

Advertising Rates

For Legal Notices. The following prices for legal advertising has been adopted by the CARBON ADVOCATE.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS. HORACE HEYDT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE:—The room recently occupied by W. M. Rapsher.

W. M. RAPSHER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, FIRST DOOR ABOVE THE MARRIAGE ROOM, MAUCH CHUNK, PENNA.

H. V. MORTIMER, SR., NOTARY PUBLIC, OFFICE: ADVOCATE BUILDING, Bank St., Lehigh, Penna.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS. W. G. M. SEIPLE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, SOUTH STREET, LEHIGH, PENNA.

F. A. Rabenold, D.D.S., BRANCH OFFICE—Opposite Clauss Bros' Bank St., Lehigh, Pa.

W. A. Cortright, D.D.S., OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House", Mauch Chunk, Pa.

EYE AND EAR. DR. G. T. FOX, Visits Allentown regularly on THURSDAY of each week. Practice limited to Diseases of the Eye & Ear.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS. CARBON HOUSE, JONATHAN KISTLER, PROPRIETOR, BANK ST., LEHIGH, PA.

PACKERTON HOTEL, Highway between Mauch Chunk & Lehigh, LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR, Packerton, Penna.

MANSION HOUSE, Opposite L. & S. Depot, Bank Street, Lehigh, Pa. C. H. HOM, PROP.

W. A. Peters, NEW RESTAURANT, next door to the 1st National Bank, BANK STREET, LEHIGH, PA.

C. F. KLEINTOP, INSTRUCTOR IN MUSIC, Robbins' American Classical Methods, A Specialty, BANKWAY, LEHIGH, PA.

The Carbon Advocate

H. V. MORTIMER, Jr. Publisher. VOL. XIV., No. 47. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1886. \$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance. If not paid in advance, \$1.25

With Medicine Quality not Quantity is the greatest importance; next is the knowledge and experience to Correctly Prepare and Dispense the same.



At T. D. THOMAS' POPULAR Drug & Family Medicine Store, Bank Street, Lehigh, Penna.

You can always rely upon getting STRICTLY Pure and Undiluted Drugs and Medicines.

THOMAS carries the largest stock of Patent Medicines in the county. THOMAS has an elegant stock of Druggists Sundries, Fancy and Toilet Articles, &c.

THOMAS makes Horse and Cattle Powders especially. His 21 years experience in the drug business gives him a great advantage in this line.

TRUSSERS, SUPPORTERS and BRACES—always a large stock on hand. WINES and LIQUORS, both foreign and domestic.

WALL PAPERS and BORDERES—the largest assortment in town. Go to THOMAS' with your prescriptions. Go to THOMAS' for your Patent Medicines.

THOMAS KEMMERER, CONVEYANCER, AND GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT. The following Companies are Represented: GERMAN MUTUAL FIRE, READING MUTUAL FIRE, WYOMING FIRE, PORT-VILLE FIRE, LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

THE CARBON ADVOCATE. FIFTY-TWO WEEKS FOR \$1.00! TWENTY-SIX WEEKS FOR 50 CENTS!

Thirteen Weeks for 25 CENTS!

Children Cry FOR FITCHER'S Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. This child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphia or other narcotic property.

ST. JACOBS OIL. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain. PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.

RED STAR COUGH CURE. Absolutely Safe from Opium, Cocaine and Poison. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

MY AUTUMN WALK. WM. CULLEN BRVAST. On woodlands rosy with autumn The number sunshine lies; I look on the beauty round me, And tears come into my eyes.

Beautiful over my pathway The forest spools are shed; They are spouting the grassy hillocks With purple and gold and red.

Beautiful is the death-sleep Of those who bravely fight; In their country's best quarrel, And perish for the right.

And I know that, when our couriers Of hopeless grief to me, Again I turn to the woodlands, And I stand as I see.

And I think of days of slaughter, And the light-sky red with flames, On the hillside and in the meadows, And the wasted banks of the James.

O for the fresh spring season, When the gloves are in their prime, And far away in the future The frosty autumn time!

O for that better season, When the pride of the foe shall yield, And the hosts of God and Freedom March back from the well-worn field.

And the matron shall clasp her first-born With tears of joy and pride; And the scarred and war-worn veteran Shall clasp his promised bride.

