The Philosopher in the Fog.

THE Philosopher spread himself with an air of singular cheerfulness as he breasted the fog. The conditions surrounding him were precisely of a character to furnish a very satisfactory test of the philosophy of which it was his boast to profess, and the discomfort of the moment afforded him only in so far as it enabled him to rise superior to it. He moved through an opaque, yellow-white world of impenetrable mystery. He was conscious of others moving in the same world—with, it may be, less satisfaction, if he might judge from certain detached exclamatory sounds which from time to time rose up out of the encircling darkness. Palpable though invisible objects passed and repassed him at every conceivable angle, cannoning up against each other with aggressive stupidity, and not infrequently cannoning up against himself, as he steered his way in what he imagined to be a straight line along a straight pavement.

The pavement—as he remembered it almost from his childhood up—was certainly straight, and ran from St. James' past the National Gallery, which made it the more surprising when a few yards further on, the Philosopher fell over a curbstone in the middle of the road into the arms of a policeman.

"Trafalgar square, I conceive?" said the Philosopher blandly as he readjusted his hat.

"Piccadilly Circus," said the policeman gruffly.

"Dear me! you don't mean it?" rejoined the Philosopher. "That accounts for my having collided with so many substantial shades during the last few minutes. I appear to have lost to an extent my sense of direction."

"You ain't the fust," said the policeman, in a tone of encouragement. "If you go on long enough you will come somewhere."

This remark contained so evident a germ of philosophy that it tickled the Philosopher into an appreciative chuckle.

"So might Epictetus have spoken!" he exclaimed, gleefully. "I perceive you to be a student of Truth, my friend! Good evening," and he continued his way with an uncertain but complacent gait. He was brought up very shortly by the unexpected propinquity of a horse.

"Sir, you are on the pavement!" remonstrated the Philosopher.

"You're on the road, more like!" retorted a voice, presumably belonging to a phantom driver up in the air. "Can you tell me where I am?"

"I was about to address the same inquiry to you," replied the Philosopher, "coupled with a request that you should drive me somewhere else."

"Drive you—not I, sir!" the voice returned. "I've signed a contract with the fog to remain on this 'ere spot till morning."

"That contract would appear to have many signatories," remarked the Philosopher, as he walked into a stationary omnibus. "The man was right—I am no longer on the pavement."

A link boy suddenly flitted like a will-o-the-wisp before him. He followed the fleeting light as it dimmed into the void, and so attained once more the anchorage of the pavement. A faint glimmer was thrown upon the curtain of the fog.

From time to time the Philosopher paused in his progress to add his vocal comments to the sum of the echoing human sounds around him; it engaged his fancy pleasantly to address his brother phantoms in a spirit of agreeable camaraderie, as their respective orbits intersected each other. Certain fragmentary ejaculations would call for the echo of a response—as, for instance, when a human body collided against the Philosopher with some force and a voice burst forth—

"What the deuce place is this?"

"Sir," replied the Philosopher, "I apprehend we are not far from the Styx—a pleasant passage to you!"

But the illusion of an intangible world was oddly interrupted, before the Philosopher had travele1 a dozen yards farther, by the sound of a feminine voice close at his elbow—

"Oh, please, can you tell me where I am?"

The philosopher stopped short.

"Not very clearly, I am afraid, madam," he replied.

"I am lost—and am so frightened—I daren't move!"

The voice was far too soft and silvery to belong to a ghost—by no means the vox exigua of a Tartarean Shade—and the Philosopher's heart was touched by its plaintive appeal.

"If I can assist you"—he began.

She caught his arm impulsively.

"Oh, don't leave me!" she cried, in childish panic.

"On no account!" said the Philosopher firmly.

"If I could only find a hansom!"

"We will look for one," he said.

