

ENTERED AT THE LEIGHTON POST OFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

It is safe to conjecture that after the present campaign the tariff issue will still be with us.

BLACK AND BLAINE. Mr. Blaine has nearly finished the journey which he undertook in fulfillment of a pious resolution to revisit his birthplace before the faded leaves had fallen from the trees.

Summed up in brief, Mr. Blaine's counsel to the voters of this State is that the tariff, the amelioration of the condition of the Southern blacks, and all the other great national questions are involved in the candidacy of Gen. Beaver.

Mr. Black is also making a sort of triumphal progress through Pennsylvania, and he is received everywhere with unbounded enthusiasm. He is speaking, too, but he is speaking right to the point. The issues which he presents to the voters are those immediately concerning the honest administration of the business of the State, the strict enforcement of the constitutional safeguards against oppression and discrimination by monopolies, and the amelioration of the condition, not of the negroes of the South, but of the workmen of the State of Pennsylvania.

Although the two distinguished gentlemen have not met, there has been in a certain sense a joint discussion between them as to what questions are involved in the pending election. It seems to us that Mr. Black has clearly got the better of Mr. Blaine in the argument.

But could the Beaver managers have paid a more significant tribute to the vigor with which Mr. Black is prosecuting his campaign than by sending all the way to the Kennebec for the foremost of living Republicans to come and try to beat him?

Mrs. PARSONS, wife of Parsons, the convicted anarchist, has put on the robe of anarchistic doctrine and displays and advances to her full capacity the logical views of which she is an impassioned exponent, by breaking in doors of lecture halls that may be closed against her. Although a woman, Mrs. Parsons should beware and not go too far, in putting in practical application the doctrine of which she has proved so able an exponent. Beware, Mrs. Parsons, beware.

BLACK CAN BE DEFENDED ON. We clip the following editorial from the Labor Record of the 25th instant:

Last Saturday evening the Democrats of Lycoming county held a big mass meeting and were addressed by several able men, among whom was Chauncey F. Black, their candidate for governor. It is of Mr. Black's address that we wish to speak more particularly here. After declaring, and very properly, that this gubernatorial campaign was not the place to discuss national issues, he got right down to the questions of local interest—to questions concerning "hearth and home," as he justly expressed it. He placed himself on the side of the people as against the big corporations, and pledged himself most unambiguously to support organized labor and to listen and to act upon the suggestions of duly accredited representatives of organized labor should he be elected. It is unnecessary to give a full synopsis of his speech—almost everybody in town heard it, or has read of it in the daily papers. Now the question arises: Does Mr. Black mean what he says, or is he merely dealing in chaff? On the answer to this it depends whether laborers ought to support him or not, for it is an acknowledged fact that General Beaver is as dumb as an oyster in regard to all matters concerning the welfare of this State, preferring to fight his campaign on the line of protection and appeals to the veterans of the war. To us individually it is clear that Mr. Black means what he says, and that his record will show it. To-day he is lieutenant governor, in perfect accord with Governor Pattison, and Governor Pattison has done more for the people of this State as against grasping corporations than any one of the six Republican governors who preceded him. If Chauncey F. Black will follow Pattison's footsteps he is the man who ought to be elected; and he has promised that he will. Of his colleagues on the ticket two were named by organized labor—Maxwell Sturgeson and William J. Brines. Pattison was not named on a party ticket between Democrats and Republicans, because on such an issue Pennsylvania is overwhelmingly Republican, and Black, if elected, will be so by the votes of the men who endorse Pattison's action against the proposed consolidation of the South Penn and Beech Creek roads with the Pennsylvania road and its vessels. We repeat: If Black will do as he says he will, he should be elected; whether he is likely to do so or not, you must judge for yourself by your knowledge of the man and his record.

