THE SILENT LAND.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thickly on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection, tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls, the future pledge and land.
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!
—Every Other Saturday.

THE THREE SONS.

The house was to all appearances untenanted. There was not a sign of life visible from without, but in one of the magnificent rooms overlooking the Rue de Vaennes sat three men anxiously awaiting the result of the consultation which was then taking place to know if there was the slightest hope not for the recovery, but for the prolongation of the sufferings of Gabrielle Anne Sophie, dowager Marquis de Guebrianges, their mother.

The oldest gentleman, the marquis, was tall and thin. He might have been 80 years old, but his age was difficult to guess, his face being so utterly devoid of expression. His few remaining hairs did their best to disguise their scarcity, but in spite of their well meant efforts it was distinctly visible that this "glass of fashion" was bald. The marquis was a cold, heartless man, in whom none could feel the slightest confidence; he was egotistical to the last degree, with no superior intelligence to palliate his overwhelming selfishness.

The second son, Count Rene, was quite different. Full of life, with frank blue eyes that looked a man full in the face and a smile as winning and a nature as expansive as the marquis was reserved and repellent, he seemed to be of a different race, and his restless energy and keen intelligence had shocked the old marchioness and driven the late Marquis Hercule de Guerbrianges to the verge of distraction. "Rene is quite unlike the rest of the family," he often said, with a sigh. "I wonder from whom he inherits his disposition. Perhaps from your side of the house, marchioness; certainly not from mine."

The youngest son, the vicomte, was just 20, but his wrinkled face and bent figure made him look much older. He was one of those old young men who are so frequently met nowadays and so painful to see, who appear to be a growth peculiar to this end of the century.

At last the door opened, and the men of science stepped softly across the threshold. The famous specialists who had been summoned at the last moment began a long account of the case couched in terms which, though doubtless intelligible to his colleagues, conveyed no meaning at all to the young men. At last he came to the point, and with trembling voice and tearful eyes told them to prepare for the worst. The old lady was sinking rapidly. Then the physicians withdrew, and the brothers heard the old doctor invite his comrades to the theater in a voice which did not tremble, and, to judge by his cheerful tones, the tears were very far from his eyes indeed.

"Old hypocrite!" thought Count Rene.

The others thought nothing at all.

The three sons entered the darkened room and stood around the bedside of the dying woman.

The marquis asked her if she was suffering. She shook her head. There she lay, just alive, and nothing more. She seemed to realize what a slender hold she had upon life and to try and economize her little remaining breath, for she did not utter a word, and the blue eyes, so like her second son's, gazed wistfully upon her children, and two tears—the last she would ever shed—rolled slowly down her withered cheeks.

What a life hers had been! Full of the pomps and vanities of this world, brilliant and enviable without, but in reality one long martyrdom. She thought of all she had endured for her boys' sake, of the insults, of the neglect, even brutality of the husband of her youth, and she wondered as she lay there gasping her life away if half her punishment for her sins had not been meted out to her on earth. Instinctively, in this supreme moment, she turned to Rene, for he was the only one of her sons who had ever shown her any real affection, and now she remembered how she had always curbed his exuberant nature and received his caresses coldly enough and sent him away many a time with something very like tears in those bright blue eyes. She tried to extend her hand to him, but her strength failed her, and the hand fell wearily to her side.

"Do you know us, mother?" asked the marquis.

A low hissing sound issued from her lips, and the men leaned over her to catch, if possible, the words she was trying hard to frame.

The vicomte stifled a cough with his handkerchief. The marquis listened attentively, but on these two faces there was no sign of emotion. They might have been at the bedside of the merest acquaintance, while Rene, poor fellow, felt a lump rise in his throat and the tears stream down his cheeks. This woman was his mother, and she was dying.

"My sons," gasped the woman. "I know that I am dying, and before I go to my last account I have a confession to make. Don't weep, Rene; keep your tears for a better woman. God knows what you will think of me when you know all. I have been an unfaithful wife, and one of you has no right to the name he bears. It is—it is"— Here the voice died away, and she sank back among her pillows.

It was over, and one more soul had gone into the presence of its Maker. The brothers retired softly, and once in the adjoining room looked at each other apart. "Which could it be?" At last the marquis spoke with more emotion than he had ever shown in the whole course of his self absorbed life.

