The Carbon Advocate.

$1.00 a Year in Advance. INDEPENDENT--" Live and Let Live." $1.25 when not paid in Advance.

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The Carbon Advocate,

An INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER Published every Saturday in Lehighton, Carbon County, Pennsylvania, by

Harry V. Morthimer, Jr.

—BANK STREET.—

$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.

Professional & Business Cards.

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 4-1y

W. M Rapsher,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
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. nov. 22-y1

H. V. Morthimer, Sr.,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
OFFICE: "Carbon Advocate" Office,
BANK STREET, - - - LEHIGHTON.
All business pertaining to the office will receive prompt attention. mar. 10

C. V. Kleintop,
—Instructor in Music,—
Robbins' American Classical Methods a specialty. Terms moderate. aug 14-tf

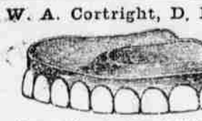
THOMAS KEMERER,
CONVEYANCER AND
General Fire & Life Insurance Ag't.
The following Companies are Represented:
Lebanon Mutual Fire,
Reading Mutual Fire,
Wyoming Fire,
Pottsville Fire,
Lehigh Fire, and the
Travelers Accident Insurance.
Also, Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Detective and Insurance Company. mar20-yl

W. G M. Seiple,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOUTH STREET, - - - LEHIGHTON.
May be consulted in English and German.—Special attention given to Gynecology.
OFFICE HOURS; From 12 M. to 2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. mar. 31-yl

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

BRANCH OFFICE:—Over J. W. Raudenbush's Liquor Store,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON.
Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth Extracted without Pain. Gas administered when requested.
Office Days—WEDNESDAY of each week.
P. O. address, LITZENBERG,
jan 3-yl Lehigh co nty, Pa.

W. A. Cortright, D. D. S.,



OFFICE: Opp. the "Broadway House,"
BROADWAY, - - MAUCH CHUNK
Patients have the benefit of the latest improvements in Mechanical Appliances and the Best Methods of Treatment in all Surgical Cases.—ANESTHETIC administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk, should make arrangements by mail. 1ys-yl

EYE AND EAR.
Dr. G. T. FOX
Visits Allentown regularly on THURSDAY of each week. Practice limited to
Diseases of the Eye and Ear.
Office at Hayden's American Hotel, and Office Hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. P. M. 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 of each week. jan 2-yl

CARBON HOUSE,
JONATHAN KISTLER, - - PROPRIETOR,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON.
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 very attentive Hostlers, attached. apr10-yl

PACKERTON HOTEL,
Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton,
LEOPOLD MEYER, PROP'R,
PACKERTON, - - - PENNA.
This well-known Hotel is admirably refitted, and has the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent Tables and the very best Liquors. Stables attached. septo-yl

MANSION HOUSE,
Opposite L. & S. Depot,
BANK STREET, - - LEHIGHTON,
C. H. HOM, PROPRIETOR.
This house offers first-class accommodations for transient and permanent boarders. It has been newly refitted in all its departments, and is located in one of the most picturesque portions of the borough. Terms moderate. ☞ The BAR is supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Fresh Lager on Tap. apr 17-yl

W. A. PETERS
Announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has now open for their accommodation his new and handsomely furnished
RESTAURANT,
next door to the 1st National Bank, BANK ST., Lehighton, and that he is now prepared to furnish First-Class
Meals at Short Notice!
The Bar is supplied with the best Wines, Fresh Lager Beer and Choice Cigars. You are cordially invited to call. apr 24-yl

D. J. KISTLER
Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE, and that he is now prepared to furnish Teams for Funerals, Weddings or Business Trips on the shortest notice and most liberal terms. Orders left at the "Carbon House" will receive prompt attention.
STABLES ON NORTH STREET,
next the Hotel, Lehighton. jan22-yl

T. J. BRETNEY
Respectfully announces to the Merchants of Lehighton and others that he is now 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 Streets, Lehighton.
Orders left at Saveny & Son's Corner Store will receive prompt attention.
mar 12, '84 T. J. BRETNEY.

A. J. Litzenberger's Column.

I have just received a case of

RED SEAL LYE,

I got it to sell for removing paint from floors or anywhere else from which you wish to remove it and to cleanse grease spots. It is also useful for many other purposes among which is to make soap. I have circulars for distribution, call and get one.

