"DON'T GET RICH, PAPA."

[A man of wealth, whose children had been attended by servants, lost his fortune, and, for the first time, the little ones knew the direct care of their parents. In time, the man again became engrossed in money-getting, and it was then that one of the smallest children pleaded with him, saying: "Papa, don't get rich again. You did not come into the nursery when you were rich, but now we can come around you, and get on your knee and kiss you. Don't get rich again, papa."]

A baby in a palace
Went pattering here and there,
And the nurse was paid to heed her
And to keep her in her care.
But she was not paid—t were folly—
To love the baby, too,
So the baby in the palace
Missed—what she hardly knew.

A baby in a cottage,
A tiny blossom, grew.
The warmth of mother-kisses,
A father's love, she knew.
The sunshine of affection
Was o'er her in her play;
So the baby in the cottage
Was happy all the day.

For the baby in the cottage
Wealth set a snare one day,
Saying softly: "Here's a palace,
In it you may live and play."
But the baby missed the kisses
And the old-time, loving way;
So she gravely urged her father:
"P'ease don't oo get rich, I say."

Oh, babies in the palaces,
With all, save love, to bless;
Oh, babies in the cottages,
Who smile to love's caress,
I wonder, oh, I wonder,
If you could speak to-day,
Would you not teach us higher lore,
And, "Don't get rich," would say?
—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in Success.

THE KIDNAPPED POODLE.

A Tale of Disappointed Suitors.

By Albert Ellsworth Thomas.

BILLINGER was one of those unfortunate people who do not like dogs, and, as usual in such cases, the dogs knew it. Therefore, when Billinger, on entering Miss Mayhew's drawing-room, was so unlucky as to step on the tail of the pampered Chicot, Miss Mayhew's French poodle, which happened to be slumbering on a Persian praying rug just inside the door, the injured animal emitted a howl of mingled pain and rage and snapped at the innocent Billinger. Billinger, on his part, struck the poodle a smart blow across the nose with his heavy walking stick, whereupon the animal fled yelping shrilly through the hall and up the broad staircase to his mistress' boudoir.

In 30 seconds the house was in an uproar. The butler, the second man, the cook, and Miss Mayhew's maid rushed up from below stairs pellmell, eyes wide and mouths open, and a moment later Miss Mayhew herself rustled down stairs, followed at some distance by the accusing Chicot.

But Billinger had had time enough to form a plan of action. He knew much better than to tell the truth, the whole truth, at any rate. He knew full well, and to his boundless disgust, that Chicot was the real master of that house. Nobody would have believed Billinger had he said that Chicot, dear Chicot, had snapped at him. No, indeed. Chicot was such a dear, sweet little doglums, yes he was. At least, so Billinger had been told a sufficient number of times. Consequently he appeared at the drawing-room door and said humbly but promptly:

"So sorry, really I am, but I stepped on poor Chicot's tail as I came in—didn't see him you know; the curtains were down and it was dark in there. So stupid of me." Miss Mayhew was somewhat mollified at the abject apology.

"Oh," she murmured, as she stooped to caress the poodle. "Too bad. Poor little Chicot! Did it hurt him very much? Poor Chicot!"

Chicot blinked pitifully at his mistress and glared malevolently at Billinger. By that time the servants, reassured, had retired.

"I'm horribly sorry," repeated Billinger, contritely. And he was, but not for Chicot.

Miss Mayhew saw fit to be exceedingly gracious, considering the gravity of the offense, and Billinger got his customary cup of tea. But he did not pass a very comfortable half hour, for Chicot declined his polite advances, being quite aware that they were insincere and eyed him viciously from under his mistress' chair. When the unfortunate man took his departure he was careful to bow himself out backward. As he went down the steps to the street he met the hated Batterson coming up.

Now Batterson got on famously with Chicot and Billinger was keenly alive to the advantage it gave his rival.

"That confounded pup will do for me yet," he muttered to himself as he strode up the street, and he fell to plotting awful things for Chicot.

As he turned into the avenue he met a butcher's boy whom he remembered as having on rare occasions, by reason of a reputation for unimpeachable integrity, been intrusted with the precious Chicot on rainy days when, despite the weather, it was deemed desirable that the animal should be exercised. Billinger stopped the hasting youth and addressed him something in this wise:

"Young man, are you ambitious?"

The boy grinned amiably, for he knew Billinger, and responded succinctly:

"Sure thing."