"Death has cut short the painful revelation which has startled us all so terribly, and I am sure you will both agree with me in what I am about to say. To the dead we will pledge ourselves, and no human being will suspect that in the veins of one of us flows blood perhaps less proud than that of our mother's husband. Before the world we will continue our present relations, and in respect to the dead we will pledge ourselves never to seek to elucidate this mystery. But we must part. Each must go his own way, for with this fearful doubt in our minds we could never live under the same roof in harmony.

"I, Jean, am the marquis; you, Rene, the count, and Francois the vicomte de Guebrianges. This the family name will remain intact, and the world will never guess our dishonor. What do you think of my proposition?"

"I think that you are right," said Rene. "You have expressed my own ideas exactly, and I am sure that Francois is of my opinion. But there is something I must say in spite of the pain the very thought gives me, and I hope that you will not be hard upon me. I believe my mother referred to me. Listen to my reasons."

His brothers started at his bold words, and like the loved gentleman he was the Count de Guebrianges proceeded to do what he considered to be his duty.

"You, Jean," he continued, "are our mother's firstborn. You came into the world the year after her marriage, so you are out of the question altogether." The marquis smiled. Of course he was out of the question. "You, Francois, were her pet—the one upon whom she lavished all her love. You were born only a few months after the death of our sister Bertha, who was the pride of my mother's life and whom she has mourned literally in sackcloth and ashes for so many weary years. It would be an insult to my sister's memory to cast a slur on you, while I am different. God help me! I first saw the light in a strange land. The late Marquis de Guebrianges was then ambassador to St. Petersburg. My mother was very young, very beautiful, fascinating and sorely neglected. Be lenient if she faltered in her duty. She was our mother, and she is dead. Her expiation has been long, and she has carried part of her secret with her to the world beyond the graves. I am convinced that I am the stranger, and I feel that I am giving her the supreme proof of my love and respect in telling you what I think to be the truth. Now, what am I to do?" The count turned from them and hid his face in his hands, while his whole frame shook with the emotion he could no longer control. It was not for himself, but the woman who lay dead in the next room had been the idol of his life, and he wept that she was no more. The marquis' voice, cold and contemptuous, roused him.

"My brother and I thank you for your frankness. To the world you will always remain the Count de Guebrianges, but you must go."

"When will you leave?"

"After the funeral," said Rene in surprise, and looking up he met the cold, implacable gaze of his eldest brother.

By tacit consent they returned to the chamber of death and reverently knelt beside the couch where the marchioness reposed. Suddenly they sprang to their feet as she slowly raised herself, and pointing to her eldest son gasped:

"It is—it is Jean."

Then she fell heavily back. She had only fainted before, but this time she was dead indeed.

Rene said nothing, but his strong arms encircled his brother's tottering form, and in after years his true heart never wavered in his affection for his brother, nor in his respect and devotion for the dear martyr whose last breath had been his vindication.—From the French of Henri Lavedan in New York Journal.

The Commercial Traveler.

In some respects the American commercial traveler is a potent influence. He carries with him the latest city chit-chat, and if he be a young man perhaps the latest slang or the newest funny story. It has been said that a noted American after dinner speaker depends largely on that class for his humorous stories. At all events, the commercial traveler has studied the art of pleasing, and he is a welcome figure at the dreary country hotels where he pauses for a little time in his rapid flight through the sections remote from city influences. In some respects he is ah oracle on mooted points, and his dictum on many phases of business or politics carries much weight.—Boston Advertiser.

Climbing a Cathedral Tower.

A most peculiar custom which has been preserved since the middle ages at Friburgen-Brisgan is that of climbing the cathedral tower upon the anniversary of the birth of the reigning Duke of Baden. The tower is 400 feet high, and to scale it from the ground to the apex is a very difficult performance, attended with great danger. It is done by climbing from one projection to another, these being on the average one foot apart. A single false step means death. To descend is also no easy task. Each person who makes the climb and descent safely receives 5 marks from the state and a ticket of admission to the annual dinner given in honor of that day.—Chicago Tribune.

Doing Anything.

A sharp boy struck a Jefferson avenue merchant the other morning for a job.

"So you want to be an office boy, eh?" queried the merchant good naturedly.

"Yes sir."

"What can you do?"

"Anything."

"That's the same old answer," said the merchant. "Do you expect to get paid for doing anything?"

"You bet I do," snapped the boy. "You don't expect me to do anything without pay, do you? That's what the other man expected, and I got out."

The boy took the job.—Detroit Free Press.

Experimenting With Corn.

