

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

Few People Physically Fitted For the Atmosphere of High Altitudes.

In connection with any sport the questions which arise are mainly three: Is it innocent? Is it enjoyable? Is it healthful? To expect a sport qua sport to yield knowledge or gain is to regard it from the wrong point of view. Dulce est desipere in loco; we must all relax sometimes, and the arguments which are used against mountaineering would go far to condemn all kinds of amusement.

As regards the three questions which we have propounded the answer to the first is easy. Mountaineering is without doubt innocent, and in the judgment of its adherents it is inferior to no sport in point of enjoyment. The third question, which comes more directly within our province, admits of more debate.

Can we regard mountaineering as in the main and for the mass of tourists a safe and healthful amusement? This is a question which cannot be answered without considerable reserve and qualifications. Mountaineering—by which we mean ascents of 10,000 or 12,000 feet and upward—involves much strain and severe fatigue. The strain is first upon the muscular system, but it affects even more importantly the circulatory, respiratory and nervous mechanisms. In some persons the heart seems to feel the tax most, in others the nervous system is chiefly affected. Palpitation and "mountain sickness"—the latter in all probability a neurosis—are the two chief difficulties that beset the average mountaineer.

It is clear from these considerations that mountaineering is not for everybody. There must be, first of all, a sound general physique, considerable endurance and the capacity for prolonged and continuous effort. But it is not so generally understood that a sound heart muscle—a well developed and well exercised myocardium—is indispensable for any considerable mountaineering feats. Hence any suspicion of structural heart disease is an absolute contraindication for any such exploits. Further, the heart must be not only structurally sound, but well exercised and in good condition. Hence, sedentary livers who, for 11 months in the year, have no regular active exercise, should not employ their holiday month in mountaineering. Yachting or fishing would be much safer for such, and perhaps not less healthful.

Many Alpine accidents have been the result of neglect of this very obvious rule. For similar reasons mountaineering should be eschewed by persons in middle life who have not acquired the requisite training in youth, and even those who in the heyday of their early prime delighted in the sport and enjoyed many a "crowded hour of glorious life" on some Alpine summit would do well to remember Horace's maxim regarding the aging speed and bid a timely adieu to exploits no longer suited to their years. A certain stability of the nervous system is indispensable for mountaineering, but it is difficult to say anything precise on this head. Neurotic individuals not only climb badly, as a rule, but they do not benefit by the air above a certain moderate level. A certain coolness of nerve is a necessary qualification for the many ascents which involve actual danger—danger usually avoidable and seldom extreme, but not to be lightly encountered by those deficient in steadiness and self control.

Many of the dangers of mountaineering which bulk largely in the popular imagination are either quite rare or easily avoided. Thus snow blindness is not at all of frequent occurrence, is almost confined to prolonged exposure to a blazing sun upon snowfields and is usually successfully averted by the use of colored spectacles. Bleeding from the nose and ears, which is described by the early explorers, is practically unknown—at least to any serious extent—at the present day. Frostbite and sunburn, though not uncommon, are seldom severe. Perhaps the most frequent ground of attack upon mountaineering is its presumed perilousness. Accidents are no doubt frequent, but it is certainly true that for the most part they are avoidable.—London Lancet.

Make Nothing Secret.

This (bond) contract should never have been made when congress was in session except with its approval. The president should have given all the facts and asked the representatives of the people to divide with him this responsibility. In a republic there should be nothing secret, nothing hidden from the people by their public servants.—Hon. Stephen B. Elkins, United States Senator of West Virginia.

A LEGEND OF THE BLUSH ROSE.

Dan Cupid was roaming a garden one day.
His young heart was merry, his spirits were gay.
He lay 'neath the trees
And talked with the bees,
His yellow locks kissed by the soft summer breeze.

The proud lily bent, the fair youngster to greet.
The jessamine offered her fragrance so sweet,
He pillowed his head
In a violet bed,
By the worshiping flowers his vanity fed.

The modest white rose hung her head in despair
And murmured, unconscious that she was so fair,
"Ah, were I so bright
As others, then might
Some kind ray of love illumine my night!"

Sly Cupid, o'erhearing her whispered complaint,
Arose and approached, while the flower grew faint.
Then he pressed—oh, the bliss!—
On her petals a kiss.
She blushed and still blushes there, thinking of this.
—Hugh C. Laughlin in Ladies' Home Journal.

