OLD TIMES RECALLED

DR. TALMAGE DELIVERS A DISCOURSE ON REMINISCENCE.

It Is Appropriate Sometimes to Contemplate the l'anorama of Our Lives In a Spirit of Gratitude to God For His Bless-

BROOKLYN, Aug. 6.-Rev. Dr. Talmage has chosen as the topic for today a panorama of reminiscences appropriate to the sea-ton, the text selected being Psalm xxxix,3, While I was musing the fire burned." Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple, the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would te well for us to take the same posture often, closing the door against the world, while we sit down in sweet solitude to con-

In a small island off the coast I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autunnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate. I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was 10 years of age, and I was 8, and I was 5. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the bay, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were a-hum with voices that had long ago geased.

ANTICIPATIONS OF YOUTH. Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all of its time in looking backward. People in midlife and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of the people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties.

It is a useful thing sometimes to look

back and to see the dangers we have cscaped, and to see the sorrows we have sufearthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our en- and the last trouble. joyments. I mean today, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged to pray. There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of 'stucco until our American and European artists went there and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past with many of you is covered up with ten thousand obliterations, and I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering that the old picture may shine out again. I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

· HOME INFLUENCES. Among the greatest advantages of your past life was an early home and its surthe most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin when we hear his mother was abandoned, and that she made sport of his infirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in

Perhaps your early home was in the city. It may have been in the days when Canal street, New York, was far up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that plain house, in that small house, than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back this morning, you see it as though it were yesterday-the sitting room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamplight, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters-perhaps long ago gathered into the skies-then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table; your father, with a firm voice, commanding silence that lasted half

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by troubles, nor had sickness broken in, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now today in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you could not wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters | tick of the watch on the stand disturbs you. of the barn and take just one egg and silence your conscience by saying they will the figures in the carpet or the flowers in not miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the hall of the farmhouse, through which there was the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buck-

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul sernuch charm and memory as the old iyy and the yollow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk and the forgetmenots playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburned from the fields and sit down on the doorsill and wipe the sweat from his brow may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother who used to sit nt the door a little bent over, cap and spec-tacles on her face, mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will. ARE YOU GRATEFUL?

Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father. Thank God for a Christian mother. Thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel. Thank God for an early Christian home. I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could

be any happier. De day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker. But out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them. A gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and them, a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, which is sudden annoyance and without deliberation them. A gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and flash is a gainst the solled dishes, which the well-golden annoyance and tell mother. The plant cost \$50.600. The dishes are washed in huge revolving horizontal cylinders. Inside these cylinders on the outer edges of the wire cages the caps and saucers are placed. Outer revolving attachments carry warm water up and dash it against the solled dishes, which the plant cost \$50.600. The dishes are washed in huge revolving horizontal cylinders. Inside these cylinders on the outer edges of the caps and saucers are placed. Outer revolving attachments carry warm water up and dash it against the solled dishes, which are afterward dried by heat.—St. Louis Rethem. A gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it, eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a coronet, and darkness watching the starting out of a coronet, and darkness watching the starting out of a coronet, and darkness watching the starting out of a coronet, and darkness watching the starting out of a coronet, and dash it against the solled dishes, which are afterward dish it against the solled dishes, which are afterward dish it against the solled dishes, which are afterward dish it against the solled dishes, which are afterward dish it against the solled dishes, which are afterward dish it against the solled dishes, which are afterward dish it against the solled dishes, which are afterward dishes are afterward dishes are afterward dishes are afterward dishes are afterward dishes.

yewly created being. You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced and wept and wondered and prayed and rejoiced and wept and wondered; you were carnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness; there was a double interest about that home; there was an additional interest why you should stay there and be child's laughter you were struck through fore you was an open grave.

with the fact that you had a stupendous People looked down, and they saw it wa, the collector."—New York Times.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your iome as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you today in your solemn reminescence and let his mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent, on the wrin-kles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have merey on the mother who in addition to her other pangs has the pang of a child's faiguity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart. Are there any here who remember that in that home they were unfaithful? Are there those who wandered off from that early home and left the mother to die with a broken heart? Oh, I stir that reminiscence today.

REPENTANCE.

I and another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you could not sleep at night. There was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house, or through your office, or your shop, or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said: "I am not ready for it. O God, have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. You remember how your hand trembled as you took the cup of the holy communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle. in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal," and though those hands have all withered away that communion Sabbath is resurrected today; it is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you. This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start today as you started then. I rouse your

soul by that reminiscence. But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them all in one great sheaf, and I bind them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as reapers sing.

