The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Jr Publisher. INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live." $1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

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Advertising Rates

For Legal Notices.

The following prices for legal advertising has been apopted by the CARBON ADVOCATE.

Charter Notices	$4 00
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H. V. Morthimer, Jr., Publisher.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNCELLORS.

HORACE HEYDT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE:—The room recently occupied by W. M. Rapsher,
BANK STREET, - LEHIGHTON, PA.
May be consulted in English and German. July 4, 1885-1y

W. M. RAPSHER,
ATTORNEY & COUNCELLOR AT LAW,
FIRST DOOR ABOVE THE MANSION HOUSE,
MAUCH CHUNK, PENN'A.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents a Specialty. May be consulted in English and German. November 22, 18 4.

T. A. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—Corner of Bank Street & Bankway 2nd building above the Carbon Advocate Printing Office.
May 19, 1883-m6*] LEHIGHTON.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Sr.,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
OFFICE: ADVOCATE BUILDING,
Bank St., Lehighton, Penna
All business pertaining to the office will receive prompt attention. 16.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

DR. P. ALFRED ANDREWS,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Opposite Nathan Snyder's Store,
EAST WEISSPORT.
Special attention given to chronic diseases and Diseases of Women. apr17-3m*

DR. W. W. REBER
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
OFFICE Hours at Parryville From 8. m., to 12 m. daily.
May be consulted in the English or German Language. May 17, '84.

N. B. REBER, M. D.
U. S. EXAMINING SURGEON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
OFFICE—Bank Street, Reber's Block,
LEHIGHTON, PENN'A.
May be consulted in the German Language. Nov. 3 ch.

W. G. M. SEIPLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOUTH STREET, - LEHIGHTON, PA.
May be consulted in English or German
Special attention given to GYNECOLOGY
OFFICE HOURS—From 12 M. to 2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. March 31, 83

F. A. Rabenold, D.D.S.

BRANCH OFFICE-Opposite Clauss & Bro's
Bank St., Lehighton, Pa
Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth extracted without pain. Gas administered when requested. Office Days—WEDNESDAY of each week. P. O. Address, LUTZENBERG, Lehigh county, Pa. Jan. 3, 18 5-1y.

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. ANÆSTHETICS administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk should make engagements by mail. 15 8-y1

EYE AND EAR.
DR. G. T. FOX
Visits Allentown regularly on THURSDAY of each week. Practice limited to
Diseases of the Eye & Ear
Office at Hayden's American Hotel, and office hours from. 9 in the forenoon until 2:30 in the afternoon. Also attends to Refraction of the Eye for the proper adjustment of glasses, and for the relief and cure of optical defects.
May also be consulted at his office in BATH, Wednesday and Saturday of each week, at BANGOR on Monday, and at EASTON on Tuesday. jan 2 86 1y.

HOTELS AND DEIRY.

CARBON HOUSE,
JONATHAN KISTLER, 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 10-y1,

PACKERTON HOTEL.
Midway 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. 16-y1.

D. J. KISTLER
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.

Wall Paper, Borders, Ceiling Decorations,
—GET THE VERY LATEST SPRING STYLES OF—
Gilts, Micas, Flats, &c.,
at rock bottom prices. Call and see! No trouble to show Goods at
Thomas' Drug Store,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa. Reber's Block.

Physicians Perscriptions
Carefully Compounded

M. HEILMAN & CO.,
BANK STREET, Lehighton, Pa.,
MILLERS and Dealers in
Flour and Feed.
All Kind of GRAIN BOUGHT and SOLD
REGULAR MARKET RATES
We would, also, respectfully inform our customers that we are now fully prepared to SUPPLY them with
The Best of Coal
From any Mine desired at VERY
LOWEST PRICES.
M. HEILMAN & CO

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

CLINTON BRETNEY, fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker, Bank St. Lehighton. All work warranted.

Sale Bills!
Printed while you wait. We have better facilities than any other office in this county for this work. Give us a call.

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 Thieves Protective and Insurance Company.
March 29, 1879 THOS. KEMERER.

