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LIFE IN RETROSPECT. DR. TALMAGE CALLS THE ROLL OF

STIRRING MEMORIES. Drawing Helpful Lessons From Past Experiences and Vicissitudes-Advantages of Early Home Teachings

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.] WASHINGTON, May 7 .- This sermon of Dr. Talmage calls the roll of many stiring memories and interprets the meaning of life's vicissitudes. The text is Psalms xxxix, 3, "While I was musing the fire

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple and the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate. In a small island off the coast of Nova

would have one day of entire quiet before entered upon autumnal work. I thought o have spent the day in laying out plans reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are ifted. The days of my boyhood came was 8, and I was 5. There was but one nouse on the island, and yet from Sabbath laybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the bay of housand memories, and the groves were

backward. People in midlife and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us. I think, however, to spend more of 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 escaped and to see the sorrows we have suffered and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean, 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

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 all covered up with obliterations, and I now propose, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old nicture 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 seythe.

Our Early Associations. Among the greatest advantages of your past life were an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find 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 heaven. Perhaps your early home was in a city. It may have been when Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, was residential, as now it is commercial, and Canal street, New York, was far up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed nto stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that mall house than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back, you see it as though it were yesterday-the sitting room, where the loved one sat by the plain lamp light, 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 firm voice commanding a silence that lasted

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 trouble, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

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 couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over 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 of the barn and take just one egg and silence your conscience by saying they will 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 pushing 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 rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there came the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat

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 so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow 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 field 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 at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles 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. 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 istory of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You wain 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. One 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 you to polish it. Eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of newly created creature. You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treas

ure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced

and wept and wondered. You were ear-

nest 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

why you should stay there and be faithful,

nome. There was an additional interest

and when in a few months your hous was filled with the music of the child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mis-

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you in your solemn reminiscence and let his mercy fall upon your soul, i your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity. 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! I find 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'm not ready for it. Oh, God have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delightto your heart. In the breath of the hill ful solitude, for I had resolved that I and in the waterfall's dash vou heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God. You remember or Christian work, but instead of that it how your hand trembled as you took up occame a day of tender reminiscence. I the cup of the communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of back, and I was 10 years of age, and I the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal," and, though those hands be all withered away, that communion Sabbath is resur-Fundy, from shore to shore there were ten | rected today. It is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons thum with voices that had long ago and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God Youth is apt too much to spend all its help you. This day kneel at the foot of time in looking forward. Old age is apt mercy and start again for heaven. Start too much to spend all its time in looking now 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 time in reminiscence. By the constitution life. I just put them in one great sheaf, of our nature we spend most of the time and I call them up in your memory with looking forward. And the vast majority one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven! In the Shadows. 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 once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life. But how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two-the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street and there has been music in the distance you unconciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so, when you started life, your very life was a musical time beat. 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 quick as the sunshine 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 anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread. But after while the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with our strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer! You went o your room, and you said: "God, save my child! God, save my child!" Tho world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I can't bear it; I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. If you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! 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 kept that one treasure! But one day there came up a chill blast that swept through the bedroom, and instantly all the lights went out, and there was darkness-thick, murky, impenetra ble, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the bitter cup to put it to your lips God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts his left arm under your for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'

head and with his right hand he pours into your lips the wine of his comfort and his consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You had 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 spiritually better 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 heaven. But I must come to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness The child's tread on the stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed you, Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weariness of exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, was your frequentery. But you are better, or perhaps even well. Have you thanked God that today you can come ou in the fresh air; that you are in your place to hear God's name and to sing God's praise and to implore God's help and to eth our lives from destruction.

ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases and redeem Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence-everything you put your hands on 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 waves. By an unadvised indorse ment, or by a conjunction of unforeseer events, or by 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 win your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning and that there shall be a shelter for 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 triumphant religion for your soul? Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, when ever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother." the thought flashes on you, "1 have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but with heart as loving, watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by

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Bears the

themselves, his trembling hand on that JOY FOR PHILATELISTS.

staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in gratefu Jany United States Stamps Availabl hearts-is taken away forever. Or there For the First Time. was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill 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 Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. As you were movng along your path in life, suddenly, right efere you, was an open grave. People ooked down, and they saw it was only a lew feet deep and a few feet wide, but to partment showing the payment at pound ou it was a cavern, 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 going to value from 1 cent to \$100. They were 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 palm branch and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals! Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates! Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear! The Closing of Life. Some years ago I was sailing down th

