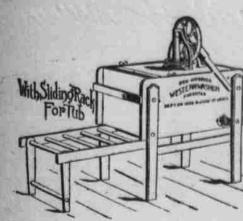
THE - NEW - IMPROVED

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 CASH

and sell them accordingly. When in need of a pump drop me a postal card stating fashionable line of goods, promising them in return to sell them Cheaper, more Stydepth of well and I will name you a price.

YOURS VERY RESPECTFULLY,

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

HE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

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

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

The book or pen is laid saide; I find them lying open syed, Five rosy rebels, girls and boys Who grees me with sumultuous noise.

Can I be stern with such as these? Can charming ways and folks displea They hold, and scarce 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 turn, 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 to their tread, The last good night has long been said,

And by his fireside desciate, An old man sits, resigned to wait, Recalling joys that used to be, And faces that he may not see.

Therefore, what bits is mine that now I still can smooth each fair young brow! And feel the arms that cleap me tight, The lips that kiss the less good night!

—J. R. Eastwood in Quiver.

MAULED BY A BEAR.

Perhaps the most of us associate the dea of a bear with the grizzly of the Rockies or the flerce denizen of Polar regions. All the same, the Indian specimen, as the following will show, is by no means to be despised. He is of two kinds—one the red brown

bear of Cashmere, a native of the Hima-layas, living chiefly about the snow line, which in that range lies at an altitude layas, living chiefly about the snow line, which in that range lies at an altitude of 15,000 feet; the other is the black bear, found on lower slopes, where he haunts walnut and apricot trees, and is partial to honey. He is found also in the table land of southern India, in the jungles.

Both kinds sometimes measure as much as six feet from the tip of his nose between the snowless of the day, spent lying on one's back in the shade, sleeping, or enjoying dreamily the wonderful panorama of fold after fold of mountain and valley spread out before one. It was about 4 o'clock, when the sun had begun to go down, that I accounted for bears number of the day, spent lying on one's back in the shade, sleeping, or enjoying dreamily the wonderful panorama of fold after fold of mountain and valley spread out before one. It was about 4 o'clock, when the sun had begun to go down, that I accounted for bears number of the day, spent lying on one's back in the shade, sleeping, or enjoying dreamily the was losing blood fast, and dropped me a second time. Then he pulled himself together, as it were, and had another of the day, spent lying on one's back in the shade, sleeping, or enjoying dreamily the wonderful panorama of fold after fold of mountain and valley spread out before one. It was about 4 o'clock, when the sun had begun to go there of the shink of the day.

much as six feet from the tip of his nose ber three and four.

to the end of the stump of his short tail.

About a mile off

One constantly comes across natives who have been brushed out of the way by a rude push with the paw of a bear, with the result of losing a limb or part

One of the great dangers of the sport of bear shooting is that of getting below the animal, who may then charge down

upon his antagonist.

But, owing to their bad sight—they have queer, small eyes, deep sunk in their heads—and their greediness, which absorbs them in their feeding, a bear is by no means difficult to stalk, and a far sasier prey than an ibex or deer or tiger.

My largest bag was once four bears in one day. It was in Cashmere; we had marched ten days across the hills to a valley high up in the mountains, where we had pitched our tent. I was alone, accompanied only by two shikaris, or

It was the month of April, the best

standing out clearly in the growing day- for life. light. The bears were then returning from the night's prowl, and on a lucky shooting in a vast jungle on the banks day I have seen as many as seventeen of a river, and found plenty of sambur within a radius of four or five miles.

When a likely beast is spotted, hard

mean steady hard work. dred yards of where the bear was last into the jungle.

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

So wards 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

So much for number one.

Leaving the second shiker to take the to my thigh. skin, we made for a point above us, to look for more sport. On turning a corner, cumberbund, or belt, wrapped many however, we saw a little above us a bear times round my middle, he must all but

oming toward us, To retire hastily out of sight and to struggle up the hill, so as to get on better a cat playing with a mouse. But I did terms with the animal, was the first not lose my presence of mind, and manthought. Then, with rifle full cock, I aged to get out my hunting knife, which,

peeped cautiously over the edge of a rock to get a view of my friend, when—was it possible?—I found myself almost face with the strength of despair, I buried up to its hill in the animal's chest.

He staggered a little, but he seized me

to the end of the stump of his short tail.

The black bear is adorned with a queer, horseshoe shaped white mark on the chest, a good place at which to aim at him.

The strength of bears is enormous.

The strength of bears is enormous.

The constantly comes across paties.

I got a shot at him, and he made off excitedly, hanging one forearm, I after him, with my second rifle, as fast as I could go, when a whisper from my shi-

kari made me turn my head.
"For the love of Allah, sahib, not that way! There, up that tree!" I took his advice, and from the tree could see over the precipice as to whither

my wounded friend had gone. Lo and behold! There he was, resting on the very path I was taking, and on the lookout for me too! A steady shot from my express, and down he went into some birch bushes below him.