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, 1884-3m.

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.

—While what we do unquestionably influences what we are, it is equally true that what we are influences and determines the real value of what we do. Let no one then imagine that he can permanently benefit his work or further his business by sacrificing his own manhood or neglecting other obligations.

A Sensible Man
would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. It is curing more cases of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized Biery, of Weissport, and Thomas, this place, to refund your money if, after taking three-fourths of a bottle, relief is not obtained. Price 50c. and $1. Trial size free.

—When Brown opened the front door one morning and found a strange baby in a basket on the front steps, he picked up the bundle, and as he carried it into his wife, he was heard to remark: "Some men are born babies, some achieve babies, and some have babies thrust upon them."

Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters.
Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram shop beverage. But are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, cleanse the blood and system of every impurity. Sold by druggists, $1.00. At Thomas' drug store.

—Phrenologist: "Your bump of imagination is abnormally large, sir. You should write poetry." Citizen: "I do write poetry. Only yesterday I took a poem to an editor, and that bump you are feeling is where he hit me. Don't bear on it so hard."

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, at T. D. Thomas'.

—A young married woman in this vicinity was very much worried during one afternoon recently. Her husband had just bought a cow and put it in the barn. As soon as it commenced to thunder the lady rushed wildly to the kitchen and cried to her cook: "Run, Mary, run, and shut the stable door. If the cow hears that thunder it will turn her milk sour."

Dr. Frazer's Magic Ointment.
A sure cure for all boils, burns, sores, cuts, flesh wounds, sore nipple, hard and soft corns, chapped lips and hands. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists. Williams M'f'g. Co., Prop's., Cleveland, O. Sold by Thomas, the druggist.

—A young man dressed in the height of fashion was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at a pond which skirted the highway, said: "Oh! how I should like to have my head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman overhearing this, said: "Bedad, and you might have it there and it wouldn't sink."

Never Give Up
If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by T. D. Thomas.

—"Darringer, I sympathize with you in your financial distress. As a friend you can trust me every time." "But Bromley, that doesn't happen to be the kind of a friend I'm looking for. I want a friend who will trust me."

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold by Biery, Weissport, and Horns, Lehighton.

—There is one consolation in being bald. When a policeman strikes you on the head with his club the doctor doesn't have to waste any time in cutting the hair from the wound.

The pure and reliable virtues of the *Hop Plaster* give hope and strength to weak, sore lungs.

—St. Louis matron: "Now, young man, I tell you, you must not come fooling 'round my daughter Jerusha any longer. I've set my foot down." Young Gillpod: "All right, madam, that covers the ground."

For dyspepsia and liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by all druggists.

—She, emphatically: "How kind of nature to bestow upon the blind the faculty of distinguishing colors by the sense of touch!" He, philosophically: Yes, but it's not altogether confined to the sightless. In this hard world a fellow needn't be blind to feel blue."

Ayer's Pills are the best cathartic for correcting irregularities of the stomach and bowels. Gentle, yet thorough in their action, they cure constipation, stimulate the appetite and digestive organs, and strengthens the system.

—It is harrowing to the soul of a dude, who thinks he is the centre of attraction at a street corner, to find that it is a pumpkin in the window behind him.

—The Japanese say, "A man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and next the drink takes the man."

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief? Price 10c., 50c., $1. Sold by Dr. Horn, Lehighton, Biery, Weissport.

—Mr. Ryebread, attempted to kill himself because a woman would not elope with him. She did not knead him, and it went against his grain.

—A spanking pair—a pair of slippers.

Neuralgia and kindred diseases, promptly yield to the immediate action of St. Jacobs Oil, the pain-conqueror.

—The race-horse Obermeyer has been named Schoolmaster. He ought to beat his competitors.

ST JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.
At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

RED STAR
TRADE MARK.
COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ONLY A WOMAN.

Only a woman! A delicate woman!
Who starts at the sight of a mouse;
Whose weight is fourscore
(Not many pounds more),
And yet what a power in the house.