They had instinctively fallen into step together, though they could not see each other. The Philosopher's breast swelled with the sense of a protective mission. He became conscious of a little gloved hand touching his own—the impulse by which his fingers closed over it was, under the circumstances, a perfectly natural one. She did not withdraw her hand; the Philosopher's gentle—almost courtly—tones had inspired her with the confidence of a child in a parent. That she should not regard it as misplaced, he began at once to discourse to her in a soothing manner as they proceeded.

"There are few things," he remarked, "more disconcerting than the moral influence of a fog upon the nerves. We are surrounded even now by numerous people in various stages of agitation. They afford a striking exemplification of the helplessness of human beings in the face of any sudden dislocation of normal natural conditions. Consider if humanity were destined to exist always in such a fog! How would it affect the trend of human progress?"

A tall figure bumped into the Philosopher at this juncture and swung him around to an angle.

"Thus!" he continued, placidly. "Humanity would be perpetually working at a tangent. Advance would be crablike—for a time; but at length human beings would, by a natural principle of habituation, adapt themselves to the new conditions of their existence—and, I doubt not, triumph over them. In such a case a sudden burst of sunlight, of clarified air, would affect them with as singular a [illegible] as at present is produced on their senses by this fog. I do not regard it rather as typical of the [illegible] mental atmosphere, through which human minds [illegible] toward the light of Truth. We can only [illegible] philosophy [illegible] influence."

"Are you [illegible], sir?" she broke in [illegible].

"I am [illegible] philosopher. Speaking [illegible] I may aim [illegible] jo triumph over [illegible] chance, [illegible] not [illegible] of my hands [illegible] equilibrium in such a way [illegible] supply—is the state of [illegible] specially—should be the [illegible] which I [illegible] or the road [illegible] matter [illegible] direction. You [illegible] movement [illegible] know the [illegible] road, but we know [illegible] philosophy [illegible] points satisfied [illegible]."

She gave a little [illegible] stumbled forward.

"Oh! What's [illegible] tripped over something."

The Philosopher [illegible] her back to an upright position [illegible].

"It was positively [illegible] dog. You should not startle [illegible] to be startled—you should indulge the emotions of fear, joy, surprise, [illegible] are destructive of the philosophical attitude of mind."

"Love, too?" [illegible] with a pleasing naïveté [illegible].

"Love—" [illegible] answered. "Philosophy [illegible] to be together. Love [illegible] antagonistic [illegible] of philosophy [illegible] often than not upset [illegible] what ever. A lover [illegible] any conceivable [illegible] lover." which the Philosopher [illegible] the Philosopher [illegible] tranquillity, is superior [illegible] independent of the [illegible] emotions; it—"

"Then you are not married?" she interrupted, softly.

"Married!" exclaimed the Philosopher aghast. "Should I be a philosopher if I were [illegible] destructive of philosophy?"

"There was [illegible] called Xantippe"—she [illegible] little taken aback.

"I beg you pardon [illegible] you know."

"Socrates—he [illegible] Philosopher, though [illegible] be considered to [illegible] supreme test of [illegible]," he added, in a brighter [illegible].

"Oh, I'm so [illegible] missy—most [illegible] plexed. I'm [illegible] person who has [illegible] Misogynist [illegible] osopher."

"Thank you [illegible] Are you one of [illegible] ple?"

"A philosopher [illegible] even women." [illegible]

"And you prefer [illegible] osophy to [illegible] ed with warmth.

"In philosophy [illegible] less rejoinder [illegible] in women [illegible] that the conclusion [illegible] might draw [illegible] ally suggesting [illegible] lon. She [illegible] the implication [illegible].

"You mean [illegible] false!" she said [illegible].

"I should [illegible] with a more [illegible] answered. [illegible] is a curious [illegible].

She stumbled [illegible] and confronted him [illegible].

"This is another [illegible] "And there does [illegible] hansom—anyone [illegible] round vaguely [illegible] wall. "How [illegible] I ever get home [illegible]?"

"What does it [illegible] get home or not?" [illegible] pher, calmly.