Have received to-day, four cases of

Barker's Horse, Cattle & Poultry Powder,

which I intend to keep in connection with the

Blue Grass Condition Powders,

and recommend both makes as exceptional as to value and quality, if indeed a recommendation is necessary. Have circulars to spare

I have now put in four of the W. and B. DOUGLAS FORCE PUMPS and have sent in my orders for four more, all of which are sold and will be placed as soon as they arrive. I am having a grand success with them. Everybody is pleased. I can please you if you give me a chance to put one in your well I also keep in stock the CUCUMBER WOOD PUMPS.

My stock of Oils of all kinds, Paints of all kinds,

Tar,
Woven Wire,
Wagon Grease,
Iron Kettles,
Copper Kettles,
Glass, etc., etc.,

is as complete as ever, and can give you good figures.

COAL

COAL! COAL!

I wish to add that I have leased the coal yard recently built by Mr. Samuel Seiler, and am ready to furnish you with COAL of a SUPERIOR QUALITY at reasonable prices and will guarantee you GOOD WEIGHT.

Feed Cutters, Corn Shellers and the likes in the machine line being now in season, I would call your attention to my stock of them. I sell none but the best, at prices below which it is impossible to sell and live by it.

Cement,
Calcined Plaster,
Pewter Sand,
Rosin,
Borax,
Glue,
Whiting, etc.

SHELF HARDWARE,

last but not least, and am constantly adding to it.

—:o:—

Low Prices and Honest Dealing.

—:o:—

A. J. Litzenberger, Agt.,
1st Door Below L. & S. Depot,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Penna.

Sale Bills Printed at this Office.

HEADQUARTERS for JEWELRY

D. S. BOCK,
Opposite the Carbon House, Bank Street, Lehighton, Penn'a., sells
Watches! Clocks! and Jewelry,
Cheaper on an average than can be bought anywhere else in the county. Call and see.

REPAIRING
In all its branches, neatly, cheaply and promptly attended to.

ALSO A FULL LINE OF
SCHOOL BOOKS
—AND—
Stationers Supplies
november 26-1y

LADIES!
Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home, with
PEERLESS DYES
They will Dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Package or for Fastness of Color, or Non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut. For sale by T. D. THOMAS, nov.13-1y Druggist.

ALL THE NEWS!
The Carbon Advocate.
$1.00 Per Year.
Single Copies, FIVE Cents.

Advertise in the Advocate.

For Newest Designs and Most Fashionable Styles of
DRESS GOODS,
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
SILVERWARE, &c., &c.
—GO TO—
E. H. SNYDER,
Bank Street, Lehighton.
Goods guaranteed and prices as low as elsewhere for the same quality of goods.
July 18, 1885—1y]

ANDREW BAYER,
—DEALER IN—
Wall Paper and Decorations,
Window Shades & Painters Supplies,
Paper Hanging, House and Sign Painting, Calsoming and Graining
Bank Street, Lehighton, Penn'a.
Oct. 30-6m

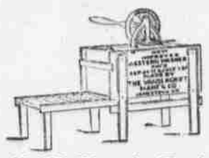
House and Lot for Sale.
One-half Lot, 33 x 189 feet, situate on Lehigh Street, near the New Round Houses, upon which is erected a good Two-story Frame House, 16 x 22 feet. A never failing Well of Pure Water, and a number of choice Fruit Trees and Vines on the Lot. A nice home for a small family. For terms, &c., call at the CARBON ADVOCATE Office, Bank street. june 26-tf

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. dec18ly

Weissport Business Directory.

JOSEPH F. REX,
—DEALER IN—
Flour, Feed and Furniture,
Tobacco and Cigars,
East Weissport, Penn'a.,
Invites the people of Weissport and vicinity to call and examine his large assortment of goods before purchasing elsewhere
Prices Low as the Lowest!
april17-1886-1y.

AGENTS WANTED!
—TO SELL THE NEW—
Improved Western Washers!



40,000 Now in Use!
And sales constantly increasing. It positively leads them all. Buy no other. Write for terms.
AARON F. SNYDER, Mfg's. Agt.,
aug15-1y Weissport, Carbon Co., Pa.

