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Sunday only.	Sunday only.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday		Daily Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	Saturday only.	Sunday	Sunday
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		NOON	P.M.	P.M.	P.M	P.M.
8.00	3.15	2.30	7.15	lv... Baltimore ...Ar	12.00	10.30	9.30	10 30	10.30
10.00	5.15	4.30	9.15	Ar...Love Point...lv	10.00	8.30	7.30	8.30	8.30
.....	5.35	5.50	.....	Ar...Queenstown...lv	.....	7.30	6.30	.....	.....
A.M.	P.M.	P.M	A.M.		A.M.	P.M	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Sunday Express.	Sunday only.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Sunday Express	RAILROAD DIV. STATIONS.	Daily Sunday	Daily Ex. Sat and Sunday	Saturday only.	Sunday only.	Sunday Express
A.M.	A.M.	P.M	A.M.		A.M	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
10.10	8.00	4.40	.....	lv... Love Point...Ar.	9.50	8.30	7 20	8 00	8.20
.....	8.35	5.10	9.55	..... Queenstown	9.20	7.50	6.50	7.25	x7 56
.....	.....	5.35	10.20	..... Centreville	8.53	7.20	6.20	6.55	6 55
.....	8.48	5.21	10.08	..... Wye Mills	9.05	7.37	6.35	7.09	.....
.....	8.56	5.33	10.12	..... Queen Anne	8.50	7.23	6.25	6.54	.....
.....	9.06	5.53	10.39	..... Tilton	8.33	7.07	6.08	6.36	.....
.....	9.40	6.08	10.55	..... Hickman	8.17	6.52	5.52	6.19	.....
.....	9.51	6.23	11.10	..... Greensb'g	8.02	6.38	5.37	6.03	.....
.....	10.20	6.45	11.32	..... Ellendale	7.42	6.16	5.18	5.40	6.42
.....	10.35	6.59	11.45	..... Milton	7.28	6.00	5.03	5.23	.....
12.20	11.00	7.20	12.05	..... Lewes	7.05	5.40	4.45	5.00	x6.15
12.35	11.15	7.35	12.20	Ar...Rehoboth...lv.	6.50	5.25	4.30	4.45	6.00
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

† Stops on signal to take on or let off passengers.
x Stops to let off passengers from Rehoboth.

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W. R. CRUMPTON, GENERAL MANAGER.

Continued from page 8.

her run upstairs with a sudden scuttering rush of a frightened animal. Her door closed sharply, and the key was turned in the lock—twice, in a sort of frenzy of haste. In the room below there was quietness for a moment or two and a feeling of unbearable suspense. No one dared look at the bridegroom, who had remained standing in the position he took up when his wife rose from her seat.

Presently he went and stood before his father and spoke—without anger, but in a tone that suggested an unalterable loneliness.

"I must apologize, father, he said, "for having annoyed you and the others like this. It was a mistake—I had not realized that a grave could be so quickly filled up. But you will soon forget. Eleven hours of reality are not too much out of a lifetime of illusion."

He went out, but stopped on the threshold for an instant.

"Persuade Bertha that I am not an imagination," he said. "She is such a nervous little thing."

In the morning they found that some violent and disdainful hand had tossed all the fading wreaths away from the grave. It stared at them from the trim green of the churchyard, brown and desolate. One card, detached from its ribbon, lay, a forlorn white patch, amongst the sods. It was that which Bertha had tied to her cross of lilies; there was the inscription, just decipherable, though blurred by the wet earth:

"For my darling, from his ever loving wife.
"He is not lost, for we shall meet again."
—Chicago Tribune.

The new Belgian military system, established on the basis of voluntary conscription, has already proved a failure. Notwithstanding the active efforts of the enlistment committee, but few volunteers have come forward during the last year.

Pardonable Curiosity.

"At this height," said the guide, as they paused on the mountain side to look at the valley far below, "people with weak hearts often die."

"How often," asked a deeply interested listener, "do they have to die before they stay dead?"—Chicago Tribune.

Wrong Remedy.

"Is it true," asked the caller, "that your husband ordered Dr. Smoother out of the house?"

"Yes. Poor Jack had been carrying the baby all night and every night for a week, and was run down to a thread. I called the doctor, and he told Jack that he must take exercise."—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing to Hinder Now.

Lover—You are getting prettier every day.

Sweet Girl—Just now I am living on brown bread and water, to improve my complexion.

"How long can you keep that up?"

"Oh, indefinitely."

"Then let's get married."—N. Y. Weekly.

May Get There on Time.

Pendennis—I've made an awful mistake. I sent a messenger boy up to Miss Cashley's with a lot of flowers, thinking it was her birthday, and now I learn that her birthday is to-morrow.

