FOR THE LAST TIME.

For the last time we stand together here
And look across to where the lines of light
Along the harbor to the city's height
Flash out with ruthless clear:

I cannot help but think how many a night
Your eyes have watched those red lights
drawing near,
When they were all by which you had to
steer,
Ere ever sped the little craft aright.

Swift as a bird it flew from pier to pier,
And still I know 'twill wing its watery flight,
And still will happy hearts and faces bright
Crowd all its length, as in the bygone year.

Only one face will vanish from our sight;
Only the presence that made all so dear,
Forever from our lives will disappear;
I only know that here you stand to-night
For the last time!

And all the world grows drear.
A sudden, blinding mist shuts from my sight
The distant splendor, blazing red and white,
I will not lift my eyes to yours for fear
That you, too late, should read my soul aright.
I may not touch your hand in parting here,
Yet can no darker cloud o'er life appear
Than when I answer to your calm "Good night."
For the last time!
—Ida L. Gould in New York Sun.

REVENGED.

It was about half an hour after sunset, but an orange light still burned above the lonely southern valley. The trembling evening star was hanging over the green silences of the fragrant Tennessee woods. Vapor wreathed phantoms from the river course and from the dense thickets that skirted the camp ground came ever, and anon the mournful sound of whippoorwills, sounding faint and low, like the remembered echoes of a dream. Yet Wallace Keene would have given well nigh all he was worth to exchange its luxuriant verdure, one moment only, for the pine-clad heights and salt winds of Maine, with russet winged robins chirping their familiar madrigals in the apple orchards below.

"Two years ago I left home," murmured Wallace Keene as he gazed thoughtfully out where the purple sky seemed to touch the waving woods. "Two years since young Harney told me he never would give Marion to 'a common mechanic,' yet the wound rankles sharply still."

"Captain"——

"Is that you, Spicer? What now?"

Captain Keene turned his face toward the opening of the tent, where Private Spicer's head was just visible.

"Why, sir, our fellows have just brought in that lot o' men that was hurt in that scrimmage across the river this morning, and some on 'em is wounded bad."

"I will be there directly, Spicer."

There was a little crowd of men gathered on the rivez shore in the warm glow of the spring, but they silently parted right and left for Captain Keene's tall figure to pass through their midst.

Six or seven dusty, bleeding men were sitting and lying around in various postures, their ghastly brows made still paler by the faint, uncertain glimmer of the young moon. Keene glanced quickly around, taking in the whole scene in that one brief survey.

He stopped short as his eye fell on a new face, half shadowed by the green sweep of drooping alders—a pale, blood streaked face with a gaping cut on the forehead.

"This is not one of our men!" he exclaimed sharply. "How came he here?"

"No, sir," explained Spicer, stepping forward. "I think he belonged to the Eighth. I'm sure I don't know how he ever got mixed up with our fellows, but there he was, and I thought we'd better not wait for their ambulance, but bring him straight here."

"Right," briefly pronounced Keene, stooping over the insensible figure. "Let them carry him to my tent, Spicer."

"I beg your pardon, captain—to your tent?"

"Didn't you hear what I said?" sharply interrogated the superior officer. "Bruce, make the others comfortable in Lieutenant Gurlway's quarters. There will be plenty of room for them there."

"Well, I'm beat!" ejaculated Spicer five or ten minutes afterward as he came out of the captain's tent scratching his shock of coarse red curls.

Meanwhile the dim light of a lamp swinging from the center of the little tent shone full on the singular group within its circling folds—the wounded private lying like a corpse, still and pale, on the narrow iron bedstead, the young officer leaning over him and supporting his head—and the brisk, gray eyed little surgeon keenly surveying both as he unfolded his case of phials and powders.

"He is not dead, doctor?"

"No, but he would have been in another half hour. Your prompt remedies have saved his life, Captain Keene."

"Thank God! oh, thank God!"

The surgeon looked at Keene in amazement.

"He doesn't belong to your regiment. Why are you so interested in the case?"

"Because, doctor," said Keene, with a strange, bright smile, "when I saw him lying under the alders, dead, as I thought, I rejoiced in my secret heart. At first—only at first. The next moment I remembered that I was a man and a Christian. For years I have carried the spirit of Cain in my breast toward that man; now it is washed out in his blood."

It was high noon of the next day before the wounded man started from a fevered doze into the faint dawn of consciousness.

