HEAVEN'S PORTALS.

BEHELD BY THE FAITHFUL IN THE EVENING OF LIFE.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Text, "At Evening Time It Shall Be Light"-Death

llas No Terrors For the Christian. BROOKLYN, July 9.-Rev. Dr. Talmage has chosen as his subject for today the text, "At evening time it shall be light" (Zech-

ariah xiv, 7).
While "night" in all languages is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above or silvered wave tossing up light from be-neath-murky, hurtling, portentous-but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence of heaven turn out on night parade, and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations and the sons of God were shouting for joy. Such nights the sailor blesses from the forecastle, and the trapper on the vast prairie, and the belated traveler by the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly, and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a ringing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace; good will toward

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman campagna! Awful night among the cordilleras! Glorious night 'mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are lighthouses on the coast toward which, I hope, we are all sailing, and blind mariners are we if, with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us, we cannot find our way into the harbor. My text may well suggest that as the natural evening is often luminous, so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrows-of old age-of the world's history-of the Christian life. "At eventime it shall be

FULFILLMENT OF THE PROPHECY. The prophecy will be fulfilled in the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rides high. Innumerable activities go ahead with a arms, and the pickax struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its 20 per cent, and the book came to its twentieth edition, and the farm quadrupled in value, and sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were praised, and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the dance and glowed in the wine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music and ease and gratification gathered around this Jupiter holding in his hands so many thunderbolts of power.

But every sun must set, and the brightest day must have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overeast. The fountain dried up.
The song hushed. The wolf broke into the family fold and carried off the best lamb. A deep howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. At one rough twang of the hand of disaster the harp strings all broke. Down went the strong business firm! Away went long established credit! Up flew a flock of calumnies! The new book would not sell. A a short winter's day. The sun rises at 8 tion. Stocks sank like lead. The insurance company exploded. "How much," says the sheriff, "will you bid for this piano?" "How much for this library?" "How much for this family picture?"

Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What have become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the flail and crushed under the wheel and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust weeping, wailing and gnashing their teeth? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup on the table of God's supply, did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty money vault and say, "All my treasures are gone?" Did they stand by the grave of their dead saying, "There

never will be a resurrection?" Did they bemoan their thwarted plans and say: "The stocks are down. Would God I were dead?" Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, dank and howling, smothering and choking their life out? No! No! No! At eventime it was light. The swift promises overtook them. The eternal constellations, from their circuit about God's throne, poured down an infinite luster. Under their shining the billows of trouble took on crests and plumes of gold and jasper and amethyst and flame. All the trees of life rustled in the midsummer air of God's love. The night blooming assurances of Christ's sympathy filled all the atmosphere with heaven. The soul at every step

winged joys warbling heavenward.
"It is good that I have been afflicted," cries David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," exclaims Job. "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," says St. Paul. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," exclaims John in apocalyptic vision. At eventime it was light, Light from the cross! Light from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous, outgushing, everlasting light!

seemed to start up from its feet bright

THE EVENING OF LIFE. The text shall also find fulfillment in the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young-to have the sight clear and the hearing acute, and the step elastic, and all our pulses marching on to the drumming of a stout heart. Midlife and old age will be denied many of us, but youth-we all know what that is. Those wrinkles were not always on your brow; that snow was not always on your head; that brawny muscle did not always bunch your arm; you have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as you now are, you once went coasting down the hillside or threw off your hat for the race or sent the ball flying sky high. But youth will not always last. It stays only long enough to give us exuberant spirits and broad shoulders for burden carrying and an arm with

you let it come naturally. You cannot hide it. You may try to cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed universe are old. Old mountains, old rivers, old seas, old stars and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old unless you are older than the mountains and older than the stars. How men and women will lie! They say

they are 40, but they are 60. They say they are 20, but they are 30. They say they are 69, but they are 89. How some people will lie! Glorious old age, if found in the way of righteousness. How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff, of John Quincy Adams falling with the harness on, of Washington Irving sitting pen in hand amid the scenes himself had made classical, of John Angell James to the last proclaiming the gospel to the masses of Birmingham, of Theodore Frelinghuysen down to feebleness and emaciation devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God. At eventide it was light. See that you do honor to the aged. A knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, philosopher stood at the corner of the street day after day saying to the passersby: "You will be an old man; you will be an old man." "You will be an old woman; you will be an old woman." People thought he was crazy. I do not think that feet; they have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs; they he was. Smooth the way for that mother's will soon be at rest. Plow not up that face

