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634 Hamilton St.,

ALLENTOWN, - - - PENN'A,

Be glad to announce that their Lines of Goods are complete.

Colored Dress Goods,

French Novelties, all the latest styles and combinations, Plaids and Stripes, for full dresses and combinations. Our lines of plain goods are Broad Cloths, Shoodah Cloths, Camels Hair, Cassimeres, Serges, Henriettas and Cachimires.

BLACK DRESS GOODS,

in all the latest fancy and staple weaves in Silk and Wool and All-Wool.

LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDREN'S JACKETS AND LONG COATS, Berlin and American makes in all the new styles of Cloth and Trimmings.

Dress Trimmings! Dress Trimmings,

A careful examination of our great stock of Dress Trimmings will fail to discover a single weakness in the entire assortment, including as it does, every style, quality and shading made for this season's sales.

UNDERWEAR and HOSIERY in great variety of styles and prices, including our Famous Fast Black Hosiery.

Blankets, Muslins and Table Linens—large variety.

In the matter of Prices the Goods will be found quite as satisfactory as in point of Attractiveness.

IN SPITE OF LUCK.

In spite of ill luck, I mean, for of all unlucky people the Armstrongs had been what old Mrs. Ordway called "the best-nest." It had been a gradual come down so far as the oldest inhabitant knew, and old Mrs. Lyons, "nigh onto a hundred," as she said, could well remember the great-grandfather of the late Nathan, who was a well to do man and represented the town at the general court, and out of courtesy was always called Squire.

The grandfather of Nathan, though standing high in the estimation of the townpeople, being the old Squire's only son, enjoyed a sort of free and easy life, and having what the exact and prim housewives called a "shiftless wife," as the years went on developed into a seedy looking old man who liked his pipe and his ease too well for a determined effort in any direction. His sons, as the villagers said, did not amount to much and the time came when the only descendant left was Nathan, a grandson. Nathan's physiognomy showed to the close observer what effect might be expected from such a down hill process. Fortunately he wasn't vicious; he drank neither cider nor whiskey, was honest and good natured and easy. His wife, a poor girl, who had little education but a good heart, must have seen something to admire, else she would not have allowed twelve long years to keep the ladder half filled. She would doubtless have gone on slaving many more had not the good Lord taken her up higher and mercifully, too, removed Nathan only a few days later.

The clergyman who officiated at the obsequies called it "an inscrutable dispensation of Providence," but in the opinion of the village doctor it was a "want of drainage." Little Tommy, their only child, was then about 10 years old, long and lank, with ill fitting clothes from which his wrists and ankles protruded in such a suggestive way the minister's wife, who had a large heart for the heathen in Unzilia's kingdom, said to Mrs. Graham, "it might be necessary to borrow trousers and jacket for the boy to wear to the funeral, since it was to be in the vestry."

Tommy's long hair and sallow skin did not make him specially attractive, though the mournful black eyes, full of unshed tears, in a well fed and well dressed boy who had not lived in the marlous village that had been his home, might have found foster parents whose hearts would have gone out to him. Instead, poor boy, Deacon Allen, overseer of the poor, wondered if both Grattan did not want a boy to help him on his farm; the authorities would "bind him out" probably for a term of years and get him off their hands.

"None of that shiftless tribe for me," said Mr. Grattan when interviewed. "But," said Deacon Allen, who with a little opposition was always ready with an argument, "you don't know nothing about the boy, and in ten years' time you can get a heap of work out of him—be a good investment."

"Humph, I tell ye, I believe in heredity, and I don't want any such lazy ne'er-do-wells about."

"His mother wasn't lazy," said the deacon.

"Now, don't tell me she was smart, living there as she did."

"Well, but what's to be done with the boy?"

"There's the poor house."

"No, no, Mr. Grattan, don't send the little fellow there," said Hamill Brown, who had just been talking to the minister's wife, and he had been listening to the above conversation his heart was filled with tender

pry. no was one of a gang of men who, with guns and axes, were going into a forest some twenty miles away to spend the winter. "Let him come to the camp with me, I'm going up to-morrow."

"Well, well, if you will take him off our hands," said the good deacon, "it will be a great relief. I don't know that there is anything he can do on the town farm to earn his board this winter; he would only be an expense and taxes are high enough now."

Hamill Brown looked at the deacon as if he could hardly repress an oath, and the Lord who looks into the heart might have had one to forgive. He shut his teeth for a moment and then proceeded to make arrangements for taking the boy along, "provided he is willing," said the man.

"Willing or not, he'll have to go," was the answer.