"I made a queer and a very interesting experiment with a growing cornstalk," said Harvey Samuels as he settled in one of the great rockers in the Lindell. "I had always heard a great deal about the effect of injecting medicines and food into human beings, the method being pronounced preferable and more beneficial in cases of extreme illness than that of feeding through the regular channels. My work with this corn plant was decidedly interesting. I secured a small glass syringe with a very fine point to it. After the corn was two weeks old and only a few inches tall I began to inject the nutrimented juice of crushed apples. My first injection was not quite a drop. Three days later I repeated the dose, increasing it slightly. In a little while the injection was a daily occurrence and the dose increased proportionately. The cornstalk waxed fat and tall. All along it gave promise of great size and large fruit.

"Its height in July was fully 16 inches above the tallest stalk in the field. Its ears were much larger, while the silken tassel was much smaller and lacked the depth of color characteristic of the other plants. I took an ear home to steam and eat. I can tell you that the quality of that corn for eating purposes was excellent. It smacked a little of apple, just the slightest suggestion of it, and not at all disagreeable as one might suppose. The grains were large and juicy. In fact the quality of the corn was far superior to anything I had ever eaten in that line. I am going to repeat the experiment."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Several Coincidences.

While the belief in talismans and omens is confined to the less educated portion of our population, even the most skeptical read with interest coincidences that simpler minds regard as prophecies. President Garfield a few months before his death related to a friend the following incidents:

As General Garfield entered the convention the day of his nomination, a man distributing leaves of the New Testament handed one to him which the engrossed politician folded and put in his pocket. Long after the nomination he took down the suit he had worn that eventful day, and before putting it on proceeded to empty the pockets. He drew out a paper pressed into a narrow fold, one verse only being visible. It was this, "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner."

Again, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the hour of the nomination in Chicago, an eagle, coming from no one knows where, lighted on General Garfield's house in Washington and sat there several minutes. This occurrence was witnessed by many persons in the capital.—Wide Awake.

A Naturalist and the Snake Charmer.

A story used to be told at Cairo of the late Sir Richard Owen during one of his sojourns in Egypt. The great naturalist was seated in the shade on the veranda at Shepheard's hotel, as is the postprandial wont of visitors to that famous hostelry, when the inevitable snake charmer came to him and produced from his bag a lively specimen of the horned asp—the deadly cerastes. The professor gazed, and nothing daunted stopped and plucked the horns from the head of the reptile wriggling at his feet, remarking to a bystander that the man would probably think twice before trying to palm off upon any one else a harmless snake as a cerastes by the aid of a couple of fish bones. With anybody else the charmer would probably have succeeded. He had tried it on the wrong man.—London Tit-Bits.

Weapons of a Kindly Woman.

A regard for others' feelings and a gentle though not fulsome flattery that stimulates rather than inflates are the weapons which, when used by a clever, kindly woman, make her a power among any set in which she chooses to move, though never for one moment does she give any evidence that she is aware of the influence she wields through the all conquering scepter of her own gracious womanhood.—Philadelphia Times.

Long Waits.

Salesman (great story)—This coat fits your little girl nicely.

Lady (thinking of next season)—Yes. It does now, but I think we'd better take a size larger.

Little Girl—Oh, yes, I forgot. We have to wait for our change.—Good News.

The Fault of the Moon.

In a small Vermont town the street lamps, which are few and far between, are under the charge of one of the oldest residents of the place. "Why in the world weren't the lamps lighted tonight, Mr. Jacobs?" inquired a summer resident, who had stumbled down to the postoffice one July evening in the pitchy darkness of a heavy rainstorm.

"They ain't ever lighted on moonlight nights," responded the old man calmly. "That's the rule, an the moon failed last night, an this is one of best nights in the hull month."

"Best nights," echoed the other in considerable irritation. "What good does the moon do in a pouring rain like this?"

"I can't help that," said Mr. Jacobs. "According to the almanac, this is a moonshine night, an the lamps hev no call to be lit. I reckon the almanac's a good thing to go by.

"Why," continued the old lamplighter, surveying his critic with suddenly awakened surprise and disgust, "where d'you s'pose I sh'd fetch up if I was t' go by the weather stid o' the almanac? I persume t' say likely I might hev t' go my round ev'ry night for a month in dog days. I don't cal'late to hev no sech works as that! Ef the moon don't do her duty, it's unfort'nit, but it ain't any o' my lookout."

The bystanders murmured assent, and the summer resident was silenced.—Youth's Companion.