to beat. "The eye that mocketh its father and refuseth to obey its mother the ravens of the valley shall pick it out and the young eagles shall eat it." The bright morning and hot noonday of word! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting life have passed with many. It is 4 o'clock! gates, and let these people come in." They 5 o'clock! 6 o'clock! The shadows fall long-er and thicker and faster. Seven o'clock! forever.

with any more wrinkles; trouble and care

have marked it full enough. Thrust no

thorn into that old heart; it will soon cease

8 o'clock! The sun has dioped below the |. Ah. do you wonder that the last hours of

horizon; the warmth has gone out of the the Christian on earth are illuminated by air. Nine o'clock! 10 o'clock! The heavy dews are falling; the activities of life's day are all hushed; it is time to go to bed. Eleven o'clock! 13 o'clock! The patriarch | be heartrending. Yet light in the evensleeps the blessed sleep, the cool sleep, the ing. As all the stars of night sink their long sleep. Heaven's messengers of light have kindled bonfires of victory all over the so the waves of Jordan will be illuminated heavens. At eventime it is light-light!

LATTER DAYS OF THE CHURCH. My text shall also find fulfillment in the latter days of the church. Only a few missionaries, a few churches, a few good men, compared with the institutions leprous and

the sky, is but the flaming of the morning, shall be light. War's sword clanging back in the scabbard; intemperance buried under 10,000 broken decanters; the world's impurity turning its brow heavenward for the evening. the benediction, "Blessed are the pure in heart;" the last vestige of selfishness submerged in heaven descending chari-Saviour, all India believing in Henry Martyn's Bible; aboriginal superstition acknowledging David Brainerd's picty; hubeth Fry's Redeemer; the mountains comsilkworm's thread and brown thrasher's | ically, quixotically honest. wing and shell's tinge and manufacturer's shuttle and chemist's laboratory and king's about his wares, even when he knows perscepter and nation's Magna Charta. Not a | feetly well that by doing so he loses a cuslum, for there are no orphans; not a prison, for there are no criminals; not an almshouse, for there are no paupers; not a tear, earth's lamentation has ended in the triumphal march of redeemed empires, the forests harping it on vine strung branches, the water chanting it among the gorges, the thunders drumming it among the hills, the ocean giving it forth with its organs, trade vinds touching the keys, and euroclydon's

foot on the pedal. I want to see John Howard when the last orisoner is reformed; I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last saber wound has stopped hurting; I want to see William Penn when the last Indian has been civilized: I want to see John Huss when the last flame of persecution has been extinguished; I want to see John Bunyan after the last thousand feet and work with a thousand | pilgrim has come to the gate of the Celestial City. Above all, I want to see Jesus after the last saint has his throne and begun to sing halleluiah!

GLORY OF THE EVENING. You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The laborers have come from the field. The heavens are glowing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swims in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water-heaven above and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling or a bee humming or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadow, silence among the hills.

Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly conflict are cooled. The glory of heaven fills all the scene with love and joy and peace. At eventime it is light-light! Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christian's life. You know how a short winter's day is, and how little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is id sets at 4. The birth angel and death ingel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are near together. With one and the mother rocks the cradle, and with the other she touches the grave. I went into the house of one of my parish-

oners on Thanksgiving day. The little child of the household was bright and glad, and with it I bounded up and down the hall. Christmas day came, and the light of that household had perished. We stood with black book reading over the grave, Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." But I hurl away this darkness! I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God who

giveth us the victory, at eventime it should be light! I have seen many Christians die. never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above our girdle, who does not love to bather What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glory swing open before us, and from a myriad voices, a myraid harps, a myraid thrones, a myraid palaces there dash upon us, "Hosanna! Hosanna!" "Throw back the shutters and let the sun come in," said dying Scoville McCol-

lum, one of my Sabbath school boys. You can see Paul putting on robes and wings of ascension as he exclaims, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." Hugh McKail went to one side of the scaffold of martyrdom and cried: "Farewell, sun, moon and stars! Farewell, all earthly delights!" Then went to the other side of the scaffold and cried: "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant. Welcome, death! Welcome.