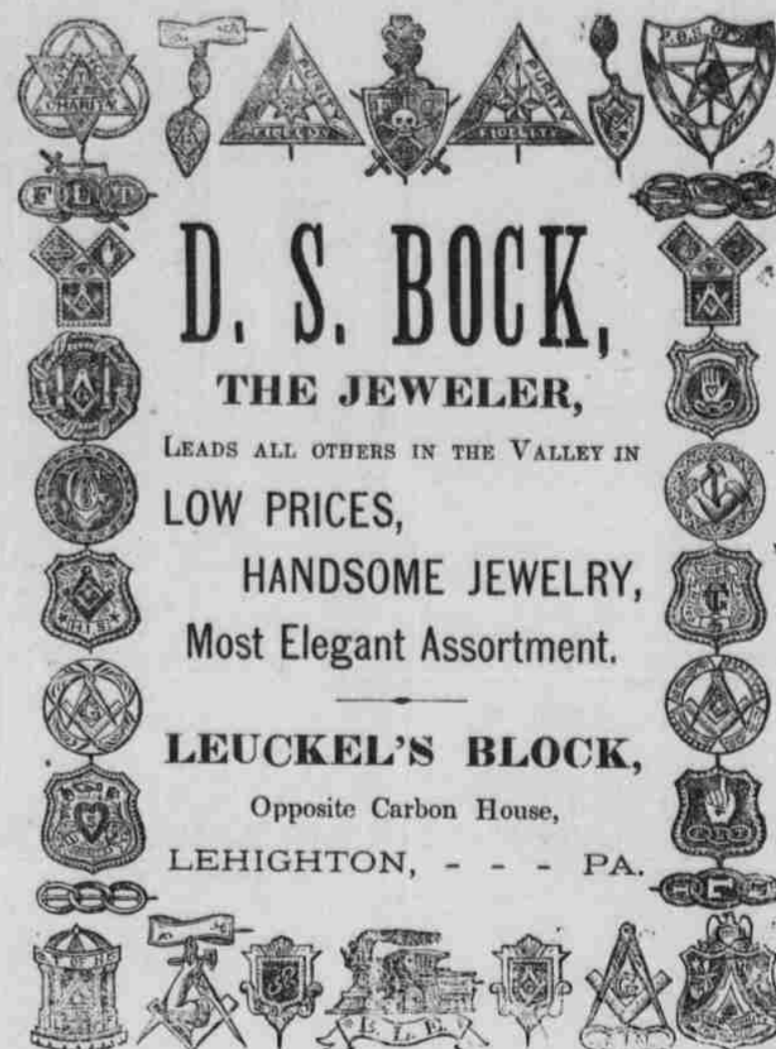
Hamill Brown found him sitting forlornly on the wooden steps of the little house that had been his home.

"Poor little chap, you here alone? Where are the women of this town, I wonder?"

DON'T!

Don't be misled by flashingly worded advertisements and the promise of marvelously low prices, nor by pack peddlers or small retail dealers, but call on D. S. BOCK, the popular Lehighon Jeweler, and take your choice out of an elegant assortment of goods unequalled in the Lehigh Valley for style and prices.

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repaired at short notice and in the best possible manner at low prices.
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HANDSOME JEWELRY,
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Opposite Carbon House,
LEHIGHON, - - - PA.

We have been doing business here for years and our constantly increasing patronage from all parts of the county testifies conclusively that our courteous treatment and fair dealing has made us hosts of friends. We intend to keep these and make more by adhering to the same rule as in the past.

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POPULAR DRUG STORE,

WEISSPORT, - - - PENNA.



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EXCELLENCE,
EFFECTIVENESS,

Are three essential considerations in the purchase of medicines. It is our pleasure to maintain the excellence of the Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, &c., sold in this establishment. Our stock is complete in every detail and embraces in quality and purity the best the market affords. Prescriptions compounded carefully.

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In great variety, and in a multitude of prices. We select our stock of goods with great care for every season, with an eye to please the taste and suit the fancy of the most fastidious. A call will convince you of the correctness of the assertion and enable you to see the varied stock.

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THE
POPULAR DRINK!

We have an excellent fountain and draw only the best and most popular fruit flavors at 5c. a glass. But you can tell better by tasting it than you can by reading the most extensive article on the subject, so drop in see

YOURS VERY TRULY,

W. F. BIERY, The Druggist,

Corner of White and Bridge Streets, Weissport, Penn'a.

rier swept away. When at last he turned the key in the familiar door, he forgot everything but this: it was the hour when the father used to gather the children about him, and in response to his tap the "come in" was so like that of old he thought of nothing except the dear faces before him. The scene that followed is too sacred for pen of mine.