"Matter? (Good [illegible] do you mean?"

"The limitations [illegible] arbitrary. One place [illegible] good as another [illegible] all places are [illegible] matter of fact, [illegible] it, by a judicious [illegible] ulty of imagination [illegible] self at home now."

"I cannot imagine [illegible] silly!" she retorted [illegible].

The Philosopher [illegible] "Have you any [illegible] she demanded, [illegible]

"I cannot clearly [illegible] cle position," [illegible] con- [illegible] ceive that we are [illegible] direction of Charing [illegible] "Oh, but I don't want to go to Charing [illegible] seal," she cried in [illegible] go to Lancaster [illegible] shall I do?" she added [illegible] her hands.

The Philosopher [illegible] mentarily [illegible] his own [illegible] concerned. It was [illegible] equal indifference [illegible] to Chelsea or [illegible] companions, [illegible] and, in a measure, [illegible] himself her protector [illegible] fore, that he must [illegible] dies in the matter [illegible].

"Look, look," [illegible] "Call him, quick!"

There was a sudden [illegible] in front of them [illegible] ness a link boy [illegible].

The Philosopher [illegible] him.

"Lucifer, Bearer [illegible] he cried.

The archaismus [illegible] "Call me [illegible]

"I did. If you [illegible] be good enough [illegible] where we are [illegible]."

"Where you [illegible] street, we [illegible]."

"Bond street?" [illegible] osopher.

"Pons [illegible] ion, with a [illegible] at the [illegible] "Little boy [illegible]

"Leave me [illegible] Miss? The [illegible] to, fool" [illegible] tantly.

"Youth," [illegible] are [illegible] lan Charing [illegible] shades [illegible] you insist [illegible] golden [illegible] cannot [illegible] Charing [illegible]

"But [illegible] plained, [illegible] in her silvery voice.

"I know it—at least I am willing to believe it, since Charon says so. Who better than he can conduct us to the Plutonian Realms—the Subterranean regions of the 'Tube?'"

"The 'Tube?'" she cried. "We are quite close to it!"

"The idea of distance is purely relative," he replied. "When, an hour ago, I left my club, I imagined myself to be quite close to Trafalgar square—yet, in the event, I found myself to be immeasurably far from that historic locality. Boy! lead us instantly to the station called Bond street. Charon shall have his fee."

"The 'Tube,' sir? Yes, I'll take you there—Bond street; it ain't very far, but the fog is that thick as nobody 'cept a mole could find 'is way six yards afore him without a torch. Five shillin', sir!"

Ten minutes later they paused at the mouth of the Central railway station. The Philosopher paid the link boy five shillings. "On the banks of Phlegethon you will find many others," he said. "Go and search!" Then turning to his companion he motioned her courteously to precede him down the steps.

Together they descended, and, reaching once more a world of light, by a mutual impulse stopped and confronted each other on the threshold of it.

The Philosopher started. Before him he beheld a young girl of the most bewildering loveliness. Her soft blue eyes were directed to his with an expression of timid curiosity, in which there was the dawning blend of a gratitude diffidently conveyed. She, too, started—for she had imagined herself to be in the company of a benevolent and middle-aged gentleman of peculiar, though interesting views, whose protection, paternally offered, a maiden so situated might without loss of maidenly dignity accept.

Instead, she perceived, gazing into her face with an admiration ill concealed, a young and singularly handsome man of 25.

"I fancied. I—I thought you were quite an old man all the time," she faltered, "or, of course—" She broke off with an eloquent blush, and dropped her eyes.

"Facilis descensus Averno—" murmured the Philosopher, still gazing on the half-averted face before him.

"Sed revocare gradum" ? ? *

she replied, darting at him a swift little mischievous glance from under a flickering eyelid.

"What!" exclaimed the Philosopher. "Is it possible that you understand Latin, that you have read Virgil—you?"