Iowa's Wonderful Ice Cave.

One of the greatest curiosities in the Mississippi valley is a natural ice cave which is located in the bluffs of the Iowa river within less than a mile of Decorah, the county seat of Winneshiek county. This unique curiosity is indeed a natural icehouse—a cavern in which great icicles may be found at any season of the year, being especially fine in summer, when the weather is hot and dry outside. The bluff in which the cave is located is between 200 and 400 feet in height, it being necessary to climb about 75 feet up the side of the bluff to reach the mouth of the cave. The entrance is a fissure about 10 feet in width and between 15 and 20 feet in height, from which a constant current of cold air issues.

Thirty feet from the mouth of the cave the passage turns toward the left and downward, toward the river bed. The slope is very gradual, however, and the walls and the roof are within easy reach all the while. After you have reached a spot 160 feet from the opening you entered, it is noticed that the walls and roof are covered with frost. Twenty feet farther a thin coating of ice is noticed, which increases in thickness as you go into the bluff.—St. Louis Republic.

The manufacture of snowshoes for army use would establish a new industry that might employ a goodly number of workmen.

A WORD TO WOMEN.

From One Who Suffered.

Scottsville, Pa., March 18th, 1892.
Dr. David Kennedy,
Dear Sir:—From a growing girl, I suffered with female trouble or weakness, peculiar to my sex. I doctored with several different physicians, but found no relief. Was so reduced in strength and flesh, that I weighed but 68 lbs. I chanced to hear of the wonderful cures Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was performing, and tried it. The first bottle produced marked improvement. After taking five bottles, I was almost a well woman, and weighed 121 lbs. *THIS WAS OVER AT SUNDRY TIMES SINCE*, such a gain in weight and better in health than I ever was before. It is my desire to tell every woman in the world who suffers from any of the complaints common to our sex, of the benefit and cure to be derived from the use of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.
Mrs. Carrie Boston.

Mrs. Carrie Boston.

To those who are weakness, bearing down, or any form of kidney or liver complaint, we can say that we have sold a great deal of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for the last year, and have never heard a single complaint. We know it to be a reliable medicine, and we can recommend it to our customers.
Kennedy & Kay.

BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS.
Entirely VEGETABLE AND A SURE CURE FOR
COSTIVENESS
Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Eruptions and Skin Diseases.
Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
BERRY, JOHNSON & CROS. Props., Burlington, Vt.
Sold by W. F. Biery.

We print sale bills cheaper than any other office in this section.

FOR SALE.

A farm situated in Tremaineyville, Lehigh county, Pa., about six miles from Weissport, on road leading from said place to Kresgeville containing upwards of 80 acres of good land with good running spring water at the year round, and without necessary outbuildings consisting of a TWO STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE 30x40 feet, with a wing 16x16 feet, a frame bank barn 35x45 feet, wagon shed 22x30 feet and all other necessary outbuildings.
Terms of sale will be made known by
JOHN BEBER,
Barville, Pa.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between John O. Weiss and Nathan Laffler, doing business under the firm name of Weiss & Laffler, Franklin House, Franklin Township, has been legally dissolved, of which this publication of fact is due notice.
The business will be continued by Mr. John O. Weiss.
JOHN O. WEISS,
NATHAN LAFFLER.
Franklin Twp. Carbon Co., Pa., Feb. 27, 1893.
Feb 25-4t

KRUM —AND— KISTLER

CORNER SECOND & ALUM STS.

Want everybody in Lehighton to buy at their store because they have not only an excellently assorted line of fine

Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Boots, Shoes, &c

but because their prices are lower than these goods can be bought for elsewhere in town.

We show goods with pleasure, quote prices and deliver all purchases. Don't forget, but call and see us.

KRUM and KISTLER.

STOP Paying High Prices

High Prices have no place in our store our patrons will tell you that and consequently we want your trade. We can save you money. If you doubt it come and see.

Men's Overcoats, $3, and up.
Men's Suits, $4, and up.

We also have a Nice Line of Boys' Suits and Overcoats at Closing out Prices.

Shoes for Men at $1 and up
Shoes for Women at $1 and up

We also line of well made Shoes for Children at 40 cents and up.

Slippers as low as 40 cents.
Rubbers for Boys and Girls at 30c.
Rubbers for Men,
Rubbers for Women,

Beautiful Blankets & Comforts,
Go from $1 to $4.50.