LAURY & SEWELL,
The Weissport Bakery,
Fresh Bread and Cakes every day. Delivered in Lehighton and Mauch Chunk every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. ☞ Picnics, Parties, Camp-Meetings, Weddings, Funerals supplied at short notice. august7,87-1y

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
EAST WEISSPORT, PENN'A.
This house offers first-class accommodations to the permanent boarder and transient guest. Panic prices, only One Dollar per day.
aug7-1y JOHN REHRIG, Proprietor.

DEATS, THE JEWELER,
All Kinds of Jewelry!
School Books and Stationery.
augso87,86-1y.

—An editor's labors are very confining, particularly where he has written something that has got him into jail.

—He had just reached stage where he remarked: "Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars," when a mother's voice was heard exclaiming: "Lucee, get your beau to carry out the ash barrel."

FREE TRADE.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefited consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER and BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen, has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The AUGUST FLOWER for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the GERMAN SYRUP for Cough and Lung troubles, have perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.

—A private tooter—The man who practices on the cornet in his room.

—Young ladies who intend to teach school should study palmistry.

—What kind of eggs are plots hatched from?

—It cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to expect it without it as it is to look for a harvest without seeds.

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 25c. per box, at Thomas'.

—The greatest wag ever known—A woman's tongue.

—A female contributor this morning brought in a communication written on both sides of the paper. The editor scowled and refused it. "Well," she retorted, "I'd like to know if you don't print on both sides?" There's no such thing as arguing with a woman.

—Chestnut heir—the son of a negro minstrel.

—A tight man has a loose mouth.

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 T. Thomas, the druggist.

—After the sweets of married life depart the family jars remain.

—The English are getting out a dictionary that is to be four times as large as "Webster's Unabridged." This book will be a great convenience in country printing offices, as it will enable the editor to dispense with his stool-bottom chair.

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. At Thomas' drug store.

—The new $2 silver certificates have been issued. They are—but, hold on—if the United States Treasurer wants us to notice his publications he had better send along some sample copies.

—Kindness is the golden chain with which people are bound together.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by T. D. Thomas'.

—The men who marry most frequently for money are the ministers.

—"I could just live on that air," said a young lady, rapturously, at the opera the other night. "If you can live on air I'll marry you," said her companion, who was an editor.

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.

—Hostlers are never on good terms together. There is always a hitch among them.

Ashma, Bronchitis, Consumption. Fontaine's Cure relieves a cold in 12 hours. Sold by C. T. Horn, Druggist.

Hay Fever, Asthma, immediate relief. Fontaine's Cure. For sale by C. T. Horn.

—Subscribe for the ADVOCATE. $1.00 per year.

—A young writer wishes us to publish his contributions to "encourage" him. We cannot afford to encourage one writer at the expense of discouraging many thousand readers.

No Cure—No Pay.—A new departure in medicine! Fontaine's Great Discovery removes the cause of disease; namely, disease germs. This guarantee means something—for "Knowledge is power." For sale at Dr. C. T. Horn's drug store.

—A man writes to an editor for $4, "because he is so terribly short," and gets in reply the heartless response: "Do as I do; stand up in a chair."

Personal. Wonderful success. *Hop Plasters* for weak parts, severe aches, strains, backache.

—The ink-bottle is one of the most indippen-dant things known.

Mrs. A. D. Chandle, Derby, Vermont, writes: "I think Dr. Seth Arnold's Indian Vegetable Sugar Coated Pills the best I ever used."

Dr. Seth Arnold's Soothing and Quieting Cordial for children. Recommended by mothers and nurses. 25c.

—Cannons and bomb-shells may be classed under the head of war articles, but not more correctly so than pens and ink—just at present anyhow.

—"I am going to get to the bottom of this thing," was what the paragraphist said when he fell down a well.

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.

THE WANTS OF MAN.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with me exactly so;
But 't is so in the song.
My wants are many and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread—
And canvas-backs—and wine—
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me, when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell;
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,
Is elegant attire:
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire.
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck,—
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,—
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind,—
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's ear incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair,—
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power,—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command;
Charged by the people's unbought grace
To rule my native land.
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human-kind,
That after ages as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

These are the Wants of mortal Man,—
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss—a song.
My last great Want—absorbing all—
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The *Mercy of my God.*

PHIL'S MISTAKE.

