WITH A CUP AND SAUCER.

I send my love a fragile china cup,
With purple violets pansied round the rim,
Empty it is, but sweet thoughts fill it up
And peep like tricksy elves above the rim.

Upon a saucer fashioned like a heart
Of palest tint my dainty cup is set,
Dear emblem, symbolizing life's better part—
How can she look upon it and forget?

The charm I drop within the cup is such
That every draft a tender thought will bring;
The crinkled leaves will brighten at her touch,
The flowers will know a mystic blossoming.

Poor pictured violets that never grew
In fancy speaks not yet a summer showers!
To hearts that hate the false and love the true
There is a sadness in a painted flower.

But go, my gift, and as my lady sips
Her creamy cream or her [illegible] vant tea
Thy happy rim may perchance touch her lips
And bring to her a fleeting thought of me!
—House Furnishing Review.

"S'POSE IT'S SATAN."

It was only the ground on which the 150 boys of Dr. Kellar's school disported themselves. But besides the boys present there were at least 150 demons and angels of ambition, envy, loyalty, perfidy and truthfulness.

The doctor himself, in a new suit of tweed, seemed to the boys to be far more approachable here in the midst of their sports than when in academic cap and gown he cast gloom through their ranks by stalking along with that searching eye of his well turned on the discomfiture of evildoers. However, even at these gruesome times, the boys admitted among themselves that Kellar was a gentleman, and that they'd rather take a hiding from him than punishment drill from a cad any day.

For they were proud of Kellar's, loyal to the school, and ready to battle to the bitter end against any common foe who dared to assume it in the slightest degree.

A little lad of 10 had just run light heartedly on the ground when the aforesaid searchlight fell on him, and simultaneously the head master shouted out:

"Colville two, I thought you had detention!"

Colville two, a redheaded, merry faced boy, smiled cheerfully, as if detention were a good joke to which he was well accustomed, and replied with pleasant promptness:

"So I have, sir."

"Then what brings you out here?"

"I s'pose it's Satan. He's always doing it."

"Doing what?"

"Making me naughty," said Colville two, with pathetically fearless frankness.

Then Kellar's little daughter went up and kissed him.

Twelve years later the battle of Tamai was being fought, and Colville two was in the thick of it. He had been slightly wounded in an attack that had been made upon McNeil's Zareba a few days previously, and his colonel had mentioned him in despatches and recommended him strongly for the "V. C." for personal gallantry.

On the strength of this Lieutenant Colville had written to the girl he was engaged to, who was at Cairo with her mother, telling her that he would not wait to marry her a day after he had got his company.

"I've always been a lucky fellow, though I've been in no end of scrapes all my life," the boy wrote, "and now the crowning luck of all is that I shall win you and the Victoria cross at the same time. Heaps of fellows deserve it just as much as I do, only I happened to be in front, you see, and was lucky enough to be able to make myself a target for the concealed enemy, who had been picking off our men like ninepins. The Arabs turned their fire on me, and our fellows were able to see where the beggars fired from. I must bear a charmed life, I think, for the ground was riddled all around me. Bob (Bob was her brother) and I fought shoulder to shoulder for hours, and we shall again many a day, I hope."

The girl who got this letter was worthy of the gallant, light hearted boy who wrote it, and she sent him pages of such loving, proud, encouraging words as only a proud, loving woman can write.

"I wish I were your wife that I might go to the front and dress your wounds myself, my own love. Even as it is I am capable of dressing as a boy and going to the camp. I quite understand Constance de Beverley's bowing her pride and riding for three long years in Lord Marmion's train. Only, Jack, there would be no 'bowing of pride' in my case. I should be prouder than ever I could only do something to show the whole camp, the whole world, how dearly I love my boy."

Then she went on to tell how regularly she wrote to his mother, keeping her posted up in all that Jack was doing and suffering and winning. "She is my beloved mother, and only she can fully understand how dearly I have loved you ever since that day when I went and scolded you because you said you 's'pose it was Satan made you naughty.'"