New Dress Goods
Almost endless in variety and certainly Lower in Prices than you can the same quality of goods for elsewhere in town.

Groceries & Provisions,
of the best quality and at the lowest prices.

Choice Flour and Feed.

Fresh Country Produce.

Washing Machines & Wringers
of the best makes at low prices.

ALL GOODS ARE DELIVERED FREE.

We have a Roomy, Pleasant Store, electric lighted. Come and see us

GEO H. ENZIAN,
North First Street, Lehighton

REAL ESTATE for Sale!

The undersigned has for sale a valuable farm in Franklin township, Carbon county, the property of the late Geo. Rapp, deceased, containing about 87 Acres, a half mile east from Weissport. The improvements thereon are a Two Story Frame Dwelling House, 26x22 ft., with 8 Rooms; Barn 50x44 ft.; Machine Shed 22x22 ft; Wagon Shed 20x46 ft., and other necessary outbuildings, also a good large Apple Orchard of 150 Trees and other choice fruits. This property is well located in an excellent neighborhood and is unquestionably one of the best farms in the county, and an excellent state of cultivation. It would be suitable for stock raising or a truck farm. A fine stream of water flows through the farm.

Also for sale a desirable lot in the borough of Weissport on which is erected a One Story & a Half Frame Dwelling House, Stable, Slaughter House, Ice House, Wagon Shed and other pieces any outbuildings.

For terms and conditions apply to

Austin Boyer,
WEISSPORT, PENN'A

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF VERY VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carbon county, there will be exposed to Public Sale, on the premises, in Franklin Township, Carbon county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, MARCH 18,

at two o'clock p. m., the following Real Estate, late the property of POLLY KRESGE, Deceased, to wit:

All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in Franklin Township, Carbon county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post, thence by land of Lewis Horn, south 45 degrees, west 3 and 6-10 perches to a post; thence by the same south, 35 degrees east 4 and ½ perches to a stone in a Public road; thence along said road by the Old Marble Works; thence in said road north 45 degrees, east 2 and 2-10 perches to a stone in said road; thence by land of Lewis Horn south 41 degrees, east 4 and ½ perches to a post; thence by the same north 40 degrees, east 3 and 2-10 perches to a post; thence by land of Christopher Frey south 25 degrees, east 8 perches and 2-10 to the place of beginning. Containing 30 PERCHES within said bounds more or less. The improvements thereon consist of a TWO STORY

FRAME DWELLING

House with Kitchen attached and all necessary Out Buildings. Terms and conditions will be made known at time and place of sale, by
AUSTIN BOYER,
Wednesday, Feb. 8th, '93. Adm'r.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF VERY VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carbon county, there will be exposed to Public Sale, on the premises, in Franklin Township, Carbon county, Pa.,

SATURDAY, March 25th, '93

at ONE O'CLOCK P. M., the following described Real Estate, late the property of JOHN G. FREY, deceased, to wit: All that certain TRACT OR PIECE OF LAND situate in Franklin Township, Carbon county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stone thence by land of Wm. Kemerer north 85 1-2 degrees, east 21 perches to a stone; thence by the same south 18 degrees, east 14 perches to a stone; thence by the same north 57 degrees, east 26 perches to a stone; thence by land of Paul Buck north 13 1-4 degrees, east 13 perches to a white oak tree, thence by the same north 20 1-2 degrees, east 43 perches to a stone; thence by the same north 5 1-2 degrees, east 34 perches to a stone; thence by land late of J. and D. Lamy south 86 1-2 degrees, west 92 perches to a pine knot; thence by the same south 4 degrees, west 88 perches to the place of beginning, containing 31 ACRES, and 120 perches strict measure. The improvements thereon consist of a TWO STORY FRAME

DWELLING HOUSE,

LARGE SWISS BARN and other necessary outbuildings. Terms and conditions will be made known at time and place of sale, by AUSTIN BOYER.
Wednesday, Feb. 8th '93. Adm's.

Trees! Trees!

A full assortment of Fruit, Ornamental and Shade Trees, Evergreens, Shrubs, Vines, etc.
DEALERS supplied at very reasonable wholesale prices, and in case they can not come in person to the nursery, a competent man will represent the assorting of orders for a moderate charge. Descriptive catalogues sent on application. GEORGE ACHELIS,
West Chester, Chester Co., Pa.

Reading R. R System

Lehigh Valley Division.

Anthracite Coal used exclusively insuring cleanliness and comfort.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

Schedule in Effect Dec. 4, 1892.

