together, yet he seemed to enjoy it with his whole heart.

When spring came our last surplus dollar had been expended, and we were solely dependent on Jack's monthly salary.

The warm weather came on, and baby soon fell ill. I hoped day by day that Jack would say something about going back to his father's for the summer, but he did not even hint at such a thing.

The days grew longer and warmer. The sun shone down with a pitiless splendor, and the paved streets seemed like heated brass.

Our fashionable friends fluttered off like summer swallow's and we were left almost alone.

"Couldn't you manage to make a little trip to the seashore, my dear?" Mrs. Vanborough had suggested, and Jack had caught at the idea with eagerness.

"We might, Nell. I think we can. I'll try and borrow a few hundreds somewhere."

"Oh, Jack, no, no!" I sobbed out in my remorse and despair. "I won't go to the seashore. You see how ill baby is. Oh, Jack, ask your father to let us return home."

"Oh, you wouldn't be satisfied, Nell, if we went back. It is dreadfully stupid down there these summer days, with the haymaking, and the reaping, and all that sort of thing. We should never be able to endure it now."

I said no more. The long, bright, burning days wore on, and our bills ran up higher and higher, and baby's little breath seemed to grow weaker and weaker, and poor Jack himself began to look dreadfully ill and worn. And one afternoon he was sent home in a carriage, quite unconscious, stricken down by a sudden fever.

I put my pride aside then and wrote a letter to Jack's father.

"Jack and baby are both ill, and we are sick and tired of this life. Pray forgive us, and let us come home."

The very next day the dear old gentleman arrived, but the bailiffs and the officers of the law were there before him. The rumor that we intended to leave town got out, and our creditors rushed in, anxious to secure the lion's share of our effects. The Brussels carpet, the handsome funiture and costly bric-a-brac all went under the hammer at a disastrously low figure.

"Never mind," said my father-in-law, not a shadow of reproach on his kind old face; "let them squabble over it if they will. We must get our sick ones home."

As we got Jack into the carriage and with his poor hot head upon my face, and baby in my arms, I turned my back upon the scene of my short-lived triumph.

"We are going back to Cherry Hill," said the old gentleman, as in the dusk of the golden day we drove through the dewy stillness of the mountain ravine. "The old home has been waiting for you all these months. I was pretty sure you'd want to come back."

I could not utter one word in answer. A great full moon was rising above the mountain peaks as we reached the house. Not the smallest thing was changed. The great red roses bloomed on the terrace, the bees droned in their hive and and the cattle-bells twinkled in the barnyard. The doors stood wide open. We carried Jack in and laid him down in the broad, breezy room that had been our bridal chamber.

He opened his eyes and drew a deep, quivering breath, as the mountain breeze touched his throbbing head.

"Nell, where are you?" he said. "Surely this must be home?"

"I am here, Jack," I answered through my tears, "and this is home, dear; old Cherry Hill."

"Thank God!" he murmured, and fell back upon the pillows, and I saw great tears trickling slowly from beneath his closed eyelids.

Beyond the open window, in the silver glory of the rising moon, the old grandfather sat, with baby at his feet, half hidden in the rank, cool grass, and even at that late hour the pigeons came fluttering round her as of old, and she screamed with rapture as she clutched at them with her thin white hands.

I rose softly and fell on my knees beside Jack's low pillow.

"Oh, Jack," I sobbed, "I have been wicked. Forgive me, Jack, forgive me. I am so glad to be at home again."

His worn face grew radiant, and his dear arms held me close.

And then and there, clasped to my husband's heart, in the safe, sweet shelter of the home he loved, I understood all the past.

"You didn't mean it, Jack," I whispered. "You only pretended to enjoy it all to please me."

He smiled at me with his grave fond smile.

"And, oh, Jack, our money is all gone, and—"

He silenced me with a kiss.

"No matter, little woman, the lesson we have learned has been cheaply bought. We shall not care to leave the safe old mountain nest in search of fashion and society again."

I could not answer. I heard my baby cooing to the pigeons in the grass and sat there, clasped in Jack's forgiving arms, the happiest woman the world held.

PATENTS GRANTED.

List of Patents granted to citizens of Pa., for the week ending, Tuesday, April 7, 1885, compiled from the Official Records of the United States Patent Office, expressly for the Carbon Advocate by Shipley Brashears, Patent Attorney, Solicitor and Expert, No. 637 F Street, N. W., Washington, of whom copies, and information may be had:

J M Bruce, Pittsburg, combined water cooler and filter.
W J Carlin, Allegheny, friction drum.
E L Cleveland, Pittsburg, car axle lubricator.
R V Coffin, Slatington, slate shaving machine.
J Henderson, Bellefonte, apparatus for the combustion of gaseous fuel.
E A Johnson, Allegheny City, sash fastener
G W Darby, Allegheny City, operating car brakes.
F G Ford, Roxborough, support for bed slats.
C D Godcharles, Milton, nipper bar for nail machines.
G Lauder, Pittsburg, bessemer process.
M N Lovell, Erie, tempering wire springs, (two patents.)
J McCready, New Brighton, car coupling.
A McLennan, Pittsburg, gas regulating valve.
S C Nash, Harrisburg, portable camera.
A Randal, Allegheny City, underground gas main.
L Shook, Pittsburg, piston-rod packing.
Susan L Sinclair, Allegheny, filling the recesses in the tread of car wheels.
S Stutz, Pittsburg, preventing gas explosions
Wm Thomas, Pittston, device for feeding air to furnaces.
B Weaver, Pittsburg, guide box.
C P Weaver, Norristown, sorting spout for tack machines.
G Westinghouse, jr, Pittsburg, detecting leaks in gas mains.
D A Williamson, Watsontown, heel trimming machine.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 14, 1885.