Reloading quickly, I looked out for him to break covert; but in the mean-time his companion had taken the same path, and as he turned and looked in-

It was the month of April, the best season for bear shooting, for Bruin, thin, hungry and full furred, had only just emerged from his winter hibernation.

Rising about 8 a. m., and leaving the smoldering camp fire, we climed, under a bright moon, a steep pull up a neighboring peak.

It was essential to reach our regist of the season and awaited the result. Nothing emerged from the patch of jungle. So after a while we cautiously approached the spot, and the second shikari seeing something lying threw a stone, and then pronounced it dead. And indeed upon closer inspection we face she listened to the essays with a found the two bears lying dead side by side. So much for bear shooting in the side. So much for bear shooting in the she sat quietly until the close, when she

With field glasses to our eyes we serious adventure befell me, nearly put scanned the panorama, bounded to the ting an end to me altogether and leaving north by the sharp cut peaks of snow a gash two inches deep down my thigh

We were a party of two or three, deer, leopards, and a few bears.

We beat the jungle by means of a at work, unearthing some root or investigating a bees' nest, the stalk follows. stationing themselves at likely spots for It may be over difficult ground, and the game to break covert. A very large nean steady hard work.

At last we reached to within a hun-

seen, and, with a doubled up figure and cat like steps, peered over the point of rock, with cartridge put in and rifle ers, came down the path straight towards me, and in a terrible rage stalk

huge claws across me, from my shoulder

But for my wearing a thick woolen inevitably have injured me fatally. The bear stood over me, growling, lik

to face with Bruin. Our heads nearly the next minute with his jaws round my thigh and shook me. The thick goatskin But he was the more surprised of the leggins I were stuffed up his mouth two, for he had no notion I was any-where about, and he swung slowly round, only to receive his death wound I managed to get my knife into him

He measured six feet from nose to tail. So when on his hind legs he could

not have stood much less than nine feet As for me, wounded as I was, I had to be carried some forty miles, across two rivers, in a litter before I could receiv 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 se-verely mauled by a bear.—E. E. Cuthell in Golden Days.

At the graduating exercise of the high school at Stockbridge, an old cat, belong ing to a scholarly family, walked into quiringly at me I got a shot at him and he also made off into the covert.

I reloaded and awaited the result. stead of the middle, and with quiet dig-

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 chilundersleeves of muslin, as we see from the old fashion books. I hope we will Cor. Lehigh and Iron Sts.

A Dream Defined.

Is a dream a sign of anything? Why, yes, undoubtedly. It is a sign of life in the dreamer, and that he is not asleep all over. Some of the organs of the com plex 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 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 per-son.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

By Their Words Yen Shall Know Them.

"No, sir," said Parmer Thistlepod, "you needn't tell me anything about the beauties of a free government. I'm sick of it. I've tolled and moiled 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 argin' me to try to do a little more for the church, an' I had to tell him I was goin'-sto give up my pow at the end of this quarter; just got to do it; I haven't the money, I tell you, and, 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." That night three burglars who overheard the old man talking in this strain to the church clerk came into his feet until he came down, and they got a way with \$4,000 in cold cash, \$3,500 in United States bonds, four gold watches, two breechloading shotguns, English; \$600 worth of solid silver and about a doson cutthroat mortgages on western farms, drawing 9 per cent, interest. Ananies doesn't fall dead as he used to, but he suffers a great deal more than if he did.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Keegan's Imported Cigat. By Their Words You Shall Know Then

Kergan's Imported Cigar,

They gave a ball at McGwenney's,
Miles Keegan he smaked a cig yar,
Iles Kanw that it was im-poor-ted,
McGuttoness boost it on a kyar.
It was wooned than any sto-gle—
Oh, my i though, but wasn't it rank?
From the way that Keegan smoked it
You'd a thought that he owned a bank. He smoked it out in the hallway

He smoked it cut in the hallway,
Wid a planture hack it his nock,
And "the wind blew through his
whiskers,"
Making of them a total wrock,
Through the window to left open,
He moded a shiff hur-ri-cam;
But 'twill be many a day, though,
Before Koughn will smoke again.

Missae Keegan said, "Medweeney, Mary Ann's just bad eggs in the duff." But Keegan, he calmiy shoot there, And he took azother long puff. Then acros said, "The gas was leaking;" While others, "A ret had duet there," But Keegan, he hopt on smoking At the foot of the big ball state.

User ap-pine-bed a com-enit-can. To dischaoree the househ small, Who got cate Keegast's smeaking. For we seem heard an actuly yel. Then something solid a sthriking. The back fence near the big sah durey. We found old Toward dead Neat day—for'd aw hallowed Keegast's classes.

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 swell-ing toward the balloon styles of another dren's clothes and boys' jacket sleeves were wide and flowing, with large full stop short of that exaggeration, but don't expect we will.—New York Letter

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quently 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 lish and Better Goods than can be purchased elsewhere in this county.

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&c, &c., &c.

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