## CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

DR. TALMAGE ON A TOUR IN THE WEST AND PREACHING AS HE GOES. The Pathetic Story of Jephthah and His

Daughter Contains Many Lessons of Warning to the Rash and Some Suggestions to Parents-Training In Childhood. BROOKLYN, July 30.-Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now on his vacation tour in the west, has chosen for a topic for this morning, "Children's Rights," the text being Judges xi, 29, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out

of thy mouth." of thy mouth."

Jephthah was a freebooter. Early turned out from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was considered right for a man to go out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and a predatory life he became reckless and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never reverses his natural

temperament. The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking him to become commander in chief of all the forces. He might have said, "You drove me out when you had no use for me, and now you are in trouble you want me back." But he did not say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammon-ites to tell them to vacate the country, and getting no favorable response marshals his troops for battle.

A RASH MAN'S YOW. Before going out to the war Jephthah makes a very solemn vow that if the Lord will give him the victory then on his return home whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt offering. The battle opens. It was no skirmishing on the edges of danger, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurling of men on the point of swords and spears until the ground could no more drink the blood, and the horses reared to leap over the pile of bodies of the slain. In those old times opposing forces would right until their swords were broken, and then each one would throttle his man until both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death stare to death stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corpses from which the last trace of manhood had been dashed

Jephthan wins the day. Twenty cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead! Let the trumpeters call up the survivors! Home and to your wives and children! Homeward with your glittering treasures Homeward to have the applause of an admiring nation! Build triumphal arches! Swing out flags all over Mizpeh! Open all your doors to receive the captured treasures! Through every hall spread the ban-quet! Pile up the viands! Fill high the tankards! The nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed, and the national honor is vindicated!

Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror Jephthah, seated on a prancing steed, advances amid acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home, that should be sacrificed as a burnt offering, he has his anxious look lamb, what brace of doves will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt offering. Oh. horrors! Paleness of death blanches Lis cheek. Despair seizes his heart.

His daughter, his only child, rushes out the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast er dents on his shield. All the triumphal splender vanishes. Holding back this child from his heaving breast and pushing the locks back from the fair brow and look ing into the eyes of inextinguishable affect tion, with choked utterance, he says: "Would God I lay stark on the bloody plain! My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, thou art the sae

A BRAVE GIRL'S FATE. The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollow hearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip as a ros leaf trembles in the sough of the south wind. There may have been the starting of a tear like a raindrop shook from the anther of a water lily, but with a self sacrifice that man may not reach and only woman's heart can compass she surrenders herself to fire and to death. She cries out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me whatsoever hath proceeded from thy mouth."

She bows to the knife, and the blood, which so often at the father's voice had rashed to the crimson cheek, smokes in the fires of the burnt offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpeh twisted for Jephthah the warrior had gone into the dust, but all ages are twisting this girl's chaplet. It is well that her name came not to us, for no one can wear it. They may take the name of Deborah or Abigail or Miriam, but no one in all the agescan have the title of this daugh-

Of course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord, but before you hurl your denunciations at Jephthah's cruelty remember that in olden times when vows were made men thought that they must execute them, perform them, whether they were wicked or good. There were two wrong things about Jephthah's vow. First, he ought never to have made it. Next, having made it, it were better broken than kept. But do not take on pretentious airs and say, "I could not have done as Jephthah did." If today you were standing on the banks of the Ganges, and you had been born in India, you might have been throwing your children to the crocodiles. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because we

have more gospel light. Now, I make very practical use of this question when I tell you that the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was a type of the physical, mental and spiritual sacrifice of 10,000 children in this day. There are parents all unwittingly bringing to bear upon their children a class of influences which will as certainly ruin them as knife and torch destroyed Jephthah's daughter. While I speak, the whole nation, without emotion and without shame, looks upon the stupendous sacrifice.

SACRIFICED IN SCHOOL.

