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THE HERMIT'S REVERIE

Alone: I stand beneath a wintry sky,
Where far the long, low stretch of level sand
Widens in beauty to eternity,
Up to the shadows of an unknown land;
For in the glories of a drain subline
I live beyond the hours of ebbing time.

Vain world of conquests, hopes and weary tears,
Where proud ambition onward lures the soul
To ideal heights across the span of years,
What happiness at last when gained the goal?
Only a yearning for the greatest star,
One still beyond is radiance afar.

Silence and solitude have left a peace
Upon the vast urpanse of sky and sen;
From turbulence and strife a sweet release,
Visions of untold love and sympathy,
For in the wondrous calm of nature's rest
There is a noisee oft divinely blest.

This is my world—aye, where the rolling foam Surges in splendor in the even tide
And desolate may seem my rocky home.
Where winds and rains in revelry abide,
But dearer far than fame or earthly might
Is peace, the angels' harbinger of light.
—Mabel Hayden in New York Graphic.

#### OUR LOVE STORY.

"We had been so happy!" I kept say-ing that to myself—"We had been so happy!" And now it was all overeverything was over for me. He would take what he had chosen instead; but

I burst into tears as I sat on the rock by the spring where we had met so often—where I was waiting for him now-but I never faltered in saying to myself: "We must part. He is neither true to me nor to heaven-we must

And what was he? Only the village doctor-Benjamin Rue. And what was I? Only a little school teacher. Our united mes were far less than anything that the wiseacres of society papers de-clare it "possible to marry on." But we

had no fear. He was winning his way, and we loved each other; and as I began by saying, we had been very happy. But there had come to Johnstown, where we lived, a lady of wealth, who gathered about her a certain little clique of scornful, stylish people. They were openly infidel in opinion; all that I had been brought up to believe right and good they mocked at. All this would have been nothing to me in my school-house or my own little room. I might never have done more than notice the handsome dresses of the ladies when they walked out or rode with their atendant cavaliers, and never have asked what their opinions were, but that soon after their arrival Mrs. Norland was fancies, and ready to enjoy himself at any time. He relieved the lady of the pain she suffered, and became the fam-

lly doctor at once. It was a step toward success. Naturally, he did not turn a cold shoulder to his patrons when they offered him social invitations. From the first he was fascinated by the freedom from restraint in thought and action that prevailed in the house. No doubt I was strait laced, but what he thought delightful I thought wrong.

t seemed to me, from what he said, that Mrs. Nerland was a very immoral wom-an. Certainly she had no religion what-When I saw Ben gradually forsaking all I so clung to, when he refused to go to church with me, and began to beg me not to go; when he said, openly, that when we were married I must give all that up; when, at last, he began to deny the existence of a Deity, and say, as they did at the Norlands', that man as they did at the Norlands', that man had no soul, that all ended here, and that to be happy while we lived should be our only object, my heart sunk within me. I loved him so dearly that I was quite willing to marry him if he would let me go on in my own way. I believed that my influence and perhaps my prayers might win him back to heaven.

A young man with good principles would surely do what was right at last.

would surely do what was right at last. But when he began to talk of forbidding me to listen to the good words I heard in en to kneel in prayer at home, I felt that I should do wrong to promise to obey him, and that there could be no hope for a home divided

All Christians worship God and try to follow Jesus; and still hoping that he might, out of love for me, give me my own way, I could hardly have broken with him—such is the weakness of woman's heart—but that tales reached me that made me feel that he was not

It was hard for a girl to speak of such a thing as the beguiling of her lover's heart by a wicked married woman; but I had no one to speak for me, and with my first words we quarreled. He called me an old fashioned little Pharisee, and said that my husband would be a slave if I had my way—a slave to supersti-tions of all sorts; that he was a man, and knew what was right and best; that I need not think that he should never

look at a pretty face or take a glass of wine with a friend. At the moment he was flushed with what he had been drinking at the Nor-lands'. He said more than he meant, no doubt, but it spurred me on to do what I had resolved to do, and at last I said: "Benjamin Rue, just here where w now sit I promised to marry you; here I

take back that promise. We should only make each other wretched for life." All he answered was: "No doubt you are right."

