CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

other. Then Mr. Hopkins got up and took a few halting paces. "Oh, I guess she won't," he said.

"Yes, she will. She ain't one to have patience with him. And, oh, I can't stand it, no way. *Jennie's baby!*" Suddenly Mrs. Hopkins covered her face. Since the announcement of her son-in-law's marriage, a keener realization of her daughter's death had come to her than on the day of the funeral. Her husband eyed her with consternation.

"Why, don't, mother! I guess she won't do anything to Teddie but what's for his good." His words recalled her.

"Spankin' him won't do any good. I ought to 've told her."

"Yes, you ought to 've." He let himself down into his chair.

"I suppose I could write to her," she suggested, "and I guess I will. I'll tell her that he won't be drove, that he's used to havin' sugar in his bread and milk, what stories will put him to sleep best, and—some other things."

For a time they waited an answer, but as the weeks passed they gave up expecting one. Their longing for the boy increased. One afternoon, when he had been gone two months, Mrs. Hopkins started to make some calls, but she returned within half an hour. Her face had a strange look. She untied her bonnet fiercely and cast it from her little gray head, then began pulling off her gloves.

"Why, ain't you had a pleasant time?" her husband demanded. "Seein' folks I thought would be good f' you." Then he fairly jumped.

"Theodore Hopkins, air ye a fool? 'Tain't folks I want to see—it's jest Teddie. She extended her little knotty hands. "And I'd rather be *drudgin'* f' him than mincin' 'round this way, like an old—ape. When that little Ray boy climbed into my lap, it all came over me. I tell you, I can't stand it no longer, *nor I ain't a-goin' to.* And I'm goin' down to Chicago and tell John so, and he's got to let me bring Teddie back."

"I don't see what excuse you'll offer."

"Excuse enough. I'll tell him how lonesome it is after we've had the baby ever since he was born, and I'll tell him how pindlin' you be."

"I dun know as it's that."

"Yes, it is that, too. Fact is, it's killin' us both. I'll get 'em to let me bring Teddie back, it it ain't no more'n for a visit. There's no use waitin.' I'll get the oldest Smith girl to come and look after you, and I'll start right off."

Mr. Hopkins was almost as excited as his wife, but he still objected. "You don't know anything about Chicago. You can't go there alone."

"I'd like to know why not. I'll write to my niece, Minerva Taylor, and she'll have her husband meet me; then the next day I'll git directed over to John's. I guess I've got sense enough to turn the right corners and read the figgers over the doors."

"'Tain't as simple as all that, you'd find. It's confusion.' If it wa'n't for my foot—I dun know but I could——"

His wife interrupted him. "Now you jest stop. I guess Teddie'll be as much as I can look after coming back, without havin' you on my hands."

And three days later she went. She was seventy years old, and she had never been thirty miles from her own town; but if the magnitude of her undertaking grew upon her as the time of departure approached, she betrayed nothing of the feeling to her husband, and her calmness somewhat quieted her fears; though it was a very anxious face that peered up at her as she took her seat in the carriage of the neighbor who was to drive her to the station. "Now, do be careful, 'Mandy, he cautioned, calling her by name as if she had been a girl. "Don't put your head out of the car windows, wait till the train has stopped movin' before you git off, and in Chicago, if you git turned around, ask a policeman." They had kissed each other solemnly and with a little embarrassment, and now he merely reached up a hand to her. "Good-by," he said.

She scarcely noticed him, she was so occupied in directing the neighbor to push the satchel far enough under the seat and give her her lunch box to hold; but when the man had taken his place by her side, she looked back at her husband. "You've no occasion to worry about me, father," she said, reverting to the words which had apparently escaped her. "But take care of yourself. Don't try to get up them steps alone. Now, good-by. I'll be back," she added, "jest as soon as I can git back."

Hiram Taylor met her at the depot. The confusion, the noise, the smoke, the brilliant lines of light winking out of the darkness were to her as the distorted visions in a dream. Her eyes were strained wide open behind her spectacles, and she wanted so that she could not answer the few remarks that he addressed to her. But when they left the car her fright subsided, and by the time she met her niece she was quite herself. The ceaseless beat of traffic kept her awake until near morning; nevertheless she rose at the usual time. "I want to make an early start for my son-in-law's," she explained.