Warington—That's all right; the messenger boy may get there in time.—Tit-Bits.

Rusty.

A little three-year-old miss, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in a peculiar noise and asked what it was.

"A cricket, dear," replied the mother.

"Well," remarked the little lady, "he ought to get himself oiled."—Young People's Paper.

Not Free.

Gladys—She has the fatal gift of beauty.

May—What makes you think so?

Gladys—Such glorious hair and complexion.

May—Oh, that isn't a gift. I was with her when she bought it.—Smith's Weekly.

Not Up-to-Date.

"Mamma," said the pretty fluffy-haired girl, "I think I ought to go to go to cooking school, don't you?"

"It isn't necessary, my dear," replied the mother, "I can teach you to cook."

"But that would never do, mamma," protested the fair daughter, "you only know how to cook the ordinary things that people really eat."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE CANYON TRESTLE.

This has man wrought; to span the untamed flood,
To link the hoary sundered cliffs in bands,
To cleave his pathway straight with sweat and blood
Up the white silence of untrodden lands.
Measure the man against the foe he fought,
Invincible—and chained. This has man wrought.

Deem not the mountain's holy place defiled
When the black smoke-cloud blots out slope and scaur;
Think not its silence desecrate, when wild
Long warning whistles thrill the snows afar.
The way of toil is sacred. Rock and sod
And forged steel are holy things of God.

Nay, not for gold alone the toilers wrought;
Nay, not for fame or pride the pulsing brain
Flung out across the cliffs its splendid thought,
Looped the wild pine-lands docile in its chain.
Brothers by danger shared, strong, patient, still,
Men wrought in steel the signet of God's will.

The scroll is graven large for eyes that see,
A writhing on the wall in storm and sun:
"Here shall the highway of the nation be,
For scattered peoples gathering into one;
Kindred unknown from unknown shores and lands,
Brought hither in God's temple shall touch hands."

This has man wrought—his manhood's gage and pledge,
What might was his who stormed the mountain's strength,
Recked not of toppling crag and icy ledge,
Bought by sheer will his path, held at arm's length
Disputing death! Read in his rock-cleft plan
God's measure of the stature of a man.

A stature that shall shame our petty strife,
Laugh down our littleness of selfish fears,
Flash on dim eyes the splendor of the life
Which set its token here for unborn years—
Wrung from the jaws of death, sweat-stained, blood-bought,
The sacred way of toil, this has man wrought.
—Mabel Earle, in Youth's Companion.

The Woman in Red

By Muriel Campbell Dyar.

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WINTER reigned throughout Europe, but on the Riviera spring and summer bloomed together. Overhead the sky was infinitely blue, below the sea was green and purple and amethyst. Everywhere the sun, everywhere the scent of geranium and mimosa, the fragrance of rose and violet. Always the deep boom, boom of the waves thundering against the tall cliffs of Monaco, always the cry of the sea gull, forever the chimes from the church of Sainte Devote.

At Monte Carlo, that paradise of the gamester, the season was at its height. The Hotel de Paris and Beau-Rivage were crowded, those of the quarter La Condamine were full, and well-dressed people, finding shelter in some cheap lodging house over in Monaco, gave the name of some fashionable resort when applying for a carte d'admission to the 'Cercles des Etrangeres," the euphemistic title of that institution which draws hither the avid and the inquisitive of all the nations. Day after day, night after night, the Casino overflowed with those who came to tempt Fortune. Every one laughed and sang and was gay. Heavy hearts are hidden at Monte Carlo.

It was at a concert that she first appeared—the Woman in Red. The French tenor was just beginning his number when the doors of the middle box of the right hand tier swung slowly open and closed behind her. She stood for just a moment outlined against the ivory background. Very tall she seemed, dressed from head to foot in red—not cardinal, nor crimson—but the most intense and glowing scarlet. From out this mass of color her bare throat rose vividly white, and down the satin of her skirt her ungloved arms hung, soft and round as those of a child. Her hair, too, fine and fair, gave her head a rather childish look. And then—no wonder fans stopped fluttering and silks began to rustle—her face was entirely concealed by a mask of dark red velvet!

The lady seated herself quickly, with a curious grace in every movement, and the red of her dress spreading out around her, stained as with blood the whiteness of the box. She raised her glass and insolently swept the house, moving her head so that the jewels in her hair blazed and flamed into the faces turned in her direction. A laugh floated from above as a woman in the gallery, with her programme twisted into a roll, mocked the motion. The Woman in Red turned away her face with a shrug of her white shoulders, and sat through the performance quite still and indifferent. At the beginning of the last number she rose slowly, and gathering together her shimmering scarlet left the box. That was the introduction to the world of Monte Carlo of the Woman in Red.