"Where am I?" he faltered, looking wildly around him, with an ineffectual effort to raise his dizzy head from the pillow.

"Now, be easy," said Private Spicer, who was cleaning his gun by the bedside. "You're all right, my boy. Where are you? Why in the captain's tent, to be sure, and that's pretty good quarters for the rank and file, I should think."

"The captain's tent? How came I here?"

"That's just what I can't tell you—you'll have to ask himself, I guess. You ain't any relation to Captain Keene, be you?"

"Keene—Keene!" repeated the man.

"Because," pursued Spicer, "if you'd been his own brother born, he couldn't have taken better care of you. His cousin, maybe?"

"No! God forgive me, no!" faltered the wounded man with a low, bitter groan.

"Here he is now," said Spicer, the familiar accents of his voice falling to a more respectfully modulated tone as he rose and saluted his officer. "He's all right, captain—as clear headed as a bell!"

"Very well, Spicer; you can go."

The private obeyed with alacrity. When they were alone together in the tent, Wallace Keene came to the low bedside.

"So you're all right, Mr. Harney?" he asked kindly.

"Captain Keene," murmured Harney, shrinking from the soothing tone as if it had been a dagger's point, "I have no right to expect this treatment at your hands."

"Oh, never mind," said the young man lightly. "What can I do to make you more comfortable?"

Harney was silent, but his eyes were full of the tears he fain would drive back—tears of remorseful shame—and he turned his flushed face away lest the man he had once so grossly insulted should see them fall.

The next day he again alluded to the home subject.

"Captain Keene, you asked me yesterday what you could do for me?"

"Yes."

"I want you to obtain leave for May to come and nurse me when I am transferred to hospital."

Captain Keene turned toward the sick man a face white and hard as marble and said in a strangely altered voice:

"Do you mean your sister?"

"My sister—yes."

"Of course, if you wish it, I can obtain permission, Harney. But"——

"Well?"

Keene's cheek colored, and he bit his lip.

"I should not suppose she would be willing to leave her husband for the very uncertain comforts of hospital life."

Harney smiled, looking into his companion's face with keen, searching eyes.

"May is not married, Captain Keene. She has no such appendage as a husband!"

"Not married!"

"I knew that you thought, the way engaged and almost married. Was not nearly induced her to become Lieutenant Keene's wife, but she refused on the very eve of the wedding day."

Keene had risen and was pacing up and down the narrow limits of the tent with feverish haste.

"Because," went on Harney, "she loved a certain young volunteer who left S—— about two years ago too well ever to become any other man's wife."

"Harney—you do not mean to say"——

"I do, though, old fellow, and, what is more, I mean to say that since I've been lying in this tent my eyes have been pretty thoroughly opened to my own absurd folly and impertinence."

Captain Keene wrung his companion's hand and hurried away, to mistake the bootjack for the inkstand and to commit several other no less inexcusable absurdities.

"I see you'll get nothing written to-day," sighed Harney as he lay watching Wallace Keene tear up sheet after sheet of condemned note paper.

"I shall, though," smiled Wallace. "Only I can't tell exactly which end of my letter to begin at."

Captain Keene did write—and if he inserted a little foreign matter into the epistle it didn't matter, for Harney, considerate fellow, never asked to see it.

Marion came, and when her brother was promoted into the convalescent ward, and she went home again, it was only to lose herself in bowers of orange blossoms, forests of white satin ribbon and acres of pearly, shimmering silk, shot with frosty gleams of silvery brocade, for the course of true love, after all its turn and intricacies, had at length found its way into the sunshine and was running smoothly over sands of gold.—A. R. in New York News.

Simultaneous Games of Chess.

The perfection to which chess may be carried almost implies its imperfection as an amusement. Chess giants like Mr. Blackburn and the late Henry Zukertort act as warnings rather than ideals to ordinary people in search of amusement. The latter gentleman once undertook to carry on 16 games simultaneously without looking at the boards. The performance did not end very satisfactorily, for after more than two days' play the mental acrobat surrendered the contest. But the fact of having carried it so far implied a bewildering feat of cerebration, for if the first four moves on either side in a single game admit of 72,000 variations the first four in 18 games make the appalling total of 1,296,000 possible combinations.