"Why, you ain't goin' over there to-day, are you, Aunt 'Mandy? Hi's got tickets for the museum, and is goin' to git off this afternoon. You wait until to-morrow, and I'll go with you. I can't this morning; the plumber's coming."

But the other shook her head. "Thank you, 'Nerva, but I guess I won't wait. I'll git back to go to the museum, though," she added conciliatingly, "f' I never seen one."

Her self-reliant manner deceived the younger woman, and after breakfast she accompanied her to the corner. "Gracious knows, I'm scared to have you go this way," she declared, "though you don't have to transfer or anything."

And the trip was, indeed, a very simple one. She had no difficulty in finding the house. She toiled up the stone steps, quivering with excitement and triumph. "There, I told father I'd git there all right. My won't Teddie be glad to see me."

John himself opened the door. "Why, mother!" he exclaimed. She was so associated in his mind with a certain village home, he would as soon have thought of one of the shrubs in its doorway pulling up root and coming to the city as her. "How do you do?" he said. "Well! Did you come alone?"

"Yes. Father was awful worried to have me, bnt I came, and I—want to see Teddie, John." Her voice trembled into a sob.

He gave her a quick look. "Why, of course."

He came back in a few minutes, followed by his wife. The old woman rose and looked past them eagerly. "I'm so sorry; he goes to kindergarten, and Rose has just packed him off; but he'll be home at noon," he added, pitying her disappointment. "Where's your baggage?"

"It's over to my niece's. I'm staying there."

"Why, I didn't know you had a niece in Chicago. Well, you'll spend the day with us, anyway," he said, with a glance at his wife. Her face was not inviting, but the old lady did not observe it."

"I'd like to, real well, John," she answered, "only Minerva's husband's got tickets for the museum this afternoon, and I promised to be back." She looked, smilingly from one to the other. She was on the point of stating her errand, but John, saying he should see her again, put on his hat, and she concluded to wait for a more propitious moment.

For a time Rose stayed with her perfunctorily. The methods and aims peculiar to a kindegarten were outside the pale of the country woman's knowledge. "To think of her sendin' Teddie to a school," she reflected. "Of course, you ain't expectin' him to learn much," she remarked, finally, "He ain't four years old yet."

"No; it's the discipline. In a kindergarten one child helps to curb another."

The grandmother drew a hard breath. "I ain't never found Teddie needed so much curbin'," she said. "Of course, I ain't sayin' he ain't spunky, but I wouldn't give a cent for a child that wasn't."

They did not get on very well, and when Rose went to attend to some household duties, the visitor began to realize it. "I declare, I ain't very smart; but I won't say anything more," she resolved. Left to herself in the rather pretentious apartment, she looked about her sharply. "I wonder where the photograph album is; I bet she's took Jennie's picture out and put hers in place of it." Her breathing became labored. It was nearly three years since the laying away of the daughter, but this mother was none the less jealous of her. Indeed, it was as though she had gathered up the threads of that unlived life and woven them with her own more sober ones. Then the thought that John might have locked the album away comforted her, "I guess he ain't forgot," she whispered. She would not cry, but sitting in this home of her daughter's successor, she struggled with her loneliness—a pathetic, brave old figure.

Long before it was time for the child to arrive, she began to watch for him. She was stationed at the Window when Mrs. Wood appeared and asked her out to lunch.

"Why, ain't you goin' to wait for Teddie?"

"No. On Friday he carries his lunch, and the exercises are a little longer. Then I thought you said you must get back to your friend at once."

The fear grew upon her that she would have to leave without seeing him. "If I only hadn't promised 'Nerva,' she lamented; "but Hiram'll git off, and I mustn't disappoint 'em." She waited as long as she dared. Rose followed her to the door, full of polite expressions of regret, but in the vestibule the old lady turned. "I may as well say just what I come for," she burst out; 'I want to take Teddie back for a visit. His grandfather pines for him so," she added, pathetically.