The Philadelphia Tocsin of a recent date says: "We do not place much faith in party platforms as a rule, but any laboring man who closely studies the platforms of the two great parties in this State will not have much trouble in deciding which of the two favors most the wishes of the wage workers. The Democratic platform, in its reference to the labor question, is very pointed, demanding those reforms that have been advocated for years by the labor organizations of this commonwealth. Pennsylvania has enacted her statute books many laws enacted solely for the purpose of intimidating the wage workers—laws that were placed there as a time when capital was in a position to tread upon oppressed labor, and what is more, by the votes of Republican legislators. It is very well for the disorganizer of the dominant party in this State to proclaim friendship for the working classes, but it would be far better for them to give us something more practical than mere words. The

last legislature was Republican, but there was not a single labor measure of any importance passed by that body. Further, the candidates of the Democratic party have been outspoken in favor of every labor reform demanded in their party platform, while the Republicans have cautioned the old-time electors that their party is the "only friend of labor." If the Republican managers desire to counteract the favor with which the candidates of the Democracy are being received among the working people, they must pronounce in favor of the repeal of the conspiracy laws and such other measures that do not bear equally upon capital and labor; against convict and contract labor; against the employment of children under fourteen years of age, and all other reforms enumerated in the platform of the opposition party.

TAKING it all together the earthquakes, the conviction of the Chicago anarchists, and the tariff slip certainly prove that our country is progressing progressively.

Broadbrim's New York Letter.

Special to the Carbon Advocate. During the trial of the Rev. Benjamin Staunton of the Fort Greene Presbyterian Church by the Presbyterian Synod of Brooklyn I made no reference to the affairs that could in any way be construed to his disadvantage. I think that every man, priest or layman, is entitled to a fair and impartial trial without having his case prejudiced by the press; more especially in the case of a clergyman whose reputation is his capital, and which being touched, like the canella, is blasted for all time. Connelly may whitewash and congregations forgive; the man may go on presiding like Downs of Boston, but the stain remains, and not all the waters of the sea can ever wash it out. Mr. Staunton was placed on trial for conduct unbecoming a Christian minister, in abusing his wife and insisting on retaining a woman in his house whom Mrs. Staunton, in describing her to a friend, characterized by one of the strongest Saxon words known to the language. It is not esteemed polite in the present age, but it is the language of Mrs. Staunton's bible; it is the language of Shakespeare; it is just the same that old Wycliff used in his translation of God's word, and nothing better could be found by King James' translators two hundred years after; they could not improve on it, and there it stands in the best English version of the bible to-day. It was just the word that an outraged wife would use in describing the woman who had wrecked her happiness and desolated her home. The trial was dramatic; I will not enter into its details, for that is not my purpose. I will merely add that notwithstanding the most desperate efforts to save him—his defenders being some of the most eloquent clergymen in Brooklyn, several of whom had been themselves in deadly peril—the guilty minister was convicted by a vote of sixteen to six, a conviction which reflects honor on the reverend jury, though the punishment inflicted on the erring pastor was so inadequate to his offense that Brooklyn is in a broad grin at the closing of the trial, which has turned out a farce instead of a tragedy. The defense was entrusted to several notable clergymen, and the Rev. De Witt Tabernack contended himself the convicted minister's champion. I know not if the New York Herald's report of Dr. Tabernack's closing remarks are correct, but if they are, I must say that considering all the circumstances, they were the most savagely brutal and bitter tirade that I have ever known to be uttered by a respectable Christian minister, and of which I am almost sure of the Tabernack pastor will feel heartily ashamed when he sees his speech in print. The attack was on the minister's wife; she was not on trial; she had done nothing criminal; she had erred in the agony of her soul when she found that her husband was lost to her and her heartstone desolate, and in characterizing the woman who had brought this ruin upon her, she chose one of the strongest and plainest words in the language to describe her. For this, Mr. Tabernack in defence of her husband, made this poor, weak, injured, outraged woman the object of a most virulent and bitter attack. I doubt if anything like it was ever heard within the limits of an Ecclesiastical Court before, and I sincerely hope for the Christian church and in the name of Christian charity that it never will again. Mr. Staunton escapes with a mild sort of Mitchelean Easy apology, but he has yet to run the gauntlet of the Courts, and if convicted there, may not be quite as fortunate as he was before the Brooklyn Presbytery.