Calmly, serenely, she orders her household
With almost a soldierly drill;
From chaos she's bringing,
Yet all the while singing,
Sweet order her part to fulfill.

Only a woman! A soft-hearted woman,
Whose bright tears are ready to flow;
And yet, whose small hand
Is made to command
In her womanly sphere here below.

Small things may try and ruffle her temper,
And yet with great trials she'll rise,
And shame even man,
With some well-devised plan
That must have dropped down from the skies.

Only a woman! A far-sighted woman,
Who strives to make men of her boys,
Who reads their young hearts,
The while she imparts
True principle in with their joys.

Training her daughters—their constant companion—
Softly leading them each by the hand,
Teaching them truths
In their innocent youths,
That their names may be gold in the land.

Only a woman! A beautiful woman,
Now gliding through chamber and hall,
Her laughter and song,
That to home life belong,
Robs many a heart of its thrall.

Joy of her children—queen of her husband—
Who e'er may claim such a throne.
Strong and enduring,
Sweet peace insuring,
Who but fair woman alone?

OUR SOUTHERN BUDGET

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

SOUTHERN PINES, N.C., April 26.

I always take delight in listening to two old soldiers when they begin comparing notes and swapping incidents of the days when hard tack was a luxury and salt pork a necessity. The conversation becomes all the more interesting if the two ex-soldiers happen to have been fighting on different sides. First they begin by referring to the flag of truce that waved at some place and period, and then they speak of how they swapped tobacco for coffee, corn whisky for beef, and whatever the boys of one side had that the boys of the other side hadn't, but wanted to have.

The soldiers, or "boys," met under the white flag as common sufferers, and until the truce ended they were friends. After that—but that is neither here nor there.

Then follow incidents of particular battles, many of them unknown to the historians of the day and time, but interesting as the pages of romance.

Probably the two veterans will indulge in a little song singing. If so, the listeners are sure to hear something that will interest and please them.

I shall never forget hearing an old veteran of the second war with England sing a song about one of the battles I which he fought. He told a story, too of how, during the progress of a battle, he watched a certain clump of bushes from which at regular intervals a puff of blue smoke arose, invariably followed by the killing or wounding of one of his comrades. Finally he estimated from the position of the blue puff of smoke where the heart of the one who pulled the trigger must be, and taking careful aim, immediately after one of the fatal puffs of smoke, he sent a bullet on its mission.

There were no more puffs of smoke from that bush. An order to "retreat" came shortly after, and it was the last he saw of the field of carnage until ten years afterward when he visited the old battle-ground in company with others. He had no difficulty in recognizing the locality of the bush at which he had fired, and going there he found the bones of a skeleton, white and ghastly, lying beneath the shade. Among the scattered bones were lying two old-fashioned flint-lock muskets. One was empty. The other one had caked powder in the pan. This he knocked out, and filling the pan with new powder he raised the hammer and pulled the trigger. The flint responded to the steel. There was a flash, an instant's interval, and then the musket, that had been loaded ten years before, belched forth its "pent-up Utica," if I may be allowed such an original (?) expression, and as the sound went echoing and re-echoing among the mountain glens, the bullet that ten years before had been intended to maim and destroy fell harmless in the placid waters of a lake near at hand.

How little the people of the North know of the songs that were sung in the homes of the Southern people a quarter of a century ago. And yet, those songs are a "part and parcel" of the innumerable events that go to make up the warp and woof of national history.

"Yankee Doodle" has a part in American history as prominent, almost, as has Gen. Washington or the plucky Putnam. Contemporaneous with this song that has been sung by many millions are other songs that live only in the hearts of the singers or the listeners. They blossomed for a day like the magnificent morning-glory that bedecks the humble cottage of the farmer, and were almost as soon lost sight of in the crowding events of immutable Time.

"I shall never forget the nights I spent in camp on the Rappahannock" said an ex-confederate soldier, with a pleasant smile and a kindly eye, to the writer the other day. He said:

"Quiet nights, before the tattoo and taps, it was nothing unusual for a Union band across the river to play "Yankee Doodle." No sooner would the strains die away on the river than our band would respond with "Dixie's Land." Then the band across the river would play "Dixie's Land," and our boys in turn would play "Yankee Doodle." This musical duel would enlist the attention of the armies on both sides of the river, the champions of the bands cheering the players on to do their very best."