Young Mrs. Wood took on air of stiff reserve. "As far as I am concerned, I do not think it would be a wise plan," she said; "but I'll speak to his father, and if he thinks best, he can bring him to Sheldon."

And with that Mrs. Hopkins was obliged to be content. As she turned away, the full meaning of the other's words and manner came over her.

"She didn't ask me to come again; she don't ever mean that I shall see him." Her disappointment was so keen she could not remember how she came. At last she remembered her husband's instructions, and inquired of a policeman.

Minerva Taylor stepped out on the landing and peered over the railing. "Come right up, Aunt 'Manda. I've been so worried about you; but I'm sorry if you've hurried, for Hi can't get off."

"Can't he git off?"

"No. There's extra work."

"Then I'm goin' back to my son-in-law's." The weariness had disappeared from Mrs. Hopkins's voice and manner. She straightened her bonnet. "I ain't seen Teddie yet, but he'll be home by now."

And buoyed up by a new determination, she took the trip again. "She thought she'd got rid of me," she reflected, "but I'm goin' to stay and ask John myself." When she came in sight of the house, Rose was stepping into a carriage. Her heart gave a great bound. The servant had just gone in with a rug and had carelessly left the door ajar. Mrs. Hopkins walked in smilingly. She was about to call attention to her entrance when the sound of sobbing reached her. She stood a moment, listening, then peered fiercely into the room beyond; but there was no one there, and with a sudden weariness, she began to climb the stair. She had reached the second floor when the unsuspecting maid returned and closed the door.

The wailing ceased in a piteous holding of the breath, then became more convulsive. Little choked words sounded through it. There was a key in the door whence the sound proceeded, and at sight of it her eyes gave forth a sudden gleam. "Teddie," she whispered, "grandma's come!" She slipped in and locked the door. At first she did not see him, for he lay in a miserable little heap half under the bed, whence he had crawled in the excess of his grief. His lips were quivering with fright, but his eyes were expectant through the tears. He stretched out his arms toward her. Without a word she gathered him up and sat down on the bed. "Drandma, *nice* drandma!" His sobs merged into laughter. He clung to her and pressed his little red, swollen face against her withered one, and strained his little form closer. The two swayed together. It was some minutes before she became calm enough to question him; then she learned that he had been shut up in this way because he was naughty. She looked him over carefully; though there were no marks of violence on his soft little body, he had grown perceptibly thinner; and once, when he heard the servant he started pitifully. It was not a tale of cruelty which she was able to piece together from his confused statements; but she was his grandmother, and the knowledge that he had been neglected and left to the servants and treated harshly by them was sufficient to arouse her indignation. She sat very still, with him hugged up to her. Ever since he had been taken from her she had been dominated by one thought.

"There ain't no other woman got the right to him I have," she repeated; "for if bein' the mother of a child's mother and doin' for it from the time it is born ain't the *next* thing to bein' the mother of that child, I'd like to know what is? At least it 'mounts to more'n just marryin' the father," she concluded; "and if King Solomon was ruling nowadays, I guess he wouldn't take long decidin' betwixt us. He'd know how extra wives are apt to treat children that ain't their own."

She was convinced that John would be influenced by Rose and that an appeal to him would be futile. They were in Teddie's bedrcom, and presently she went into the closet and dragged forth the "telescope" in which his things had been packed when he came.

"Teddie's goin' wiz drandma," he exulted, slipping from the bed; but she caught him up and put him back with a peremptory "Hush! You must be still." And thereafter he sat without moving, but with a face eloquent as an angel's. She selected only the clothing she had made. There were some new dresses, but she did not pack these, though she examined them critically, twitching at them where they hung on the hooks. "Bought ones," she muttered, scornfully; "look how they're made!"

She worked with trembling eagerness, but the packing was only half finished when steps sounded on the stair. Two servants came along the hall, and the knob was turned softly. "He's cried himself to sleep. What do you say to leavin' him?"

"Guess we'll have to if we go; she's taken the key."