The leaves are swept from the branches; But the living buds are there, We told of honor and of valor, To sport in a kinder air.

"I" he cries, staring helplessly at the bowed head and tear-drenched face that the gaslight reveals. "You are constantly in tears—tears for which you give no earthly reason! Is there anything you want?"

She looks up, and for the first time in his life Robert Alwood detects a gleaming ray of proud, resentful fire in her brown eyes, a world of haughty pride in the voice which answers: "Yes, Robert Alwood, I do want many things—things which you have put it beyond my power to possess. Can you give me back the dreams which you have wrecked, the life you have blighted, and the hopes you have made illusions?"

"What was all, in his cold cruelty he walked from the room, and all night long in the brilliant crowded rooms, while she sat dumbly staring, he hung on the very words of the capricious beauty—Miss Helburn—forgetting even the obstacles which separated them in his wild infatuation, and uttering words that afterward he would have given his life to recall; words, the very memory of which ever afterward brought a flush of shame to his cheeks.

"If the old times were back, Laura," he whispered, drawing her toward him on the marble balcony in all the brilliant beauty which blinded his honor. "If I were free again, darling, would it be otherwise? 'Tis you who should have been my wife—not she. If I would—if I could be free again, Laura—"

Moved, perhaps, by the passion trembling in his voice; perhaps by a triumph of her own power, and the utter impossibility of the thing he suggested, the proud beauty bent her proud head, and touched his hand lightly with her perfect lips.

"If you were free—if this wretched mistake had not parted us, Robert, I would have been your wife."

More followed in low, thrilling tones, but neither saw the slim, dark figure crouching there against the shadowy, grey-grown pillar, with the look of deathly pain on her white face.

A few days later, strangely calm and self-possessed, Cara Alwood entered the library where her husband sat, with a roll of papers in her slip hand. She laid them on the table before him, saying simply: "Read—and sign them. It is best for us both."

He perused them—every word—every line, yet scarcely realized that they were the papers which legally set him free from the woman he had so rashly married.

"You understand?" she asked at last. "It is a divorce—a separation. Money can procure anything but happiness. You, at least, are free."

He looked up into her face—so coldly white—and asked hoarsely: "Is it your wish, Cara? I do not wish to make you miserable, God knows." "She turned to the open window with a slow smile of contempt.

"Your consideration comes too late," she said; "since we have been married, it seems to have been your ambition to make me as miserable as you possibly could. You seemed to have forgotten that I, too, was human—capable of joy or pain. Now you have only to forget that I ever came into your life—forget that you ever spoiled my life—and be happy with the old love, who would marry you if you were free."

And well knowing, with a sense of self-shame and abasement, that she had been a witness to that scene on the balcony, Robert Alwood took his freedom, vaguely conscious that it scarcely brought the happiness he had expected. Cara had absolutely refused any allowance, any settlement from him, with: "When I met you I had only my honor and a loving heart. The heart you have broken; the honor, even association with your 'set' has not taken from me! I can go gladly back to the old life of work, praying God to let me forget."

And the months rolled on. Free and unfettered in the eyes of the world, Robert Alwood's infatuation for the lovely belle was ended with: "But nonsense, Robert. Of course I could not marry you—a divorced man. Who would ever have thought—, But there! Here is my partner for the next waltz. Take my advice—find your little wife and make it up. You should never have let her go."

And Cara's voice—Cara's self standing before him—thin, pale and white with a tiny bundle wrapped in her arms. He could neither speak nor stir. "You will keep him," Cara continued in a weak, pitiful voice, holding out her wasted arms toward him. "The mistake was not his fault, you know, I could not support us both, and I was afraid that I should die and leave him to the cold mercy of strangers. Tell your wife how it is, and—"

"I have no wife but you, Cara," he answered tenderly, taking wife and child in his strong arms. "I have even tried to pray that you might return, well knowing I did not deserve your forgiveness. Now you have come, and I will never let you go again! Can you let me alone, darling—can you trust me once again, and let the 'dead past bury its dead'?"

"I can trust you, I think," she whispered through happy tears. "And I know that I cannot live without my boy—and you."

And remembering all the past, in which he alone was guilty, Robert Alwood thanked God for the happiness which had reached him in spite of all his folly.