Mr. Blackburn is unrivaled as a blindfold player, and he has actually succeeded in winning the majority of 12 simultaneous games without the assistance of sight. The possible variations in the first four moves of these number 864,000. Performances such as these leave on the mind the oppressive and somewhat humiliating impression of infinity. It is too much of a good thing. One can scarcely imagine how a brain called on to steer through such vast and barren complexities can have any faculties in reserve for useful rationalization.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Wall Street Full of Schemes.

A feature of market reporting should be the daily statement of the number of men in the street with schemes. They are numerous now and are steadily on the increase, as the railroad brokers and money getters will testify. One of the former was heard to remark the other day, "If you were to stand at the corner of Wall and Broad streets and break with a club the head of every man that came along, the air would be so full of schemes that the sun would be darkened."—New York Tribune.

The Wrong Flowers.

Little Miss Goldenhair (proudly)—We is descended from zee Mayflower.

Little Miss Freckles (regarding her intently)—Is you sure it wasn't a chrysanthemum?—Good News.

The "Crucifixion Plant."

Those versed in plant and flower lore say that the celebrated "plant of Calvary" was unknown in the flora of the world prior to the date of the crucifixion of Jesus. According to the tradition, the original plant sprang up in the track made by Pilate when he went to the cross for the purpose of placing that infamous "title" over the head of him of whom the Jews said, "Say that he called himself 'King of the Jews.'" The plant as it is now known is a common trefoil, resembling the common clover in many particulars, especially in its peculiarities of growth. There is but little doubt that in truth it was originally a native of Turkey or India, but Christians who discredit the story of its miraculous origin still claim that its native home is Palestine.

Under the name of Calvary clover it is known all over Europe. At present the three round, green leaves of the plant each have a carmine spot in the center, which looks for all the world like a drop of blood. During the day the three leaves stand erect, the two side ones laterally taking on almost the exact form of a cross. During the season a small yellow flower appears, its form and makeup reminding most startlingly of the crown of thorns.—St. Louis Republic.

Its True Derivation.

It is truly surprising what erroneous ideas are entertained by the general public concerning the true meaning of many terms in general use. A striking example of this is the word "terne" as applied to tin plate. Usually it is understood that this word is derived from the French one, meaning "dull." This is totally incorrect. Terne plate is a sheet or plate of iron and steel covered with an alloy of tin and lead in the proportion of two-thirds lead and one-third tin. It is this union of the three metals—iron, lead and tin—that gave rise to the word terne plate, terne being an equivalent to the English tern, meaning "threefold." The origin of the erroneous definition of this term was the fact that because of the large percentage of lead used in coating terne plates it is duller in hue than the ordinary tin plate, which is frequently designated "bright plate" in contradistinction to the former.—House Furnishing Review.

Objections to a Brave Soldier.

A young sergeant distinguished himself by his gallantry at Donelson and was recommended for promotion. He was summoned to appear before a military board at Washington and closely questioned by West Point graduates. None of his answers was satisfactory. When the report reached President Lincoln, he fidgeted for a moment, laid the paper on his desk, then taking one gaunt knee in his hands said: "I don't know what to do with this case. Here's a young fellow who knows nothing of the science of losing battles. He doesn't even know the technical name of the fortification on which he ran up the stars and stripes in the face of the enemy." He thought a moment, then indorsed the report:

Give this man a captain's certificate.
A. LINCOLN.
—Harper's Young People.

A Carved Human Figure.

A figurine 20 centimeters high, carved in mammoth ivory, was discovered with other human remains at Brunn, Austria, 4½ meters below the surface of the ground. It is the figure of a muscular man, and its most remarkable feature is the shape of the head, which, besides being extremely long or dolicocephalic, cephalic index 65.69, has a capacity of 1,550 cubic centimeters and shows the frontal sinuses and glabella very prominent, a characteristic of a low type of skull.—Exchange.

Sincere Sympathy.

An old family servant said recently to a member of a stricken household: "I did feel so bad when I heard Mr. Frank was dead. I couldn't sleep at all last night; but, Miss Belle, I've come to hold 'im afterd I won't be able to cry at the funeral."—New York Times.

[illegible]

Blobbson—Dear, dear! You don't understand. Perpetual motion ride hobbies, and wheels—Stove and Leather Reporter.

He Was Too Smart.

The boarding house mistress had at last met with a setback. Rates had been raised by the landlady, and it came about in this way.

He was the only man at the table full of lovely girls, and his self-esteem was spoiled. So when the belle of the table remarked that she was very fond of pepper and then stirred half the contents of the pepper box over her food in spring an old rag on her.