But I set out to write about the war songs that were sung here a quarter of a hundred years ago. I wanted to say something about the songs that became famous, and others that perhaps were never heard of beyond the localities and camps that originally sung them with the greatest of gusto and pleasure.

The singers of the long ago now meet on fields of a far different character. The man in blue and the man in gray now "drink from the same canteen."

They are associated in business enterprises together, and having buried the *principle* over which they followed their respective leaders to battle, they now can laugh and joke over the days that are past, and raise their voices together in songs of peace.

The man from the North can here find a hearty welcome. His Southern brethren can offer him the finest climate in the world. He can find land that is easy to till, and so cheap that it seems like a gift. He finds long growing seasons, and conditions for home building and home owning that cannot help pleasing him. He finds here that it is possible to escape the grinding, grinding, grinding of the wheels of toil, whose ceaseless motion makes a tiresome and never-ending music from the beginning to the ending of the years that roll over his head in his Northern home.

And nowhere in the South can he find better advantages than he can find in Old North State, which is even now taking rank among the foremost producing states of the Union.

F. P. WOODWARD.

Broadbrim's New York Letter

Special to the CARBON ADVOCATE.

Once more General Alexander Shaler has been placed in deadly peril, and if there is any number of men in New York who rejoice at his probable downfall I am not one of them. I never knew the man personally; never exchanged a word with him though I have known him as a public man ever since the war. He worked his way up from a humble position to the rank of a Major-General in the American army. It was by work—good, square, honest work, and the faithful and zealous performance of his duty in whatever station he was cast, and for the last twenty years he has been one of the foremost men in the militia organization of the State, being almost regarded by the great body of our military men as an officer of the regular army. He not only had the confidence of our business men and politicians but he enjoyed the personal friendship of most of the officers of the regular army, and when any of them visited New York they were always as glad to share his hospitality as he was to extend it. There was hardly a position in the gift of the city that was not open to him. His position in the militia gave him unbounded influence in everything connected with its welfare and administration. Some new armory sites were to be purchased and the accusation is, that for a bribe of $9,000 which was given him in the shape of a satisfied mortgage, he sold his opinion and by that sale, enabled one Wilson, who gave the bribe, to fleece the city out of $40,000. Wilson the rascal, who says he gave the bribe, acknowledged that he perjured himself on a former trial and confesses that it is to save himself from State's prison that he now retracts his former confession. On the face of it, if the scoundrel Wilson is to be believed, backed by the collateral evidence of the satisfied mortgage, it looks dark for General Shaler, but I hope and trust that he may be able to make his innocence clear as the sunlight and spotless as the mountain snow. I shall think worse of myself and all the world if he be convicted. A mere disagreement of the jury, though it may afford a legal avenue of escape, will leave his character tainted and smirched, and the memory of this trial will haunt him to his grave.

As an instance of swift retribution the capture, trial and conviction of the "Sharp Gang" stands almost without a parallel in our criminal calendar. About two months ago a respectable married woman of this city visited Brooklyn and went out to see some friends at Greenwood, near the cemetery. It was dark when she started back, and very unwisely she undertook to walk down to the ferry. The district through which she had to pass is one of the very worst in the city, and has long been the resort of outlaws, ruffians and thieves, of whom the bravest of our police stood in dread. The lady in passing a lonely place was seized by several of the gang, dragged on to a little tug boat near by brutally outraged by the villains, and in addition to the shocking barbarity they robbed her of her purse and all of her clothes and then left her for dead upon the wharf. The wretched woman dragged herself to a house some distance off and word was sent to the nearest police station, and in a few days twelve members of the gang were captured and most of them were identified by the woman. Six were tried last week, every one was convicted; they were sentenced to fifteen years each at hard labor in State's prison. Brooklyn breathes freer for their absence, though, like Smith's razor strops there are still a few more of the same sort left.