The old woman was keenly alive to the advantages of the situation, and when a few minutes later they crept stealthily forth, chance still favored them. It was an unusually warm day for September, and there were few people passing. The shades of the neighboring houses were down. But she kept tight hold her grandson's hand, as though she feared he would be taken from her. She was filled with a piquant sense of her own dabing. Her lips curled in uncontrollacle smiles, even while she darted apprehensive glances over her shoulder.

"Hurry, darlin'," she urged. With the "telescope" bumping between them, and uneven, excited steps, the two fugitives reached the car. She kept his head under her shawl, and he submitted, only puttiug up a hand now and then to wipe the perspiration from his round pink face. His utter confidence in her was touching, they were so alike in their helplessness. Her bonnet had slipped back, her thin brown wrists above her gloves looked like the bones of a bird, and the gray knot of her hair was loosened. Fearing to arouse suspicion, she chatted with the passengers near her, and stared around with an air of being at her ease; but in spite of her assurance, she was just a little palpitating old woman, with her nerves strained to the highest pitch and every energy bent on the accomplishment of one object.

The tumult of the streets terrified and tired her, but not even when she reached her niece's did she allow herself to rest. She announced her intention of taking the night train home. "Father's there alone, and I guess the sooner I'm goin' the better," she added, dryly. The train left at half-past seven, and Hiram took them down before he ate his supper. There was something about his wife's aunt that aroused his sympathy. 'Best not tease her, 'Nerva," he said; 'she's got her mind made up."

The two walked in on Mr. Hopkins early the next morning. Stella Smith was just helping him to the breakfast table. He swayed a little.

"Why, mother! Teddie!" he cried. Then he sat down with the child clasping his neck. "Weve comed, drandpa! Drandpa, we've comed!"

Mrs. Hopkins watched them a moment, then she interfered. "Come, Teddie, you're tirin' grandpa. Now, *father!*" she expostulated. She took his hand and held it until his shoulders ceased to heave and he lifted his head.

"'Mandy," he said, solemnly, and yet with a break of humor in his quavering voice—"'Mandy, I've always give you considerable credit f' knowing how to get your way, and I knew, somehow, that you'd go there and git back safe; but I didn't expect this. How'd you ever persuade 'em?"

His wife smiled. Her very presence radiated a sense of triumph.

"There's a different way of persuadin'," she answered, with sly carelessness. But he still persisted, admiringly.

"I don't see what you could have said to 'em, that they let you bring him."

"Oh, I didn't say a great deal," she returned. "Let's have breakfast." Her husband's praise of her and her knowledge of how she had outwitted her son-in-law's wife added a certain sprightliness to her manner, for as yet this old woman did not appreciate what she had done in carrying off her grandson.

He occupied his old place at the table, like a little king. Both grandparents waited on him, and he stopped every now and then in the enjoyment of his bread and milk to hug first one and then the other, until his head drooped like a tired flower's and he was carried off and placed in his own little crib. Mrs. Hopkins, also, slept the greater part of the morning, but when she awoke, her elation had vanished. Her husband, however, had waited patiently to hear the particulars of the trip.

"I thought John's wife would bring up all sorts of objections," he remarked, "and I guess she did, didn't she?"

"She said she didn't think it was a very good plan."

The old man chuckled. "Course she didn't. But John knew what would tickle the little feller. How long they goin' to let him stay?"

"There wa'n't nuthin' said; but I guess if John had thought a great deal of Teddie, he wouldn't have give him the stepmother he did," she added, bitterly.

"Oh, you hadn't ought to blame him that way, mother," remonstrated her husband. "He didn't know she'd turn out the way she has. I tell you John's had it pretty hard."

Mrs. Hopkins knitted vigorously, but her son-in-law's face would come between her and the stocking. It was not a particularly happy face for a man still under thirty, and there was a look in the eyes which had not been there during her daughter's lifetime—a look now sharpened to painful anxiety. Moreover, he was the man her daughter had loved. She struggled with the memory.

"And, naturally, he'd like to keep his own boy," pursued the man, "and it was real kind of him to let you take him."

She laid down her work with a sudden air of desperation. "Who said he let me take him?" she demanded. "No one let me take him. I *just took him.*"

He stared at her. She had made her confession defiantly, but she trembled under his slowly comprehending gaze. He rose and stood over her. "You mean to say that you—brought—that—child—without—permission? That you *stole* him?"

