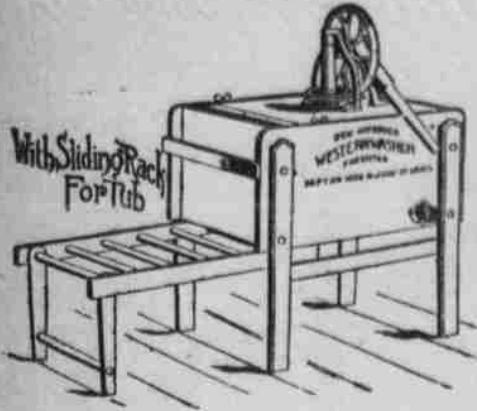


THE NEW IMPROVED WESTERN WASHER!



Yes, it is still on top. It takes the lead—One Hundred and Twenty of these Washers sold every Ten Hours speaks for itself. It is not an experiment. All who use it say, "I would not do without it for ten times its cost." It is guaranteed to out-wear two white pine tub washers, and does not require two pounds of soap and powder to do a washing. I will continue to sell them at \$8. I can sell you any other style for the same amount of money.

WRINGERS, Wood or Iron, at \$2.50.

Wringers repaired at short notice. How about that Pump? I can accommodate you with anything in the pump line that your heart may desire.

The New Meyer's Glass Valve Slat, Anti-Freezing Pump lay them all out. Yes, I don't mean one, I say ALL, and the PRICE is what has opened the eyes of dealers in pumps. I don't buy pumps in lots of one or two, but

I keep a large supply on hand. I buy them at

ROCK BOTTOM CASE PRICES

and sell them accordingly. When in need of a pump drop me a postal card stating depth of well and I will name you a price.

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A. F. SNYDER, Weissport, Penn'a.

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Second Door above Post-office, Bank Street, Lehighon, Pa.



Long experience has enabled us to properly understand and appreciate the tastes of the ladies in this section, so every season finds our counters and shelves just crowded with the VERY LATEST in all the new Novelties to be found in Fashionable and

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Flowers, Feathers, etc., etc.

Appreciating your patronage our every effort is put forth to please and merit the same, and that our endeavors are respected is proven by a constantly growing patronage throughout the County. Enjoying this large and steady trade we are satisfied with SMALL profits, consequently our prices are always much lower than any other establishment in Carbon county, while our facilities always guarantees the best goods, the best styles and prompt delivery. To the ladies we extend a hearty invitation to call and inspect our fashionable line of goods, promising them in return to sell them Cheaper, more Stylish and Better Goods than can be purchased elsewhere in this county.

Very respectfully yours,

Miss ALVENIA GRAVER.

THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

Clad in their night gowns, clean and white
The children come to say "good night."
"Father, good night," says Marjory,
Climbing for kisses on my knee.

Then Ernest, Kitty, Harry next,
And baby, till I feel perplexed,
Wishing the last good night was said,
And each and all were packed to bed.

These small folks take me unaware;
I hear them call, when safe retired,
As I sit down to read or write,
"Father, we want to say good night!"

The book or pen is laid aside;
I find them lying open eyed,
Five rosy cheeks, girls and boys
Who greet me with tumultuous noise.

Can I be stern with such as these?
Can charming ways and folks dispense?
They hold, and never will let me go,
And all because they love me so.

Then in a vision suddenly
The future seems unveiled to me!
It is my own, though all in vain,
To long to say "good night" again.

I see the years stretch on and on,
The children all grown up and gone;
No chamber echoes their tread,
The last good night has long been said.

And by his bedside desolate,
An old man sits, resigned to fate,
And faces that he may not see.

Therefore, what bliss is mine that now
I still can smooth each fair young brow!
And feel the arms that clasp me tight,
The lips that say the last good night!

—J. R. Eastwood in Quiver.

MAULED BY A BEAR.

Perhaps the most of us associate the idea of a bear with the grizzly of the Rockies or the fierce denizen of Polar regions. At the same time, the Indian specimen, as the following will show, is by no means to be despised.

VENGEance before the sun was up, as the sunrise the wind blew down the mountain, and would be between us and our quarry.

With field glasses to our eyes we scanned the panorama, bounded to the north by the sharp out peaks of snow standing out clearly in the growing daylight. The bears were then returning from the night's prowl, and on a lucky day I have seen as many as seventeen within a radius of four or five miles.

When a likely beast is spotted, hard at work, unearthing some root or investigating a bear's nest, the stalk follows. It may be over difficult ground, and mean steady hard work.

At last we reached to within a hundred yards of where the bear was last seen, and with a doubled up figure and cat like steps, peered over the point of rock, with cartridge put in and rifle pointed.

It was all right. Within thirty yards was a bear, unconsciously feeding. But, ah! he suspected something, for he rose on his hind legs and sniffed the air. I fired, aiming at his chest. Brain tumbled over and rolled down the hill, dead.

So much for number one. Leaving the second shikari to take the skin, we made for a point above us, to look for more sport. On turning a corner, however, at this juncture, and he knocked me down like a ninepin, drawing his huge claws across me, from my shoulder to my thigh.

But for my wearing a thick woolen cummerbund, or belt, wrapped many times round my middle, he must all but inevitably have injured me fatally.

The bear stood over me, growling, like a cat playing with a mouse. But I did not lose my presence of mind, and managed to get out my hunting knife, which, with the strength of despair, I buried up to its hilt in the animal's chest.

He staggered a little, but he seized me the next minute with his jaws round my thigh and shook me. The thick goatskin leggings I wore stuffed up his mouth somewhat, and probably saved my leg, but the gash is there to this day.