Violet Kellar had fought a hard fight before she had gained her father's consent to become engaged to penniless Jack Colville. The girl's brilliantly good looks, attractive manners and general fitness had brought her more eligible suitors to her feet. But she had been faithful to her first love through it all.

"I hate poverty, but I love Jack," she would say, when her father pointed out to her how far more sensible it would be of her to marry a man who could give her a good establishment in which he could stay at home to ease with her than to take her lot with that of a mere subaltern in a marching regiment.

"Probably after they have settled this disturbance in Egypt his regiment will be sent off to India for three or four years, and as he can't marry on his pay you will be left behind to meditate on your folly in having engaged yourself."

"I shall marry him as soon as this affair is over in Egypt, papa, and if he can't give me bread and water enough to support me I'll beg it from some one who can. I don't want a good establishment or a husband who'd scare at home in case [illegible] to have him!"

"The boy always [illegible] confound him," her father grumbled good temperedly, and when he said that Violet knew that her case was won.

Her mother, after the manner of mothers, sympathized with the young people's romance and hopefully assured her that Jack would win promotion in his profession unless very without seeing much dangerous service.

So when Violet said: "Mother, dear, I don't want a swell wedding. I don't even want a wedding dress—Jack likes me in sailor serge better than anything, but I do want to go out and be as near him as I can. Take me to Cairo and let the chaplain marry us as soon as the fighting is over." Mrs. Kellar agreed to do so, and all their acquaintances declared that the mother was as great a fool as the daughter.

* * * * * *

Violet's letter was keeping his heart warm this day at Tamai. He was feeling unaccountably happy and light hearted, as after a sharp tussle with half a dozen Arabs, three of whom he killed with his revolver, he was allowed breathing for a few minutes, during which he cut the word "Soakin" on the little black pipe that had been his inseparable companion during the whole of the campaign.

Suddenly just as he had lighted and started smoking it, he heard a frantic shout, and glancing up he saw young Kellar dash forward and fire at some one behind him (Jack). Simultaneously he felt a sharp agonizing pain in his back and knew that he was struck by a poisoned spear. An Arab, who had been concealed in a bush, had crept out and stabbed him before young Kellar could intervene.

He had staggered and then fallen on his face, and they thought that he was dead for a minute. But when they lifted him and were carrying him away a faint flicker of the old fun came into his fading blue eyes as he said:

"I wanted Violet and the V. C. so much. S'pose 'twas Satan?——"

Before he could finish the sentence the flaring light went out, and the blue eyes closed forever in this world.

* * * * * *

Who shall tell her? The whole regiment knew the story of Jack's love, and not a man in it but felt heartsore for the girl who had loved and been so proud of her young hero.

"It will break my heart to go to Violet with such a tale," her brother moaned. "I'd rather take a revolver and blow my own brains out than have the task."

"You shall not have it," his colonel promised. "I'll go to her myself with as bitter tidings as I've had to convey."

Colonel Brankshelme's mouth twitched, and his steady, fearless gray eyes filled with tears as he spoke. But this was more for the fine young soldierly life which had been cut short in its glory than for the desolate girl who was left to mourn it. However, he fulfilled his task so sympathetically that Violet soon found her greatest comfort in talking of her lost lover to his gallant chief.

"Time treads on the grave of affection!" Kind, merciful Time! Two years after Jack fell at Suakin, Colonel Brankshelme, who had been away on leave for a month, telegraphed to the second in command of the regiment, "My wife and I will be back tonight."

"We'll give them a grand reception. Have the band to meet them, take the horses out and drag the carriage along the parade," some of the more enthusiastic of the juniors declared. But when young Kellar said: "Better not. The bride is my sister," the regiment felt that the less demonstration they made on the occasion of her joining it the better. Jack's memory was too green with them still for them to give her anything but a silent and rather sad welcome.—Montreal Star.

A Chinese Proverb's Origin.