W D Young, Pittsburg, horse shoe machine
L Houston, Montgomery Station, circular sewing machine.
Jas Hunter, Pittsburg, gas conductor.
J F Ingham, Allegheny, seal lock.
Jas Jackson, Pittsburg, machine for bending tube skelp.
J W Kughler, Greenville, railway crossing and target.
G W Morris, Pittsburg, combined spring measure and track indicator.
T M Morton, Pittsburg, steam radiator and heater.
T O'Donnell, Bradford, safety bar for railway fish plates.
S Pennock, Kennett Square, road machine.
H H Rodman, Wilkesbarre, shoe fastening.
T S Stewart, Saltsburg, dumping wagon also end gate for dumping wagons.
J P Witherow, Allegheny, apparatus for the manufacture of iron and steel.
A H Witman, Minersville, powder keg discharge tube.

CHICAGO NOVELETTE.

"Back, I say!"

The silvered foam of the sea was splashing in rythmic cadence on the white sands of the beach, while here and there a flock of wavering light from the signal buoy on Sardine Shoals—that dreaded spot beneath whose treacherous waves so many goodly ships freighted with precious burdens from far Cathay and Muskegon had disappeared forever—brought into bold relief against the western sky Giroflé McClosky's off foot as she stood by Bertram Perkin's side that soft June evening.

"You do not love," said the girl speaking slowly, "or you could not speak so cruelly. On this beautiful night, when the hills are suffused with amber haze, through which the stars glow and throb in silent splendor, we should think of naught but love—pure, passionless love that will bind our hearts together in a chain whose every link shall be a kiss; whose every fold a sweet caress.

For an instant the man did not reply. Then the girl stretched forth to him her bare white arms that glistened like marble in the growing dusk, but he heeded them not.

"Will you not speak to me, sweetheart?" she said, an infinite pathos in her words.

No answer came. Again the outstretched arms pleaded mutely and with pitiful eloquence for the joy that was never to be.

Looking at her with a haughty, almost Vice-President Davis expression on his face, Bertram again said: "Back, I say."

With a despairing gleam in her darksome eyes, Giroflé turned away and began to sob as it her corset would break. "God help me," she said, in despairing accents, "I cannot back."

"Why not?" asked Bertram.

"Because," was the reply, in tear-stained tones, "my polonaise is eternally too tight."

A LEARNED JUDGE.

"Well," remarked the Justice. "What is this young man accused of?"

"I caught him playing poker, sir," replied the policeman.

"Yes," returned the court. "But I have no objections to poker, you know. If that is all the charge against him I shall discharge him. What have you to say for yourself, young man?"

"I was sitting down with some friends of mine, your Honor, playing a friendly game of cards."

"Yes."

"We had a jack-pot on the table. It was opened and I came in on a pair of deuces. The man who opened it stood pat and bet $10 and I called him."

Called him on deuces? Twenty-five dollars. Call the next."

"Yes," gasped the prisoner; "but I thought you didn't object to poker?"

"I don't; but to call a man on deuces isn't poker. Call the next case."

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T. F. KLEINTOP, Lehighton, Pa.
April 17, 1885—3m

The Emperor Louis Napoleon smoked only the finest cigars the world could produce. Yrol Haversort says the Emperor's cigars were made specially for him in Havana from leaf tobacco grown in the Golden Belt of North Carolina, this being the finest leaf grown. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is made from the same leaf and is the favorite cigaro, is absolutely pure and is unquestionably the best tobacco ever offered.
Thackeray's gifted daughter, Anne, in her sketch of Alfred Tennyson, in Harper's Monthly, tells of her visit to the great poet. She found him smoking Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco, sent him by Hon. James Russell Lowell, American Minister to the Court of St. James.
In these days of adulteration, it is a comfort to smokers to know that the Bull Durham brand is absolutely pure, and made from the best tobacco the world produces.
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Hair Vigor
restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.
It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the Vigor is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.
Mr. C. P. Bonham writes from Kirby, O., July 5, 1882: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."
J. W. Bowen, proprietor of the Medathian (Ohio) Enquirer, says: "Ayer's Hair Vigor is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."
Mr. Andrew Fairbairn, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1882: "Ever since my hair began to give all very evidence of the change which fleeting time proclaimed, I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of some moment to singers, musicians, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."
Mr. G. A. Pinkerton, writing from 18 Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using Ayer's Hair Vigor the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the Vigor, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."
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