AT THE TABERNACLE.

DR. TALMAGE SPEAKS OF THE CON-SOLATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

The Cluster of Grapes From Canaan Typlfles the Clusters of Hopes, of Prospects and of Consolation Conveyed In the Gos-

BROOKLYN, June 18.—Rev. Dr. Talmage in selecting a theme for today's sermon in the Brooklyn Tabernacle chose one peculiarly suitable to the season of fruits, the title being "Grapes From Canaan" and the text of witnesses." Just as in the ancient amphi-Numbers xiii, 23, "And they came unto the brook of Eschol and cut down from thence looking down from the galleries upon the a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff."

The long trudge of the Israelites across the wilderness was almost ended. They had come to the borders of the promised land. Of the 699,600 adults who started from Egypt for Canaan, how many do you suppose got there? Five hundred thousand? Oh, no. Not 200,000, not 100,000, nor 50, nor 20, nor 10, but only 2 men. Oh, it was a ruinous march that God's people made, but their children were living, and they were on the march, and now that they had come up to the borders of the promised land they were very curious to know what kind of a place it was, and whether it would be safe to go over. So a scouting party is sent out to reconnoiter, and they examine the land, and they come back bringing specimens of

Just as you came back from California bringing to your family a basket of pears or plums or apples to show what monstrous fruit they have there, so this scouting party cut off the biggest bunch of grapes they could find. It was so large that one man could not carry it, and they thrust a pole through the cluster, and there was one man at either end of the pole, and so the bunch of grapes was transported. I was some time ago in a luxuriant vinevard. The vine dresser had done his work. The vine had clambered up and spread its wealth all over the arbor. The sun and shower had mixed a cup which the vine drank until with flushed cheek it lay slumbering in the light, cluster against the cheek of cluster. The rinds of the grapes seemed almost bursting with the juice in the warm lips of the autumnal day, and it seemed as if all you had to do was to lift a chalice toward the cluster and its lifeblood would begin to drip away. But, my friends, in these rigorous climes we know nothing about large grapes.

Strabo states that in Bible times and in Bible lands there were grapevines so large that it took two men with outstretched arms to reach round them, and he says there were clusters 2 cubits in length or of the long finger. And Achaicus, dwelling in those lands, tells us that during the time he was smitten with fever one grape would slake his thirst for the wholeday. No wonder, then, in these Bible times two mer thought it worth their while to put their strength together to carry down one cluster of grapes from the promised land.

A CLUSTER OF HOPES AND CONSOLATIONS. But this morning I bring you a larger cluster from the heavenly Eschol-a cluster of hopes, a cluster of prospects, a cluster of past winter some of this congregation have gone away never to return. The aged have the city of the blessed." never will go back again. And the many wounded souls there are—wounds for which this world offers no medicament who are in their graves shall come forth." -and unless from the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ there shall come a consolation Lord shall descend from heaven with a there will be no consolation at all. Oh, shout, and the voice of the archangel, and that the God of all comfort would help me the trump of God, and the dead in Christ while I preach, and that the God of all comfort would help you while you hear!

First, I console you with the divinely sanctioned idea that your departed friends are as much yours now as they ever were. I know you sometimes get the idea in your mind, when you have this kind of trouble, that your friends are cut off from you and they are no longer yours, but the desire to have all our loved ones in the same lot in 10 different bodies, and at the hour of his the cemetery is a natural desire, a universal | death there is not a particle of flesh on him desire and therefore a God implanted de that was there in the days of his childhood sire and is mightily suggestive of the fact that death has no power to break up the will come up, or will they all rise?" family relations. If our loved ones go away from cur pos