"'He'll steal your shoes' is an expression which in China is used to describe an arrant knave and pilferer," says ex-Consul Edward Bedloe. "The expression is hundreds of years old and is based on an adventure perpetuated through the medium of decorated crockery ware. A wealthy Chinaman, whose gorgeously embroidered shoes were the envy of the community, was, according to the legend, despoiled of his pride in the following manner: A rascal one day rushed up, gave the rich man a hearty blow on the back, and seizing the astonished gentleman's hat pitched it upon a high wall. The next moment the fellow seemed to discover that it was not an old friend he was greeting so enthusiastically and apologized profusely.

"'How shall I get my hat?' inquired the man with the beautiful shoes.

"'Jump on my back and you can reach it,' replied the schemer.

"The suggestion was carried out, but while the hatless man was reaching for his head covering the rascal slipped off the handsome shoes and made away, leaving the simple minded millionaire clutching the wall."

How Sugar Melts.

If we drop a lump of sugar into a cup of tea, we find it takes a considerable time to melt if allowed to remain at the bottom of the vessel, but if we hold it up in the spoon near the surface of the liquid it dissolves much more speedily. This is owing to the sugar, as it melts, rendering the portion of the tea containing it heavier. The sweetened part, therefore, descends, leaving the sugar constantly in contact with unsweetened or only partially sweetened tea, in fact, a continual circulation of fluid is promoted until the whole is dissolved.

When the sugar is placed or permitted to lie at the bottom of the cup, it dissolves until the layer of fluid next it is thoroughly sweetened or saturated, when it practically ceases to dissolve any further, the sweetened and heavier stratum above it acting for a considerable time, until the law of diffusion comes gradually into play, like an impervious covering in keeping back the lighter unsweetened fluid above.

Hence the reason also why stirring, in breaking up the saturated layer and allowing access to the unsweetened portion, is so effectual in bringing about the uniform sweetening of tea. Life is not infrequently sweetened by the same stirring up process.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Human Imitations of Vegetables.

Referring to the fact that the human head is sometimes facetiously and irreverently spoken of as "a cocoanut," the Boston Transcript remarks that scientists have recently discovered a remarkable resemblance between the shell of the fruit and the shell of the human brain. Then it quotes a French scientific periodical to prove that there is a wonderful likeness between other human organs and vegetable products. For example, the meat of the English walnut is a close copy of the form and convolutions of the brain; plums and cherries are like the eyes; almonds are shaped like the nose; the ear is brought to mind by an opened oyster and shell; in a mammoth squash the entire body may be traced; the open hand is found in growing scrub willow and celery, and the heart is seen in the German turnip and the eggplant.

The Katydid's Song.

Everybody is familiar with the music of the katydid. It is the male that has the voice. At the base of each wing cover is a thin membraneous plate. He elevates the wing covers and rubs the two plates together. If you could rub your shoulder blades together, you could imitate the operation very nicely.—Washington Star.

Long Winded.

Overheard at the Salle des Capuchines during the delivery of a lecture by the famous X.:

"How full he is of his subject!" said one of the hearers.

"Yes, but how slow he is in emptying himself!" was the reply.—Intransigeant (Paris).

Edison on Brain Food.

Said Edison in a recent interview: "Every man has his own ideas as to what he should and what he should not eat and what quantity of food he should partake of during the course of 24 hours.

"As a general rule, you may put it down that hustlers eat very little. I mean brain hustlers. They don't need much fuel. I eat very little."

"How much?"

The famous inventor picked up a scrap of yellow blotting paper lying before him and drew upon its rough surface a diagram. The broad brow of the thinker contracted. It must have been a difficult thing to determine just how much food substance it took to supply the system of the thinker. The result showed that Mr. Edison eats but 24 ounces of food a day.—Brandon Bucksaw.

Duration of Noah's Flood.

In Gould's "Notes and Queries," volume 6, page 284, the following questions are asked: "Are the floods known as Noah's, Deucalion's and the Atlantean deluges considered to be one and the same?" The editor refers the question to his correspondents, and Mrs. L. T. George of Chicago answers it, incidentally giving the following curious particulars and minute details concerning the "great breaking up of the waters:" "The deluge was threatened in the year 1656 and began on Dec. 7, 1556, B. C., and continued 377 days. The ark rested upon Mount Ararat on May 6, 1657, but Noah did not leave it until Dec. 18 following." Any reader who imagines that it would be an easy task to figure these details from the Biblical account can find a basis for his calculations in the seventh and eighth chapters of Genesis.—St. Louis Republic.