glory!" A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said in his last moments, "I move into the light!" They did not go down doubting and fearing and shivering, but their battlecry rang through all the caverns of the sepulcher and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" Sing, my soul, of joys to come! I saw a beautiful being wandering up and

down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young. She touched the poor, and they became rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful being wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begins to use his arm again! When the blind Christian begins to see again! When the deaf Christian begins to hear again! When the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement and joins in such company and has a free seat in such a great temple!

Hungry men no more to hunger; thirsty men no more to thirst; weeping men no more to weep; dying men no more to die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations. Bring them to me, and I will pour them upon the stupendous theme of the soul's will come under frowning crag and across trembling causeway. Blessed old age if you let it come naturally. You cannot be has gazed upon the carnitum of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God, shouting: "Free! Free!" Your eye has gazed upon the carnitum of the spirit was a spirit by the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God, shouting: "Free! Free!" Your eye disenthrallment! Oh, the joy of the spirit ear has caught harmonies uncounted and indescribable-caught them from the harp's trill and bird's carol and waterfall's dash to be old. The grandest things in all the and ocean's doxology, but the ear hath not

How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robes of light? Who gave them wings? Ah, eternity is not long enough to tell it, seraphim have not capacity enough to realize it-the marvels of redeeming love! Let the palms wave; let the crowns glitter; let the anthems ascend; let the trees of Lebanon clap their hands—they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, thou failest! Sing on, praise on, ye hosts of the glorified, and if with your scepters you cannot reach it and with your songs you can-not express it then let all the mryiads of the saved unite in the exclamation, "Jesus!

Jesus! Jesus!" HEAVEN'S PASSWORD. There will be a password at the gate of heaven. A great multitude come up and " They say: "We have no The pas password. We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say: "We have no took care of the poor." A voice from within says, "I never knew you."

Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God and deserved to die, but we heard the voice of Jesus." "Aye, aye," says the gatekeeper, "that is the pass-

thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may anchors of pearl in lake and river and sea, with the down flashing of the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations. "The lord is my light and salvation.
Whom shall I fear?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall

wipe away all tears from their eyes. Close the eyes of the departed one; earth It is early yet in the history of everything good. Civilization and Christianity are just getting out of the cradle. The light of Fold the hands; life's work is ended. Vir martyr stakes, flashing all up and down | the face; it has been transfigured. Mr. Toplady in his dying hour said, "Light." but when the evening of the world shall Coming nearer the expiring moment, he come, glory to God's conquering truth, it exclaimed, with illuminated countenance, "Light." In the last instant of his breathing he lifted up his hands and cried: "Light! Light!" Thank God for light in

Tinnish Honesty. Finnish honesty is proverbial. In no ties; all China worshiping Dr. Abcel's other European state are life and property more secure than in Finland. One may not only leave trunks and portmanteaus about the streets without fear of having them man bondage delivered through Thomas stolen, but they may even be open or un-Clarkson's Christianity; vagrancy coming | locked, and not an article will be touched, back from its pollution at the call of Eliza- In country districts the houses are, for the most part, unbolted and unbarred even ing down the valleys; the valleys going up; while the family is away, and in trade the 'holiness' inscribed on horse's bell and | Finns are not only scrupulously, but hero-A tradesman will tell the whole truth

hospital, for there are no wounds; not an asy- tomer whom a partial truth would have secured. "This seems to be exactly the kind of apparatus I am looking for," said a traveler for there are no sorrows. The long dirge of to a merchant of Helsingfors, in reference to an article that would cost at least \$75. "I will take it at once if, knowing what I want it for, you can honestly recommend

me to take it." "No, sir, I can't recommend you to take it," was the reply, "nor have I anything in stock just now that would suit you." So the possible customer left the shop and purchased what he wanted elsewhere. -"Russian Characteristics."