We have now three candidates for Mayor, such as have not been presented for our suffrages before in the memory of the present generation. Tammany Hall gave us a copy of a list in nominating a County Democrat, Abraham Hewitt, and although a County Democrat he is about the very last man in New York that the County Democracy would have nominated. They being Returnists, wanted some thorough-going fellow who believed that the laborer was worthy of his hire; they had all the wires fixed for Grace; but it is a cold day when Tammany gets left. They knew that with three years more of Grace the fires in the Wigwam would be smouldering ashes and the Sachems would be all dead or scattered. Grace was despatching Tammany men in every department of the civil government, so Bourke Cockran, General Spinola and a few more of the tried and true said, No Grace in mine, if you please—I'll take a straight Hewitt. The nomination was a delightful surprise to the County Democracy, but what could they do? Hewitt was one of their own class—a Democrat, like Paul, the straightest of his sect. No talk upon his private or public life; a man of large experience in public affairs, who in his long career had been like Caesar's wife above suspicion. It was rough on the County leaders not to have a word to say as to who the candidate should be for our highest municipal office, but they endorsed Hewitt with a whoop, and it was the best thing they could have done, and I believe we shall have an honest Mayor. Then the Republicans put up Theodor

de Roosevelt, one of the ablest and purest young men in the metropolis. Born, not with a silver spoon in his mouth, but a golden ladle, he has kept clear of the entanglements which beset our gilded youth, and has made himself an honorable record in public life. While Mr. Roosevelt springs from the blood of our old-time blood, his family ranking among the highest aristocracy for the past two hundred years, it is an honorable distinction that he has earned for himself, and one that no distant day may carry him into the Governor's chair. Meanwhile Mr. George must not be overlooked. He is as honest and as straight as either his compeers—a man with no stain upon his record; a student of economic questions as they affect labor and capital; honest in his convictions, industrious beyond precedent, surrounded by an army of earnest workers who think that the election of Mr. George will be the beginning of the poor man's millennium. It will not do to ignore him in this fight. He is a factor, and a powerful one, and while the union of the County Democracy and Tammany Hall is a matter of congratulation to the Democrats, Irving Hall, which has been left out in the cold in the deal, is in open rebellion, and will throw its influence in favor of the Labor candidate.

The people of New York can now exclaim with Isaac: "Whether he kill Cassio or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, either way makes my gain." Whichever candidate is elected will be a vast improvement on the last two machine Mayors, Grace and Edison.

Strange are the freaks of fortune. Henry Villard's magnificent palace on Madison avenue was sold last week to Whiteleaf Reid of the Tribune. It reads like a romance. A poor German boy lands in New York without a dollar, and in ten years stands at the head of a syndicate that could swamp the capital of the Rothschilds. At the opening of the Northern Pacific he entertained over thirty thousand people, and for months he had for his special guests an army of noblemen from Europe. But Indians alike will have to take their chances with the yellow fever. For an Indian who had a wild and roving life upon the prairies to be deprived of his family and closely confined under military guard in a damp and unhealthy region is considered by military officials as a very severe punishment. II.

If indications are not misleading somebody will certainly be elected on Tuesday.

AND it might not be out of place to remark that right here in little Carbon somebody is going to be left.

From Away Down in Dixie.

From our Special Correspondent. When, a year ago last April, we left Massachusetts, with our editorial war-bag packed in a paper collar box and came to North Carolina, we didn't expect to find our favorite doughnuts and codfish balls every morning for breakfast, and we were not disappointed in that. We didn't find them. Moreover we found many things that were new to us by the manners and customs of the people. Some of these novelties were agreeable and some were not. But at the start we made a steel-riveted resolution that we would not say an all possible and impossible occasion. "Well now, up North we have things we and so," and "Oh, no, we don't do it that way up North," and "Up North, you know, cabbage grows very much larger than these, and are trained on trellises up over the front porch, etc." Now, DON'T!