Saddle on the Wrong Horse.

An emaciated dude applied to a Harlem livery stable and wanted to hire a horse, but a deposit was demanded.

"You want $50 deposit. Do you think I am going to run off with the horse?" asked the dude.

"No, but I'm afraid the horse will run off with you," responded the livery stableman.—Texas Siftings.

Partly New.

Visitor—That painting is by an old master, I see.

Mrs. Mosshoddle (apologetically)—Y-es, but the frame is new.—New York Weekly.

OLD TIME TROUSSEAU GOWNS.

Splendors of Silk and Gold, but What on Earth Were "Cama" and "Atlas?"

Some one who has been delving into old, musty magazines has brought to light a description of some trousseau gowns made for Princess Charlotte when she married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg.

Here is the description of the wedding gown: "The wedding dress was a slip of white and silver atlas, worn under a dress of transparent silk net, elegantly embroidered in a silver cama with a border to match, tastefully worked in floral designs to form festoons round the bottom, the sleeves and neck trimmed with a most rich suit of brussels point lace."

All very fine, but what, prithee, thou quaint old fashion writer, are "cama" and "atlas?" "Mantua" is almost as obsolete a part of the vocabulary of fashion, but we still recognize behind it the image of a flowing cape. But "atlas?" It is a conundrum. And "cama?" An Egyptian riddle. It seems to have been quite popular, whatever it was, for another of the trousseau gowns was of white net embroidered in gold cama, with border laid over white satin. In this case the mantua was of rich gold brocade, with blown roses richly woven in and trimmed with gold lace. Of the other gowns of this old time bride, one was of transparent net richly embroidered in the bright and dull tones of silver; another was of fine white india muslin worked over in little spots wrought in filigree gold and flounced with brussels point; another was of silver tissue trimmed with silver lace.

In addition to all this gold and silver finery, there were two whole dresses of brussels lace, valued respectively at 600 and 360 guineas; also two of British blond net, specially worked for her royal highness. The last but one of the gowns described was a white muslin morning gown, trimmed with three broad rows of valenciennes lace. All the gowns, it will be noticed, were white, and most of them were gorgeous with gold and silver thread.

But the going away gown of the Princess Charlotte is enough to make a modern bride gasp. It was of the richest white silk, trimmed with a broad foot ruche of white satin, headed by two deep flounces of brussels point. The short sleeves and low bodice—imagine a decollete traveling gown!—were veiled in the same lace. With this was worn a pelisse of white satin, lined with sarsenet and trimmed with broad bands of ermine. Unfortunately there is no description of the millinery which accompanied all this magnificence. Of course the hat must have been white and enormous, with sweeping plumes and voluminous lace veil.—New York Sun.

No Thief Will Touch It.

A costly ring, unguarded by police or other special protection, hangs suspended to a silken cord round the neck of a statue of the Maid of Almadena, the patron saint of Madrid, in one of the most frequented parks of the Spanish capital. It is set with valuable diamonds and pearls, but there is not the least danger of its being stolen. The greatest thief in Spain would sooner steal the plate from his own mother's coffin than to even so much as touch the uncanny relics. Its history is curious and interesting, being equal to anything related in mediæval folklore.

It was made in accordance with a special order from the late Alphonso XII, who gave it to his cousin, the beautiful Mercedes, on the day of their betrothal. She wore it constantly during her short married life. Upon her death the king presented it to his grandmother, Queen Christina. She died soon after accepting it, and the king then passed the deadly little jeweled band of gold to his sister, Infanta de Pilar, who died within a month after. Again the accursed circlet started on its deadly rounds, next finding a place upon the finger of Christina, daughter of the Duke Montpensier. In less than 100 days she, too, was dead. Alfonso then put the cursed jewel in his own casket of precious relics and lived less than a year after so doing. Is it any wonder that such a harbinger of death can safely hang on a statue in an unguarded square.—Philadelphia Record.