"'Tis well," quoth Billinger. "Have you any objection to laying forthwith the foundations of the princely fortune that will one day be yours?" The boy grinned again and guessed not, whereupon Billinger, with many admonitions to secrecy, unfolded his plot.

The details of the conspiracy are not important. Suffice it to say that one rainy morning about ten days later the boy appeared at Billinger's office in John street with a much-bedraggled and altogether rebellious Chicot, whom an office boy was straightway deputed to tie to the safe in Billinger's sanctum.

"Well done, good and faithful servant," said Billinger solemnly to the butcher's boy. "Behold, now, virtue is rewarded." And he gave his fellow conspirator more money than he had ever seen at any one time in his life. "Did you report the melancholy loss to Miss Mayhew?"

"Yep," replied the immoral youth.

"I suppose there was no end of a row?"

"Orful," admitted the boy. "She swore she'd have me pinched—"

"Pinched?" said Billinger reprovingly.

"I mean arrested, an' I t'ink she would, on'y I promised me kid bruddder a dollar t'swear he seen der pup git away from me a' run down der street after annudder dawg."

Just then Billinger's telephone rang violently and Billinger took up the receiver.

"Yes," he said. "Who's this, please? Oh! Miss Mayhew! Delighted, I'm sure. How can I serve you? What? Lost, you say? Not really? Too bad. How did it happen?"

A long pause, in the course of which Billinger glanced grimly at Chicot. The latter, observing the glance, showed his teeth and growled sullenly.

Panic-stricken lest the sound should travel over the wire, the guilty man hastily averted his gaze and said:

"Of course, you will advertise for him? Yes, of course, at once—yes—I shall be glad to serve you—I'll send an 'ad' to all the morning papers at once. No—no—yes, I should think," here his voice became sardonic, in spite of him—"I should think $100 would be ample reward—quite ample. I'm so sorry—so very sorry—good-by, good-by." And he hung up the receiver and rubbed his hands gleefully.

"Well?" he demanded of the boy, who, like the lamb of blessed memory, still lingered patiently about, "what are you waiting for?"

"Carfare," said the boy. "I d' wanter break me bill." He got it and departed joyfully.

Billinger glanced triumphantly at the captive Chicot and went out to luncheon in high spirits. "What I will do to that pestiferous pup," said he to himself, "will be what the etiquette books describe as a genteel sufficiency."

Alas for Billinger. While he was treating himself handsomely at a neighboring cafe, who should drop in at his office but the hated Batterson, whose partner had a law case in Billinger's hands?

"Not in?" said Batterson to the head clerk. "All right. I'll just leave these papers on his desk," pushing open the door and entering Billinger's private office. The first object that met his astonished gaze was the form of the mud-bespattered Chicot. Now it happened that Batterson, too, had received by telephone the awful news of Chicot's taking off. "Funny thing," he thought. "Billinger must have found the pup." But then he remembered that she had asked Billinger to advertise for him.

A great light began to illuminate the obscurity of Batterson's mind. He glanced at the door behind him. It had closed automatically. He strode to the door marked "private." It was unlocked and led into the hall. Then he returned to the outer office through the door by which he had entered.

"Be so good," he said to the head clerk, "as to call Mr. Billinger's attention to the package I left on his desk." Then he passed into the hall, carefully closing the door behind him, and re-entered Billinger's private office by the other door. Chicot was very glad indeed to see him, but fortunately confined his expressions of joy to sundry waggings of the tail and wrigglings of the spine. Batterson untied the rope that fastened the dog to the safe, leaving the other end still tied to that substantial piece of furniture. Then, taking the joyous Chicot in his arms, he stole silently out into the hall, closing the door behind him, and walked down eight flights of stairs.

When Billinger returned from luncheon his first thought was for Chicot. In vain he searched the office. Chicot was not to be found. He summoned the head clerk. Nobody had entered his sanctum, declared that functionary, but Mr. Batterson.

"Batterson!" cried the unhappy Billinger, and collapsed into a chair. "Did he take the dog away?" Certainly not, the clerk replied. Mr. Batterson went out as he had entered, and he was perfectly certain that he had no dog concealed about his person.

Billinger dismissed the clerk and cursed his luck for five minutes without repeating himself. Then the rope caught his eye. The window was open. Chicot might have worked himself loose from his fetters and leaped from the window. He peered hopefully out, but no mangled remains were to be seen on the pavement below, and he put the fond illusion from him. Hastily striding to the hall door he turned the knob. The door opened. He groaned in anguish. The worst had happened.