"It wa'n't stealin'," she flashed back.

He waved her words aside. "Woman," he cried, with terrible emphasis, "don't ye know ye can be arrested for *abduction?*"

She paled a little, then rose valiantly to her own defense. "Stop—stop just where you are, Theodore Hopkins," she commanded. "I know what I've done, and it ain't nuthin' so terrible. I took him, but I had a right to. *Accordin' to Solomon* I had a right to!"

Her husband was staggered. "Accordin' to Solomon?" he repeated.

"Yes, that king in the Bible. Ain't I proved that I care more for the child than she does, and ain't he really my own flesh an blood?"

For an instant she triumphed in the apparent justice of the comparison; then her husband would have spoken, but she silenced him. "And I took him on your account, too," she continued, "and I won't listen to a word. The only person I owe any explanation to is John, and I'll telegraph him, f' he may worry."

"Worry!" exploded her husband. "He's probably advertisin' in all the papers and got all the policemen in Chicago out hunting f' him. He's probably most crazy."

And the situation that faced John Wood was indeed a baffling one. For lack of any other clue, it finally occurred to him that the disappearance of his son might in some way be connected with the visit of the grandmother; and not knowing her niece's address, he was about to telegraph to Sheldon, when a message arrived from there. The next day a letter followed. It was an utterly pathetic letter, despite the confession it made. "It ain't that I think your wife wasn't doing what she thought was right by Teddie," she wrote, "but not being her own, she couldn't have the patience; and don't you suppose, John, that Jennie would rather her own mother had him?" This plea was wiser than any Scriptural defence.

They had not long to wait for an answer. In a brief note he told them to keep the boy, adding a few loving words about the dead wife. The note was filled with unconscious sadness, for it was the man who had wooed their daughter that wrote. Indeed, it seemed as if she must rise out of the past in response, though perhaps her young spirit answered through the tears of her old parents.

"The hull house always seems full of her at this time of night," muttered the old man; "stealin' out to meet him. Seems 's though I could hear her now." But it was only Teddie, sleepy and winsome, who entered. The old couple smiled on him through their tears, and there was that beauty in their worn faces seen in a troubled sky when a rainbow arches through it.

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In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County:

Ordered, this 28th day of December, 1897, by the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, that the account and distribution of the assets of the personal estate of Samuel Hughes, deceased, made among the creditors of said deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 17th day of January, 1898; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county.

JACOB RINEHART,
ALBERT SCHAEFFER,
WILLIAM Y. FRIZZELL, } Judges.

True Copy,—Test:
JOSEPH D. BROOKS,
ja-1-3t Register of Wills.

THE BATTLE.

O fool, and how should we know
What it was all about?
Go to the men who sowed the crop,
We simply threshed it out.

Wordy statesmen sowed the crop,
And 'fore God it yielded mightily
As line on line of stalwart men
Swung wide in their swaths full doughtily.

From an eastern sun to a western sun
We reaped in the harvest field,
And when we rested at eventide
The ravens garnered the yield.

And with the night the gleaners came,
Ruthless and cunning eyed,
And took their toll of the fallen crop,
Peering from side to side.

On row on row of human chaff
And here and there the grain,
And Peter stood at heaven's gate,
Sifting the souls of the slain.

—F. E. Clayton in Lotus.

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Manufacture and keep constantly on hand,

FLOUR, FEED, HOMINY, MEAL

—AND—

CHOP OF ALL KINDS.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Grain Longberry a Specialty.

DAVID ROOP & SON.
no 14-tf

Steamed OYSTER SHELLS OYSTER SHELLS OYSTER SHELLS

PERFECTLY DRY AND ODORLESS.

THE VERY BEST FOR THE MAKING OF

Roads, Lawn Paths,

&c. Quotations and full information furnished on application. Address

Martin Wagner Co., Baltimore, Md.

Packers of the celebrated "Dog's Head" brand Oysters and Fruits; the widely known Baked Beans, Sour Kraut, Sausage, etc.
dec-25-3m

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

First National Bank of New Windsor, New Windsor, Md., Dec. 31, 1897.