And then I took my ring from my finger and gave it to him. He turned away. and I heard his feet amongst the rustling autumn leaves long after I could see him.

happy.

Time passed, and I grew used to it. As for Ben, he got on well. Fashionable people "called him in." In fact, he was the fashionable doctor of the place, and had an office in the handsomest portion of the place. The property of the people when the latter get to the respect to the property of the people when the latter get to the people when the peop of the town. For my part, I kept my school, and boarded with the motherly

There are only two receal exists: old widow who had been kind to me when I first came to the place a stranger.

My happiest day was the Sabbath,

little ones and attending all the services; salvator of Austria, a courageous traveland then I tried to think only of heaven and its joys, and to do what good I could.

every girl should have a lover and every woman a husband and children of her own, and that we should all be grateful at the incident, and promptly paid "his for the good things he has given us, and footing."

take our own share. I might have had lovers-I might have would married life be without true ten- never practiced. derness. I was on my way to be a spin-

scandal in the town. He had had a phrase; "From the perusal of which, quarrel with Mr. Norland about his when I am at leisure, I promise myself wife. More than a quarrel—blows had great pleasure." been struck, shots fired. The woman's Richard M. Johnston, who is called "a

Fast side of the first side of Adam Mehrkam & Son, Agents one day I heard that he had left Johns

I had just given my scholars their summer holiday and had my time to my self, and I had been all through the rain THE LADY LOBSTER AND THE SHARK to see a poor, sick woman who was quite destitute. The good widow with whom I to see a poor, sick woman who was quite destitute. The good widow with whom I lived was away; she had gone to another state to visit a married daughter, and the house was lonely. I had heard that Dr. Rue was in the place—that he had come the Lady Lobster languid tay I had respect of the Shark didn't care for she for the Shark didn't care for sh down to see about some lots of ground, almost worthless when he bought them, but lately become valuable—and at every

In the reckweed's deepest gloom, And she wept, for she felt neeself pining away in he for she young chickenish glad heyday.

And the flush of her early bloom. step I half feared, half hoped to meet him. The idleness of my holiday left me time to think of myself, and I was very

As I passed the church door it stood open, and an impulse led me to enter. An old woman was dusting the cushions, polishing the pew doors, and set-ting books in order in the racks, and I went forward to the front of the church and sat down before a painted window loved to look at. Jesus the Shepherd, with the lamb in life arms, smiled on me as though between earth and heaven.

I began to feel a strange peace stea over me—a promise of happiness. My heart went forth to my old love, and for all the pain he had given me I forgave

Asaling slong the sea.

Asaling slong the sea.

And he thirsted for great piscatorial fame, So he batted a hook for very big game, and he heaved it merrice. all the pain he had given me I forgave him. I hoped that he was leading a better life and thinking better thoughts.

I remember saying to myself that so 1 should like to feel on the day of deathloving all men and having no fear whatever of the mysteries beyond this life.

whatever they might prove to be.

I think that I had fallen asleep listen ing to the wind and the beat of the rain upon the roof, when suddenly I was aroused by screams and cries. People came rushing into the church, crying out in terror. The water was already making a pond of the place, and those who sought safety had climbed to the pulpit or rushed up to the gallery.

As I stood dazed and trembling an arm seized me about the waist, "The dam is down!" shouted a voice in my ear. I was after their arrival Mrs. Norland was hurried away up beyond the gallery into taken ill and sent for Dr. Rue. Ben was handsome, well read, full of bright toward us like a great black wall. Such a sight was never seen!
I turned to look into the face of the

man who had helped me to the loft, 1 had no doubt as to who he was even b fore I looked, but when I saw Benjami Rue I felt happy and had no fear. Death was before me; but he had sought me, hoping to save me, and in his arms ;

"God have mercy on our souls!" said L He answered:

He helped me to a little wooden hood above the beifry, and there we clung together. It was the highest point wo "Forgive me," he said in my ear.
"Forgive me, Agnes; I have repented, heaven knows—and I never was as wicked as they made me out. I flirted with Mrs. Norland. I admired her, but I did not wrong her husband; he lied when he swore that he believed it. He wanted to marry another woman. have loved you all along; I came back to tell you so and win you again if I could.