Praise the Lord, ye blood bought mortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago-you are a mere wreck of what you You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. fered, and the trials and wanderings of our | Then I will just take two, the first trouble As when you are walking along the

> keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical timebeat. The air was full of joy and hilarity. With the bright, clear oar you made the boat skip. You went on, and life grew brighter, until, after awhile, suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" and you halted. You grew pale. You confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be any-thing serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did and the opening of a glorious eternity. not hear the tread, but after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched the child from

the destroyer. You went to your room, and you said: "God, save my child! God, save my child!" You said, "I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it." You felt as if you could not put the lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaned into the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kent that one treasure! LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

But one day there arose from the heavens a chill blast that swept over the bedroom, and instantly all the light went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you were about to put that cap to your lips God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts his eft arm under your head, and with his right hand he pours into your lips the wine of his comfort and his consolation, and you looked into the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy

Ah, it is your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been purer and holier of heart ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said: "Good night, papa; good night, mamma. Meet me in

But I must come down to your later sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was slek-ness. The child's trend on the stair or the Through the long weary days you counted the wall paper. Oh, the weariness and ex-baustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, were your frequent cry. But you are better, perhaps even well. Have you thanked Godethat today you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in this place to hear God's name and to sing God's praise and to implore God's help and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases and redeemeth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupaion, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hand to seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the wavés. By an unadvised indorsement, er by a conjunction of unforeseen events, cr oy fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities now you have hard work to make the two ends

Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made invest- when he does not understand what he sees bank of this world has exploded and the cheerfully stop reading or writing to help silver and gold are molten in fires of a burnand discouragements, forgot that there was | dren as so much capital wasted.—Philadelbread on your table this morning, and that | phia Times. here shall be a shelter fór your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs, and blood for your heart, and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and trium-

phant religion for your soul?

BEREAVERS. Perhaps your last trouble was a bereageheart as earnest and loving-watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old peodepot of supplies in the way of old furniple do talk it over by themselves-is taken | ture," says a woman not long returned away forever.

Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, there and got more treasures than I could leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill bring away. This time, after a six weeks' winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for dining table of the same wood. It is like faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the closed was filled with t

only a few feet deep and a few feet wide but to you it was a chasm down which went all your hopes and all your expectations. But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not go ing to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, he is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe and give it a palm branch and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed ates. Blessed the weeping eye from which

the importunate cry that Jesus compassionthe soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear. Some years ago I was sailing down the St. John river, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said, "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia."

"What," said I, "do you mean by interval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year. Spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the wafer leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought, "It is not the heights of the church and it is not the heights of this world that are the scenes of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow.have gone, the soul over which the freshets of You remember the old people who at the gone, the soul over which the freshets of close of the service took your hand in theirs | tribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is interval land.

THE FINAL REMINISCENCE. But these reminiscences reach only to this morning. There is one more point of tremendous reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, 29 years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium as he exclaimed, "Head of the army!" Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of S. Helena, was, "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then the historian says she fell into a sound sleep for an hour and woke amid the songs of angels. once were. I must gather up the sorrows | I place the dying reminiscence of Augus-of your past life, but how shall I do it? tus Cesar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Casar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said, street and there has been music in the distance you unconsciously find yourselves dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was: "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of rightcousness which the Lord, the rightcous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing."

Augustus Cresar died amid pomp and

An Interesting Work. An interesting piece of structural iron engineering is now in progress in Brooklyn, where the grades of one of the elevated roads are being improved by lowering the truck in several phases cometimes as much, the same time. Why will not Great Britas 5 feet 8 inches. The superstructure is supported by large timbers, which are bolted to the side columns, and is then wedged up until the whole weight of the girders rests on them. Iron bars are bolted to the girders to prevent lateral motion, and the columns are then shortened the required amount. Hydraulic jacks enpable of supporting 6) tons are used to support the structure while the wedges are loosened and the supporting blocks withdrawn, and the track is slowly lowered into its place. Both tracks are depressed at the same time, and the work is so well managed that there have been no delays up to the present time in the running of trains.-Exchange.