In the first, place I remark that much of the system of education in our day is a system of sacrifice. When children spend six or seven hours a day in school and then must spend two or three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necessary for the duties of coming life? No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common school aducation. The printing of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philo-sophical apparatus, the establishment of

normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of largest caliber, are themes on which every philanthropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great groan of the sacrificed. In this important multitudes of children in ill ventilated schoolrooms and poorly equipped halls of instruction is making many of the places of knowledge in this country huge holo-

Politics in many of the cities gets into educational affairs, and while the two political parties are scrabbling for the honors Jephthah's daughter perishes. It is se much so that there are many schools in the country today which are preparing tens of thousands of invalid men and women for the future, so that in many places by the time the child's education is finished the child is finished! In many places in many child is finished! In many places in many cities of the country there are large appropriations for everything else, and cheerful appropriations, but as soon as the appropriations, I prayed that they might be an appropriations, but as soon as the appropriation is to be made for the educational or the moral interest of the city we are struck through with an economy that is that they might be fed with manna from

well nigh the death of us.

common schools and many of the academies. Children of delicate brain compelled to tasks that might appall a mature intellect; children going down to school with a strap of books half as high as themselves. The fact is, in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate, fo: the simple reason, they say, "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an institution."

Tens of thousands of children educated into imbeculty. So connected with many such literary establishments there ought to be asylums for the wrecked. It is push, and crowd and cram and stuff and jam until the child's intellect is bewildered, and the memory is wrecked, and the health is gone. There are children turned out from the schools who once were full of romping and laughter and had cheeks crimson with health who are now turned out in the afternoon pale faced, irritated. asthmatic, old before their time. It is one of the saddest sights on earth-an old mannish boy or an old womanish girl. LITTLE PRAINS OVERDONE.

Girls 10 years of age studying algebra Boys 12 years of age racking their brain over trigonometry! Children unacquainted with their mother tongue crying over their Latin, French and German lessons! All the vivacity of their nature beaten out of them by the heavy beetle of a Greek lexicon! And you doctor them for this, and you give them a little medicine for that, and you wonder what is the matter with them. I will tell you what is the matter with them. They are finishing their edu-

In my parish in Philadelphia a little child was se pushed at school that she was thrown into a fever, and in her dying delirium all night long she was trying to recite the multiplication table. In my boyhood I remember that in our class at school there was one lad who knew more than all the rest of us put together. If we were fast in our arithmetic, he extricated us. When we stood up for the spelling class, he was almost always the head of the class. Visitors came to his father's house, and he was almost always brought in as a predigy. At 18 years of age he was an idiot. He lived 10 years an idiot and died an idiot. net knowing his right hand from his left or day from night. The parents and the teachers made him an idiot. You may flatter your pride by forcing your children to know more than any other

children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child if by the additions to its intelligence you are making a subtraction from its future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take care of them, but when you are old or dead alas for them if through the wrong system of education which you adopted they have no swarthiness or force of character to take care of themselves. Be careful how you

make the child's head ache or its heart flutter. I hear a great deal about black mea's rights and Chinamen's rights and Indians' rights and women's rights. Would Ged that somebody would rise to plead for children's rights! The Carthaginians used to sacrifice their children by putting them into the arms of an idel which thrust forth its hand. The

child was put into the arms of the idol, and no sconer touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was the art of the mothers to keep the children smiling and EXTREMES IN FAMILY GOVERNMENT. Again, there are many parents who are

sacrificing their children with wrong systems of discipline-too great rigor or too great leniency. There are children in families who rule the household. They comto the authority. The high chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattlis the scepter, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote. Such children come up to be miscreants.