the cemetery? Why the gathering of four | vegetables, and cannibals slay these men or five names on one family monument? Why the planting of one cypress vine so | nibals until at last there shall be 100 men that it covers all the cluster of graves? | who shall have within them some particles Why put the husband beside the wife and that started from the dead body first the children at their feet? Why the bolt named, coming up through the vegetable on the gate of our lot, and the charge to through the first man who ate it, and the keepers of the ground to see that the through the cannibals who afterward ate grass is cut, and the vine attended to, and him, and there be more than 100 men who the flowers planted? Why not put our de | have rights in the particles of that body-in parted friends in one common field or grave? Oh, it is because they are ours. That child, Ostricken mother! is as much yours this morning as in the solemn hour In Greenwood, and when he was in China when God put it against your heart and said as of old, "Take this child and nurse rection will that fragment of the body fly it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." It is no mere whim. It is a divinely planted principle in the soul, and God certainly principle in the soul, and God certainly would not plant a lie, and he would not to find the myriad particles of its own culture a lie! Abraham would not allow Sarah to be buried in a stranger's grounds, by the winds or overlaid by whole generalthough some very beautiful ground was offered him a free gift, but he pays 400 particles of its own body, while there are shekels for Machpelah, the cave, and the a thousand million other spirits doing the trees overshadowing it. The grave has been well kept, and today the Christian made within one day?"

ham and Sarah are taking their long sleep of 4,000 years. Your father may be slumbering under the tinkling of the bell of the Scotch kirk. Your brother may have gone down in the ship that foundered off Cape Hatteras. Your little child may be sleeping on the verge of the flowering restern prairie, yet God will gather them all up, however widely the dust may be scattered. Never theless it is pleasant to think that we will be buried together. When my father died and we took him out and put him down in seem so sad to leave him there, because right beside him was my dear, good, old, beautiful Christian mother, and it seemed as if she said: "I was tired, and I came to bed a little early. I am glad you have come. It seems as of old."

COMPANIONSHIP IN DEATH. Oh, it is a consolation to feel that, when men come and with solemn tread carry you out to your resting place, they will open the gate through which some of your friends have already gone, and through which many of your friends will follow. Sleeping under the same roof, at last sleeping under the same sod. The autumnal leaves that drift across your grave will drift across theirs, the bird songs that drop on their mound will drop on yours, and wind comes howling through the gorge, child close up to the bosom of its mother, lips the sacrament of the dust.

Brothers and sisters who used in sport to fling themselves on the grass now again reclining side by side in the grave, in flecks cussion? What is the subtle energy of sunlight sifting through the long, lithe that dissolves a solid in a crucible? ves from the dust of ages. The faces that were ghastly and fixed when you saw them last all aflush with the light of incorruption. The father looking around on his darlings, this is the morning of the resur-rection." Mrs. Sigourney wrote beautifully with the tears and blood of her own broken

Then I will not explain the resur-You explain one-half of the common mys-teries of everyday life, and I will explain

heart: There was a shaded chamber, A silent, watching band,

On a low couch a suffering child Grasping her mother's hand, But 'mid the gasp and struggle With shuddering lips sho cried,

"Mother, oh, dearest mother, Bury me by your side." Only one wish she uttered, As life was ebbing fast,
"Sleep by my side, dear mother,
And rise with me at last."

Sweet antetype of everlasting residence in

Oh, yes, we want to be buried together.

When the wrecker went down into the cabin of the lost steamer, he found the mother and child in each other's arms. It was sad, but it was beautiful, and it was appropriate. Together they went down. Together they will rise. One on earth. One in heaven. Is there not something cheering in all this thought, and something to impress upon us the idea that the departed

are ours yet--ours forever? But I console you again with the fact of your present acquaintanceship and communication with your departed friends. I have no sympathy, I need not say, with the ideas of modern spiritualism, but what I mean is the theory set forth by the apostle, when he says, "We are surrounded by a great cloud theater there were 80,000 or 100,000 people combatants in the center, so, says Paul, there is a great host of your friends in all the galleries of the sky looking down upon our earthly struggles. It is a sweet, a consoling, a Scriptural idea. With wing of angel, earth and heaven are in constant communication. Does not the Bible say, "Are they not sent forth as ministering spirits to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" And when ministering spirits come down and see us, do they not take some message back? COMMUNICATION BETWEEN EARTH AND