To Tommy Armstrong, who accompanied him, the journey was a complete bewilderment, though Mr. Brown had in a measure prepared him for it; but the immensity of mountains and prairies was incomprehensible, and city blocks and parks with their adornments were hard for such a boy to imagine. With glistening eyes the father gazed upon the boy, who, Hamill said, had taught him the lesson that love and home had failed to, and without transferring the affection that belonged to his own son, he received him with open house and heart. The tide had turned, and in spite of the luck that had followed the Armstrongs, the uphill march began.

Hamill Brown, leaving his sins behind him, bravely struggling back into the niche that long before should have been his, looked upon Tommy with pride as well as love. As the days went by he gazed with astonishment at the boy, for each endeavor strengthened the used faculties and his progress was steady and sure. It seemed that from some far-away ancestor an inherent persistency had come down to him, which, with material aid, developed qualities hitherto dormant.

A score of years later the little town that had had almost a Rip Van Winkle sleep, awoke from its lethargy. Half a mile north of the village buildings sprang up as if by magic. Foundry machinery was put in place. The progress of the stream that once lazily meandered through the town was stopped by a huge dam, and the rushing torrent seemed to enter into the spirit of the wide awake projectors. For many months passed the inhabitants became somewhat accustomed to the screech of the locomotive, and did not gather daily to look upon the incoming or outgoing trains that the most sanguine had never expected to see till after the advent of the handsome gentleman who had so suddenly appeared in their midst. Without making himself known, he spent a day or two looking about, his keen eye detecting the possibilities of the place and seeing, in the future, what is now no surprise to many New Englanders. After purchasing a large tract of land he departed, leaving the townspeople to wonder and surmise in their quiet way.

In the following summer, on a clearing in the midst of what is yet a forest, surrounded by huge trees, some of them perhaps a century old, stood two men. Suddenly their hands clasped and with tears intermingling with smiles, Mr. Brown, a magnificent specimen of manhood, said: "My dear brother, it recalls so vividly the turning point in my life. This is the very spot where we camped, and God grant that the towering tree just yonder that o'ertops all others has not put out better growth than this humble follower, who for years has sought to do his will. I shall leave you in your new home, proud that the little sister whom I had never seen till, I trust, the washing away of sin scars had commenced, is with you, your dear and honored wife."

A story of a life can never really end, and it may be as well to take our leave just at this point as at any other—in the sunshine which we trust may follow them through life.—Ned Gwen in Manchester Union.

ONE OF THE SMARTEST.
The Colonel tries to surprise His Friends, but Gets Left.
"Come over and get introduced to one of the smartest girls in Philadelphia," said the colonel the other morning, after we had finished our cigars. "I don't call her a beauty, but she is highly educated and as sharp as a razor."
"Detroit, Detroit," she mused, as we were introduced. "Oh, yes, I can place it now. I was wondering whether it was in Quebec or Ontario. I was there once."
"Indeed?"
"Yes, and the people were celebrating the queen's birthday."
"See?"
"They were celebrating it by a snow and ice carnival. You are a very patriotic people."
"Well, yes."
"I suppose the Johnstown horror has rendered them somewhat apprehensive in Detroit?"
"As to what, ma'am?"
"Why, that Lake Michigan might burst out and sweep you all away."
"Oh, we don't feel any fear of that."
"Don't you, indeed? Ah, yes, but how stupid of me! The Rocky mountains are between you and the lake, of course. Are there many wild animals left in Detroit?"
"A few grizzly bears and mountain lions."
"And the Indians?"
"They never approach within a mile of the stockade, and they don't kill over a dozen people a week."
"How nice! I must sit down sometime and talk to you a whole half day."
When the colonel and I had returned to our end of the veranda I looked at him. He had his face turned away. It was all of two minutes before he slowly wheeled around and brought his flat down on his knee with the exclamation:
"Well, I'll be hanged!"—Detroit Free Press.

ANxious Mothers.
The 5-year-old boy of Lewis Stewart, employed in the extract works of Davis & Walton, at Houston, fell head first into a barrel half full of water, Friday. No one was near, and after a few minutes' kicking he succeeded in turning in the barrel and crawled out, and presented himself to his astonished mother gasping and begging her not to whip him for spoiling his clothes. "Why didn't you call?" said the frightened mother, after the "drowned rat" had explained matters. "I didn't," said he shyly, "but nothing came but blubbers."—Bangor Commercial.

A Crusader.
"Ho, Mr. Hankinson, you are going on a tour of the world?"
"Yes, Miss Whitesmith."
"And will you promise to write to me from every country you may visit?"
"Promise! Ah, you know not how I will value the privilege. And you will really care to hear from me?"
"Yes. I am collecting the postage stamps of all countries."—London Tit-Bits.