BETWEEN ME AND MY DARLINGS. Are miles and miles of space; But always in the twilight, I look on the little face; I see their hands close folded, In prayer, at mother's knee, And whisper in the breeze, "Go kiss them all for me."

And then I sit and listen, And often think I hear Their steady little voices, Make music in my ear. I fancy that I hear them Breathe loving thoughts for me, In prayers that they have taught them To utter at your knee.

And then my heart grows tender With longing for its own; For the children and their mother, Beside the old hearthstone. "God bless and keep them for me," I whisper, prayerfully, "And take me to my dear ones, Who wait beyond the sea."

A BITTER ORDEAL. BY M. E. HOLAHAN. I am very proud and happy as I sweep down the long, cool aisle of the church where I have been baptized—where some day I shall enter, and leave, never to "walk alone"—again—the wife of Denzil Harvey, whose betrothed wife I already am.

I steal a side glance at his face—so full of power, culture and grand strength. I nestle even closer to his side, and the harmony of the organ swells on the air. "Look up, Harvey," quipped whispering my brother Jack, with his own eyes devoutly downcast. "Another new organist—a divinity. The fourth in a month. Extravagant!"

Although not exhorted to do so, I lift my eyes discreetly until they rest on the choir, then single out the form and face of the new organist. Her face is fair-tinted as a sea-shell and rounded in soft, child-like curves of cheek and neck and chin; the nose is very small and slightly, daintily "uplifted," while her mouth is the sweetest, the most perfect I have ever seen, although there is a pathetic droop at the corners, I think.

Even while I am gazing her eyes meet mine, and I see that they are in perfect harmony with her mouth! So large, dark, unseakably beautiful, and full of a deep, thoughtful sadness—a glorious contrast to the pale-gold ringlets that droop beneath the edge of her cravat hair in shining tendrils.

Carelessly her eyes rest on my face as I carefully they pass and rest on Denzil's, and I see a sudden change in their great, lustrous splendor. What it is I cannot explain—perhaps mingled pain, passion, regret and reproach.

There is a momentary crash of the organ, a toll, then the music goes on as before, only that the brown eyes are not raised again while the service lasts. When I again dare to look in Denzil's face, they are seated in the carriage on the road home. That to-day is not the first time he has seen the organist I am sure, for to his face also has come a certain change, deepening the lines and hardening the stern, powerful eyes.

"Pretty young for a widow, isn't she, that organist?" Jack says suddenly while we are seated at dinner. "But she is a widow—the Reverend Phillips told me so—named Mrs. La Rue. She is stopping at the rectory, and they are to have a musicale Thursday night, in which they wish us all to take part. Will you, Charlie? Of course—Harvey will. He's right to home in such things."

seen no cause to fear or complain, if only my jealous heart would hush its mad throbbing suspicion. Mrs. La Rue is an accomplished musician, playing on the piano, harp, violin and guitar with almost equal skill. It seems odd to think of this woman with the sweet, flower-like face and unassuming, tender grace of figure and manner as having been married at all.

She must have loved her husband very much, I think, that his death could write such unutterable sadness in her face. She cannot be more than twenty-one. "Won't you sing, Mrs. La Rue?" I ask presently.

I should like to hear her voice in song. I think I could judge her better—whether the object of her love was living or dead. "I never sing any more," she says, with a slow smile. "I think my voice would break and die away if I attempted it. I love vocal music, and—won't you sing, Miss Rehnalt?"

I sing as requested, and the wonder is that I do not break down myself, for when I look at Denzil I find his eyes fixed on Mrs. La Rue's face with such passionate, despairing intensity that with difficulty I suppress a cry of pain. For in that look is disclosed emotion of such intense depth and power as never have I been able to call forth.

In that look is his nature revealed—not calmly, coldly tender, as I have always known him—but capable of joy or pain to the very extreme of madness. Whatever Laurie La Rue has been to him I know not. I only know that my own heart is on fire with doubt, torture and fear.

Ab, Heaven! what is this cloud which lies between us, pressing so heavily on my heart? Why is it that I, who love him so well, have not power to break in any way the calm, courteous self-possession of his nature? I want to scream out in my mad, yearning pain; I want to use some desperate extreme, lest I should go mad; but, even as society people generally do, I give no outward sign until I am in my own room—the door locked behind me.