"It is a sin, I know," she answered, demurely; "but I do—I have, really. I—I am a philosopher, too. You see, I was at Girton, where they make a study of the emotions," she added, with a little saucy laugh.

For a moment the Philosopher was silent. Then he said:

"Philosophy is like a fog, and the 'twopenny tube' is like the beauty that dispels its fallacies. I renounce my creed. I proclaim a heresy. Philosophy and love are no longer incompatible." He paused to throw out a suggestion. "May they not," he inquired, "continue to walk, hand in hand, side by side, together, through the thick, impenetrable fog, the lonely, inhospitable mists of the distant unknown future?"

But the reply of his companion was lost in the sudden roar of the approaching train.—Emerie Hulme Beaman, in London Sketch.

Catgut from Silk-Worms.

Probably but a small percentage of the fishermen who use flies strung with fine translucent "catgut" are aware that the almost unbreakable substance that holds the cruel hooks against the fiercest struggles of the struck fish comes from silkworms. The principal center of the manufacture of this kind of catgut is the island of Procida in the Bay of Naples, but most of the silkworms employed are raised near Torre Annunziata, at the foot of Vesuvius. The caterpillars are killed just as they are about to begin the spinning of cocoons, the silk glands are removed and subjected to a process of picking, which is a secret of the trade, and afterward the threads are carefully drawn out by skilled workers, mostly women. The length of the thread varies from a foot to nearly 20 inches.—Science.

Mathematical Demonstration.

"How is this, Alexander?" said Mrs. Potburst. "You told me at the beginning of the century that you were going to strictly limit yourself to smoking ten cigars a day, and, if I am not mistaken in my count, here you are puffing away at your twelfth."

"True, my dear," answered Mr. P., "this is the twelfth cigar to-day, but, as a matter of fact, I have only smoked eight. I never smoke over two-thirds of a cigar; can't do it without scorching my mustache. Then, if you will think for a moment, you must see that I have only smoked eight, which is two-thirds of 12, leaving me still two and a little more yet to smoke. So, you see, my dear, that I have not broken my promise. Kindly pass the matches."—Harper's Magazine.

Victory Over Havana Dirt.

Of all the victories won in the field by the army created for the war of 1898 none reflect upon it such credit as its triumph in the campaign against disease. Of that triumph the war department reports particulars which almost stagger belief. The army took charge of Havana when deaths were occurring at the rate of 21,232 per year. Now, with a larger population, they are but 5,720 per year. Smallpox, which had been for years epidemic, is entirely stamped out, yellow fever practically so. When the records of the American occupation in Cuba are made up for impartial history the highest honors will be theirs who routed Gen. Dirt and drove Gen. Pestilence out of the island.—Detroit Free Press.

Persian Women.

In justice to the people of Persia let it be said that the women are hardly such downtrodden creatures as they are generally supposed to be. The wife is not a slave to her lord, nor yet a mere toy, but his friend and counsellor, and, if a capable person, may rule his household. In many cases a young girl is betrothed to a man of her own class—if a merchant's daughter, she marries the son of a merchant, and so on. But personal attractions are greatly sought after, and a poor girl, if exceptionally good looking, may be as fortunate as Cinderella, though probably not so happy.—N. Y. Sun.

Filled In.

The prayer meeting was held at good Brother W——'s house on the hill. The meeting had progressed, and remarks and prayer and hymns had occupied the time. The hour of closing was almost [illegible]. The good dominie, in a low voice, said: "Too there is just a moment left, isn't there some one would like to fill in that moment before we close?" Dead silence, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the door of the clock flew open and out popped the head of a little bird, which said: "Cuckoo."—Philadelphia Times.

An Appropriate Comment.

"Gad zooks!" ejaculated the court jester as the monarch, full of sack and humor, waggishly swatted a fawning courtier half way across the apartment just because he happened to think of it. "Od-zounds! That's what you'd call a belted earl, or I don't know the symptoms."