St. John river, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled, 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 water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is a richer harvest than I know of elsewhere." And I instantly thought, 'It is not the heights of the church, and it is not the heights of this world that are the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone-the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their waythat yields the greatest fruits of righteous ness and the largest harvest for time and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is interval land! There is one more point of absorbing 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, 20 years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium-"Tete d'armee"-"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 St. 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. I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar against the dying reminiscence of the apostlo Paul The dving 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, "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the apostle was, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will but to all them that love his appearing. Augustus Cæsar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wall of a dungeon. God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a

useful life and the opening of a glorious eternity. Re-enforced by an Echo. No orator ever less needed the aids of art than the great London preacher Charles H. Spurgeon, and none ever used them less, but when nature helped him not only in himself, but outside of himself, he welcomed the effect, as he had a right to do. One striking instance of a sermon re-enforced in this way is related by a clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. D. A. Doudney. Mr. Spurgeon was holding outdoor meetings in the county of Hants (opposite the Isle of Wight), and one afternoon he preached to a great throng of people in a

cautiful valley near the market town of His text was from the Fifty-first Psalm, Then will I teach transgressors thy ways," and the sermon was a gospel invitation. The air was still, and a cloudless sun was sinking as he approached the end of his discourse, while the attentive hearers caught every word.

Apparently they had not noticed, carried along as they were by the sweep of his powerful voice, that the valley was the home of echoes. Mr. Spurgeon had discovered the fact. At the close of his last appeal, raising his voice, he called to the congregation: "All things are ready 'The Spirit and the bride say come,' and nature herself accents the heavenly invitation again and again! Come! Come! Come!"

The echoes took up the word, and from side to side the breathless assembly heard the repeated call, "Come! Come! Come!" ill it sank to a whisper in the distance. The narrator describes the effect as 'like an electric shock." It was as if the preacher's eloquent peroration had waken-

ed supernal voices. The Scottish American has a story of north country servant girl who was living with an English family in the neighborhood of Oxford. One wet day she happened to step into

heap of mire and returned home with her clothes much soiled. "What have you been doing?" asked her mistress. "Oh," said she, "I stepped into a hump-

lock o' glaur." "And what's glaur?" "Just clairts," said the girl. "But what's clairts?" "It's just clabber." "But, dear me, what is clabber?" "Clabber is drookit stour." "But what is drookit stour?" insiste

he amazed lady.

patience wi' ye ava. Ye sud ken as weel s me; it's just wat dirt." Won by Strategy. "Before I give a definite answer to you proposition of marriage, Mr. Ticklowell, he Boston maiden said in calm, even tones, "I must know what your convic-

"Weel, weel," said the girl, "ave nac

tions are in reference to our duty toward the English sparrow." "Miss Howjames," replied the young man, "my position as regards that persecuted but interesting bird is identical with that of Thoreau. Rather than confess that she could not at the moment remember anything Thoread had ever written concerning the English sparrow problem the proud Boston naziden slowly yielded .- Chicago Tribuno.

He Called General Otis "Pard." Fry relates the following incident as having taken place on the Kansas firing line: "General Otis came along, and once when the boys had ceased firing for a minute he said, 'Well, boys, how are you coming?' Only a few of the hove knew him and one of them said, 'All right, pard; how's yourself?' Another of the boys that knew General Otis told him to shut up, that the man was General Otis. The gen eral overheard him and said, 'That's all right; "pard" is as good as "general" to night.' "--Kansas City Journal.

Natural Uncertainty. "Yes, Eddie was slightly wounded in the first fight. We have a letter from the regimental surgeon. "Where was he wounded?" "We are not quite certain. The surgeon mentioned the place, but we don't know whether it is an anatomical phrase or a Filipino town,"-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Paris has a new slang word, "touf," which means something too glorious for words. For instance, the reigning beauty is touf, touf!

Through the action of Third Assistan Postmaster General John A. Merritt phi latelists will now be able to secure complete sets of a series of postage stamps which heretofore collectors have been unable to obtain either canceled or uncanceled, as they are used within the government service exclusively. These stamps are the ones affixed by postmasters on the vouchers sent to the auditor for the postoflice derate on newspapers and periodicals. These stamps, 12 in number, formed a distinct and special series and ranged in never sold, even to newspaper and other publishers paying pound rates on second class mail matter. They were used only by the postmasters and by them only on the youchers sent to the auditor, as stated. In consequence it has been difficult for collectors to secure a set of them even after use. Mr. Merritt came to the conclusion that, inasmuch as vouchers showing the amount of postage paid at pound rates were returned to the auditor in addition to that given to the paper, firm or corporation paying the said postage, the affixing of stamps showing the same thing in a different form was unnecessary, and he

ets of these stamps on sale. In compliance with these requests Mr. Merritt directed the printing of 50,000 complete sets, which was done, and the plates were then destroyed. These sets he placed on sale at the uniform price of \$5 a set. Already about one-third of the sets have been sold. There is no doubt that the entire number will be sold. They will bring to the department a net profit of about \$245,000. This revives temporarily a practice abolished by the late Walter Q. Gresham when postmaster general under President Ar-

therefore ordered it discontinued. Philat-

elists from all parts of the country re-

thur. For many years before Judge Gresham occupied that office it had been the custom of the postoflice department to sell at their face value sets of all issues of postage stamps of the United States, each stamp having printed on it the word 'sample." Judge Gresham decided that this was not a proper thing for the gov-ernment to do, so he abolished the practice, notwithstanding the department de rived a net annual revenue of between \$4,000 and \$5,000 therefrom. As he had the plates destroyed the practice could not be revived by any of his successors unless they had the necessary plates re-engraved. The only plates in existence now are those of the current series.—Cincinnati En-