people become the botheration of the church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are these young men that swagger through the street, with their thumbs in their vest, talking about their father as "the old man," "the governor," "the squire," "the old chap," or their mother as "the old woman?" They are those who in youth, in childhood, never learned to respect authority. Eli, having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness, fell over backward and broke his neck and died. Well he might. What is life to a father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley is pleasant to his taste, and the driving rains that drip

er than the wines of Helbon. There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's gov ernment. The father will be tempted to too great rigor. The mother will be tempt ed to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her voice is a little softer; her hand seems better fit to pull out a thorn and soothe a pang. Children wanting anything from the mother cry for it. They hop: to dissolve her will with tears. But the mother must not interfere, must not coax off must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion. of parental supremacy and the subjugation

through the roof of the sepulcher are sweet

of a child's temper. There comes in the history of every child an hour when it is tested whether the parents shall rule or the child shall rule. That is the crucial hour. If the child triumphs in that hour, then he will some day make you crouch. It is a horrible scene. I have witnessed it—a mother come to old age, shivering with terror in the presence of a son who cursed her gray hairs and mocked her wrinkled face and begrudged her the crust she munched with her tooth-

less gums! How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child!

PARENTAL TYRANNY REBUKED. But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when domestic government becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight fire with fire, but you cannot success fully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect our children to be perfect. We must not see everything. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to betoo rough when we discover that our chil-Iren have as many. If tradition be true. when we were children we were not all lit le Samuels, and our parents were not fearful lest they could not raise us because of our premature goodness. You cannot scold or pound your children

into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold drizzle. Above all, avoid fretting and scolding in the household. Better than 10 years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old fashioned application of the slipper! That minister of the gospel of whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because h would not say his prayers will never com to canonization. The arithmetics canno calculate how many thousands of children have been ruined forever either through too great rigor or too great leniency. The heavens and the earth are filled with the matter, seek divine direction. O father ( mother. Some one asked the mother of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield if she was not proud to have three such eminent sons, and all of them so good. "No," she said, "it is

nothing to be proud of, but something fo which to be very grateful." Again, there are many who are sacrific ing their children to a spirit of worldliness Some one asked a mother whose childre had turned out very well what was the s cret by which she prepared them for use fulness and for the Christian life, and she said: "This was the secret: When in the morning I washed my children, I prayed rayed in the robe of a Saviour's righteous ness. When I gave them food, I prayer

heaven. When I started them on the road

In connection with this I mention what to school, I prayed that their path might

brighter to the perfect day. When I put them to sleep, I prayed that they might be infolded in the Saviour's arms." "Oh," you say, "that was very old fashioned." I was quite-old fashioned. But do you sup-pose that a child under such nurture as that ever turned out bad?

In our day most boys start out with n idea higher than the all encompassing dollar. They start in an age which boasts it can scratch the Lord's Prayer on a 10 cent piece and the Ten Commandments on a 10 cent piece. Children are taught to reduce morals and religion, time and eternity to vulgar fractions. It seems to be their clief attainment that 10 cents make a dime and 10 dimes make a dollar. How to make money is only equaled by the other art-how to keep it. Tell me, ye who know, what chance there is for those who start out in life with such perverted sentiments? L'he money market resounds again and again with the downfall of such people. If I had a drop of blood on the tip of a pen, I would tell you by what awful tragedy man; of the youth of this country are rained. RUINED BY WORLDLINESS.

Further on thousands and tens of thou sands of the daughters of America are sac rificed to worldliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialities of society. They are inducted into all the what was amusing the child so much. hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that 50 cent stories of adventurous love are delicious. With capacity that might have rivaled a Florence Nightingale in heavenly ministries or made the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor, their life is a waste, their beauty a curse, their eternity a demolition. In the siege of Charleston during the civil war a lieutenant of the army stood on the floor beside the daughter of the exgovernor of the state of South Carolina They were taking the vows of marriage A bombshell struck the roof, dropped into the group, and nine were wounded and slain; among the wounded to death, the

bride. While the bridegroom knelt on the carpet trying to stanch the wounds the Mrs. Loan said quietly and coaxingly: bride demanded that the ceremony be completed that she might take the vows be fore her departure, and when the minister said, "Wilt thou be faithful unto death? with her dying lips she said, "I will," and in two hours she had departed. That was the accidental slaughter and the sacrifice of the body, but at thousands of marriage altars there are daughters slain for time and slain for eternity. It is not a marriage: it is a massacre.