I am a better man."
All I could do was to answer him with a kiss, for at that moment the black water struck the church.

Then I was floating, floating—beate

this way and then that; but his arms were always about me. Some broken plank gave us support. I never moved, but I prayed without ceasing; I prayed to be saved with him or to die with him. as was God's will. Ah! others prayed-prayed earnestly

I shall not tell you what particular ed. Let no vainglorious fancy that my ter, All Christians was to be a superior of the control of the con prayer was better than theirs seem to dwell in my heart, for indeed it is not there; but I am humbly thankful that God saw fit to let me live a little longer, and that at last, cast upon dry land, we knew that days were given us in which to live together.

It was sad and terrible indeed to stand and in hand and look upon what seemed almost the destruction of the world. We shall never forget it or be as glad as if we had not seen it, but we were the world to each other after all.

I am Ben's wife today, and I believ him to be a good man. As for me, may I know my own faults too well to be sevese on any of his I may discover.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

DOINGS OF ROYALTY.

The Prince of Wales always calls his daughter Mand "Jack."

The emperor of Japan has just taken possession of a new palace, furnished in European style. It cost him \$4,000,000 The Emperor William was serenaded at Dresden recently by 12,000 citizens. The enthusiasm manifested by the people was remarkable.

Prince George of Wales is the only member of the English royal family who speaks the language of his country without a foreign accent.

The king of the Belgians has invested over \$3,000,000 of his private fortune in And it was all over—all over! And the Congo country during the past eleven then indeed I wept and wished that I years. This is why he wants to visit the could die just there where I had been so region and ascertain how the develop

There are only two royal scientists living at the present time worthy of the name. One is Prince Albert, of Monaco, My happiest day was the Sabbath, well known for his deep sen researches, which I spent in church, teaching my and the other is the Archduke Ludwig,

and their and the good I could and its joys, and to do what good I could but I cannot say I was ever more than quietly cheerful—the brightness had gone when yachting put in at Brixam. While visiting the fish market a fishwefnan with her agron wiped his shoes. The act forward to something and to enjoy their lives, and I think that God meant that it was explained to him that it was an

LITERARY LIGHTS.

ontried—but, with all his faults, I could ot care for any one as I did for Benjanin Rue; and a wretched thing indeed is a lawyer by profession, although he

Wordsworth had a way of writing immediately to thank authors of poems As for Ben, one day there was a great that were sent him, ending with the set

character was now entirely gone; their home was broken up.

"Better for him," I thought, "the quiet | nas been lecturing in the south of Englife he would have led with me-botter land and on the Channel islands. Dureven from a worldly point of view." And still I believed what he had sought to prove—that he had only been free and foolish, not criminal.

And again time passed on without any law avents of importance coming into

And again time passed on without any new events of importance coming into my life, and I expected to live and die in Johnstown a school teaching spinster — Johnstown a school teaching spinster — Johnstown, of which the rest of the world knew nothing to speak of.

You all know how sadly it became famous one wild day. I shall never forget that day for many reasons.

get that day for many reasons.

Her shell was bright and beautiful blue,
And her eyes were a beautiful pink,
And her claws were an exquisite lavender hus,
And of autenius she'd thirty-twoNo commonplace charms, I think.

The Ecis and the Dogfish sued in vain.
And the Jellylish worshiped afar,
And the Sturgeou weed her again and again.
And the Bass and the Tomcod swelled her train,
And she was the dream of a Gar

But the Lady Lobster in her lagoon— She sighed for her darling Shark By light of sun, and light of moon, And from more till see, and from night till soon, And from daylight until dark.