BY CLYDE RAYMOND.

"Yes, and it is high time you were thinking of pour own future, Miriam," remarked Colonel Trafton, taking advantage, though rather hesitatingly, of the turn their conversation had taken—they were discussing some wedding-cards just received—to introduce a subject which had been weighing on his mind, more or less, for some time past, but particularly at that period. "Other girls are marrying and getting themselves established in life, while you seem to be thinking no more of it now than when you were first placed in my charge five years ago."

"Well, I'm not quite an octogenarian, guardy," laughed Miriam, contentedly; "so there's plenty of time yet in which to consider that melancholy 'future' upon which so many of my friends are rashly venturing."

"But you really must begin to think of it, my dear child," pursued the gentleman, gathering firmness as he proceeded. "I had a note from Mr. Livingston to-day saying that he intended coming on at once to see us and have the matter finally settled. Of course, he expects a favorable answer, and, doubtless, an early date named for the marriage. So, you see, I was not speaking idly or in jest when I said it was time you were considering your future."

And Colonel Trafton leaned back in his chair with a look of relief on his handsome face—for he was an uncommonly handsome man, despite his fifty years—at having unburdened his mind of a disagreeable duty.

Miriam Grey's cheeks flushed hotly for a moment, then the color faded and left her lovely face pale and determined as she raised it from her embroidery and met her guardian's somewhat anxious gaze with a resolute look in her fathomless dark eyes.

"I cannot marry Mr. Livingston, guardy," she said decisively; "and you may as well write him to that effect and save him the trouble and disappointment of coming here to hear it from my own lips."

"But, my child—my dear Miriam—remember, it was your father's wish!"

"I know it was," she answered, a slight tremor in the resolute lips and tones. "But for that I never should have given the matter one serious thought. I was too young then to question the wisdom of such an arrangement; but now I know that it would make me miserable, and my father never would have wished to bind my life to that of a man whom I could never love. So, unless you are weary of your troublesome charge—"

"Miriam!"—reproachfully—"you know I sought only your welfare and happiness in speaking so. God knows I would not have you leave me until your heart makes its own free choice."

"I have chosen—" she began impulsively—unthinkingly indeed—then with a crimson blush, she turned away. "I mean," she added hastily, "that Mr. Livingston could never, under any possible circumstances, be my heart's free choice, and so you must tell him, guardy."

And she hastily quitted the library, where she was fond of bringing her dainty needlework and chatting with her indulgent guardian, followed soon after by the colonel who wore an unusually thoughtful face.

Then the curtains of the deep bay-window parted, and a graceful little figure in blue cashmere, which had been curled up there all this time with a favorite novel, stepped forth.

"A pretty little scene, upon my word," murmured she, with a soft but unpleasant little laugh. "If I didn't know exactly whom she has chosen, I might easily fancy Miriam in love with her handsome guardian. But the interview that I have just overheard, and my charming Miriam's blushes, have put a new idea into my head, at all events. I must give Mr. Philip Trafton the benefit of it. I wonder where he is!"

And with a light melody on her rosy lips and a wicked gleam in her pretty blue eyes, Mab Leslie flitted away on her errand of mischief.

She found her victim—Lieutenant Philip Trafton, nephew of Miriam's guardian—lounging in the drawing-room, looking dangerously handsome, as usual, and wishing in his inmost heart that the time was not drawing so near when he would have to leave the girl whom he had learned to love so deeply to rejoin his regiment in the far West.

"Can you keep a secret, my brave lieutenant?" she banteringly exclaimed, in that gay, child-like way that seemed so in harmony with her light, airy style of beauty. "Or rather, will you, if I confide to you a charming little romance of real life which has just come to my knowledge?"

And she came smilingly toward him and sank gracefully down on the sofa by his side, her ribbons fluttering, and her pretty, childish lips and eyes full of sweet persuasion.

"Only trust me, lady fair," he laughed, in the same exaggerated style of nonsense, without a thought as to what the romance might be or whom it might concern. "I promise."