Women In Medicine.

At the beginning of 1893 the number of women who had entered their names in the British medical register amounted to 158, of whom nine have died since registration. About 50 are in practice in India and other parts of the east, chiefly as medical missionaries; some of the younger women—perhaps 20—are still engaged in study at various schools and hospitals, chiefly on the continent, and the remainder are in practice in various parts of Great Britain, more than half of these having settled in London. The number of posts thrown open to medical women increases every day, and the demand for their services in various directions is still considerably in excess of the supply.—Medical Magazine.

Could Lift a Ton and a Half.

A Scotchman, said to be the last of the Stuarts, was possessed with an extraordinary strength, from which circumstance he got the nickname of Jemmy Strength. Among other feats, he could carry a 24 pounder cannon and had been known to lift a cartload of hay weighing a ton and a half upon his back. Many a time he took up a packhorse, and carrying it on his shoulders walked through the tollgate.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Carelessness.

Little Miss—I'm going to have a birthday party next week.

Mr. Nicefellow—The members of your family always celebrate their birthdays, I believe?

Little Miss—Yes, all but sister. She's got so careless she's beginning to skip years.—Good News.

Cherokee Strip Indian Names.

In civilizing the Indian into a plug hat and English terminology we all too quickly forget to perpetuate him in the geographical nomenclature of the land he once so graphically christened. Of the seven new counties in the Cherokee strip, but one bears an Indian name. The others have names which are wholly commonplace, which are not associated with any incident to give them meaning, and which partake not in the slightest degree of the local tone and color of a region which has a rude but picturesque history and abounds in romantic traditions which ought to be preserved in the names of its towns and counties.—Kansas City Star.

He Was Floored.

A little 4-year-old boy said to his father, "Pa, can God do everything?" "Yes, my son." "Could he make me a 2-year-old colt in two minutes?" "He would not wish to do that, my son." "But if he did wish to do it, could he?" "Yes, in two minutes." "Well, then, the colt wouldn't be 2 years old, would he?" The father was kind of floored and carried the youngster to bed and made him say his prayers.—New York Recorder.

James Whitcomb Riley is one of the few writers of verse who find poetry profitable. It is said that he has accumulated a comfortable store of dollars and has purchased as a permanent dwelling place the old Indiana homestead of his family.

A traveler in the Malay peninsula says that the natives have in use there the smallest coin in the world. It is a wafer made from the resinous juice of a tree, and its value is estimated to be 1-10,000th of a cent.

Among the exhibits in the show window of a New York dental establishment is a fancy border around the other objects displayed that is made of nearly 6,000 teeth, which have been pulled from patrons' jaws.

Her Fears Aroused.

Mrs. Flyabout—Weren't you awfully afraid that Sunday night you had that little card party and it thundered and lightened so?

Mrs. Gofrequent—Indeed I was. I told the girls it wasn't good form and that somebody would be sure to hear of it.—Chicago Tribune.

A STUPENDOUS SALE!

$35,000 Worth of WINTER STOCK to be Sold

—AT A SACRIFCE OF—

ONE HALF WHAT IT COST!!

We over estimated trade in our purchases during the fall with the result that to-day we are over-crowded with winter goods. It won't do to carry too much stock and we intend to move it. The quickest way to do this is to inaugurate a sale on so stupendous a scale that it will bring buyers to us from all over the county who want to save money during these hard money times. When we tell you that we will save money for you, you can depend on it is no humbug. We mean what we say. Look at these array of figures.

Men's Overcoats at $4.00 worth $7.00.

Men's Overcoats at $7.00 worth $12.00.

Men's Overcoats at $10, worth $18.

Men's Suits at $4, $5, $7 and $10, worth $8 to $16.

Boy's Overcoats at $1.18 worth $2.50.

Boy's Suits at 87c worth $1.75.