The Shark was taking a lazy swim
That thriced accursed day
When the Lady Lobster romarked to him,
As she wagged her lavender claw so slim
In her own indylobsterlike way: "A constitutional, I suppose—
Do you keep your old reliab for food?
I rust you are free from dyspeptic woes—
If a thing gots down do you find that it goes?
Is your appetite always good?"

The Shark he flopped his dorsal fin And he smiled expansivelee, "So long as my mouth can take it in, From a chair to a bather's reluctant shin, It's sure to be good," said he.

Just then the skipper's alluring line Came dangling down by his chin, and the Shark proceeded to turn supine (Although twas a little too early to dine) In order to gather it is. But the watchful, quick, pink eye of love
In the Lady Lobster saw,
As the slender line swung down from above,
That the skipper's balt would dangerous prove
To her darling's dear old maw.

n the flash of a fin she had made up her mind How to meet the emergences, And her pink eyes closed (for love is blind), And all her antennes she swiftly entwined Lest they should tickle ha.

One giance of love she ventured to cast, and she blushed a deeper blue; and then as swift as the winter's blast She sprang down that mouth so wast— and upward the bubbles flew.

Those jaws closed up with a cruel crunch, And the hook swept harmless by; And the Shark gave a gentle munch— and he felt himself comforted by his lunch— For Love had dared to die!

She had won the right to be with him
At morn and noon and night;
And since she had made so free with him,
She did her best to agree with him,
And to keep his digestion right. The Lady Lobster quiet lies, The Shark he swims the bay Ye nainds, cease your wailing cries!
Ye nainds, dry your streaming eyes!
Love will find out a way.
Sweet heart!
Love will get there some day.

-W. S. Moody, Jr., in New York Evening Sun.

MEN YOU HEAR OF Secretary Rusk is fond of pie. W. K. Vanderbilt is very fond of clam

Henri Rochefort, Boulanger's warmes friend, has a passion for horse racing. Although President Carnot has a secretary, he often answers letters by hi

Mr. Edison smokes a great deal; the nore work he does the more cigars he Mr. R. D. Blackmore, the English nov-

market garden than to his pen. F. Marion Crawford, author of "Mr. Isaacs," etc., writes a three volume novel, when he gets started, in thirty days-a

Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," spends most of his leisure hours in sorting and labeling his collection of rare sea shells.

Gen. Lew Wallace writes his first draft upon a slate and finishes upon large heets of white, unruled paper in a most faultless chirography.

Jay Gould has been improved very much during the summer by his vaca-tion. He looks fatter and his skin has lost a good deal of its pallor. James Russell Lowell has been placed

by a friend in possession of the MSS. of an early poem written by himself which it seems he had utterly forgotten. Sir Arthur Sullivan, for the first time in twenty years, is about to attempt an opera on a serious subject, intended for

D'Oyley Carte's new theatre in London.

John I. Blair, the Jersey railroad king, way from \$40,000,000 to \$60,000,000. He was at one time president of twenty rail-Edgar Fawcett owns the dog which he has made the hero of his last novel, "So-

larion." The dog corresponds closely to the description in the book and looks very dignified.

Indies, Japan, China and Australia dur-ing the season of 1890. He will receive \$50,000 for the season. Col. North, who began life in England as a humble laborer, is now the nitrate king, and pays Chili \$1,725,000 per year

export duties on nitrates produc one of his works in that country. very poor when he went to England, has improved greatly. He has been obliged to confine himself to a strict regime and has abandoned wines for English ale.

John Burns, the workingman whose name has become prominent in connection with the strike, is a somewhat remarkable personage. He is self edu-cated, and his neatly furnished house in Battersea has a large library of books, chiefly on political economy and works



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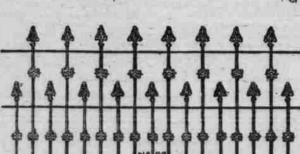
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