The President and Directors of this Bank have this day declared a Dividend of THREE (3) PER CENT. for the six months ending this day, clear of taxes and payable on and after January 8th, 1898.

NATHAN H. BAILE, ja-8-4t Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Farmers and Mechanics' National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., Dec. 31st, 1897.

The President and Directors have this day declared a Dividend of THREE (3) PER CENT. on the Capital Stock, out of the earnings of the past six months, payable to the stockholders of this date, on and after January 10, 1898, clear of Federal, State and County Taxes.

JOHN H. CUNNINGHAM, ja-8-4t Cashier.

Dividend No. 163.

Union National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 31st, 1897.

THE President and Directors of this Bank have this day declared a Semi-Annual Dividend of FIVE PER CENT. upon the Capital Stock of the Bank, clear of National, State and County Taxes, payable on after Monday, January 10th, 1898.

ja-1-4t J. W. HERING, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

WESTMINSTER, JANUARY 3, 1898.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Farmers' Fertilizer Company of Carroll County, a dividend of SIX PER CENT. was declared on the capital stock of said company, for the past year, payable at The First National Bank of Westminster, on and after the 29th of January, 1898.

By order of the Board,
JOHN T. DIFFENBAUGH,
ja-15-3t Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The First National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., Dec. 31, 1897.

The President and Directors have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of FOUR AND A HALF PER CENT. on the Capital Stock of the Bank, clear of Federal, State and County Takes, payable on and after January 10, 1898.

GEORGE R. GEHR, ja-8-4t Cashier.

ANNUAL ELECTION.

Office Westminster Cemetery Company, Westminster, Md., Jan. 12th, 1898.

Notice is hereby given to the Lotholders of the Westminster Cemetery Company, that the annual election for a President and Board of Six Managers of said Company, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the First National Bank of Westminster, on TUESDAY EVENING, February 1st, 1898, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock.

JOHN J. REESE, Secretary.

P. S.—Notice is also given that the stated meeting of the present Board will be held at 6½ o'clock, P. M., on the same day, at which time a full report of the operations of the company for the past year will be given to the Lotholders. JOHN J. REESE, ja-15-3t Secretary.

REMOVAL.

G. E. BAUGHMAN, D. D. S.

SUCCESSOR TO DR. CHARLES BILLINGSLEA,

DENTIST.

Office 114 East Main Street, Opposite Union National Bank, Westminster, Md.

Will visit the following places:
UNION BRIDGE—1st Wednesday of each month. nov-12-97

Reifsnider & Reifsnider,

Attorneys-at-Law, and Solicitors in Chancery,

232 East Main St., Westminster, Md.

We have this day formed a co-partnership for the practice of Law, under the firm name of Reifsnider & Reifsnider. All legal business will receive prompt attention.

CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER, Jr.
June 1894.

Use Dr. Miles' NERVE PLASTERS for SPINAL WEAKNESS. All druggists sell 'em for 25c.

Western Maryland Railroad

CONNECTING WITH

P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Getty burg; Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown; B. & O. Railroad at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; Penna. R. R. at Bruceville, and P. W. & B. R. R. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.

MAIN LINE AND CONNECTIONS.

Taking effect Sunday, October 3rd, 1897.

TRAINS WEST.