Better Suits and Overcoats for Boys from 4 to 15 years at $3 to $10.

50 Dozen Boys Pants at 15 Cents a Pair.

Ladies and Misses Coats, Jackets and Capes.

We were never before so well prepared to cater to the tastes of the ladies in this line as we now are. Our entire stock is one of style and excellence. We haven't got a coat, cape or jacket that isn't stylish, well-made and a Bargain, and on which $3 to $8 cannot be saved. We have

FUR TRIMMED COATS FROM $3 UPWARDS.

Our Merchant Tailoring Department.

We have in this department one of the finest lines of Imported and Domestic Suitings and Overcoatings ever brought to the Lehigh Valley and we will make you a stylish and well-made Suit or Overcoat at these prices. At $15 a Suit or Overcoat worth $22; at $20 a Suit or Overcoat worth $28; at $22 a Suit or Overcoat worth $32 Can you bo better? Then leave your order here.

OUR SPLENDID LINE OF

Underwear, Hats, Caps, Neckware, &c., is a pleasure to look at, and no body can sell as cheap as we do

WE PAY CAR FARE.

On all purchases we allow a FIVE per cent. cash discount to pay railroad fare. REMEMBER this great Sale and Bargain Place is

THE ONE PRICE

Star Clothing and Merchant Tailoring Hall,

Opposite the Central Railroad Station, Mauch Chunk.

They Saw the Fair.

"Been to the World's fair?" asked the man who had not been shaved for six months.

"Saw it by moonlight—me and Jerry Raggles," replied he of the vermilion nose. "Me and Jerry was out in Denver for our health. Jerry's left lung is off bad. 'Let's git to Chicago,' says Jerry one night when we was laying off on a truck in Wazee street. 'All right,' says I, fo' I was anxious to be in society once more. The next night we jumped a freight fo' as far as Omaha without gettin turned down once. It got warm then, and we changed for an empty cattle car on account of the ventilation. It was on a Sunday morning when we struck Chicago. 'Let's lay off and recuperate after the trip, Jerry,' says I, 'and we'll make a sneak on to the fair grounds at night.' 'All right,' says he, but we kept a talking until it was almost dark about what we'd do when we got in the grounds.

"Well, as I was sayin, when I woke up the car was joggin along kinder slowlike. I looked out through the slats. We was passing the fair. 'Hay, Jerry,' I says. 'Hay, there, here's the fair; let's jump!' We both made for the door. I got there first. 'Open it,' says Jerry. 'I can't; it's locked.' 'Let's take it in through the slats,' he says. And we looked for all we was worth. In 10 minutes we was past."

"How did you get out?"

"Got out? We didn't get out until we got to Buffalo. We would 'a' starved if Jerry hadn't had a loaf of bread in his hat."—New York Herald.

A Chilly Duel.

A duel of an original character was fought in front of the Antwerp railway station. Two gentlemen from Liege, after a hard day's sightseeing, refreshed themselves so effectually at a cafe that from beer to brandy and from arguments to insults they came to blows. Blood alone could wash away the stain of their mutual insults, but as deadly weapons were not kept on the premises for the use of customers the proprietor of the cafe suggested that as the street was deserted the adversaries should annihilate each other with "douches," and he handed to each a portable water pipe. Cold water being anything but an exciting medium, the combatants after a thorough drenching shook hands and hurried to change their garments.—London Tit-Bits.

Wasted the Boating Threats Failed.

Eating corn from the cob may not be the most graceful or dignified mode of enjoying the vegetable, but it is a method much affected throughout the country.

Observing a young lady attacking an ear in this way recently, a Brooklyn man was bold enough to make the remark, "You like your corn unshaven, do you, Miss Blank?"

"Unshaven, did you say?" replied the miss, whose teeth had just become entangled in some corn silk. "I wasn't thinking of the whiskers, but when you spoke I was wishing that they'd pull the boating threads the next time they serve it."—New York Herald.

They Can Do It.