It is impossible to realize, I know, the idea that there is such rapid and perpetual intercommunication of earth and heaven, but it is a glorious reality. You take a rail train, and the train is in full motion, and another train from the opposite direction dashes past you so swiftly that you are startled. All the way between here and beaven is filled with the up trains and the down trains-spirits coming-spirits going -coming-going-coming-going. That friend of yours who died last month-do you not suppose he told all the family news about you in the good land to the friends who are gone? Do you not suppose that when there are hundreds of opportunities every day for them in heaven to hear from you that they ask about you, that they know your tears, your temptations, your struggles, your victories? Aye, they do. Perhaps during the last war you had a boy in the army, and you got a pass, and you went through the lines, and you found him, and the regiment coming from your neighborhood you knew most of the boys

there. One day you started for home. You said: "Well, now, have you any letters to send? Any messages to send?" And they filled your pockets with letters, and you started home. Arriving home, the neighbors came in, and one said, "Did you see my John?" and others, "Did you see George?" "Do you know anything about my Frank?" And then you brought out the letters and gave them the messages of which you had been the bearer. Do you suppose that angels of God, coming down twice the length from the elbow to the tip to this awful battlefield of sin and sorrow and death and meeting us and seeing us and finding out all about us, carry back no message to the skies?

Oh, there is consolation in it! You are in present communication with that land. They are in sympathy with you now more than they ever were, and they are waiting for the moment when the hammer stroke shall shatter the last chain of your earthly bendage and your soul shall spring upward, and they will stand on the heights of heaven and see you come, and when you are within Christian consolations, and I am expecting | hailing distance your other friends will be that one taste of it will rouse up your appetite for the heavenly Canaan. During the pearl hung gate their shouts will make the hills tremble, "Hail, ransomed spirit, to

put down their staff and taken up the scepter. Men in midlife came home from office of a resurrection. I know there are a great or shop and did not go back again and many people who do not accept this be dear children, some of them, have been friends, there are two stout passagesgathered in Christ's arms. He found this | could bring a hundred, but two swarthy world too rough a place for them, and so passages are enough—and one David will he thus gathered them in. And, oh, how strike down the largest Goliath. "Marvel shall rise first." Oh, there will be such a thing as a resurrection.

PROBLEMS OF THE RESURRECTION. You ask mea great many questions cannot answer about this resurrection. You say, for instance, "If a man's body is constantly changing, and every seventh tear he has an entirely new body, and he lives on to 70 years of age and so has had -in the resurrection which of the 10 bodies

You say, "Suppose a man dies, and his body is scattered in the dust, and out of session, why put a fence around our lot in that dust vegetables grow, and men eat the and eat them, and cannibals fight with canthe resurrection how can they be assorted when these particles belong to them all?" You say, "There is a missionary buried he had his arm amputated—in the resur-16,000 miles to join the rest of the body?"
You say, "Will it not be a very difficult body when they may have been scattered ations of the dead-looking for the myriad

traveler stands in thoughtful and admiring mood, gazing upon Machpelah, where Abra-You say, "If a hundred and fifty men go into a place of evening entertainment and leave their hats and overcoats in the hall, when they come back it is almost impossible for them to get the right ones, or to get them without a great deal of perplexity, and yet you tell me that myriads of spirits in the last day will come and find myriads

Have you any more questions to ask, any more difficulties to suggest, any more mysteries? Bring them on! Against a whole regiment of skepticism I will march these two champions: "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming when all who are in the graveyard of Somerville, it did not their graves shall come forth." "The Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, and the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first." You see I stick to these two passages. Who art thou, O fool, that thou repliest against God? Hath he promised, and shall he not do it? Hath he commanded, and shall he not bring it to pass! Have you not confidence in his omnipotence? If he could in the first place build