Billinger did not pass a pleasant afternoon. Once he called up Batterson's office on the telephone, but Batterson had not been in since noon. In desperation he closed his desk and sent for a cab. The suspense was unendurable. He had made up his mind to know the worst at once.

The man who answered his ring would see if Miss Mayhew was at home and ushered him into the well-remembered drawing room. As soon as his eyes became accustomed to the dim half light he was aware of a figure in the chair by the window. The next instant he recognized it. It was Batterson. In his lap lay a forlorn black heap whose name was Chicot.

Billinger was speechless. He rose and took one step toward the door. Flight was his purpose. Nothing else was left him now. Too late! At that very instant Miss Mayhew entered the room. A handkerchief was pressed to her eyes, and if there had been sufficient light it could have been seen that they were red. Billinger stood miserably aside. Batterson advanced proudly to the middle of the room, but before he could speak the poodle leaped from his arms and rushed with joyous yelps upon his mistress.

The immediate proceedings are too sacred for public rehearsal. Miss Mayhew clasped the miraculously restored Chicot, all wet and muddy as he was, to her palpitating bosom, but what she said is another matter.

Batterson was clothed in a proud humility, and as he opened his mouth to speak Billinger shuddered in his dim corner by the door.

"I-er-er," stuttered Batterson. "I-er-I was so fortunate as to find Chicot, you see."

"Yes, yes," cried the joyful mistress of the dog, "thank Heaven. I was afraid I should never see him again. But where—how, oh, tell me! I beg you." Billinger waited as waits the convicted criminal to hear his sentence. Batterson cleared his throat.

"Er—not far from my office—in John street," he said, "as I was going to luncheon." Billinger seized a chair to keep from falling. He could hardly realize that he was to be spared.

"The poor, poor doggie!" cried the lady. "And to think he had walked all the way down there. I can't think how he failed to be killed by a trolley car or a truck or something. It is simply marvelous. How can I ever thank you enough?" And she pressed a kiss upon Chicot's black, wet muzzle. Billinger was too grateful even to begrudge his rival this sweet gratitude.

"You have no idea how all this has upset me," went on Miss Mayhew, "especially coming at a time when I was so happy—when I so wanted everything to be serene and joyous." Billinger's reprieve was too recent for speech, but Batterson managed to say:

"Eh? How do you mean? I don't understand."

"Of course you don't," said Miss Mayhew. "How should you? But when that wretched boy came to tell me he had lost dear Chicot I was writing to you and Mr. Billinger to tell you of my engagement to Lord Bletherington."

Billinger and Batterson went dolefully down the brownstone steps arm in arm. The war was over.

"I say, old fellow," said Billinger, mournfully, "I know a place around the corner where there's a chap who makes the best mint julep in New York."

"Eh? What?" said Batterson, absently. "Oh, I don't mind if I do."

As they sadly turned the corner they met an automobile careering madly up the avenue. A pair of feet reposed upon the dashboard. Behind the feet appeared a mouth between whose lips was held a long, fat, black cigar. The face was the face of the butcher's boy. He was having the time of his life.—N. Y. Times.

AT GERMAN WEDDINGS.

The Main Thing in Accordance With Ancient Tradition Is Eating and Drinking.

The old-time festivals, in which oxen were roasted whole in the market place, have their counterparts in the wedding feasts which are given at the present day in some agricultural districts in Prussia, says a London paper.

A banquet shared by 200 or 300 guests is an everyday affair, and the number sometimes rises to 800 or 900 all of whom are not only fed but lodged, for the festivities continue for three days. The bride's father erects a large number of tents, and engages bands of music, and the rustic beauties appear in costumes which only wealthy city women would think they could afford.

But the main thing, in accordance with good old German tradition, is eating—and drinking.

An idea of the liberality and of the labors of the bride's parents may be gathered from the statement that at a recent wedding two oxen, nine calves, nine sheep, three or four fat hogs, 150 chickens and 500 pounds of fish were provided. Nine hundred pounds of flour were used in making bread and cake. The beverages included 1,300 bottles of wine, 20 casks of beer and 22 bottles of brandy.

A feast like this must cost a small fortune, and it would be a rich man who could marry off many daughters in this way.

Despite all this prodigality, there is one thing which at first sight appears parsimonious. Each guest is expected to bring his own knife and fork.