"Is there any way to make new furniture look as though it had been made a century ago?" asked a correspondent. There is. A household of children will do it for you in about a week.—London Tit-Bits.

TREXLER

We have a large number o well built and stylish wagons and carriages which we must get rid off. To do so we are selling them at prices that are below what competition would ask. Other dealers can't touch us when it comes to low prices and GOOD Goods.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids will be received up to Saturday, October 21st, 1893, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the flooring of the Lehighton—Weissport County Bridge. All information in regard to the manner in which the work shall be performed can be had at the office of the County Commissioners, where specifications can be examined, or from either of the members of the Board.

The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids. By order of the Board.

P. LAWLER, Clerk.

Notice to Hunters.

All persons are forbid Hunting on the lands of the undersigned, in Mahoning Valley, Carbon county, Pa., after this notice under penalty of the law.

CHARLES XANDER.

Oct 13 93 3w.

ELY'S Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY ?

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60c.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., New York

"THE BAZAAR"

729 Hamilton St.,

ALLENTOWN, PA.

COAT BARGAIN This Week.

Infants' Coats.

In cream and tan cashmere flannel, lined children's coats in striped and wool plaids, eiderdown in plain and fancy. Watteau back, Russian back, plaited capes and puffed sleeves. Examine this line; it will pay you.

Misses' Coats.

Heavy coats with military capes, Russian back and leg of mutton sleeves, plaited capes, many colors and styles, $2.98. Butterfly cape coats in navy, myrtle, golden brown and tan, tailor-made, styles entirely new, $6.75 to $10. No trouble to show goods.

Ladies' Capes.

Long cloth capes, embroidered collar, back and down front, ribbon bow, a becoming garment to any lady, $3.98, $10.50 and $15. Cloth capes, butterfly tops, fur trimmed, ribbon bow front and back, 3 inches long, in black, navy and golden brown, the most stylish garment of the season, $7.50 and upwards. Genuine London dyed seal plush, 30 and 34 inches long, quilted and plain satin lined, butterfly and Columbian tops, $15 to $28. See our line before you buy. Our cloak room is overflowing with this season's latest novelties, and fully 25 per cent. less than our last year's prices.

CURTAINS.

Lace curtains 2 3-4 yards long, 50c a pair, were 75c. Lace curtains, 3 yards long, extra wide, $1 from $1.50. Lace curtains, 3 1-2 yards long, handsome patterns, $2.98 a pair were $4.50, and so on. A big drive in chenille curtains, test colorings, dados in many designs, $2.98 a pair; the same are sold elsewhere at $4.50.

Blankets.

Our blanket department is in better shape than ever. 10-4 white blankets, 65c to $1.25 a pair; grey blankets, 65c to $4.50 a pair; all wool scarlet blankets, 10-4 11-4 and 12-4, at $2.75 to $6.50. There are better than ever offered by any house.

M. F. Morrissey

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LEHIGHTON, Penna., at the close of business, Oct. 3rd, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$149,278 99
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	165 38
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	20,000 00
Stocks, securities, etc	54,399 00
Due from approved reserve agents	5,925 61
Due from other National Banks	1,382 38
Banking house, furniture, and fixtures	3,150 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,266 42
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	2,500 00
Bills of other banks	1,124 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	38 69
Specie	16,032 50
Legal tender notes	10,032 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. circulation)	900 00
Total	$274,303 43

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	75,000 00
Surplus fund	12,000 00
Undivided profits	12,032 38
National Bank notes outstanding	18,000 00
Dividends unpaid	648 00
Individual deposits subject to check	155,622 55
Cashier's checks outstanding	321 12
Due to other National Banks	1,178 82
Due to State Banks and Bankers	506 56
Total	$274,303 43

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, COUNTY OF CARBON, } ss:

I, Jno. T. Sennet, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN T. SENNET, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of October, 1893.

HOWARD SEASOLTZ, N. P.

CORRECT—ATTEST:

H. F. HOFFORD, A. J. DURLING, John S. Lentz, } Directors.

Oct. 10th, 1893.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of C. H. HOM, late of Lehighton Borough, Carbon county, Pa., deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay in proper order for settlement to Z. H. C. HOM, Administrator.