my body, after it is torn down can he not build it again? "Oh," you say, "I would believe that if you would explain it. I am not disposed to be skeptical, but explain how it can be done." My brother, you believe a great many things you cannot explain. You believe your mind acts on your body. Exthen, in starless winter nights, when the plain the process. This seed planted comes up a blue flower. Another seed planted you will be company for each other. The comes up a yellow flower. Another seed child close up to the bosom of its mother, planted comes up a white flower. Why? The husband and wife remarried; on their Why that wart on your finger? Tell me why some cows have horns and other cows have no horns. Why, when two obstacles strike each other in the air, do you hear the perwillows. Then at the trumpet of the arch- What makes the notches on an oak leaf difangel to rise side by side, shaking them- | ferent from any other kind of leaf? What makes the orange blossom different from that of the rose? How can the almightiness which rides on the circle of the heaven find room to turn its chariot on a heliochildren and saying, "Come, come, my darlings, this is the morning of the resur- Then I will not explain the resurrection.

all the mysteries of the resurrection. You cannot answer me very plain questions in regard to ordinary affairs. I am not ashamed to say that I cannot explain God and the judgment and the resurrection. I simply accept them as facts, tremendous and infinite.

SILENCE OF THE TOMB. Before the resurrection takes place, everything will be silent. The mausoleums and the labyrinths silent. The graveyards | to see your sister tomorrow night. Do you silent, the cemetery silent, save from the know whether she's at home?

in. No breath of air disturbing the dust where Persepolis stood, and Thebes, and Babylon. No winking of the eyelids long closed in darkness. No stirring of the feet that once bounded the hillside. No open-ing of the hand that once plucked the flower out of the edge of the wildwood. No clutching of swords by the men who went down when Persia battled and Rome fell. Silence from ocean beach to mountain cliff and from river to river. The sea singing the same old tune. The lakes hushed to sleep in the bosom of the same great hills. No hand disturbing the gate of the long barred sepulcher. All the nations of the dead motionless in their winding sheets. Up the side of the hills, down through the trough of the valleys, far

out in the caverns, across the fields, deep down into the coral palaces of the ocean depths where leviathan sports with his fellows-everwyhere, layer above layer, height above height, depth below depth-dead! dead! dead! But in the twinkling of an eye, as quick as that, as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rolling, reverberating, crashing across continents and seas, the earth will give one fearful shudder, and the door of the family vault, without being unlocked, will burst open, and all the graves of the dead will begin to throb and heave like the waves of the sea, and the mausoleum of princes will fall into the dust, and Ostend and Sebastopol and Austerlitz and Gettysburg stalk forth in the lurid air, and the shipwrecked rise from the deep, their wet locks looming above the billow, and all the land and all the sca become one moving mass of lifeall generations, all ages with upturned countenances—some kindled with rapture and others blanched with despair, but gaz-

ing in one direction, upon one object, and that the throne of resurrection! On that day you will get back your Christain dead. There is where the comfort comes in. They will come up with the same hand, the same foot, and the same entire body, but with a perfect hand, and a perfeet foot, and a perfect body-corruption having become incorruption, mortality having become immortality. And oh, the reunion! oh, the embrace after so long an absence! Comfort one another with these

While I present these thoughts this morning, does it not seem that heaven comes very near to us, as though our friends, whom we thought a great way off, are not in the distance, but close by? You have sometimes come down to a river at nightfall, and you have been surprised how easily you could hear voices across that river. You shouted over to the other side of the river, and they shouted back. It is said that when George Whitefield preached in Third street, Philadelphia, one evening time his voice was heard clear across to the New Jersey shore.

When I was a little while chaplain in the army, I remember how at eventide we could easily hear the voices of the pickets across the Potomac just when they were using ordinary tones. And as we come today and stand by the river of Jordan that divides us from our friends who are gone it seems to me we stand on one bank and they stand on the other, and it is only a narrow stream, and our voices go, and their voices come. Hark! Hush! I hear distinctly what they say, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Still the voice comes across the water, and I hear, "We hunger no more; we therst no more; neither shall the oun light on us, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leads us to living fountains of water, and God wipeth away all tears from our eyes."