I managed to get my knife into him again, though, at this juncture, and he dropped me, only to seize me, again, however, at this time on the shin, which he tore from knee to ankle.

But he was losing blood fast, and dropped a second time. Then he pulled himself together, as it were, and had another go at me. This time he seized me by the ankle, and bit one of the tendons nearly through.

But the bear was done for. Faint from loss of blood, he had to drop me again, and staggered, rolling over. He picked himself up, though, only to fall again, and roll away some yards from where I lay, and to fall dead.

He measured six feet from nose to tail. So when on his hind legs he could not have stood much less than nine feet high.

As for me, wounded as I was, I had to be carried some forty miles, across two rivers, in a litter before I could receive medical attention, and narrowly escaped bleeding to death. As it was, I lay two months on my back, and it was a question as to whether they would not have to amputate the leg that had been so severely mauled by a bear.—E. E. Cuthell in Golden Days.

It was amongst the great black bears of the semi-tropical jungles of southern India that the following much more serious adventure befell me, nearly putting an end to me altogether and leaving a gash two inches deep down my thigh for life.

We were a party of two or three, shooting in a vast jungle on the banks of a river, and found plenty of sambar deer, leopards, and a few bears.

We beat the jungle by means of a small army of coolies, the sportsmen stationing themselves at likely spots for the game to break covert. A very large black bear lumbered past within shot of me. I missed him, but he disappeared into the jungle.

Before I had time to pursue him, however, the bear, headed back by the hunters, came down the path straight towards me, and in a terrible rage stalking along on his hind legs as he approached me.

I fired and hit him, but on he came; and in another moment, towering above me, he had closed with me and knocked me down like a ninepin, drawing his huge claws across me, from my shoulder to my thigh.

But for my wearing a thick woolen cummerbund, or belt, wrapped many times round my middle, he must all but inevitably have injured me fatally.

The bear stood over me, growling, like a cat playing with a mouse. But I did not lose my presence of mind, and managed to get out my hunting knife, which, with the strength of despair, I buried up to its hilt in the animal's chest.

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An Intellectual Cat.

At the graduating exercise of the high school at Stockbridge, an old cat, belonging to a scholarly family, walked into the church unseen and unheeded. Noticeably she made her way through the crowd of people, taking the side aisle instead of the middle, and with quiet dignity ascended the steps of the platform. Then she placed herself in a conspicuous position, right in front of the committee men, the ministers and the professors, and with a look of intense interest on her face she listened to the essays with a satisfied air. No one molested her, and she sat quietly until the close, when she

walked out with a sidle upon her face, as much as to say: "You have all done well, young people, and I predict a grand future for each of you."—New York Examiner.

The Question of Sleeves.

All the sleeves are fast verging on to the fashion of fifty years ago, and it seems that every week sees them swelling toward the balloon styles of another epoch. The sleeves of dresses of that time were almost big enough for dresses, and each had an enormous puffed and bedecked undersleeve. Even the children's clothes and boys' jacket sleeves were wide and flowing, with large full undersleeves of muslin, as we see from the old fashion books. I hope we will stop short of that exaggeration, but don't expect we will.—New York Examiner.

A Dream Defined.

Is a dream a sign of anything? Why, yes, it is a sign of life in the dreamer, and that he is not asleep all over. Some of the organs of the complex brain are active, carrying on the process of thought without guidance of the will. A dream is simply the result of unguided mental action, and the nature of the dream depends on what part of the brain is active. There is probably nothing more superhuman in a dream than in a reverie, or even in the incoherent imaginings of an insane person.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

By Their Words You Shall Know Them.

"No, sir," said Farmer Thistlepod, "you needn't tell me anything about the beauties of a free government. I've sick of it. I've tilled and milled and dug and delved on this farm, boy and man, forty-five years, and all I've been able to do has been to pay taxes, keep up the interest on a mortgage and wish I had money enough to take out a little insurance on the stock, but I can't do it. Pastor was here this morning arguin' me to try to do a little more for the church, an' I had to tell him I was goin' to give up my pew at the end of this quarter; just got to do it; I haven't the money. I tell you, what's more, you can't make it on a farm in this country. I don't know a farmer in York state that is makin' enough to pay for labor on the farm." The girls who overheard the old man talking in this strain to the church clerk came into his house at midnight, gagged him, tied him down on the kitchen table and laid a torch to his feet until he came down, and they got away with \$4,000 in cold cash, \$2,500 in United States bonds, four gold watches, two brewholding shotguns, English, \$600 worth of solid silver and about a dozen cutthroat mortgagors on western farms, drawing 9 per cent. interest. Amantia doesn't fall dead as he used to, but he suffers a great deal more than he did.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Kegan's Imported Cigar.

They gave a ball at McWormer's. Miss Kegan he smoked a cigar, He looked at it and he said, "McWormer, he's got it on a knee. It was worse than any single— Oh, my! I thought he was a rank! From the way that Kegan smoked it. You'd a thought that he owned a bank."

He smoked it out in the hallway. "Well a plasher back to his neck, And the whole law through his whiskers."

Making of them a total wreck. Through the window he left open, He smoked a stuff for no reason; He'll be many a day, though, Before Kegan will smoke again.

Misses Kegan said, "McWormer, Mary Ann's got her egg in the dirt." But Kegan, he only stood there, And he look another long puff.

Then some said, "The egg was leaking." "White others," "It was not leaking there." But Kegan, he kept on smoking. At the foot of the big hall stair.

They go-pine led a com-uh-tee. To discover the how-uh-much. Who got into Kegan's smoking. For we want heard an awful yell. That something was a sticking. The back fence near the big oak stump. Whimper! We found old Towner dead Next day! It was believed Kegan's alarm.

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