And the bon-mot so pleased his royal scrappiness that he very promptly granted the fool a life pension for total disability.—Judge.

A Japanese Hotel Bill.

In Japan it is always the rule of politeness to pay a trifle more than the sum mentioned in your hotel bill. To settle the account net would be considered an insult, or at least a mark of great dissatisfaction. People who have traveled in Japan say that the Japanese always tip the waiter on entering a hotel.—N. Y. Post.

Wanted to Know.

"And are you really connected with the signal service bureau?" asked the inquisitive girl.

"Yes, miss," replied the young man.

"Then won't you please tell me which is your weather eye?"—Detroit Free Press.

Left the Shells.

"You had clams on the half shell," explained the restaurant proprietor, "and your bill is $1."

"But," explained the patron, "it seems to me that you ought to make a reduction for the shells; I didn't eat them."—Ohio State Journal.

Strenuous.

Knicker—What is Automobile's address.

Bocker—It's rather uncertain. His private residence is usually at the hospital, and his business address the police station.—N. Y. Sun.

Will Argue with Anybody.

Some men have so little idea of the fitness of things that they will argue with anybody.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Old Song Revised.

Mary had a little lamb,
She put it in the pot;
But it she had bought beef instead,
It would have cost a lot.
—Yonkers Statesman.

A PYTHIAN SHOT.

He (after a quarrel, bitterly)—I was a fool when I married you.

She (quietly—about to leave the room)—Yes; but I thought you would improve!—London Punch.

Oh, Nothing!

A masher is a thing that would
Be a silly maiden if he could;
But as he can't—does all he can
To show that he is not a man.
—Chicago Daily News.

This Wicked World.

"Can you say that you actually earned every dollar you ever got?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum, "I can't go that far. But I can say that I never took a dollar that I didn't think I was just as honestly entitled to as the fellow I compelled to give it up."—Washington Star.

Miss Ida M. Snyder,
Treasurer of the Brooklyn East End Art Club.

"If women would pay more attention to their health we would have more happy wives, mothers and daughters, and if they would observe results they would find that the doctors' prescriptions do not perform the many cures they are given credit for.

"In consulting with my druggist he advised McElree's Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught, and so I took it and have every reason to thank him for a new life opened up to me with restored health, and it only took three months to cure me."

Wine of Cardui is a regulator of the menstrual functions and is a most astonishing tonic for women. It cures scanty, suppressed, too frequent, irregular and painful menstruation, falling of the womb, whites and flooding. It is helpful when approaching womanhood, during pregnancy, after childbirth and in change of life. It frequently brings a dear baby to homes that have been barren for years. All druggists have $1.00 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

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Floor Space Occupied
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equals that of some of the large city establishments; but there is this difference: The operating expense at Burrsville are very much lower, and therefore, THE PRICES ARE LOWER. It will, we think, pay you to get your supplies—in the various lines of hardware—at Burrsville. Here are some recent letters about ranges of which there are 15 different makes in steel, wrought and malleable iron. Read what patrons say

MR. T. HARVEY:

The Steel Range I bought of you gives entire satisfaction. It is a good burner and a splendid baker. I don't see how a range could work any better.

JAS. HOBBS,

December 14, 1901.

To MR. HARVEY, Sir:—Have given the "Quick Meal" Range bought of you a thorough trial, and am well satisfied with it. Being quick to heat it saves much in fuel, and yet bakes evenly at bottom and top. I could not ask a better cooking stove. H. L. SAULSBURY.

Hickman, Del., Nov. 27, 1901.

MR. HARVEY, Sir:—The Born Steel Range that I bought of you is perfectly satisfactory in every way.

A. H. CAHALL.

Whiteleysburg, Md., Feb. 27, 1902

MR. T. HARVEY:—The Born Steel Range I bought of you gives entire satisfaction in every way. It burns green wood well and bakes to perfection.