Emerson's Advice to a Friend. I received a personal lesson in the critical ear of the Irish famine. At that time we vere receiving from Ireland the first great vave of the enforced emigration. The failure of the potato crop had sent the poor Irish people to America because they would starve at home. In the outhusiasm of a young minister's eagerness I and my friends in Worcester were trying to meet the occasion, wholly new to us all, which was offered by the arrival of these starving

Mr. Emerson was my guest at the time, and I said to him, "Do you know they are so fond of potatoes that we cannot make them touch Indian meal?" "Ah," said this philosopher of philosophers, this man who, you would say, was swinging upon rainbows, "you should not have sent them Indian meal. You should have sent them hot cakes."-Edward E. Hale's Address.

The Efficiency of Prayer. "Speaking of religion," said a prominent

to me and said: " 'Papa, I'll match you for another dollar -heads I win tails you lose.'

expected an emphatic lecture. She, how- tion to employees to a reception at his ver, was paying no attention, and so I house. To a large number the initials "R. said: 'Don't you know its wrong to gam- | S. V. P." on the lower corner of the invitable? Where on earth did you hear of tion were a great mystery, and as the story matching dollars? swer. 'Will you match me?' bluffs like that, so I out with a silver doi- the others that "R. S. V. P." stood for "Re-

about to follow suit, when she hesitated, McDowell in Harper's. drew away and then went to her mother and said, with much solemnity: "'Mamma, pray for me. I must have another dollar.' "Her mother only smiled in a deprecatory way. Then she came back and said:

"'Now, papa, heads I win, tails you lose." "And, dadburn it all, I did lose, sure enough, and the child looked me in the face and said: "'Now, papa, you see what prayer will do.'"-St. Louis Republic.

Family Names of Presidents.

They used to say that Mrs. Hayes would if she had been talking to a prince, and the cold and offish title of "the president," though she eventually became accustomed to saying it. Mrs. McKee, on the other hand, always lovingly said "father," no matter to whom she spoke. In the immediate family, Mrs. Russell Harrison was the only one who said "the president" when speaking of him. They have many precedents for not using

he title, for even that royal matron Martha Washington always spoke of her husband as "Mr. Washington." Mrs. Cleveland never fails, either in addressing or referring to her husband, to call him "the president." She endeared herself to all Marylanders once by saying to Robert Garrett, who was about to lead her into the ballroom in Baltimore ahead of her hus-"The president always goes first, Mr.

way that her escort did not consider it an unwelcome correction. Mrs. Morton did a clever thing early in her career here to show what she considered to be etiquette in this matter. It was at a state dinner she gave. Waising until there was a fall in the conversation, she made some remark, and leaning slightly forward said pointedly, so that two-thirds of the guests could hear: "Is it not so, vice president?"-Washing-

A Hardy Little Cactus. There grows upon the sands of the Atlanic coast, at least as far north as the Virginia line, a little cactus with a pretty yelow flower. It flourishes in the driest seasons and where naught but bare sand is visible for many square yards. The secret of its sturdy growth amid hard conditions is found perhaps in the character of its roots. They are long and tough, like twine cords, and radiating in several directions they convey to the plant whatever mois ture the ground contains for yards around. Oddly enough, too, this cactus, when torn up by the roots and conveyed north, seems o live on indefinitely under entirely new conditions, its roots cut short, planted in clay soil and abundantly watered .- New

A "Burning Glass" Made of Ice. A few years ago an English professor caused quite a little excitement among a party of skaters on Serpentine river by making a lens of ice and lighting his pipe with it. This reminds the writer that this curious experiment was first brought be fore the public by the great Dr. Scoresby, who, when in the polar regions, to the great astonishment of his companions-who did not understand why the ice did not freeze the solar rays-performed a similar feat. It may also be worthy of remark that Professor Tyndall, when a teacher in the Royal institute, on several occasions set fire to 9.30 A.M little heaps of powder with rays from an electric arc concentrated by a lens of ice.