Sweart Of Course Not.

Nice Old Lady—But does this parrot swear?

Sailor (enthusiastically) — Why, mum, you'll find it a liberal education jest to listen to this bird.—N. Y. Journal.

Consolation.

Edith—Yale is my favorite. They turn out the best men at New Haven.

Jack—That's what I said when they fired me at the end of the junior year.—N. Y. Times.

Still Within Reach.

Jaggles—The necessaries of life are dearer to-day than they ever were.

Waggles—Nonsense! Divorces are advertised for $40, and bankruptcy proceedings for $100.—Town Topics.

Uncle Ephr'm.

"De elephunt," observed Uncle Ephr'm, "kin put his foot down harder dan any animule dat walks, an' yit he don' make no noise doin' hit."—Chicago Tribune.

Getting Even.

Mrs. A.—That woman next door bought a hat exactly like mine.

Mrs. B.—Didn't it make you mad?

Mrs. A.—Not a bit; I gave mine to the cook.—N. Y. Journal.

Her Weapon.

It's a very fair world to live in
The pretty girl finds on the jaunt,
For it's laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you get what you want.
—N. Y. Times.

DISTINGUISHED MARKSMAN.

Officer—You're a likely looking sort, my man. Are you a sharpshooter?

Private Johnson—No, sub; I'se a crap-shootah.—Chicago Tribune.

Similes.

A man is like the honey bee,
Who tolls the live-long day;
The trust is like the man who takes
The honey all away.
—Washington Star.

Satisfactory Explanation.

She—Stop! You sha'n't kiss me tonight—at least, not before I have had an explanation. I heard to-day that you had been engaged to 16 different girls.

He—But that was before I had seen your angel face, my love.

She—So it was, to be sure. I never thought of that.—Tit-Bits.

Twice Rejected.

Wederly—Was that your sister I saw with you last evening?

Singleton—Yes; one of them.

Wederly—Why, I wasn't aware that you had more than one.

Singleton—I have three. One by birth and two by annexation.—Chicago Daily News.

Soaked in Rum.

"What's a wreck, pop?"

"A wreck, my son, is a disaster on the water."

"Not always, pop; there's old Rednose; he's a wreck, but water had nothing to do with it."—Yonker's Statesman.

Some Reasons

Why You Should Insist on Having

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Unequaled by any other.
Renders hard leather soft.
Especially prepared.
Keeps out water.
A heavy bodied oil.

HARNESS

An excellent preservative.
Reduces cost of your harness.
Never burns the leather; its efficiency is increased.
Secures best service.
Stitches kept from breaking.

OIL

Is sold in all Localities

Manufactured by Standard Oil Company.

Nothing Rash About Her.

"But you are too young," pleaded the anxious mother. "No girl should marry before her mind is fully formed."

"Oh," said the gladsome maiden of 18 summers, "my mind has been made up for more than a week."—Tit-Bits.

The Ones to Avoid.

Old Man—If you would select a good wife, my young friend, you must avoid the descendants of a certain famous woman.

Young Man—I shall certainly heed your advice. Who was she?"

Old Man—Eve.—N. Y. Weekly.

Neighborly.

Rusty Rufus—De lady in de next house give me a piece of home-made cake. Won't you give me somethin', too?

Mrs. Spiteful—Certainly! Here's a pepsin tablet.—Judge.

Not Too Liberal.

Parishioner—The people are complaining that you are too liberal.

Unorthodox Pastor—Oh, that's a mistake, my dear, a great mistake. I am just as stingy as the rest of you.—N. Y. Weekly.

Sacrificed the Tree.

Visitor—You are having that beautiful old tree cut down, I see. Why?

Mr. Suburb—It interferes with my neighbors' view of the house, and they keep running in to find out what is going on.—N. Y. Weekly.

Head of the Heap.

Haddock—He's a very successful jockey, of course, but why does he sit so far up on his horse's neck?

Paddock—Just to show, probably, that he doesn't have to go 'way back and sit down.—Philadelphia Press.

One Way of Making It Plain.

Naggsby—So the new minister is an unattractive looking chap, is he?

Waggsby—Well, I'd hate to put it so strongly, but he would be a mighty safe man to send on a Lion Alden stunt.—Los Angeles Herald.

Her Hope.

"I still hope," he announced when she refused him for the third time.

"So do I," she returned.

"What do you hope?" he asked.