The Zandeh Chiefs. The Zandeh chiefs in the Sudan are a hereditary feudal aristocracy, and they rule generally with an iron hand and with much judgment and good sense. They were ignerant of all civilization and all but naked till 1858, but they know how to rule. Many are "capable of discharging high administrative duties with tact and with advantage to the government," and Dr. Junker instances Semio and his brother and Rafai as examples. They are of pure blood, and all are cousins in the fourth or nearer degrees. Their pedigrees go back to the time of James I. Semio is in the eleventh generation; some are in the thirteenth. One hundred and seventy seven are known by name and full pedigree up to that origin. There were six generations of chiefs ruling the united naquest-after which the chiefs' pedigrees

They are a ruling race of high caste, something absolutely unique in central Africa for caste, self respect, trustworthiness and ruling qualities. They are not negroes, though copper colored, and the undoubted existence of individuals with blue eyes, red hair and an extraordinarily fair complexion still awaits an explana-

tion .- Fortnightly Review. The Great Temple of Karnak. The great temple of Karnak, on the Nile, which alone is worth the journey t Egypt to see, is at last being restored as far as possible. The building of the temple goes back into mythology somewhere about 4000 B. C. It has been repeatedly devastated by Persians, Arabs and Christians in succeeding ages, who have been assisted in their destructive work by earthquakes and floods. The complete restoration of the hall of columns, the grandest of all the halls of the temple, will cost \$125,000. It will take ten years to rebuild

the whole temple. The statue of Rameses III has been dug up and replaced on its pedestal before the gateway of the temple. To the French nation belongs the honor of undertaking these restorations; to Champollion, Marietta and Maspero the credit for the discoveries and measures taken for the preservation of what remain of the glory of Karnak.

The Younger Tolstol. Count Sergius Tolstoi, the son of the Russian novelist, is in Toronto. He is thus described by a writer in The Mail and Empire: "I saw him in the office of Morang & Co., the publishers, who are to bring out his father's new novel, 'The Resurrection.' He is a medium sized man. of from 35 to 40 years old, with a strong and earnest face, a beard and mustache that are worn without vanity of a tonsorial order, and dark brown hair growing thin over the forchead. His thickset frame was arrayed in a gray suit of tweed that had more of comfort than fit about it and he smoked a cigarette with the preoccupied air of a man who has an object in life and no time to fool away in trifling ennui. He looked as much as possible like

a middle class Englishman, and the furthest possible remove from the dandy or dilettante." A man in Glasgow has recently put upon his door a name plate. There is, of course, nothing very wonderful about that, for such an event is an everyday occurrence. The man in question, however, has made the placing of the plate on his door an unusual incident, for in addition to the name the passerby can see a Bible text. which is a great deal more prominent than the name of the occupier of the house. Mr. Ross evidently wishes his door to be a silent missionary of the gospel "Jesus Saith, I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life," are the words that catch the eye of the pedestrian as he goes by, and many a man who is not walking in the straight and narrow way reads the very text which above all others shows him that he has not adopted the right path.-Christian Endeavor World.

Good Taste. In selecting a topic of conversation it should as far as possible be in keeping with the circumstances under which it is to be carried on. In a wine merchant's house one does not go out of one's way to introduce the

subject of total abstinence, nor would one allude pointedly to the iniquity of the stage to an actor, or at a Weslevan prayer meeting descant on the beauty of the Anglican ritual. It is never well to wax too eloquent on the advantages of one's own country to a foreigner. The moment at which to look away, the word which not to speak, the crisis at which not to smile, the power to recognize these supreme moments is good taste per-Sleeping Car Names.

"The builders of sleeping cars," says the Providence Journal, 'are running short of names, and there is a demand for new systems of nomenclature. Mere numbering would be too prosaic for imaginative travelers. Talker of the Day suggests that the titles of works of fiction might be used for this purpose and that the experiment would demonstrate the comparative soporific power of our novelists. It is an excellent idea, and we should like to see it tried. We have a notion that the sleeping car 'The Christian' would soon become a favorite, with 'The Sorrows of Satan' a

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18.23 A. M.—Main Line, Shippensburg, Frederick, Emmitsburg and N. and W. R. R. to \$9.30 A. M.—Accom. for Union Bridge and Han-†10.17 A. M.-Accom. for Union Bridge, York, Gettysburg. 12.25 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove. 2.23 p. m.—Accom, for Union Bridge. 2.33 p. m.—Accom, for Union Bridge. 3.32 p. m.—Express for Vork and B. & H. Div. 4.00 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove. 4.08 p. m.—Ex. Main Line Points, also Fred-

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W. R. R.

†5.16 p. M.—Accom. for Emory Grove.
†6.10 p. M.—Accom. for Union Bridge.
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