"It won't hurt you. This pepper is half peas."

"What is that you say?" asked the landlady from the next table. "Speak a little louder, won't you?"

He reiterated his remark.

"That isn't true," retorted the landlady hotly. "I do not use adulterated goods on my table."

"My dear madam," said the bland joker, "there are always a lot of p's in pepper."

There was an impressive pause, then the landlady said in a crushing tone:

"Oh, yes; just as you always furnish part of the dessert."

"I don't understand."

"The chestnuts."—Detroit Free Press.

The Cowboy's Accomplishments.

One of the chief sports of the cowboys is snatching a sombrero from the ground on a horse running at full speed. This is done by many. They have become experts in the use of a 6-shooter (revolver), and a cowboy on the plains is seldom seen without one or more, often two, buckled to his waist. It becomes a weapon offensive and defensive. Sometimes a roped bull becomes so furious that the cowboy is compelled to shoot him. Usually the cattle on the plains are not dangerous. They will seldom attack a man on horseback unless they have been roped. If a man was on foot, a herd would run over him trying to find out what he was. A cow or bull is dangerous when roped. It is not much of a trick to throw a lasso and catch a cow, but the skill, courage and strength come after the cow has been lassoed.—Our Richmond Dispatch.

The Influence of Light.

The boy who is put off with the tallow dip in the mountain cabin or the wee taper in the city tenement will in all probability seek the store in the canyon or the saloon in the city for their brightness, because there is that within him which leads him straight to a brilliant light, wherever it is placed. A strange pedestrian on a dark night will instinctively bend his course to any light which he may see, and you may be sure the devil always has his lantern out.—Margaret Lemon in Globe.

Now your blood should be purified. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best spring medicine and blood purifier.

A dozen bee trees in New Madrid Mo., were lately tapped, and yielded 300 pounds of wild honey.

Piles of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazle salve will cure them. T. D. Thomas.

To make ice by artifical means requires one ton of coal to produce from five to ten tons of ice.

It is truth in medicine the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the smallest pills, will perform the cure, and are the best. Thomas Druggist.

Stem-winding watches were invented by Noel in the year 1851.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

Aluminum pencils are being manufactured in Germany for use as substitutes for slate pencils.

The most intelligent people of our community recognize in DeWitt's Little Early Risers pills of unequaled merit for dyspepsia headache and constipation. Very small, perfect in action. Thomas. Druggist.

The flavoring plane mange, tapioca and jellies, custards, cakes and ice creams, Buy's Head Flavoring Extracts are daily used by the best cooks. They are positively pure.

The words of Damascus were world famous five hundred years before the Christian Era.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures. Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Beiber Leibighton, and Harry Wennemuth.

A baby weighing 10,000 pound at the equator would weigh 10,031 pounds in London.

The Boston Star

and how to deal with them, and other valuable medical information, will be found in Dr Kaufmann's great Medical Work; elegant colored plates. Send three 2 cent stamps to pay postage to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

The best insect destroyer is hot alum water.

We are going on from grace to grace to perfection.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

The wind from the North blows sharp and keen, and bad effects of colds are seen. One Minute Cough Cure so safe and sure, will quickly perform a wonderous cure. T. D. Thomas.

One-fifth of the coal mined is lost in culm and refuse.

The breaking up of the winter is the signal for the breaking up of the system. Nature is opening up the pores and throwing off refuse. DeWitt's Sarsaparilla is of unquestionable assistance to this operation. Thomas. Druggist.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

The longevity of trees is much influenced by climate.

Bad complexion indicates an unhealthy state of the system. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are pills that will correct this condition. They act on the liver, they act on the stomach, they act on the bowels. T. D. Thomas. Druggist.

The British Museum contains the first envelope ever made.

Astronomers claim that there are 17 500,000 comets in the solar system.

I HAVE been a sufferer from catarrh for 20 years. I found immediate relief in the use of Ely's Cream Balm. Since using it I have not suffered a moment from headache, sore throat or loss of sleep, from which I previously suffered, caused by catarrh. I consider your Balm a valuable remedy.—R. de Vaesar, 80 Warren street, New York.

Ely's Cream Balm is worth its weight in gold as a cure for catarrh. One bottle cured me.—S. A. Lovell, Franklin, Pa.

There are fully 100,000 species of insects known to the entomologists.