Oct 27, 93-6w.

AT THOMAS' DRUG STORE, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Everyone who knows himself or herself to be afflicted with any form of defective vision should not miss this opportunity. Special attention is called to the fact that we do not employ agents or peddlers, but do our own work. Every pair of glasses sold by us is guaranteed to satisfy the wearer.

G. E. PRYOR,

OF THE FIRM OF

LEECH, STILES & CO.,

The Phila. Eye Specialists,

Will be at THOMAS' DRUG STORE, Lehighton, November 15th,

EVERY FOURTH WEEK THEREAFTER & CONTINUE TO WITHIN TWO WEEKS PRIOR TO CHRISTMAS.

NO CHARGE for examination of eyes.

WE

Are ready for business with a full line of Fall and Winter Footwear, Hats, Caps, Ready-Made Clothing, Overcoats, &c., in such variety as to enable us to fill any

WANT

which the most critical customer may have In choosing our stock, we have secured styles that we feel certain will meet with

YOUR

approval and by this catering to your interests, consulting your taste, and anticipating your requirements we feel that we are justified in soliciting your

TRADE

The best goods at the lowest prices has always been our motto.

ZERN'S

Opera House Store Lehighton.

Crystal Palace Clothing Hall,

Obert's Block, Lehighton,

The cool weather speaks louder than words of the necessity of a change in Clothing. First you will need an

OVERCOAT

We have them for the big and little and at a multitude of Prices. Our goods are strictly first-class, Newest Styles, the very best workmanship and were made this year for the Crystal Palace Clothing Hall. These goods are not "Shoddy," and are not old styles but are the very newest effects from Philadelphia and New York. The Prices are the very lowest in the county. Think of this

Children's Overcoats $1.50 and up
Boys' Overcoats $3.00 and up
Men's Overcoats $4.00 and up.

Come and see the Very Latest Styles in Overcoats.

In Latest Styles and Well-Made Suits we also have a better and newer assortment than can be found elsewhere in this town or county. Children's Suits $1.50 and up; Boys' Suits $3.00 and up; Men's Suits $5.00 and up.

M. LOSOS & CO.,

OBERT'S BLOCK, FIRST ST., LEHIGHTON, PA

WE LEAD THE VAN!

With as carefully selected a Stock of Furniture as can be found in the Lehigh Valley. The new effects in Furniture can be first found here and at Prices too that can not be touched by competiiion. We invite you to call and examine our unapprochable bargains in all kinds of Furniture. We are showing many new things and are confident that we can please you.

Henry Schwartz's,
First street, Lehighton.

PEACHES! PEACHES!

RETAIL DEALERS will find it to their advantage to give their orders for all kinds of Fruits and Vegetables with Saeger, who makes a specialty of this line of goods. We have made arrangements for 5000 baskets of PEACHES and a large number of Water Melons and they will be sold at such prices as will astonish Retail Buyers You will save more than the price of the freight on each purchase. Let us have your order.

O. J. SAEGER,

Wholesale Commission Dealer, East Weissport, Pa.

NEW CAPES AND COATS

Having purchased them late, we are able to show the Latest Styles.

We have shipped our Old Coats to a party to sell for us thus enabling us to show NEW GOODS.

H. GUTH & SON,

634 Hamilton St., Allentown.

CARRIAGE BUYERS

will do well to look at this Line of Fine Vehicles which we carry in Stock:

Banner Spring, Elliptes Spring, Thomas Coil Spring, Brewster Spring, Duplex Spring, Side Spring. We have them in Piano Body, White Chapel, Corning, Phaeton, Spindle and all styles in 2 and 3 Seated Buggies.

Our Price, Always The Lowest

Henry Christman, Weissport, Pa.

WEISSPORT

Phaetons, Surreys, Spring Wagons, Carriager, Sleighs, &c.

Prices the lowest possible, consistent with First Class Work.

WORKS

H. R. KREIDLER.