LEAVE	1. A M †	11. AM. †	15. AM. †	23. PM †	29. P M †	53. AM. †	55 P M ‡
New York							
Philadelphia							
Washington							
Baltimore	4.30	8.1	10.17	4.18	1	6	7.35
Arlington		8.35	10.39	4.3		9.	8.00
Mt. Hope		8.39	10.42	4.34	3	9.7	8.03
Pikesville		8.46	10.49	4.4	9.45	10.06	8.11
Owings Mills		8.57	11.00	4 54	9 58	10.18	8.21
Glyndon	5.11	9.0	11.14	5.07	10.12	10.32	8.34
Emory Grove		9.11	11.1		10.13	10.33	8.35
Finkeburg		9.21	11.25	5.16	7.36	11.43	8.7
Carrollton		9.37	11.38	5.28	7 40	10.58	4.10
Westminster	5.40	9.52	11.55	5.44	7	11.15	4.27
Avondale		9.19	12.06	5.49	8 06	11.20	4.6
New Windsor	5.53	10.19	12.19	6 01	8 18	11.33	4. 8
Linwood		10.35	12.36	6 16	8.35	11.46	4.33
Union Bridge	6.00	10.19	12 39	6.22	8.40	11.45	4.50
Middleburg		10.26	P M.	6.18	P M	A M.	P M.
Bruceville	6.4	10.58		6.22			
D. F. Creek		10.32		6.56			
Rocky Ridge		10.40		6.34			
Thurmont	6.25	10.53		6 46			
Edgemont	7.04	11.42		7.31			
Waynesboro	7.59	12.02		7.51			
Chambersb'g	8.13	12.26		8 28			
Shippensburg †				8.55			
Hagerstown	7.30	12.15		8.00			
Williamsport							
	A M.	P M.		P M.			

TRAINS EAST.

LEAVE	22. P M. †	4. AM. †	8. AM. †	12. P M †	18. P M. †	52. AM †	54. P M. ‡
Williamsport							
Hagerstown	4.15		7.09		2.07		
Shippensburg			6.00		1.25		
Chambersburg			6.31		1.40		
Waynesboro			7.07		2.19		
Edgemont	4 40		7.36		2.41		
Thurmont	5.16		8.16		3.21		
Rocky Ridge			8.30		3.31		
D. F. Creek			8.33		3.38		
Bruceville	5.38		8.37		3.44	6.45	
Middleburg			8.39		3.46	6.47	
Union Bridge	5.45	6.05	8.46	12.50	3.55	6.56	4 45
Linwood		6.12	8.49	12.54	3 59	7 02	4.9
New Windsor	5.52	6.20	8.54	12.59	4.0	7 09	4.15
Avondale		6 34		1.09	4.17	7.23	4.6
Westminster	6.06	6.47	9.11	1.16	4.24	7.32	4 3
Carrollton		7.04	9.28	1.33	4.41	7.49	4 9
Finkeburg		7.18	9.35	1.41	4.45	7.55	5 12
Emory Grove		7.30		1.49	5.4	8 9	4
Glyndon	6.25	7.40	9.47	1.58	5.12	8.17	5.15
Owings Mills	6.43	7.59	9.59	2.0	5.11	8.33	5.27
Pikesville		8.04	10.05	2.11	5.16	8.38	5.39
Mt. Hope		8.11	10.05	2.18	5.23	8.11	5.46
Arlington		8.14		2.21	5.26	8.54	6. 0
Baltimore	7.17	8.40	10.37	2.42	5.50	9.20	6.15
Washington							
Philadelphia							
New York							
	P M.	A M.	A M	P M.	P M	A M	P M.

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. ‡Sunday.

Passengers for and from Cherry Run, Williamsport, P. V. and intermediate points, from and for stations east of Hagerstown change at Hagerstown.

EMMITSBURG R. R. Trains Fast will leave Emmitsburg daily, except Sundays at 7.50 and 10.00 A. M. and 2.55 and 4.50 P. M., arriving Rocky Ridge at 8.20 and 10.30 A. M. and 3.25 and 5.20 P. M. Trains west will leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8.35 and 10.40 A. M. and 3.31 and 6.34 P. M., arriving at Emmitsburg 8.56 and 11.10 A. M. and 4.01 and 7.04 P. M.

FREDERICK DIVISION PENNSYLVANIA R. R. (Daily except Sunday.)—Trains for Frederick leave Bruceville at 8.38 A. M. and 9.25 and 10 40 A. M. and 5.38 and 6.30 P. M. Trains for Taneytown, Littlestown and Columbia leave Bruceville 9.47 A. M., and at 3.45 P. M.

Through Trains for Hanover and Gettysburg and points on Baltimore and Harriburg Division leave Baltimore daily, except Sunday, at 7.22 A. M. and 3.32 P. M. Through cars for Gettysbur