For years the editor of the Burlington Junction Mo., Post has been subject to cramp colic or fits of indigestion, which prostrated him for several hours and unfitted him for business for two or three days. For the past year he has been using Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy whenever occasion required, and it has invariably given him prompt relief. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Reber, Lehighton, and Harry, Wennemuth.

A Sedalia (Mo.) preacher advertises "good music and short sermons."

Two Valuable Friends.

1. A physician cannot be always had. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises and Burns occur often and sometimes when least expected. Keep handy the friend of many households and the deadener of all pain, the famous Red Flag (40), 25 cents.

2. Many a precious life could be saved that is being racked to death with that terrible cough. Brown's good mother's rest by investing 25 cents for a bottle of Red Flag. The great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Trial bottles of Red Flag free at T. D. Thomas' Drug Store.

THEY'RE ALL TALKING OF IT.

A Reporter investigates several public recommendations, and finds

EVERY WORD TRUE.

More Words of Praise spoken than Published.

The strong letters of recommendation and experiences which have so frequently appeared in the various daily papers, excited the curiosity of the Editor of the Albany Argus. Determined to know as to the genuineness of the published statements, placed the matter in the hands of one of their reporters, Mr. Robert A. Hale, the veteran foreman of Vanderbeck & Hoxsie's Tobacco Factory, on Broadway, Albany, N. Y., was first called upon, and showed the following:

"About one year ago I had a great deal of trouble with my stomach and bowels, and I had to submit to an operation. But the old trouble returned and I found that something would be necessary. A friend suggested that I try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and I got a bottle. It relieved me right away, and one and six bottles cured me entirely, and I always have one on hand. Before I began using it I was a mere wreck of my former self, and always done me good. But no letters or volunteer testimonials of any kind I am a friend of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy."

Mr. Hale said every word was true and he would not be without that valuable preparation.

Mr. F. C. Brink, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., whose famous experience printed, as "A Drop of Pure," Picking a scrap of paper up in the street one day, found it contained Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy advertisement, and as it particularly hit his case, bought the medicine and found the help he had been hoping for. In answer as to the truth of the article, Mr. Brink said he was always pleased to say a good word for Favorite Remedy, and referred the writer to the following letter lately published in the Poughkeepsie Eagle.

Gentlemen:—Receiving many letters from all parts of the country, asking us to the truth of an advertisement which we have published for some time, in regard to Favorite Remedy, I wish to say it was a pleasure to me to write the statement which you published, for I had a full conviction of the truth of the statement before I wrote it. I have made it a point to investigate every one of the advertisements that I publish in the Eagle, and in this case I knew the parties personally, and knew the statement to be true. I have taken a great deal of pleasure in recommending Favorite Remedy, and I write simply

[illegible]

I published the valuable medicine. I believe it is a valuable medicine, and in my family it has done more than all the doctors. I have taken it myself with the best results. I have spoken to many others who have used it, and they all speak highly of it. I have spoken to druggists in regard to the sale of the medicine, and they say it is a good seller. I have no hesitation in recommending it to the public.

Yours truly,
F. C. BRINK.

Mr. Peter Lawler, chief engineer of Messrs. Crane & Co.'s Paper Mill, Dalton, Mass., said:

"I don't look much like a dead man, but I was pretty near one. For fifteen years I suffered pains in my side and back. I had to get up nights, and was tired all day. I consulted several doctors and took a great deal of medicine, but got no relief. At last I was induced to try Kidney-Wort. The first bottle made me feel like a new man. I have taken only part of the bottle, when two pieces of stone passed my bladder, and I never had any trouble since. I am a well man, thanks entirely to Kidney-Wort."

Mr. E. D. Parsons, head book keeper for Wholesale Dry Goods House of S. J. Arnold & Co., Rochester, N. Y., had a similar experience. Seized one day with pain in his back, great cone stoppage of urine. Medical advise was sought, and pronounced stone in the kidneys. In writing to a friend he says:

"I can speak in his her praise than I have words," are the words of every person I talked with, which proves the great popularity of this remedy, possessing what no other medicine has, the power to save life. It can be used with safety by all ages.

The worst cases of nervous prostration, sleeplessness, headaches and digestive troubles, yield to its curative power. Salt rheum, eczema, rheumatism, scrofula, or any disease arising from impure blood, are banished by this brain, nerve and blood tonic, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

Trees! Trees!