"Well, then"—confidentially—"in the first place, Miriam has refused—yes, positively and unconditionally refused that rich Mr. Livingston whom we all thought she would marry, because, you know, her father arranged the match before he died."

"Yes?" said the lieutenant, trying hard to look indifferent, though his heart gave a sudden bound, for he had been led by certain remarks of Colonel Trafton to believe that Miriam was more than likely to eventually to fulfill her father's wishes in the matter.

"Yes," assented Mab, innocently. "And what do you suppose? It is all because she is in love with her guardian. Oh! I can't tell you how beautifully it all came about; but it put me in mind of stories—"

"Miss Leslie!" broke in Philip Trafton, staring at his fair informant with more blank amazement than politeness. "What nonsense is this you are imagining? Miriam Grey in love with my uncle, indeed! Why, he is old enough to be her father."

"He's a very handsome man for all that," declared Mab, emphatically. "And it's nothing strange, I'm sure, for girl's to marry their guardian's. They often do, and if you had only seen Miriam's blushes—"

"Excuse me, Miss Mabel, but we will change the subject, if you please," he interrupted dryly. "We have no right to discuss Miss Grey's private affairs. I am sorry you did not await her permission to speak of it."

"Oh, she does not know that I chanced to hear them talking," exclaimed the fair schemer, chagrined and a little frightened. "I don't think they want it known as yet. But, remember, you promised to keep the secret."

He bowed slightly in acknowledgment, then, excusing himself, went from the room.

But, though half despising Mab for her share in the matter, still he could not dislodge from his mind the fact that it might all be true. He reflected that his uncle was indeed a man whom any woman might admire, and that, as Mab had sweetly assured him, it was nothing new for a girl to love and marry her guardian."

His bronzed cheek grew slowly pale as he realized all this. He had learned to love Miriam far more strongly than he knew, and he was just finding out, also, how sanguine were the hopes he had cherished of winning her, despite the half-recognized claims of Mr. Livingston.

"I can't break that confounded promise I gave her," he muttered, referring almost savagely in his thoughts to Mabel Leslie. "But I'll find some way to test Miriam's feelings, and if it is true, why, then—"

A long, discouraged sigh finished the sentence for him.

"My uncle is an exceedingly attractive man—handsomer than most of the younger men, do you not think so?" he questioned of Miriam, with assumed carelessness, that evening, glancing over to where the colonel stood talking with Miss Leslie, his soldierly form erect and his silvery, crisply-curling hair giving a youthful charm to his strong, kindly face.

"He is indeed," responded Miriam, her dark eyes resting upon the colonel with a look of affectionate pride; "and as good and noble as he is handsome."

"Not too old yet to win a maiden's love, eh?" pursued Phil, artfully, while inwardly writhing at her answers, which seemed to openly confirm Mab's startling news.

"Oh, no," smiled Miriam. "Any woman might be proud of him."

"I have even heard it hinted recently that one of the loveliest belles of the city is soon to become his bride."

And Phil's anxious heart throbbed so loudly that he feared it would betray him as he kept his keen glance upon her sweet face, waiting for her next words.

"Have you heard it?" Miriam glanced up at him with an expression that was surely pleased surprise. "Well, don't be astonished if what you have heard should chance to come true," she added, with a light laugh; for she was thinking of a little secret which the colonel had partially confided to her, and was wondering now if he had really told Phil all about it.

The lieutenant asked no more questions but turned away with a heart-sick look upon his handsome face.

The next day they were all startled and shocked—all but Mab—when he announced that a message from his captain summoned him, much sooner than he had expected, back to his regiment.

And Miriam wondered—but all in vain—why he departed without a word or sign of the love that he had expressed in a thousand ways during the weeks they had been together.

* * * * * *

A terrible snowstorm had set in, and for several days the roads about a certain military post in the distant West had been well-nigh impassable.

Philip Trafton had been stationed there but a short time, and he was anything but charmed with the present surroundings of his new post.

One day, when fearfully oppressed by the dismalness af the scene, and indulging in a downward fit of the "blues," a soldier handed him an envelope bearing the bold, well-known chirography of Colonel Trafton. The note inside was very characteristic of that gentleman.