"I hope you'll get tired," she answered.—Chicago Post.

A Terrifying Man.

Biggs—There goes a man who is approached with fear and trembling by all who have dealings with him.

Boggs—Ah! a criminal judge or something of that sort, I presume.

"No, a dentist."—Tit-Bits.

To the Teeth.

Millicent—I never venture out at night unless I am armed to the teeth.

Maude—Do you carry revolvers?

Millicent—Revolvers, bah! I always carry a hatpin.—Ohio State Journal.

Making Money Both Ways.

Jinks—I've struck it now. Beats the ice and coal business all hollow.

Minks—What's your great scheme this time?

Jinks—I'm going to open a chinaware and crockery store, with an intelligence office in the basement.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Heavy-Set Heiress.

"When people learn how much money papa has," tittered the heavy-set heiress, "they always say something about my attractive figure."

"And," inquired the foolish youth, "do they calculate it in pounds or dollars?"—Baltimore American.

In a Sad Predicament.

"She says she'll have to have a new bonnet before she can sing in the choir."

"Well?"

"Well, he says that she'll have to sing in the choir to get the money for a new bonnet."—Chicago Post.

His Private Opinion.

"I wonder why I ever married such a fool as you," angrily exclaimed the ex-widow.

"Probably to get even with the late lamented, who was smart enough to shuffle off this mortal coil," calmly replied No. 2.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Laura S. Webb,
Vice-President Women's Democratic Clubs of Northern Ohio.

"I dreaded the change of life which was fast approaching. I noticed Wine of Cardui, and decided to try a bottle. I experienced some relief the first month, so I kept on taking it for three months and now I menstruate with no pain and I shall take it off and on now until I have passed the climax."

Female weakness, disordered menses, falling of the womb and ovarian troubles do not wear off. They follow a woman to the change of life. Do not wait but take Wine of Cardui now and avoid the trouble. Wine of Cardui never fails to benefit a suffering woman of any age. Wine of Cardui relieved Mrs. Webb when she was in danger. When you come to the change of life Mrs. Webb's letter will mean more to you than it does now. But you may now avoid the suffering she endured. Druggists sell $1 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

WINE OF CARDUI

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of Caroline County, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline County, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of

ELIAS W. WILLIAMSON,

late of Caroline County, deceased.

All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers on or before

The 10th day of February, 1903,

or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hands this 8th day of July, 1902.

WILLIAM B NUTTLE,
Executor of Elias W. Williamson, deceased. [july10, 4t.]

...THE...

Floor Space Occupied

BY THE STOCK OF

Building Material

Blacksmith's and Wheelwright's materials, Pumps and Drive Well Supplies; Furniture, Mattings, etc., of the

Burrsville Hardware Store

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 Buck 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.

E. C. CARTER.

McGRATH & OTTO,

Denton, Md.

First-Class Horseshoeing and General Blacksmithing.

Shop on Third St., back of Livery.

Give Us A Call.

(jun26,02, 1y)

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.

Orders taken at Livery Stable office.

5-29, tf) HOLMES & BAILEY.

M. L. FRIEND,

BLACKSMITH,

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. Horseshoeing and all other work done promptly and at reasonable prices. Wheelwrighting and new work a specialty. 1.

Banks, Bankers, Corporations and Individuals

can open an account with this company, subject to check, upon which interest will be allowed. Special rates paid on deposits made for a fixed time. 3 percent allowed on savings accounts. Accounts can be opened by mail.

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Baltimore, Md.

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The only **Guaranteed Cure.** **NO Cure. NO Pay.** Your Druggist will warrant it.

ABSOLUTELY CURES

Grip, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Pneumonia, or any Affection of the Throat and Lungs.

TRIAL BOTTLES FREE.

Regular Size 50 cents and $1.00

Wedding Presents.

I am now opening at my store on Main street

SILVERWARE,
RINGS,
WATCHES,
JEWELRY

The biggest line I have ever purchased and the most beautiful patterns in the market.

Gold Watches at prices that cannot be duplicated.

CHAS. H. BULLOCK,
Denton, Md.

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD COMPANY.

IN EFFECT SATURDAY, JULY 12TH, 1902.

EASTWARD.—Read Downward. | WESTWARD.—Read Upward.