TRAINS LEAVE LEHIGHTON

For New York and New York, 4.35, 7.46, and 11.12, a. m.; 2.06, 5.52 & 7.26 p. m.

For Manunka Chunk and Belvidere 7.46 a. m.; 12.57, 4.31 and 7.26 p. m.

For Lambertville and Trenton 9.00 and 11.12 a. m.; and 12.57 & 4.37 p. m.

For Slatington, Catasauqua, Allentown, Bethlehem, and Easton, 8.42, 7.46, 9.00, 9.54, 11.12 a. m.; 12.57, 2.41, 3.06, 4.37, 5.22, 7.26 and 10.27 p. m.

For Philadelphia and points south 4.35 a. m. 7.46, 9.54 and 11.12 a. m.; 2.41, 3.06, 4.37, 5.22 and 7.26 p. m.

For Reading and Harrisburg 4.35, 7.46 and 11.12 a. m.; 3.22 and 7.26 p. m.

For Bowmans, Creek Cap, Cherrytree, Laurel, White Hall, Cedar, and Siegersville 6.42, 9.30 p. m. Sundays 8.30, 10.57, 2.45, 4.57, and 10.27 p. m.

For Mauch Chunk 6.42, 7.45, 9.30, 11.10 and 11.55 a. m.; 1.10, 3.16, 4.15, 5.20, 7.25, 8.20, 9.36 p. m.

For Weissport and Harlem 6.42, 7.45, 9.36 and 11.55 a. m.; 4.15, 5.20, 7.22, 10.10 p. m.

For Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Ashland 6.55, 7.45, 9.36 and 11.55 a. m.; 4.15, 5.20 & 7.22 p. m.

For Mt. Carmel and Shamokin 6.55, 7.45 and 11.55 a. m.; 5.20 p. m.

For Pottsville 6.55, 7.45, 7.46, 9.36, 11.12 and 11.55 a. m.; 2.06, 4.15, 7.22 and 7.26 p. m.

For White Haven, Wilkesbarre and Scranton 7.45, 9.36 and 11.55 a. m.; 4.15, 5.20, 7.22 and 10.10 p. m.

For Pittston and L. & H. Junct., 7.45, 9.36, and 11.55 a. m.; 4.15, 5.20, 7.22 and 10.10 p. m.

For Owego, Auburn, Ithaca and Geneva 11.55 a. m.; 10.10 p. m.

For Laceyville, Towanda, Sayre, Waverly, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and the West 11.55 a. m.; and 10.10 p. m.

For Binghamton and the West via Salamanca at 4.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

For New York 4.35 6.07 and 11.19 a. m.; 3.17 and 7.09 p. m.

For Philadelphia 4.35 7.47 a. m.; 3.22, 5.12 and 7.09 p. m.

For Easton and intermediate Stations, 8.07, 7.22, 11.12 a.m.; 12.57, 3.22, 5.12 and 9.01 p. m.

For Mauch Chunk 8.14, 9.56, 11.23, 12.40 11.55 a. m.; 2.24, 5.37 and 9.01 p. m.

For Reading 6.05 a. m.; 3.22 and 7.09 p. m.

For Harlem 9.36, and 11.55 a.m.; 5.20 and 10.10 p. m.

For Mahanoy City and Shenandoah 8.56, 11.46 a. m., and 3.46 p. m.

For Pottsville at 3.22 p. m.

For White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Tunkhannock, Towanda, Sayre, Ithaca, Geneva, Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and the West 11.55 a. m. and 10.10 p. m.

For further particulars inquire of Agents for time Tables.

I. A. SWEIGARD, Gen'l Manager.
G. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.
Philadelphia, Pa.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst General Passenger Agent, South Bethlehem, Pa.
May 14, '92, 1y

Professional & Business Cards

W. M. Rapsher,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
First door above the Mansion House,
MAUCH CHUNK, PEN'A
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Deceased's a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. nov. 22-tf

DR. G. T. FOX,
172 Main Street, Bath, Pa.
AT BANGOR, BROADWAY HOUSE, MONDAYS.
AT EASTON, SWAN HOTEL, TUESDAYS.
AT BETHLEHEM, NEW HOTEL, WEDNESDAYS.
AT ALLENTOWN, GRAND CENTRAL, THURSDAYS.
AT BATH, FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
Office Hours—From 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Practice limited to diseases of the
Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat
Also, Refraction of the Eyes or the adjustment of glasses.

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