After that, interest centered about her, increasing as her peculiarities became known. She never wore a suggestion of any color but red, and that alone was enough to make her conspicuous. Then the mask, thought to have been merely a caprice on the night of the concert, was never removed. That rendered her mysterious. She talked but little, going about silently, with a soft, light step. One might be quite alone, and the next moment suddenly aware of the Red Woman's presence. When the tall young Englishman who lost everything at a turn of the wheel went out into the Casino garden and, cocking his pistol in the shadow of the cacti, muttered: "I'll end the whole cursed business!" the Woman in Red murmured persuasively beside him: "Oh, I wouldn't—" and he didn't, and when a lady knelt one evening before the image of the Virgin in the church of Sainte Devote, and whispered wildly, "O Blessed Mother, forgive me my sins!" it was the Woman in Red who finished softly for her, "and those who sin against me." This made her something more than conspicious and mysterious—it made her awesome.

No one ever saw her smoke, but her scarlet garments always exhaled a faint odor of cigarettes. Every night she came into the roulette room and sat there in her scarlet dress, with a red flower in her hair, and put down her stakes with as much emotion as though the gold and notes were worthless. Consistent in her color scheme, she invariably placed her money on the red, and nine times out of ten she won.

To make her a trifle more conspicuous, mysterious and eerie, she had for a chaperon a woman so thin and wrinkled and old as to seem hardly capable of life. When some one ventured to ask her a question about the Woman in Red the creature cackled: How should I know?"

"No wonder the men like her," chattered. "Oh, the devil, the devil, the devil. "They'd like us if we muffled our faces and wore clothes like that. I'll wager she has the face of a blanchisseuse—any one could be fascinating behind a velvet mask!"

"She is, certainly," said a bystander, dryly.

"Peste!" exclaimed the sallow critic angrily. "No one wants that old count or that stupid baron or that pink-cheeked English boy, anyway!"

It is true that the Woman in Red had found ardent admirers in the old count and the stupid baron and the English boy—the one to whom she had whispered that night behind the cacti—and the rivalry between them increased as the season passed. To-day one was in favor, to-morrow another, and the frequenters of the Casino got to betting on the chances of the several suitors till it became almost as exciting as a game at one of the tables.

But throughout it all the woman remained calm, inscrutable, mysterious. Neither of the three could persuade her to tell her name or take off her mask.

"I answer to any name," she said. "I have forgotten my own, and as for my face, what makes you think it beautiful?"

"Oh, you," said the courtly old count.

"Your hands," said the stupid baron.

"Your hair," said the blond young Englishman, with British egotism.

In answer to each she only laughed a hard little laugh, not altogether pleasant to hear.

To be much talked about and to say little appeared to suit her. A month after her advent no one in Monte Carlo or Monaco knew a whit more about her than at first, and no one would have hesitated to give half his fortune—had he had one—to know everything. The mystery of the masked woman was exasperating—the theories concerning her innumerable. Perhaps the majority of the women believed that, being ugly, she had adopted this means of attracting the attention rightfully belonging to beauty. She was a problem which might be studied for weeks without arriving at a solution.

The warm southern days crept lazily along, and as sometimes happens even in the sheltered paradise, began to grow oppressively hot. It was on the languid evening of one of these scorching days that the Woman in Red and the young Englishman were gaming side by side at the roulette table. The air of the Casino was heavy and scented, there was a murmur of laughter and talk, and the frequent click-clack of the roulette balls. The woman pushed back her chair impatiently and said to the man:

"Do come out into the garden—it is insufferably hot in here!"

"I should think," said the young man at length, as they strolled through the shrubbery, "that your mask would be unbearable!"

"It is."

"Then why not take it off?"

"I did not come out to talk of that."

"But perhaps I did!" The British shoulders squared themselves aggressively.

The woman made no reply, but continued her occupation of listlessly slipping a ring up and down her finger.

"Oh, I have dropped it!" she suddenly cried, and stooped quickly to search for it. The low branch of a tree caught in the coils of her yellow hair. To free it she impatiently drew up her head. There was a sharp click, as of the release of a metal catch, and the velvet mask, loosened, fell softly to the ground. She made an inarticulate noise in her throat, and her hands were thrown up in an ineffectual attempt to conceal her face, but the young man was too quick for her. There, in the bright white moonlight, he looked full at the face of the Woman in Red and, with a terrible cry of horror, fell like one dead upon the grass.

It was a long time before he opened his eyes and felt the touch of the woman's hand upon his brow and the cool trickle of water over his face. He lay passive, thinking of nothing. Then suddenly it all came back.