Then I sink—crushed with a hopeless apathy—on the floor beside the window-sill, and hide my face upon my arms. I try to picture my future as it will be hopeless in any case, for if I marry Denzil Harvey I shall do so with the full conviction that his heart belongs to another.

If I do not marry him—Ah, Heaven, all the long weary years to come and go! Not that—not that! Better to look on my own funeral.

Without, the soft wind is sobbing against the lattice of my window, and the white moonlight lies heavy on dewy shrub and sleeping flower, with God's sky bending above. I step out and down the long garden path—even through the rustling bushes, and down—what fatality draws me there?—to the edge of the lake which glistens in the moonlight.

But evidently I am not the only one beside the lake to-night; and I am almost upon them before I recognize with a pang of wild, passionate pain the figures of Denzil Harvey and Mrs. La Rue, and his voice, fraught with passion—cold, sneering, mocking—as I have never heard it come.

"I could not sleep," he says. "I am even fonder of you than I was in my youth. Unless I saw you alone—unless I spoke with you—I felt that I should go mad. Does your power to marry my happiness that much please you still, Mrs. La Rue?"

To the mocking question she gives no reply, but I can see that her little hands are loosely clasped before her—that her great dark eyes are thoughtfully fixed on a spot far out where the moonlight strikes the water.

Denzil's voice continues, changing from a sneer to a wild, passionate regret. "You were so sure of your power over me. Did you come here to make a fool of me the second time, only to again throw me over for a newer favorite. Spare your pains—I am beyond your power—engaged to a woman with a heart—Miss Rehnalt."

Then she looks up suddenly, involuntarily throwing out her hands with a gesture of passionate pain. "Don't!" she pleads hoarsely. "You are cruel as the grave. Has not my life since then been a torment sufficient for my folly? I was false to you—I married Ronald La Rue, but—well, I wonder if any one is ever quite so happy as they think they might have been? Listen. When I am not here, judge me lightly as you can. In a moment of childish folly and pique, for which the woman has repented, I married him, but I always loved you, Denzil. And because I love you, I go out of your life forever."

The sudden gleam of two white uplifted hands, a gurgling splash, and the glimpse of a lovely face above which the waters basined below the stone wall close eagerly; then a man's hollow groan, another leap, and I am standing alone on the bank of the lake, wondering if it is not all a nightmare.

"You won't catch me marrying a duck of a man," said a spirited girl; "because one of that kind is too apt to make a goose of a husband."

In gathering wild flowers, autumn leaves, or plucking in the woods, we are exposed to danger from poisonous ivy or other wild vines and shrubs. The poison in under certain circumstances readily absorbed by the blood, and painful swellings or eruptions are caused. Such affections Hood's Sarsaparilla readily cures, as it expels all impurities from the blood. Even in cases of poisoning by Paris green, Hood's Sarsaparilla has been remarkably successful. It should be kept constantly in the house for all blood disorders. Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., and is sold by all druggists. 100 Doses \$1.

Every female holds a dress rehearsal for an hour before going to a party. We may not like hotel-keepers, but we have to put up with them. Dr. Frazer's Magic Ointment. A sure cure for all boils, burns, sores, cuts, flesh wounds, sore nipples, hard and soft corns, chapped lips and hands. Price 20 cents. Sold by druggists, Williams M'F. Co., Prop., Cleveland, O. Sold by Thomas, the druggist.

A five-year-old's prayer: "Oh, Lord, make me a good boy, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Dr. Frazer's Root Bitters. Frazer's Root Bitters are not a dram shop beverage. They 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.

Angelina: "The man I marry must be handsome, brave, and clever." Tompkins: "Dear me, how fortunate we have met." Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, 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'.

Bald-headed men will worry a little over the statement that "during the summer hair will be worn high on the head." A Sensible Man would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. It is curing more cases of coughs, colds, catarrhs, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung troubles than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized Biery, of Weissport, and Thomas, of 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.

Woman, as a rule, are not profane, and yet a great many of them rip, tear and darn their husbands' old clothes. Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, 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. For sale by T. D. Thomas'.

A young lady attending balls and parties should have a female chaperon until she is able to call some other chap her own. The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Boston, Ind., says: "My mission and wife owe our lives to SHILLON'S CONSUMPTIVE CURE. Biery, Weissport, and Dr. Horn, Lehigh, Pa."