One element that favors preservation of redwood forests is the fact that the cutting of the tree does not necessarily kill the stump. The old stump throws out new shoots from its periphery that grow up into a new forest. It is no infrequent sight to see a great circle of young redwood trees already towering up 50 to 100 feet and more, and on drawing near find them surroundlng a huge brown table, the surface of the stump of some giant redwood cut down ome years ago. They stand as a guard around the ruins of the monarch, or as a halo of glory, a crown of power, a veritable

phenix.-Kansas City Journal. TWO DARING WOMEN.

The Work of a Couple of Ambitious Spinsters In Social Life In New York. Two society women, both wealthy and unmarried, started in last winter to give a series of entertainments in New York. The spectacle of two women, altogether unhampered by domestic ties and wholly disassociated from the suggestion of children or of husbands, running a superb establishment, equipped with a retinue of servants and characterized by all the appointments of modern luxury and convenience and using their dining room and music room and drawing room for the purpose of proffering attractive entertainments to society, was of course an unusual one. The backelors of New York have in some cases and at certain times done something toward usurping what is generally regarded as the privi-leges of a domestic establishment and have invited their friends to their houses and their apartments and have given dinners and even arranged dances. But the venture into this field by a partnership of wealthy and unmarried women was altogether unprecedented.

The two women are Miss May Callender and Miss de Forest. Miss Callender is said to enjoy an income of \$40,000 a year. Her fortune is derived from the Rhinelander estate, and she inherited it from her mother. She is therefore closely related to T. J. Oakley Rhinelander and Lispenard Stewart, whose mother was a Rhinelander, and pos sibly to other millionaire bachelors of New York society. Miss de Forest is a sister of George B. de Forest, who is a man of wealth and of literary tastes and accomplishments. The Callender-De Forest establishment is in the Tiffany apartment house. The ladies lease one of the largest flats in the house, and it is furnished and decorated in the handsomest manner known to modern art. When it became perfectly clear last December that there would be no opera during the fashionable season in New York, either at the Metropolitan Opera House or elsewhere, Miss Callender and Miss de Forest very shrewdly decided to make their drawing room attractions musical. Their prorammes have included performances by Wolff and Holmann, singing by well known artists and on one of the evenings of March Walter Damrosch and his orchestra. Last summer the two ladies hired a cottage at Newport, and when they came to town the apartments in the Tiffany house were secured, and the musical entertainments were

naugurated. The woman bachelors have entertained society for the purpose, of course, of im-proving their social position and acquiring a certain degree of social power and in-fluence. The pursuit of ambitious ideas of this kind by the fathers and mothers of families who wish to establish themselves for the present and for future generations and who have daughters to marry off is altogether understandable and praiseworthy. Unmarried women, however, have heretofore been usually content to accept invitations and to contribute whatever in them lies toward the success of other people's entertainments. The attempt, therefore, of Miss Callender and Miss de Forest to grasp at social leadership has been watched with a good deal of interest, particularly as they have thus far scored a measure of success. -New York World.

Colored Pictures For Little Unes. Take pretty colored pictures and paste sors cut them all up and let the little ones put them together again. Paper soldiers are nice cut out, and paste wood at the back, so they will stand. My boys have had six companies on the floor, with a band in front.-Cor. New York Recorder.

,The Best Security. Billson-Isn't it rather risky to lend so nuch money to a man with no real estate? Wilson-Not in this case. "Is your friend a man of push?" "Better than that. He's a man with a pull."—New York Weekly.

Helping Him Out. Fewherstone-Willie, I want particularly clashing of hoofs and the grinding of Willie-No. But if you'll give me a quarwheels as the last funeral procession comes | ter I won't tell her you are coming.—Truth.

NATURAL MALTHUSIANISM.