Affianced to some one who is only wait ing until his father dies so he can get the property; then a little while they swing around in the circles, bri liant circles; then the property is gone, and having no power to earn a livelihood the twain sink into some corner of society, the husband an idler and a sot, the wife a drudge, a slave and a sacrifice. Ah, spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyrdom. I lift up my voice today against the sac

rifice of children. I look out of my window on a Sabbath, and I see a group of children, unwashed, uncombed, un-Christianized. Who cares for them? Who grays for them? Who utters to them one kind word? When the city missionary passing along the park in New York saw a ragged had and heard him swearing, he said to him "My son, stop swearing! You ought to go to the house of God today. You ought to be good. You ought to be a Christian." laughing until the moment they died. The lad looked in his face and said: "Ah, There may be a fascination and a hilarity it is easy for you to talk, well clothed as about the styles of education of which I am | you are, and well fed. But we chaps hain't speaking, but it is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice. Would God there were only one Jephthah's daughter!

got no chance." Who lifts them to the altar for baptism? Who goes forth to snatch them up from crime and death and she is still confined to her bed, and the litwoe? Who today will go forth and bring them into schools and churches? No. Heap them up, great piles of rags and wretched ness and filth. Put underneath them the fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put on

with the agonizing sacrifice. AWFUL POSSIBILITIES OF BOYROOD. During the early French revolution at Bourges there was a company of boys who used to train every day as young soldiers. There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such and they carried a flag and had on the flag this inscription, "Tremble, tyrants, trem

more fagots, and while we sit in the

churches, with folded arms and indifferent.

crime and discase and death will go on

ble; we are growing up." Mightily suggestive! This generation is passing off, and a mightier generation is coming on. Will they be the foes of tyranny, the foes of sin and the foes of death, or will they be the foes of God? They are coming up! I congratulate all parents who are doing their best to keep their children away from the altar of sacrifice. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your children may wander away from God, but they will come back again. A voice comes from the throne today encouraging you, "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." And though when you lay your head in death there may be some wanderer of the family far away from God, and you may be 2 years in heaven before salvation shall come to his heart, he will be brought into the kingdom, and before the throne of God you will rejoice that you were faithful. Come at last, although so long postponed his coming. Come at last! I congratulate all those who are toiling for the outcast and the wandering. Your work will soon be over, but the influence you are setting in motion will never stop Long after you have been garnered for the skies your prayers, your teachings and your Christian influence will go on and

help to people heaven with bright inhab Which would you rather see-which scene would you rather mingle in in the last great day-being able to say: "I added house to house and land to land and manu I wanted I got," or on that day to have Christ look you full in the face and say "I was hungry and ye fed me. I was naked and ye clothed me. I was sick and in prison and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of my brethren, ye did it to me?"

Electricity Made Perfectly Plain. An old man from somewhere beyond the suburbs stood on a Forty-seventh street corner watching a trolley car moving swift ly eastward with a heavy load of passenger. "That's one of these 'lectric cars, ain't it? he said, turning to a bored looking mar who was leaning against a telegraph pole.

"I don't see how 'lectricity can make a car full o' people flip along over the ground like that. "You don't?" exclaimed the other, be coming interested. "Why, it's easy enough to see through when you once understand

"I 'xpect so, but I've never heard enough about it to understand it." "It is all a matter of watts. A watt den't you see, is a fraction of a horsepower. expressed in the technical language of electrical engineering. You know what an ampere is, don't you?"