Sundays.	Sundays.	Saturdays.	Daily Except Saturdays	Daily Except Sundays	BALTIMORE FERRY.	Distance From Baltimore.	Daily Except Sundays	Daily Except Saturdays	Saturdays.	Sundays.	Sundays.
A. M.	A. M. P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		Mls.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
....	8.15 3.15	....	3.00	3.15	7.00 Lv... Baltimore... Ar.		11.30	10.30	9.30	....	10.30 12.05
....	10.05 5.05	....	4.50	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 ....

Sundays.	Sundays.	Sundays.	Saturdays.	Saturdays.	Daily Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Daily Ex. Sundays	Railroad Division STATIONS.		Daily Ex. Sundays	Daily Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Saturday Only	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.
10.30	10.15	8.30	4.10	4.00	5.15	9.00	Lv... Kent Island...	Ar	25.00	9.35	8.25	7.10	11.43	8.23 9.30
10.28	....	8.30	4.19	....	5.22	9.07	.... Stevensville...	....	28.81	9.29	8.16	7.02	11.36	.... 9.21
10.31	....	8.35	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	....	5.33	9.18	.... Winchester...	....	33.88	9.16	8.03	6.49	11.25	.... 9.08
10.42	....	f 8.54	4.36	....	f5.36	f 9.21	.... Walsey...	....	38.07	9.05	7.59	6.42	11.18	8.00 9.00
10.47	....	8.58	4.40	....	5.39	9.25	.... Queenstown...	....	....	9.44	8.19	6.59	....	8.19 ....
11.01	....	....	4.50	....	5.58	9.44	Ar... Centreville...	Ar.	....	8.45	7.40	6.20	....	7.40 8.35
....	....	8.33	3.55	....	5.20	8.45	Lv...	Lv.	....	....	....	....	....	....
....	....	f 9.00	f4.15	....	f5.45	f 9.32	.... Bloomingdale...	....	40.90	8.59	f7.53	f6.36	f11.16	....
....	....	f 9.10	f4.22	....	f5.50	f 9.37	.... Wye Mills...	....	43.45	8.53	f7.47	f6.30	f11.08	....
....	....	f 9.17	f5.00	....	f5.56	f 9.43	.... Willoughby...	....	46.43	f8.47	f7.42	f6.25	f11.02	....
....	....	....	5.07	....	6.04	....	.... Bay & 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	f7.28	6.07	10.47	....
....	....	f 9.39	f5.19	....	f6.15	f10.01	.... Tuckahoe...	....	55.05	f8.29	f7.25	f6.03	f10.43	....
....	x11.00	9.44	5.25	x4.54	6.21	10.07	.... Denton...	....	57.99	8.24	7.20	5.57	10.38	x7.27 ....
....	....	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	10.23	....
....	....	f10.03	f5.43	....	f6.39	f10.25	.... Adamsville...	....	66.40	f8.06	f7.01	f5.29	f10.21	....
....	....	f10.09	5.48	....	6.44	f10.30	.... Blanchard...	....	68.55	f8.01	f6.56	f5.24	f10.16	....
....	....	10.17	5.55	....	6.50	10.36	.... Greenwood...	....	71.80	7.55	6.45	5.12	10.10	....
....	....	f10.23	f6.02	....	f6.57	f10.43	.... Owens...	....	75.47	f7.47	f6.37	f5.04	f10.02	....
....	....	f10.28	f6.06	....	f7.01	f10.47	.... Oakley...	....	77.36	f7.43	f6.32	f5.00	f 9.58	....
....	....	10.36	6.13	....	7.08	10.54	.... Ellendale...	....	81.02	7.36	6.25	4.52	9.52	....
....	....	f10.44	f6.20	....	f7.15	f11.02	.... Wolfe...	....	....	f7.29	f6.18	f4.45	f 9.45	....
....	x12.02	10.51	f6.26	x5.43	7.22	11.08	.... Milton...	....	87.57	7.22	6.11	4.38	9.38	x6.37 ....
....	....	f11.00	f6.34	....	f7.30	f11.16	.... Whitesboro...	....	91.57	f7.14	f6.03	f4.30	f 9.31	....
....	....	f11.03	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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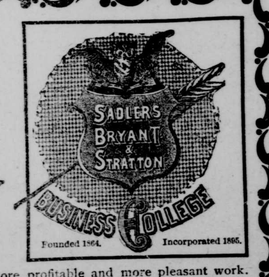

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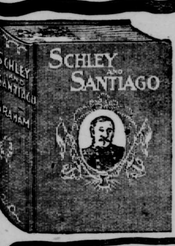

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