The Birth Rate Decreasing In All Civilized Nations When the population returns of the late census were given, there was a general feeling of disappointment, as the total fell far below expectations and showed that the rate of increase for the country was less than it had been for previous decades. The census of Canada taken the subsequent year was still more disappointing to the Kanucks, and in England, France and all other countries the result was the same, most disappointing. There was a decided falling off everywhere in the ratio of in-

This was the more puzzling because there tad been no warfare at all during the decade, no pestilence, no period of financial depression. Sanitary science had made a steady advance, and there had been a marked decrease in the death rate. So that, judging by all former experience, the census should have shown more favorable returns than ever before, instead of so much worse. A closer investigation demonstrated the cause, a marked and indeed startling decrease in the birth rate, a sort of natural A report of the French government on

this subject-and France keeps the most perfect records of births, deaths and marriages of any country—points out the drift of modern civilization. The decrease in the birth rate in France has been very great. There were, for instance, 42,520 fewer births in 1890 than in 1889, 44,580 fewer than in 1888, 61,275 fewer than in 1887, 74,779 fewer than in 1886, 86,409 fewer than in 1885, 99,699 fewer than in 1884 and 99,887 fewer than in 1883. There is a similar decrease in the number of marriages, which were fewer by 20,223 in 1890 than in

The existence of this condition of affairs n France has long been recognized and as been attributed there to many causesto lack of morality, to the contempt felt for marriage, to the triumph of the do-trines of "realism." It seems, however, that France is not the only country suffering from natural Malthusianism. All the other European countries are in the same fix, although probably not as bad off as France, and in every one of them in the last 20 years there has been a decrease in the birth rate, largely due to advancing civilization and the ideas it brings with it, for the decrease has been found greatest in the utban and most civilized districts and least in the rural, out of the world sections. Taking the years 1809 and 1890, it is found that the birth rate in France has fallen from 25 per 1,000 to 21.8, in Belgium from 31.4 to 28.7, in England from 34.7 to 30.6, in Germany from 38.9 to 36.6 and in Prussia proper even In all the three important events in man's

career-birth, marriage and death-there has been a remarkable falling off in the last 20 years, confined to no country, but existing throughout the civilized globe. We need not inquire into the causes, for we can see them too plainly around us. The chief cause which lies at the bottom of all the trouble is the decline in marriage. Marriage has gone out of favor with the emancipation of woman and the greater difficulty in making a living, and this decrease largely explains the falling off in the birth rate, but not wholly, for the average number of births to each marriage are fewer than a score of years ago. The only redceming feature in this picture s the declining death rate, due to better sanitation and a better knowledge of how to care for ourselves. Indeed but for this improvement the population of the world would be at a standstill today, as the birth rate is just what the death rate was a quarter of a century ago. We are still improve ing our sanitary condition and saving many lives that were hitherto sacrificed, but we must recognize the fact that sooner or later we will reach the highest point which we can hope to achieve.-New Orleans Times-

Democrat.

A Costly Bedstead. The other day the writer enjoyed a privileged peep at one of the most gorgeous af-fairs in the way of a bedstead that could be imagined even among the belongings of some royal household. It was not more than two feet above the floor, and the headboard was not more than a foot higher than the other end of the bd. No woodwork was visible. Rich, glowing plush in the biscuit pattern so well known made a soft, yielding cushion, where in other beds would have been hare unyielding mahogany or rosewood. Instead of the usual spread a magnificent square of plush with a valance to reach the ground covered over where the wealthy owner will repose. This square was magnificently embroidered in festoons and bowknots of cream white satin enhanced by an outlining of gold cord. The valance had a border of deep fringe besides the beautiful embroidery as well. Overhead there was a magnificent canopy lined with cream satin and embroidered to match the spread. This bedstead is to go to the home of a Philadelphia millionaire. The woodwork of the apartment that is to receive it is of rare old walnut, and the effect will be exceedingly rich. A valance of plush is to go around the entire room, forming a beautiful bit of decoration for the top of the highly polished panels. The expense of this bedstead cannot be accurately estimated, as the embroidery alone took three months of constant work.—Philadelphia

People Who Fail to Respond Invitations which are received and which meet with no recognition, either by attendnever be repeated, as to ignore such civility bears only one construction—that the acquaintance is declined or discentinued.-Gentlewoman.