Eggs Bigger Than Those of the Ostrich. In the museum of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, the British museum, London, the National museum at Vienna and into your hands. It was the cup of God's in several smaller institutions for the ad- in New York Recorder. vancement of science there may be seen specimens of birds' eggs which are almost as large as a two gallon jug. The lineal measurements of these giant eggs, which were laid by the epinornis, an extinct and gigantic feathered monster which formerly inhabited Madagascar, make an ostrich feel ashamed of herself. The cubic bulk of these eggs is eight times that of the egg of "the silly bird of the Sahara," which makes each of them equal in point of capacity to

150 hens' eggs. The first discovery of these interesting relics of past times was made by the captain of a merchant vessel, which had stopped at a port on the northeastern coast of Madagascar to trade with the natives. During the stay at the point mentioned the curious vessels used by the natives for water vases attracted the captain's attention. Upon investigation it was found that these odd utensils were in reality gigantic eggs ent in halves. Upon questioning them in regard to the bird that hid the eggs and the place where they were procured the captain was given to understand that the bird itself was unknown, but that the eggs were found in a sand bank some distance away in the up

An offer to purchase all that could be procured soon resulted in the discovery of several fine specimens, all of which fell into the hands of Isidore G. St. Hilaire, the French naturalist. These were distributed ground among the museums mentioned .-Philadelphia Press.

Answer the Children's Questions. There are many parents who think all sympathy or interest wasted when given to their children. The little ones are told so often not to ask so many questions and to keep still that they are repressed just at the age when they should be learning the most and by a natural method. A chitd will remember the things he sees and asks about a great deal better than something he reads that is full of words which he cannot pronounce.

Many teachers do not take the trouble to make full explanations. They are like these same parants. So the child is repressed both at home and at school. It is casier not to do some things just at this particular time than to do them. A child treated this way at home and at school will learn on the street and in other ways, and the information thus obtained is seldom desirable. If a child is encouraged in right lines by his parents, he knows where to go ments which will continue after the last or hears or reads. The mother who can ng world? Have you, amid all your loses investment which she makes for her chil-

Dishwashing at the Fair. Every housewife who goes to the fair will want to see the dishwashing department in the Machinery hall. The dishwashing machines are operated by girls and are used in cleaning the tableware of the many restaurants on the grounds. The plant cost \$50,-

Antique l'urniture Exhausted. "New Orleans is almost exhausted as a from a foraging expedition in the Louisian ian city. "I'en years ago I went down toire, or old fashioned writing desk, a margone over that little now is left to reward CONVENTION FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

An Experience of Forty Years Ago Recalled by the Home Rule Bill It is 40 years or more since I feelved a visit in Worcester, Mass., from a young Englishman who has since risen to high distinction. He was glad to hear me talk on American politics, and I enlightened him as

I could. Among other things I told him he must stay in Albany long enough to see the convention which was remaking the constitution of the state of New York. And I said he would be interested in seeing in session at the same time the legislature of New York, carrying on its business under the old constitution at the same time when the convention was making another. I said that if the French had understood our system and had a separate convention to make the constitution, with a separate parlia-ment to govern France, they would have done better, for this was not long after their revolution of 1848.

My friend looked at me with surprise and said that what 1 proposed was impossible. He said that one of the two bodies must be superior in authority to the other. The other then would either refuse to act or would act merely to register the decree of a

higher power.
So I began all over again, as you do with such people, and explained again that the business of making a constitution is one thing, the business of governing a state or nation is another. You might as well say that while you were sailing a ship the sea-men should occupy their leisure in making a steam engine for her as to say that a legislative body fit for one business should turn to making a constitution, which is quite another business.

In fact, there is a sort of risk in letting the

legislature make a constitution, for if it has that power another legislature can unmake it, and then nothing is really constituted. My friend listened to me with the courtesy of an English gentlemen, and then with the solidity, or stolidity, which they sometimes show he said: "What you propose is impossible. One body must have control over the other." And so I bade him goodby—on one of the hottest days of this century. And he took the train to Albany to see the next days of I was a I suppose the next days of I was a I suppose the next days of I was a I suppose the next days of I was a I was not see the next days of I was a I was not see the next days of I was not day, as I suppose, the constitutional con-vention and the legislature of New York sitting and working in the same city at the same time-to see his impossibility made I have never seen him again, except in

his seat in the house of commons, I being in mine in the gallery. I do not know if he is in the house of com mons now, or indeed if he is living. If he is, I wonderif he ever "harks back" to that day in Albany, for the house of commons is working at that same well nigh impossible undertaking, which has brought France such mis-ery so often, and which America never attempts—that is, the house of commons is trying to be a constitutional convention. The regular legislation of Great Britain is neglected because the house is revising the constitution. And the revision of the constitution limps and is hindered because the house is trying to carry on legislation at the same time.