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Fresh Fish Everyday.

We have arranged to supply the people of Denton with salt water fish direct from Lewes, Del., everyday

Ocean Trout,

Sea Crocus, Flounders, and other fish in season.

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We can furnish any quantity of testimonials, although we do not take much stock in this sort of matter. We think the goods should testify for themselves. We consider this the very best recommendation to offer.

☞ Correspondence solicited. (3-13,6m

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First-Class Horseshoeing and General Blacksmithing.

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Having opened a shop at Denton Bridge for the Blacksmithing business I will be pleased to see my friends and solicit a share of their patranage. Horseshoing and all other work done promptly and at reasonable prices. Wheelwrighting and new work a specialty. 1.

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QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD COMPANY.

IN EFFECT SATURDAY, JULY 12TH, 1902.

EASTWARD.—Read Downward.

Sundays.	Sundays.		Saturdays.	Daily Except Saturday.	Daily Except Sunday.	BALTIMORE FERRY.	Distance From Baltimore.	Daily Except Sunday.	Daily Except Saturday.	Saturdays.		Sundays.	Sundays.
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		Mls.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		P. M.	A. M.
.....	8.15	3.15	2.00	3.15	7.00	Lv... Baltimore ...Ar.		11.30	10.20	9.20	.....	10.30	12.05
.....	10.05	5.05	3.50	5.05	8.50	Ar... Kent Island ...Lv.	25.00	9.40	8.30	7.30	.....	8.30	10.15
.....	.....	6.05	4.50	6.05	.....	... Queenstown ...	34.00	.....	7.30	6.30	.....	7.30	.....

WESTWARD.—Read Upward.