"An ampere. It is a quantity of electric ity that goes through the wire and develops the watt. The electricity comes from the central dynamo through that wire you see running along overhead, runs down through that iron pole and goes to the motor, which is an ingenious but perfectly simple ar rangement of wire coils with a revolving frame, acted upon by the current which sets it to spinning, and thus puts in motion a small cogwheel that engages another cogwheel that communicates the rotary move ment to a third cogwheel fastened to the axle of the car. It's as plain as day when

you get the idea." "Yes, but how" "Don't you understand it yet? There's a sort of wire brush that presses against a copper plate connected with the motor, and the wire is wound on the frame I was telling you about, so that when the current enters the motor it can go either way, and part of it goes one way and part the other. so that the pressure is applied in opposite directions, and that's what makes the jigger revolve and sets the wheels in motion

The current goes back through an underground wire. See through it now?"
"Y-yes. I think I kind o' get the idee." The affable stranger strolled down the street, and the old man took another look at the overhead wire, gazed carnestly in the direction in which the car had gone, took off his hat and wiped his forchead. "What I'd like to know," he muttered, "is how in thunder the electricity makes the car go!"-Philadelphia Inquirer.

LIVE CARPET RAGS.

A Mother's Suspense as She Saw Her Child Playing With a Copperhead. For some reason it has always been the general belief among the people who live in the mountains in York, Lancaster and other counties where copperhead snakes abound that this venomous snake will not bite children, and there are numerous wonderful stories told, especially in the Wish mountains, about the copperhead's leniency toward children. Outside of the mountaineers these stories have never received credence, but a well known family living on the York county side of the Susquehanna are ready to accept them hereafter. The family consists of Jacob Loan, his wife, and two children, the youngest a little girl 3 years old. Copperheads are always un-comfortably plentiful in that locality, but this season they have been more numerous than usual. The haying and harvest hands killed from three to ten a day during a week on the Loan farm. One day last week the little 3-year-old was playing in the front yard, and her mother noticed her sitting in the grass

When the little girl saw her mother coming, she called out to her: "Come, mamma, and see the live carpet At the same time she held up to her mother a snake, which she grasped in the middle of the body, and which twisted and squirmed in the air. Mrs. Loan saw at once that it was a copperhead. Although she was almost swooning with terror, the child's mother acted with rare presence of mind. It occurred to her that if she showed her alarm by crying out to the child the latter would undoubtedly become frightened, and the change that would naturally follow in her handling or sudden dropping of the snake might anger the copperhead

near the front gate. Every now and then

she would be heard laughing gleefully,

and Mrs. Loan finally walked out to see

"Fetch it to mamma, dear. Don't hurt it." "But there's two of 'em, mamma," re-plied the little girl. "I'll fetch 'em both." She reached down and picked up another copperhead that lay in the grass and which Mrs. Loan had not seen and came toddling along the path toward her mother with them. She retained her calmness, and when the child was within a couple of yards of her spoke to her and said: "Put them on the ground, darling, and let mamma see them walk." This seemed to please the child, and she placed the copperheads in the path. The two snakes caught sight of Mrs. Loan, and

instantly their manner changed. The copper spot on the top of their heads began to deepen in color, as it does when this snake is enraged, and they both made toward the child's mother, showing great rage. The little girl clapped her hands and started to catch the snakes again. Her mother rushed aut of the path and around the snakes, and snatching the child up in her arms flew to the house and into it, closed the door behind her and fell to the floor in a dead faint. The other child, a boy 8 years old, was in another room making a kite. He heard the noise of his mother's fail and his little sister crying and ran into the room. His father was at work near the house, and the boy quickly summoned him. It was some time before the farmer succeeded in restoring his wife to consciousness and learned the cause of her swooning. Farmer Loan went into the yard, and the copperheads were still there and still in

tle girl mourned for her deadly playthings

for two or three days.-Cor. New York Sun.