A full assortment of Fruit, Ornamental and Shade Trees, Evergreens, Shrubs, Vines, etc. DEALERS supplied at very reasonable rates. Agents wanted. Desirable outfit and cause no person to be overstock, a competent man will superintend the planting of orders in a short time. Descriptive catalogue sent on application. GEORGE ACHELIS, West Chester, Chester Co., Pa.

FURNITURE,
UNDERTAKING
FLOUR & FEED.

Robt. N. Anthony,

(Successor to J. F. Rex, East Weissport.)
WILL CONTINUE TO BE
THE BEST PLACE TO BUY
Furniture, Floor & Feed,
At the Lowest Prices.
Give us a call. No trouble to show Goods.
R. N. ANTHONY.

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New Spring and Summer Goods mean more with us than the same words mean from other dealers. Why? Because all the goods we have on our counters and shelves are new—there is no last year's stock of goods brushed up and filled up to deceive the buyer. We intend to merit your patronage by honest, fair and square dealing and we want you to come and see what we have in

New Dress Goods
at very Low Prices.

Groceries & Provisions,

of the best quality and at the lowest prices.

Choice Flour and Feed.

Fresh Country Produce.

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of the best maker at low prices.

ALL GOODS ARE DELIVERED FREE.

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

Geo. H. Enzian,

North First Street, Lehighton.

COMMUNICATED.

To Owners Of Wagons.

I would say that before you take your wagon to the shop for repairs look over the painting I did last year, see whether I use inferior Paint and Varnish. Then compare prices, also in the purchase of a new one, buy of a Carriage Man! And buy where you get the same article for, Oh! so much less money, for my place is noted for that, namely, to sell cheaper than any other, because I sell for the ready stuff you see.

H. R. KREIDLER,

WEISSPORT, PA.

Reading R. R System

Lehigh Valley Division.

Anthracite Coal used exclusively insuring cleanliness and comfort.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains

TAKING EFFECT

DEC. 6, 1885.

TRAINS LEAVE LEHIGHTON

[illegible]

For Lambertville and Trenton 9.00 and 11.45 a. m., 5.30 p. m.

For Bethlehem, Easton, Allentown, Reading and Harrisburg 9.00 and 11.45 a. m., 5.30 p. m.

For Philadelphia, 7.30, 9.00, 9.35, 11.45 a. m., 1.45, 5.30 p. m.

For Reading and Harrisburg 4.25, 7.40 and 11.15 a. m.

For Philadelphia, Lambertville, Trenton and New York, 7.30, 9.00 and 11.45 a. m., 5.30 p. m.

For White Haven, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Pittston, Hazleton, Mauch Chunk and Intermediate Stations, 7.30, 9.35 a. m., 1.45 p. m.

For Mt. Carmel and Shamokin 7.30 and 11.45 a. m.

For Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Pittston, Hazleton, Mauch Chunk and Intermediate Stations, 7.30, 9.35 a. m., 1.45 p. m.

For Easton, Allentown, Reading and Harrisburg 11.45 a. m., 10.50 p. m.

For Lambertville, Trenton, Bristol, Morrisville, Eddington, Bethlehem, Quakertown, Perkasie and Sellersville 9.00 and 11.45 a. m.

For Easton and the West via Allentown at 1.45 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

For New York 4.25, 8.40 and 11.15 a. m., 5.37 and 7.26 p. m.

For Philadelphia 4.25, 7.37 a. m., 5.37, 8.12 and 7.26 p. m.

For Boston and Intermediate Stations, 4.37, 7.37, 11.37 a. m., 12.37, 5.37 and 9.37 p. m.

For Mauch Chunk 8.14, 9.05, 11.20, 11.49 a. m., 2.10, 5.15, 8.45, and 9.35 p. m.

For Reading 4.25, 7.40 and 11.15 a. m.

For Harrisburg 7.40 and 11.15 a. m.

For Pottsville at 2.50 p. m.

For White Haven, Wilkesbarre, Pittston, Hazleton, Scranton, Sayre, Ithaca, Geneva, Auburn, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and the West 11.15 a. m. and 10.05 p. m.

For Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Chicago and the West 11.15 a. m. and 10.05 p. m.

For further particulars inquire of Agents for time Tables.

O. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

A. W. SONNEMACHER, Asst. General Passenger Agent, South Bethlehem, Pa.

May 14, '82, ly

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Filling and making artificial teeth a specialty. Special attention to Children's teeth. Chloroform or Ether administered for the painless extraction of teeth. Teeth Extracted WITHOUT PAIN.
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