"Life is full of golden opportunities," remarks a philosopher, "but they aren't worth their salt when you try to cash them." Shillon's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough, and bronchitis. Sold by Dr. Horn, Lehigh, and Biery, Weissport.

"Mamma, I want some raisins." "Very well; take a handful." "A handful? Oh, won't you give them to me? Your hand is larger."

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

A student of medicine having courted a girl a year, and got fitted, has turned round and snub her father for the visits he paid her. N. C. Curran, N. Y. A new departure in medical science. Fontaine's cure for throat and lung diseases has cured after all other remedies failed. For sale at Dr. C. T. Horn's drug store.

"Briest, have you given the gold-fish fresh water?" "No, ma'am. Sure, what's the use? They haven't drunk up the water in there yet." The secret of successful advertising is to tell the truth. When we say that DREYDOPPEL'S BORAX SOAP is the best and cheapest soap you can use for all purposes, it is a plain statement of fact, and the best way for you to satisfy yourself is to try a pound.

German professor (who is about to have his hair cut) "Donnerwetter, how could it be in this room. Pray allow me to keep my hair on!" Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shillon's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Dr. Horn's and Biery's drug stores.

Agel soldier: "I shall love you as long as I live." Young lady: "That will not suffice. I want some one who will love me as long as I live." 25¢ per box, and scratches of every kind cured in 20 Minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Use of no other. This never fails. Sold by T. D. Thomas, Druggist, Lehigh, Pa. Oct. 31st.—Some men have one day and one year, another, as great capitals have told me, from their own experience and observation. Many forget that the hair and scalp need cleaning. Extensive use of Ayer's Hair Vigor has proven that it is the best cleansing agent for the hair—it prevents dandruff and stimulates the hair to renewed growth.

The Carbon Advocate. An Independent Family Newspaper. Published every Saturday in Lehigh, Carbon County, Pennsylvania, by H. V. Mortimer, Jr. \$1.00 Per Year in Advance. Best advertising medium in the county.

Every description of Plain and Fancy JOB PRINTING. At very low prices. We do not hesitate to say that we are better equipped than any other printing establishment in this section to do first-class job-work, in all its branches, at low prices.

Constipation. Is a universal and most troublesome disorder. It causes Headache, Mental Depression, Impaired Sight and Hearing, destroys the Appetite, and, when long continued, causes Enlargement of the Liver, Inflammation of the Bowels, and Piles. Constipation is speedily cured by Ayer's Pills.

CURED BY USING three boxes of Ayer's Pills. I have no hesitation in pronouncing this medicine to be the best cathartic ever made.—James Eccles, Poland, Ohio.

I suffered from Constipation, and, consequently, from Headache, Indigestion, and Piles, for years. Ayer's Pills, which I took at the suggestion of a friend, have given me an effectual relief. I commenced taking a box of Ayer's Pills, and in a few days I was completely cured. I have since used several boxes of Ayer's Pills, and I can say, completely.—D. Purke, Saco, Me.

Ayer's Pills. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

No Patent—No Pay. PATENTS. obtained for inventors in the United States, Canada and Europe, at reduced rates. With our prices, for years, we have been the most successful in the world.

SWITHIN G. SMITHING'S ACADEMY For Young Men and Boys. Located 12 miles from Philadelphia. Fixed prices covers every expense, even books, etc. No extra charges. No risk, with us. Terms of admission. Twelve examinations. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly.

GOOD SALARIES. For commission to Men and Women to act as local or traveling agents. No experience needed. Salary \$100 per month. For particulars, apply to JAMES E. WHITNEY, Successor, Rochester, N. Y. (Mention this paper.)

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM. GIVE RELIEF AT ONCE AND CURE Cold in Head, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Not a Liquid, Suffer from Powder, Free from Injurious Drugs and Offensives Odors.

AGENTS WANTED FOR DR. SCOTT'S Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. Sample free to those desiring agents. No risk, with us. Terms of admission. For particulars, apply to Dr. SCOTT, 33 Broadway, N. York.

T. J. BRETNEY, Respectfully announces to the merchants of Lehigh and other that he is prepared to do all kinds of Hauling of Freight, Express Matter and Baggage.

E. F. LUCKENBACH, DEALER IN WALL PAPERS, Borders and 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.