Sundays.	Sundays.	Sundays.	Saturdays.	Saturdays. Sat. & Sun.	Daily Ex. Sunday.	Railroad Division — STATIONS.		Daily Ex. Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Saturday & Sunday.	Saturdays.	Sundays.	Sundays.
A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
10.20	10.15	8.30	4.10	4.00	5.15	9.00 Lv... Kent Island ...Ar.	25.00	9.36	8.25	7.10	11.45	8.23	9.30
10.28	.....	8.36	4.19	.....	5.22	9.07 ... Stevensville ...	28.81	9.29	8.16	7.02	11.37	.....	9.21
10.31	.....	8.39	4.22	.....	5.25	9.10 ... Chester ...	30.44	9.26	8.13	6.57	11.34	.....	9.17
10.40	.....	8.50	4.32	.....	5.35	9.18 ... Winchester ...	31.70	9.18	8.05	6.49	11.25	.....	9.08
10.42	.....	f 8.54	f 4.36	.....	f5.39	f 9.21 ... Walsey ...	35.82	f9.10	f8.03	f6.46	f11.22	.....	f9.05
10.47	.....	8.58	4.40	.....	5.39	9.25 ... Queenstown ...	38.07	9.05	7.59	6.42	11.18	8.00	9.00
11.01	.....	.....	4.50	.....	5.58	9.44 Ar... Centreville ...Lv.	.....	9.44	8.19	6.59	.....	8.19	.....
.....	.....	8.35	3.55	.....	5.20	9.45 Lv...	.....	8.45	7.40	6.20	.....	7.40	8.35
.....	.....	f 9.03	4.45	.....	f5.45	f 9.32 ... Bloomingdale ...	40.40	8.59	f7.53	f6.36	f11.14	.....	.....
.....	.....	f 9.10	4.52	.....	f5.50	f 9.35 ... Wye Mills ...	43.45	8.53	f7.47	f6.30	f11.08	.....	.....
.....	.....	f 9.17	5.00	.....	5.57	f 9.42 ... Willoughby ...	46.43	8.47	f7.42	f6.23	f11.03	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	5.07	.....	6.04	... D. & C. Junction ...		8.40	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	9.27	5.09	.....	6.06	9.51 ... Queen Anne ...	50.48	8.38	7.34	6.14	10.53	.....	.....
.....	.....	9.33	5.16	.....	6.12	f 9.58 ... Downes ...	53.68	8.32	7.28	6.07	10.47	.....	.....
.....	.....	f 9.38	5.19	.....	6.15	f10.01 ... Tuckahoe ...	55.05	f8.29	f7.25	f6.03	f10.43	.....	.....
.....	X11.00	9.44	5.25	x4.54	6.21	10.06 ... Denton ...	57.99	8.24	7.20	5.57	10.38	8.27	.....
.....	.....	9.52	5.33	.....	6.27	10.14 ... Hobbs ...	60.89	8.18	7.13	5.50	10.32	.....	.....
.....	.....	10.00	5.40	.....	6.35	10.21 ... Hickman ...	64.57	8.10	7.05	5.35	10.25	.....	.....
.....	.....	f10.09	5.43	.....	6.38	f10.25 ... Adamsville ...	66.40	f8.06	f7.01	f5.29	f10.21	.....	.....
.....	.....	f10.05	5.48	.....	6.44	f10.30 ... Blanchard ...	68.35	f8.01	f6.56	f5.24	f10.16	.....	.....
.....	.....	10.15	5.55	.....	6.50	10.36 ... Greenwood ...	71.90	7.55	6.45	5.12	10.10	.....	.....
.....	.....	f10.22	f6.02	.....	f6.57	f10.43 ... Owens ...	75.47	f7.49	f6.37	f5.04	f10.03	.....	.....
.....	.....	f10.28	f6.06	.....	f7.01	f10.47 ... Oakley ...	77.57	f7.45	f6.32	f5.00	f9.59	.....	.....
.....	.....	10.36	6.13	.....	7.08	10.54 ... Ellendale ...	81.07	7.38	6.25	4.52	9.52	.....	.....
.....	.....	f10.44	f6.20	.....	f7.15	f11.02 ... Wolfe ...	87.57	f7.29	f6.18	f4.45	f 9.43	.....	.....
.....	X12.02	10.53	6.26	x5.43	7.22	11.08 ... Milton ...	87.57	7.22	6.11	4.38	9.38	6.37	.....
.....	.....	f11.00	f6.34	.....	f7.30	f11.16 ... Whitesboro ...	91.57	f7.14	f6.03	f4.30	f 9.31	.....	.....
.....	.....	f11.05	f6.37	.....	f7.33	f11.19 ... Overbrook ...	92.82	f7.11	f6.00	f4.27	f 9.28	.....	.....
.....	.....	11.12	6.44	.....	7.42	11.27 ... Lewes ...	96.82	7.03	5.52	4.18	9.20	.....	.....
.....	12.20	.....	6.00	7.45	11.30	Lewes Pier ...	97.97	7.00	5.50	.....	9.18	6.20	.....
.....	12.45	11.30	7.00	6.25	8.00	11.45 ... Rehoboth ...	105.33	6.45	5.30	4.00	9.00	5.50	.....
.....	1.45	.....	.....	7.15	8.50	12.45 Ar... Cape May ...Lv.			4.30	.....	7.45	5.00	.....
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	Mls.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.

f Stops on signal to take on or let off passengers.
x Stops on signal to take on or let off Cape May passengers.

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Leave Lewes, Del., Daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 7.05 and 11.35 a. m., 3.00 and 7.45 p. m. Saturdays, 7.05, 11.35 a.m., 3.00, 6.10 p.m. Sundays, 9.30 a.m., 12.30, 3.00, 6.20 p.m.

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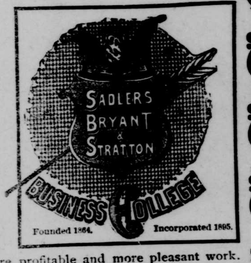

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6 25	2 50	Baltimore	11 23	6 48
7 25	3 20	Phila.	10 54	5 46