The magnificent gift of a quarter of a million of dollars by the late W. H. Vanderbilt's son to the new hospital founded by their father, with the magnificent donation to the Maternity Hospital by his son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Sloan, makes their united gifts something over a million of dollars to hospital purposes alone. The gift, splendid as it is, is hemmed in and bounded by no narrow restrictions, but is free as the air and the sun to the children of every clime, complexion and degree. The only conditions are, that the unfortunate shall need its aid and the best skill and the tenderest treatment that money can procure is given as free as the air he breathes or the water that runs. Thinking over this splendid charity and its far reaching blessings—blessings that shall glorify humanity when I am undistinguished dust, I regret now that I have ever spoken an unkind word of him who leaves such a train of benison and blessing behind him. The journalist who writes from day to day the current events of the hour, cannot be expected to be infallible in his judgment; he has to take things as they appear at the time not waiting for the deeper springs which time alone developes. Living, I may sometimes have judged W. H. Vanderbilt harshfully and wrongfully, but now when I see these benedictions rising from the dead man's grave I should be unjust to myself if I did not freely admit, that from present appearances, it looks as though the mighty accumulations of the Vanderbilts were in good hands, and that when each member of the family, who now represents its wealth and power, shall have worked out his own problem, New York for all aftertime may rise up and call them blessed, and the name of Vanderbilt roll down through ages, not as millionaires, not as railroad kings, but like Abou Ben Adhem, as those who loved their fellow men.

It was rather startling reading two weeks ago when we read of the strikes in the West, but that was a thousand miles away. To-day, and we have it at our own door and we don't like it. People are beginning to ask themselves "What is it all about?" In New York the principal grevience appears to be that some men don't care about joining the Union, and some had the timerity to speak disrespectfully of the Knights of Labor. One of the employees of the Third avenue surface road was asked to join and refused, they told him they would make him, and he told them in general terms to go to Sheol. They then insisted on his discharge, and the company refused to discharge him and twelve others who appear to be obnoxious to the strikers but are great favorites with the company. On account of this row, which ought to have been settled out back of the stable according to the Marquis of Queensberry's rules, four or five hundred thousand people were compelled to walk to and from their work for miles, among them thousands of weak women and children though it was fat men that did most of the cussin. If Mulligan spoke disrespectfully of the Knights of Labor, what have I got to do with that, why didn't some stalwart knight punch Mulligan's head and teach him better manners. On Monday the streets looked like the entrance to a church where a missionary collection is expected. The streets were alive with policemen and they all carried their long night clubs, and from the determined manner in which they gripped them it was quite evident that they meant business. It looks as though New York was to be made the battle ground; and as the greatest city in the Union, probably this is as good place as any to settle this disturbing question. Every man who has either humanity or sense recognizes the right and duty of labor to elevate, ameliorate and better its condition, and to that end all combinations of working men are necessary and justifiable. To receive fair compensation for their labor, to regulate their hours of work, to cooperate for mutual advancement and improvement. All these things commend themselves to the judgment of thinking men; but it is perfectly abhorrent to our ideas of freedom to say that an individual or corporation should be compelled to employ a person who has made himself offensive to them and whose presence they could not abide. What kind of a free country would it be, if no man dared to question the edicts of the Knights of Labor without the terrors of the Boycott. Little Mrs. Gray in her humble baker shop stands to-day the champion of as grand a principle, as that for which Hampton fought or Sidney died. This weak little woman—stands for free labor and the right of the laborer to the free and unquestioned disposal of his own capital—his labor. Mrs Gray's bakers were receiving Union wages, were working Union hours; she was perfectly satisfied with her workmen, and they were satisfied with her. The men were solicited to join the Union and refused to do so; the Union demanded their immediate discharge. Mrs Gray refused to discharge them, very properly, as they were excellent bakers and she wanted them; then Boycott began. For several days great louts of men, travelled up and down in front of the doomed bakery, requesting people not to go in and buy—some weak and timid ones were terrified at the terrible name of "Boycott," which seemed to have all the horrors of the old time Anathama Maranatha. But the hearts of thousands rebelled at this mean oppression of a helpless woman, and money began to pour in upon her from every State in the Union, and if the Boycott should fortunately continue, Mrs. Gray will be one of the richest bakeresses in New York. This Boycotting is a mean and disreputable business, whatever virtue it may have in Ireland, it has no business in Free America, and I hope before this battle is ended it will be stamped out from every portion of the United States.