"Phil, you rascal," it began. "I have just learned by an accident that you are stationed here, or Heaven only knows whether we should ever have learned your whereabouts. I am snow-bound in this place—on my wedding-trip, too. Think of that! Ha, ha! you young rascal, you didn't think I would be the first one married. Got a lovely wife. Come down and see us. Come at once—no excuses. You will inquire for us at the best hotel in the place.

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE UNCLE."

"The dickens!" muttered Phil, gnawing his blonde mustache. "I wonder if any other fellow ever had such confounded luck. Go to see them, indeed! and the old scamp has married the woman I love. But there's no escape, I suppose," with a sigh of bitter resignation. "They know I'm here, and it won't do for a soldier to show the white feather."

He greeted his happy old uncle somewhat stiffly, and glanced around, with paling cheek, toward the bride.

She came forward to welcome him. Phil's heart stood still for an instant, then gave a great throb that almost choked him.

There stood his uncle's wife—a fair, stately, handsome blonde, as unlike as possible to his beautiful, dark-eyed Miriam.

"And—Miriam—where is she, uncle?" he asked, as soon as he could sufficiently recover his breath.

"At home; and grieving for you, I do believe, you scapegrace, for she has never been the same girl since you left."

"Uncle, I have been an idiot, I know, but—I thought it was she you were going to marry, and that is why I left so suddenly."

But another leave of absence in due time set the whole matter straight, and Phil was told, in the sweetest manner possible, how he had simply been the victim of his own mistake.

TOO NEAT.

Men can seldom be accused of being over-neat; but the over-neat woman is to be found everywhere.

She makes her husband exchange his boots for his slippers on the doorstep.

No matter how low the thermometer or barometer, the poor fellow must doff his boots on the porch.

Is he wet?

He must stay on the step until he is done dripping. Consumption? What is that compared with a soiled carpet.

The small boy, what a life he leads with such a mother.

Followed about with a dust pan and brush and a scolding voice (the hyper-neat woman is always cross) all of childhood's days, he early runs to a club-room or a beer saloon where he can see a little rubish and find the luxury of dirt.

The over-neat woman dislikes to entertain company. "Guests are so dirty, you know."

The parlor is kept dark and unused from year to year. The carpets would fade and dust would gather. We once knew a woman who refused to open her parlor door for the wedding of her daughter.

"The streets are so dusty, you know."

It is nothing to her that she makes other people uncomfortable.

She will her way, whatever the consequences; and sometimes they are bitter enough.

We have seen the lives of good men imbittered; we have seen boys driven to ruin, and girls imbued with such hatred of cleanliness that they become very slatterns by over-neat wives and mothers.

—The Longcoffin girls have been trying very hard to capture Col. Kimberly, a rich but cynical old bachelor; but he made a remark a few evenings ago that discouraged them very much.

"President Cleveland is very well off," said Birdie.

Kimberly shook his head and said, with a sigh: "He was well off, but he is not so now."

"Has he lost his money?" asked Esmerelda Longcoffin.

"No, he has not lost any money."

"You mean he is not well off because he has the rheumatism?"

"That's not it. I mean he is not well off because he is married."

After Kimberly left, Mrs. Longcoffin said: "I don't think it's worth while asking that old fool to tea any more.

—Young Doctor—"See here, sir, when I bought Dr. Blank's practice through you, you assured me that Dr. Blank's reason for selling was overwork."

Agent—"Yes, sir."

"Why, his visiting list includes the healthiest families in the city. There has not been a case of sickness in any of them since I took hold."

"Lucky families."

"But, sir, I want you to explain how Dr. Blank was overworked."

"Trying to collect his bills."

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As a general family remedy for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever use anything else, and have never been disappointed in the effect produced; it seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.
W. J. MCELROY, Macon, Ga

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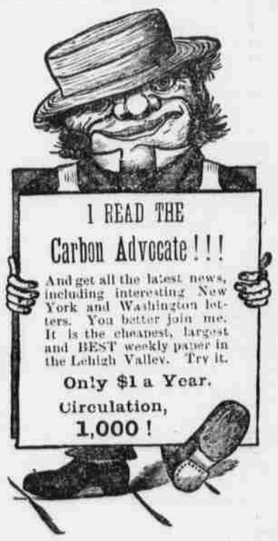

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