Now, constitution making is one thing. and legislation is another. great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying In this matter of home rule Great Britain reminiscence looking up through the roof is fond of studying American experience and Hungarian-Austrian experience and other federal experiments. Why will they not try our habit of calling a "constitution-al convention," which shall have nothing to decide but the change in the constitution? In three months' time, according to Mr. Gladstone, our federal convention struck off a constitution involving more ain do a like thing in three other months? The house of lords will refuse to pass the present home rule bill. The way is then open for an act of parliament which shall call a constitutional convention to act on that subject and on no other. This conven tion can meet in the recess of parliament Its work will not in any way interfere with that of parliament. Men will be willing to sit in it who would not or could not be chosen to parliament. Jurists will sit there, close students of politics, and men of af-fairs quite outside of political lines would sit in it. Party lines would govern the choice of delegates in part, but not exclusively. Noblemen and commoners would sit in the same house.

And it is quite within the possibilities that such a constitutional convention would make a plan for home rule which would satisfy England and Scotland and Wales and Ireland.—Edward Everett Hale

A Great Song Lost Forever. The author of the national anthem "America." Dr. Samuel Francis Smith says that many years ago, long after he had written his famous anthem, some lines for a song ran through his mind for several days. He tried to fix them, but could not They persistently returned to him, however, convincing him that they demanded outlet from his brain. "Finally," says the author, "I woke up at 2 o'clock one morning to find the words clearly outlined in my mind, The poem was patriotic in its character and as I saw it before me I realized that it was an anthem infinitely superior to 'America,' and if written out would supplant it.

"I arose, but being too sleepy to find a match I picked up a newspaper, and tak-ing a pencil from my pocket I wrote down the words. There were three verses, and when I fluished transcribing them I was exhausted and fell asleep in my chair. The next morning when I awoke I could not remember a line, and then it was that I was grateful that I had transferred the verses o paper. But to my amazement, when I looked at the journal, not a word was written on the margin. There were some weak traces of writing, but not a word! Then I looked at the pencil lying beside the paper. The mystery was explained. In un-screwing the pencil I had dropped the lead on the floor, where I found it. I have never been able to recall a word of the poem. But then, I suppose, it was not to be that I should write another authem."-London Illustrated News.

WESTERN MARYLAND RAILROAD: TAKING EFFECT SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1896. Leave Hillen Station as follows: DAILY.

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, Bruceville, Rocky Ridge, Emmitsburg, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Buena Vista Spring, Pen Mar, Blue Mountain, Edgemont, Hagerstown, and except Sunday, Williamsport, Clear Spring and Cherry Run, W. Va., Chambersburg, Waynesboro', points on B. and C. V. R. K., Martinsburg and Winchester, Va.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

7.00 A. M.—Accommodation for Hanover and Gettysbury, Pa., and all points on H. and H. Division and Main Line east of Emory Grove: also, Carlisle and Harrisbury, Gettysburg R. R.

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

2.25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Mf. 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,
Bruceyille, Frederick, Mechanicstown, Blue
Ridge, Buena Vista Spring, Blue Mountain,
Hagerstown, Martinsburg and Winchester;
also Williamsport, Clear Spring and Cherry
Run, (Parlor Car.)

3.22 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, M. dford,
New Windsor and Main Line Stations West,
also Emmitsbury B. and C. V. R. R., Norfolk and Western R. R. and points South.

5.15 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge.

6.17 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

11.25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

8UNDAYS. SUNDAYS. 9.30 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge

and Hanover.

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

10.30 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory 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. M Sundays only.—9.10 and 10.20 A. M., 6.15 and 9.05 P. M. Ticket and Baggage Office, 905 East Baitimore St.
All trains stop at Union Static m. Pennsylvania Avenue and Fulton Stations.
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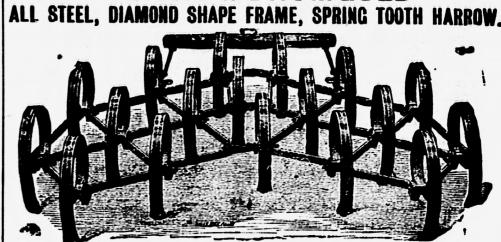
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