The Malays at the Fair. The fastidious creature from New York who was sheeked by Chicago people sitting on their sches would have a stroke of heart d. se if he happened in on a Javanese dinner at the fair. The lilliputions from the east think dining rooms a great extravagance, and they find their verandas good enough for them. They are shaded by a thatched roof above, and the matted floor makes an elastic seat when they squat cross legged. Their shoes, taken off for comfort, sit around among the dishes, but a little thing like that doesn't rufile a Javanese appetite. Several diners gather around a single tin basin of rice and curry standing on the floor between them and dip up that delicacy with rude tin spoons contributed by orphaned tomato cans, and when they get tired balancing the food on the slippery piece of tin they go for that dish with a lit-tle black hand and five fingers. a neat and simple contrivance. Since com-

The Javanese drink coffee brought from home, and their cups are joints of bamboo, ing to Chicago these pygmies contracted the reprehensible habit of eating bread. A loaf is broken into pieces which are dumped into a basin, and each person grabs a hunk, which may be nearly as large as his head and of course has no butter. The floor is the table, the tin and the bamboo dishes are scattered about promiscuously, every one reaches for what he wants, there is no ceremony, and the "brownies" keep up a merry chatter. These people say they are Malays. -Chicago Inter Ocean..

Difference of Size In Flies. To convince householders that the small flies on their windowpanes never grow to be large ones-in fact, never grow at allis a task of no little difficulty sometimes. The difference of size in flies is always the distinction of sexes or species, but never of age. With the exception of the gradual unfolding of its crumpled wings no change comes over the aspect of a fly from the mo-ment of its birth from the chrysalis to factory to manufactory. I owned half the city. Whatever my eye saw I had, whatever that of its death. A big fly is no more a little fly grown up than a horse is an old pony, or a goose a fully developed duck. All the growth of a fly is accomplished in the maggot state, then a short period of somnolence as a smooth brown chrysalis intervenes, from which finally the young

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

fly springs, like Minerva from the head of

Jove, full sized as well as full armed.-Ex-

DAILY.
4.39 A.M.—Fast Mail for Norfolk and Western R. R. and Southern and Southwestern points; also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Bruceville, Rocky Ridge, Emmitsburg, Mechantestown, Blue Mountain, Edgemont, Hagerstown, and except Sunday, Williamsport, Clear Spring and Cherry Run, W. Va., Chambersburg, Waynesboro', points on B. and C. V. R. R., Martinsburg and Winchester, Va. DAILY. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

7.00 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 Harrisburg, Gettysburg R. R.
8.00 A. M.—Mail for Cherry Run, W. Va., Clear Spring, Williamsport, Hagerstown, Shippensburg and points on 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 all points on B. & H., also Mt. Holly Springs, Carlisle and points on G. & H. R. R. Mt. Holly Springs, Carlisle and points on G. & H. R. R.

2.25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove 3.20 P. M.—Blue Mountain Express for Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Bruceville, Frederick, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Buena Vista Spring, Blue Mountain, Hagerstown, Martinsburg and Winchester; also 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 R. & H. Division.

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

5 15 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge.

6.17 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge.

846 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

BUNDAYS.

SUNDAYS. 0.30 A. M.-Accommodation for Union Bridge and Hanover.

2.30 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge.
4.00 P. M.—Accommodation for Alexia.

10.30 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN STATION. Daily—7.18 g. M — Daily (evcept Sunday) 6.59 7.10, 8.37, 9.31, 10.40 and 11.47, A. M., and 2.40, 5.10, 6.10, 6.58 and 10.57 p. M Sundays only.—9.10 and 10.20 A. M., 6.15 and 9.05 p. M. Ticket and Baggage Office, 205 Rast Balti-more St. more St.
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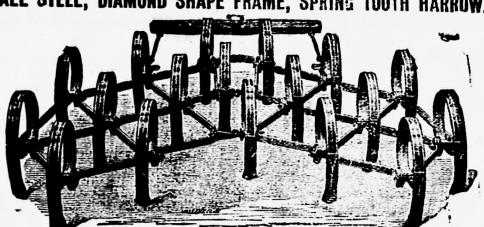
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