If you think that Jersey mud is cleaner than North Carolina sand, you are perfectly welcome to the opinion but don't spend all your time darning it into the ears of the people. At least take time enough for your meals. If it is your firm conviction that Mr. Washington in New Hampshire is higher than Mt. Mitchell in North Carolina, all right. But keep still about it, and then people won't find out the towering subtlety of your ignorance.

Supposing you do think that you can give light where light is needed, you must remember that too much light is bad for the eyes. What the people need is rest, and protection from the glare of your electric brilliancy. Don't say "up North" for a month at least.

Give, oh, give us a rest. "See the Yankees and the Johnny Rebs at work there, side by side," said a prominent Southern gentleman of this locality, not long since, and he pointed to a gang of carpenters at work on a large building. It is even so. They are working side by side, all too busy to be anything but friendly, even if there was the slightest disposition that way. But here's our bit.

An old Union soldier, in getting his pension, needed the signatures of two witnesses. He applied to two men who had both served in the Confederate army. "Certainly," said they, "we'll do anything for an old soldier, and don't care which side he was on." That's the universal feeling. Now and then a fossil is dug up which hasn't yet discovered that the war is over. But these are so scarce that there aren't enough for one apiece in the scientific museums of the country.

The waver of the bloody shirt had better hold off his ensanguined garment and "silently steal away," or go into the auction business. The people have no further use for him. JAY.

It is safe to presume that candidates nominated on the vindication plan won't be vindicated.

THE FAMOUS RED BOOK.

This little book as usual makes its appearance just when wanted, and the State edition this year abounds with statistical information of the character now most in demand. The little publication has become the standard political text-book, and not only is it of unquestionable value as an authority upon election results, but is a model of clear and most artistic typography. As of old it is sent without money and without price, by including stamp to C. K. Lord, Baltimore, Md.

It might be grudged to remark that Blaine's high tariff will certainly protect the bloody shirt.

Ben Perley Poore's forthcoming book, "Sixty years of a busy journalist's life at Washington," is anticipated by Mr. Perley Poore's forthcoming book. One of the authors of the "Washington Post" has written with so much feeling, he has been promoting himself in the "Washington Post" for a half a century. It is a most interesting and valuable work, and one of the most interesting in Washington society for a half a century. It is a most interesting and valuable work, and one of the most interesting in Washington society for a half a century.

The appropriation for use in the construction of the new Congressional Library Building is now available, and the work of clearing away the buildings which occupy the site will be commenced at once, and the work pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

The Centennial Exposition, to be held in Washington in 1889, will be the grandest of all modern expositions. The promotion committee, composed of citizens of Washington and Baltimore, which was appointed a few weeks since has become national in extent and influence by the addition of Governors, Mayors of principal cities, Presidents of Boards of Trade, &c. Letters of acceptance have been received from forty-three States and Territories, endorsing in no uncertain terms this important industrial and commercial movement.

The punishment of Geronimo and his principal accomplices in crime has at last been decided upon. By direction of the President they are to spend the remainder of their days in close confinement at Fort Pickens, Fla. This fort is situated upon a spit of land at the entrance of Pensacola Harbor. The locality is so unhealthy that it has been customary to withdraw the garrison into the interior of the State at the approach of the yellow fever season. It is the impression at the War Department that the Indians will never be removed from the fort, and that soldiers and Indian allies will have to take their chances with the yellow fever. For an Indian who had a wild and roving life upon the prairies to be deprived of his family and closely confined under military guard in a damp and unhealthy region is considered by military officials as a very severe punishment. II.

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ANDREW BAYER, DEALER IN Wall Paper and Decorations, Window Shades & Painters Supplies, Paper Hanging, House and Sign Painting, Gilding and Graining. Bank Street, Lehigh, Penna. October 30, 1886.

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