His explanation was this: Although ice

11. A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge and Hanover.

23. P. M.—Accommodation for Alesia.

10. 3. P. M.—Accommodation for Bmory absorbs rays of certain waves of light and is gradually melted thereby, there are other kinds of waves which it does not absorb, and it is these that produce heat at the focus of the bar of light which passes through the ice. In short, it is wholly a question of the relative motions of the

The Rage For Spanish Books. At the bookstores they tell us that the lemand for Spanish grammars and conversation books during the last three months has been enormous. It seems as if our people had suddenly taken the notion to master the language which our discoverer

spoke. So perhaps there was more truth than poetry in what Senor Don Obarto Chatfield-Taylor told the infanta last Tuesday, to wit: "The Spanish language is spoken everywhere!" Of course we all know that Mayor Harison speaks Spanish as well as he does French, Italian, Russian, Swedish, Polish, German, Arabic, Greek, Choctaw, etc. His English is considerably involved at times and faulty in other respects, but we have never felt qualified to criticise those other "tongues of men and of angels" wherewith he professes so thorough an acquaintance, or is, to use his very words, "so handy." We take it for granted that Mr. Higinbotham is a fluent linguist. At any rate we'll trust any man to get along without serious difficulty who has dealt so persuasively with concessionnaires. As for Fred W. Peck, he's all right, and so is Lyman J. Gage. If you fancy that Mr. Gage doesn't understand French, just step into his bank and try to borrow 20,000 francs for 39 days without good security. Still we're not saying that these gentle-

men are those who have been creating a "corner" in Spanish grammars and conversation books. We gather from what the elerks in the book stores tells us that the demand for those textbooks has come very argely from that class known as society cople-the folk, in fine, who take a curious nide in the companionship of titled persons coming from over sea. Standard litrature is temporarily neglected, and for he nonce the great literary center of the North American continent is metamorphosed into a babel, or, if you please, a gigantic bird store.-Chicago News-Record.

Boys Struggle With a Fish. An exciting combat between a 9-year-old had and a 32-pound German carp took place on James Moore's farm, near Bristol, yesterday. The Neshaminy creek in rainy seasons fills the ditches of adjacent farms with water from 18 inches to 2 feet deep. Yesterday David Cherry, the youngest son of John Cherry of this place, and two small companions went fishing up the creek. In one of the open ditches on the Moore farm the lads espied three huge carps flopping about, the water being too shallow for them to swim without greatly disturbing the surface. David, pluckier than his playmates, jumped into the ditch and seized the largest of the monster fish. The carp, nearly as big as the boy, had the advantage, being in its native clement. Young Cherry had tight hold of it, but the carp plunged through the water and mud, dragging the lad behind. The boys on shore thought their companion ould surely be drowned, for often his whole body was under water. At last the fish grew so weary in his mighty efforts to escape his captor that he could be thrown out upon

the bank. Then all three boys jumped upon

the carp and held him to the ground until

he had gasped out his life. They lugged

their trophy home and put it on the scales.

The fish weighed 32 pounds.-Philadelphia

Reduced Salaries Very Probable. At the time of the strike of the engineers merchant who came out of a big church on the elevated railroad in New York I had vesterday, "my folks have a sublime faith | a part in bringing the representatives of the engineers and the late Cyrus W. Field, in the efficiency of prayer.

"One night my little girl, who is about a director in the elevated company, to a dozen years old, reminded me that she recting that resulted in a quick underneeded a pair of new shoes to make com- standing between the conflicting interests plete her Sunday costume. I was interest- and an ending of the strike. Mr. Field was ering remarks about the duty of children | tee representing the engineers with whom to wear brogans at \$1 a pair and gave her a he had to deal that he invited them at once dollar. She went away without a word, a to dine with him at Delmonico's, an invitafact that surprised me, because I thought | tion which their representatives declined she would protest. But finally she came for them, fearing that its acceptance might

be misunderstood. Mr. Field, however, con mued to feel that he wished to extend some social courtesy to "The proposition nearly knocked me off the employees of the elevated road, and at my chair. I looked across the room at her | a later date, when he was all powerful in mother, a devout woman, from whom I that corporation, he issued a formal invitagoes the invited compared notes and sought "'Oh, I found out,' was her evasive an- an explanation of them. At last one bright young man announced that he had discov-"Well, you know me. I don't take any ered what they meant, and he explained to lar and laid it on my knee. The child was | duced salaries very probable."-William O.