No Place For the Poor. Weery Walker-Jest you take my ad vice, Timmy, an keep erway from Chicker-ger w'ile dis ere fair bizniss is on. Timmy Tatters-W'y? What's de mat-Weery Walker-Well, I wuz sleepin in der park dere odder night wen erlong comes a bloke wid a hell punch an askt me

WESTERN MARYLAND RAILROAD: TAKING EFFECT MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1893.

f I hed registered.-Exchange.

TAKING EFFECT
MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1893.
Leave Hillen Station as follows:
DAILY.

4.30 A.M.—Fast Mail for Norfolk and Western R. R. and Southern and Southwestern points; also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Highfield, Edgemont, Hagerstown and except Sunday, Williamsport, Clear Spring and Cherry Run, W. Va., Chambersburg, Waynesboro, points on B. and C. V. R. R.,—Martinsburg, W. Va., and Winchester, Va.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

7.21 A. M.—Accommodation for Hanover and Gettysburg, Pa., and all points on B. and H. Division and Main Line east of Emory Grove; also, Carlisle and Gettysburg and Harrisburg R. B.

8.00 A. M.—Mail for Williamsport, Cherry Run W. Va., Clear Spring, Hagerstown, Shippensburg and points on Main Line & B. & C. V. R. R.; also Frederick and Emmittsburg, and points on Norfolk and Western R. R. to Shenandoah.

10.05 A M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, and Hanover, Pa., with connection at Hanover, for New Oxford, Gettysburg, Mt. Holly Springs and Carlisle.

2.31 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove 3.20 P. M.—Express; for Arlington, Howard-wills, One and All Christies.

3.20 p. M.-Express; for Arlington, Howard-3.20 p. m.—Express, for Arlington, Howardville, Owings's Mills, Glyndon and all
points on B. & H. Division, Mt. Holly
Springs, Carlisleand points on Gettysburg
and Harrisburg R. R.
4.05 p. m.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope,
Pikesville, Green Spring Junction, Owings'
Mills, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Patapsco, Carrollton, Tanner, Westminster,
Avondale, Medford, New Windsor and Main
Line Stations West, including Clearspring,
Md., and Cherry Run, W. Va.; also Emmitsburg B. and C. V. R. R., Norfolk and Western R. R. and points South.
5.15 p. m.—Prederick Vxpress, for Arlington,
Mt. Hope, Howardsville, Sudbrook Park. 5.15 P. M.—Frederick Vapress, for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Howardsville, Sudbrook Park. Pikesville, Mt. Wilson, McDonough, G. S. Junction, Owings' Mills, St. George's, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Tannery, Westminster, Mcdford, New Windsor and Stations thence to Frederick.
6.12 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 8 46 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. 11.35 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. 8 UNDAYS.
9.30 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge and Hanover.
2.30 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. 10.05 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. Grove.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN STATION. Daily—7.10 P. M.—Daily (except Sunday) 6.50 7.46, 8.40, 9.40, 10.31 and 11.47, A, M., and 2.40, 5 M, 5.53 and 6.52 P. M. Sundays only.—9.10 and 10.20 A. M., 6,15 and 9.05 P. M. Ticket and Baggage Office, 205 East Baltimore 8t. Ticket and Dagues of the Common Station, Pennsylmore St.
All trains stop at Union Station, Pennsylvania Avenue and Fulton Stations.
B. H. GRISWOLD, Gen'i Passenger Agent.
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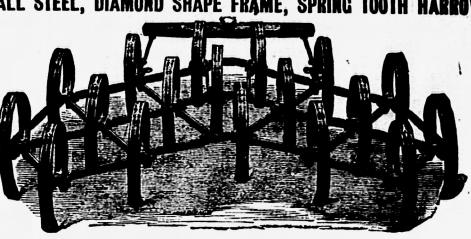
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