Passion week is supposed to be a season of sorrow and humiliation, but to walk the streets these pleasant spring afternoons one would not think so. As the spring advances, new revelations of dress burst upon us; and as I gaze with wondering and admiring eyes, upon the angels that crowd the streets these warm and sunny days, I wonder if Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like unto them. If you want to have a faint idea how they look, take a peep through a first class kaladescope, and when you have turned it to a point where the rainbow pales and the miracles of the prism look like a whitewashed wall—then you are remotely approaching the borders of that wonderland—the spring dress and the spring hat.

The weather is delightful, the trees are bursting into beauty. Stocks quiescent and trade fair. It is evident that the determined stand taken by the authorities has preserved the peace, and eventually all questions between labor and capital will be settled, as it ought to be, by peaceful arbitration.

BROADBRIM.

READ THE ANSWER IN THE SKIES.

Rain follows two or three consecutive hoar frosts.

A shower of hail in the daytime is usually followed by frost at night.

A tinted halo around the sun at setting occurs in long continued rainy weather.

Red-tinged clouds high up at evening, are followed by wind, occasionally by rain.

If, on a fine day, the dust suddenly rise in a revolving, spiral column, rain is near.

Rainbows are unreliable, except they occur in the morning, when rain may be expected.

A dazzling metallic lustre on foliage, during a cloudless day in summer, precedes a change.

Sun-dogs and fragments of prismatic colors during the day show continued unsettled weather.

No dew in the morning is mostly followed by rain, and a heavy dew in the evening by a fine day.

A halo around the moon, especially if some distance from it, is a sure indication of downfall at hand.

If after rain drops of water still hang on the branches and twigs and to window frames the rain will return, but if they fall and the wood work dries, fine weather is at hand.

Stones turn damp before wet; at the same time it must be observed that the fact of their doing so does not invariably indicate rain, for they will do so occasionally before heat.

If the sky be a dull gray, and the sun rises clear, gradually dispersing the vapor, it will be fine. If he retires behind the clouds, and there are reddish streaks about, it will rain.

Often a beautiful sunset will be followed by a bad day. After a rainy day, suddenly at sunset in the far west will appear a magnificent streak of crimson, (not copper colored)—this generally foretells a fine day.

Mists at evening over low-lying ground or near a river precede fine and warm days. If a mist in the morning clears off as the sun gets higher, it will be fine, but if it settles down again after lifting a little, rain is at hand.

The man who is out of doors at sunrise can form a pretty accurate opinion of what the day is to be. If just before sunrise the sky, especially in the west, is suffused with red, rain generally follows in the course of the day. In winter, often snow.

Huge piled-up masses of white cloud in a blue sky, during winter, indicate snow or hail. If small, dark clouds float below the upper ones, moving faster than they, rain will follow, as it will if, in the morning, low, hanging, pale brown, smoke-like clouds are floating about.

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY.

"The last break in wheat has ruined me!" said a Chicago speculator, as he staggered into the marble palace he called home.

"And we must give up this house?" queried his wife.

"Yes."

"And move into cheap apartments; disappear from our circle of society?"

"Certainly. Can you bear up under it—for my sake?"

"Well, I won't put it that way. I'll try and bear up because I want to retire somewhere for two or three years and have my feet compressed until I can wear No. 5s. This offers an opportunity. Bring on your tenement house."

EXPERIENCE AS A LESSON.

Husband—Do you think that our daughter Clara ought to marry for money alone.

Wife—Certainly.

Husband—But you married for love, my dear.

Wife—I know I did, and that is the reason why I think Clara ought to marry for money.

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