Latin In Catholic and Protestant Colleges. We believe that the students from Columbia and other non-Catholic colleges would be at great disadvantage in a Latin debate with competitors from any of our Catholic higher institutions of learning. The reason is that the methods of acquiring a knowledge of the Latin language in Catholic and non-Catholic colleges are radically different. The system in vogue in the former is to indoctrinate the pupil in the peculiar idiom and genius of the language. This is done by familiarizing his mind with the comparative force and elcall her husband "Rutherford, dear," even | egance of the several forms of expressing the same idea. In our Catholic colleges the Mrs. Harrison had the same shrinking from | habit of speaking and writing Latin is tos tered at an early stage of the pupil's studies. and after being made acquainted with the styles and peculiarities of Latin authors he is employed rather in translating English into Latin than in rendering those author into the vernacular.

The result is obvious. The one class of students know whatever they know of Latin at sight only. The other have mastered it in its every twist and fiber. The first may be able to translate the Latin authors pretty freely into English, but were they required, as a condition to getting a good dinner, to give their orders in that tongue, we fear they should have a long fast. Whereas the second, accustomed to Latin as the language of the classroom, in which all questions are asked, answers given and disputes carried on, can talk upon any given topic with all the colloquial fluency Garrett," and she did it in such a sweet of Erasmus.-Catholic Union and Times.

WESTERN MARYLAND RAILROAD. TAKING EFFECT SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1893. Leave Hillen Station as follows:

DAILY. 1.39 A. M .- Fast Mail for Norfolk and West-4.39 A.M.—Fast Mail for Norfolk and West-ern R. R. and Southern and Southwestern points: also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Bruceville, Rocky Ridge, Emmitsburg, Mechanlestown, Bluc Ridge, Buena Vista Spring, Pen Mar, Bluc Mountain, Edgemont, Ragerstown, and ex-cept Sunday, williamsport, Clear Spring and Cherry Run, W. Va., Chambersburg, Waynes-boro', points on B and C. V. R. R., Maytins-barg and Wiachester, Va. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

and Gettysburg, Pa., and all points on B. and H. Division and Main Line east of Emory Grove; also, Carlisle and Harrisburg, Gettys-H. Division and Main Line cast of Emory Grove; also, Carlisle and Harrisourg, Gettysburg R. R.

8,00 A. M.—Mail for Cherry Run, W. Va., Clear Spring, Wibiamsport, Hagerstown, Shippensburg and pointron Main Line & B. & C. V. R. R.; also Frederick and Emmittsburg, and points on N. & W. R. R. to Basic.

19,00 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, Gettysburg and ail points on B. & H., also Mt. Holly Springs, Carlisle and points on G. & H. R. R.

2,25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove 3,29 P. M.—Blue Mountain Express for Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Bruceville, Frederick, Mechanicstown, Bine Ridge, Bracaville, Frederick, Mechanicstown, Bine Ridge, Williamsport, Clear Spring and Cherry Run, (Parlor Car.)

3,32 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Howardville, Mt. Wilson, Owing's Mills, Glyndon and all points on it. & H. Division.

4.00 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Sudbrook Park, Pikesville, Green Spring, Junetion, Owings' Mills, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Patapseo, Carroliton, Tannery, Westminster, Avondale, Medford, New Windsor and Main Line Stations West, also Emmitsburg B. and C. V. R. R., Norfolk and Western R. R. and points South.

5.15 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, R. P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove, Il. 35 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove, Il. 35 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge

SUNDAYS. -Accommodation for Union Bridge

TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN STATION,

Daily—7.18 p. m — Daily (except Sunday) 6.50
7.40, 8.37, 9.31, 10.40 and 11.47, A. M.,
and 2.40, 5.10, 6.10, 6.58 and 10.57 p. m³
Sundays only.—9.10 and 10.20 A. M., 6.15 and
9.05 p. M.
Ticket and Baggage Office, 205 East Baltimore St. molecules of frozen water and those of the waves of the more penetrating rays of light.

—Philadelphia Press,

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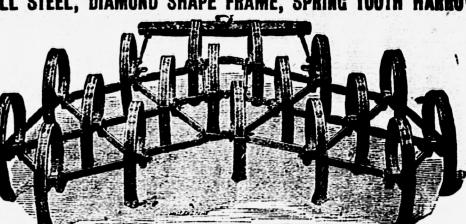
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