"Oh, don't, don't, don't touch me!" he gasped. "Keep away from me!"

He staggered to his feet, and pressed his hands to his eyes to shut out the vision that would return. His knees trembled and his teeth chattered. Something as white as the moonlight gathered at his lips.

The woman made an imposing gesture. "Oh, see, I have put it on again," and she turned her head that he might behold the velvet mask.

At the sound of her voice he shivered in terror and, without a word, but making a strange moaning noise, he ran, like one demented, in the direction of the lighted Casino. And in the still, white moonlight the Woman in Red stood like one of the statues of the terraced garden, its marble purity turned to scarlet.

The next night she was at her usual place at the roulette table, but it was the stupid baron who sat beside her.

"Why don't you play?" he asked, as she sat motionless and indifferent, eyed curiously by the spectators of the game. She sat up wearily and pushed a pile of gold and notes upon the red, No. 12. The croupier started the wheel revolving rapidly in one direction and sent the ball deftly rolling in the other, and there was a little buzz of conversation. Tongues wagged briskly while eyes were fastened on the whirling wheel.

"What has become of our English friend?" asked one.

"Gone home," was the answer from another across the table. "Perhaps the heat went to his head!" He tapped his forehead significantly.

Gradually the wheel slowed down, and the ball was about to settle in its customary click. Gamblers leaned over the table to see the result of their bets. The slowly rolling sphere was just dropping into No. 12! No, it has settled in the adjoining compartment.

"Vinght-huit, noir Gagne!" calls out the croupier with shrill monotony, and the shining heaps are distributed to th winners.

"And madame has lost!" exclaimed the stupid baron, in surprise.

The Woman in Red made no reply, but stood up and, with an imperious motion not to follow, walked steadily from the salle de jeu, a vivid bit of color under the glittering lights of the splendid apartment.

Early the next morning she was found lying on the marble steps of the Casino, dead in her scarlet dress. The stain trailing along the snowy marble had been scarlet, too, but was now turning to a reddish brown. In one fine, strong hand was tightly clutched a folded note. The servants and people who gathered in trembling awe sent for the priest of the church of Sainte Devote to read it. He came quickly, panting a little for breath. Taking the paper from the fingers of the dead woman, he glanced over it nervously, while the people looked on in breathless silence. It was written in French.

"I will read it," the priest said slowly, and he translated the writing in trembling tones:

"'I have taken my own life—let that pass. Let no one lift the mask from my face but the priest of the church of Sainte Devote, and I pray him, when he knows my secret, to say mass for my soul. By all that is holy, respect these words.'"

As his solemn voice ceased, there crowding about shuddered and fell back in nameless fear. They at once carried the body of the woman to where she had lodged, the early morning sun gleaming strangely on her scarlet garments and yellow hair. The priest entered the house and closed the door upon the crowd.

When he again emerged, he was hardly recognizable. His face, deadly white, twitched and quivered spasmodically, his eyes protruded and rolled wildly from side to side, and his lips were parted in an awful, unholy smile. His trembling hands could scarcely hold the crucifix. To those who spoke to him he made no answer—he did not seem to hear.

They buried the woman that evening at sunset, among the nameless graves on the hill behind Monte Carlo, speedily as possible. When the grotesque companion of the dead asked if any one should be present the only answer she received was:

"Oh, the devil, the devil!"

How should I know?

The priest from the church of Sainte Devote mumbled the service, and indistinctly over the grave, with one shaking hand raised in a benedictory attitude, as though to banish something, or still the quaking terror that should fall on him from head to foot. When the ritual was ended he turned to the dense crowd which no secrecy or worship of authority had been able to keep away, and said so sternly and distinctly that his voice echoed in the silence:

"Whosoever as much as dares to touch this grave, upon him I pronounce the everlasting curse of the Holy Church of Rome!"

Down the sloping hillside, back to the town he led the procession, all the way shaking like a leaf. When they came again to the narrow streets he suddenly stopped trembling and began to laugh, and at the sound of such laughter the people stumbled over each other in their anxiety to get away.

The commissaire special and the administration acted promptly and with energy. There was an extra concert that very night, a grand ball on that succeeding, followed by a comic opera. At Monte Carlo it will not do to encourage reminiscence. And so, by and by, people stopped thinking, and began to talk of other things. The old count and the stupid baron were among the first to drop the subject. But when to the mad priest in his cell there came continually the deep boom, boom of the sea, the cry of the gull and the chimes of the church where he should never more say mass, he laughed, and laughed, and laughed—though he could not remember why!

SOFT CORE

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Couldn't Spare It.

Tramp—It is useless to ask you the question, madam. You know what I want.

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