AN INVISIBLE THING.

Some years ago, in company with Captain Hill of the Union army, I determined to take a trip through the northwestern part of South America and spend a few months in visiting the country where a dozen volcanoes may be seen at one time.

We visited Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, Pinchincha and others, and then went on to see the wonderful lava bed of Cayambi, 10 miles long and at least 500 feet deep.

While at the latter place we learned of an old monastery which, so tradition has it, was deserted at the eruption of Cayambi in 1691. We determined to see it. It lies way up the mountain side, 14,000 feet above sea level, and was accessible only by the most tortuous of bridle paths it had ever been my fortune to travel over. However, with the assistance of a guide secured at the small mountain village at which we were staying, the ascent was successfully made.

At the close of the second day our tired mules turned the last bend in the steep mountain path, and there before us lay the ruins of the old convent toward which we had been climbing for two days, hardly distinguishable from the rough and rugged cliffs and rock heaps appearing on every hand.

We dismounted and sent the guide forward with the beasts and luggage. When we reached the convent gate, the guide was talking to an old man, who at once made a place for us. The old fellow was bent and wrinkled, the skin of his face looking like an old piece of crumpled parchment which had been put aside after a fruitless attempt to smooth it out. He must have been at least 100 years old.

We asked if we might spend the night there, after telling him the object with which the journey had been made.

From his reply we made out that no one had lived in the convent for nearly 200 years, but that about 20 years before a party of travelers had visited there and had remained a few weeks sketching and hunting, and that they had occupied the rooms at the south end, which were then in better condition than the others. All the rooms had long since become roofless except these, which were directly underneath the low tower.

On our signifying our willingness to be shown the rooms in the old convent, the old man went into his hut and brought out a rude wax taper, and without a word led the way to the north end of the ruin, where I made out a massive black door which opened inward. Entering, he lighted his primitive candle, turned to the left and led the way down a stone floored corridor which the cobwebs made almost impassable.

At last our pilot came to a standstill at the last doorway, the door, remarkably well preserved, standing half open. As we entered, a monster bat whisked by my head, then another and another. Doubtless they had been interrupted in their nocturnal forage.

Inside the little room there was a rude rustic cot frame made of poles with the bark still on—the only furniture of any description. The window, a small square hole, was closed with iron bars almost rusted away. Instead of panes of glass the spiders had substituted a network which almost shut out the stars.

Communicating with this cell by means of a short passageway, nearly closed up with rubbish, was another room differing in no essential point from the first, except, perhaps, that it was, if possible, more dusty and cobwebby.

We informed the old man that we would spend the night in these old rooms. He looked at us a moment as if astonished; then shook his head and muttered something which I took to mean "God keep you safe." He set the candle down on the floor and left us to ourselves.

We lit our cigars and sat down on the pile of blankets, etc., which we had brought in with us and carried into the inner room, and entered into conversation. But a strange perversity dominated the current of our thoughts. Insensibly we yielded to the occult force that swayed us and indulged in gloomy speculation.

After some time spent in this sort of conversation we retired to rest, the captain going out into the outer room and I remaining where I was, after an unsuccessful attempt to remove the cot frame from the inner room to the outer. I spread my blankets on the cot frame and closed the door of my cell, which creaked on its old rusty hinges with a noise unearthly. It would not entirely close, so I worked it back and forth until all the rust dropped off and it shut quite easily, making scarcely a sound. I shot the bolt, taking no notice in the feeble light whether or not there was a loop to receive it.

For a time I felt much easier that the door was fast and lay down and drew the blankets up around me. I had just begun to feel drowsy when a slight noise startled me and I sat up.

The door stood open!

My blood seemed to freeze in my veins. My heart stood still; then it started to beat so rapidly that I could hardly breathe. I had surely closed and bolted the door, yet there it was open, as I could make out by the dim light from the cobweb curtained window. As the cooling perspiration broke out at every pore I realized that I had been thoroughly frightened. I jumped up and closed the door again and then wrapped myself up in my blanket.

The room was ind arkness, except for a gray streak from the window. I tried to go to sleep, but in vain. Sleep had entirely fled. I desperately drew my arm across my eyes as if to shut out even the darkness and tried to think of nothing.

While I was lying still as a corpse, hoping that by a perfect physical inaction I should hasten mental repose, an awful incident occurred. A something dropped, as it seemed from the ceiling, plump upon my chest, and the next instant I felt two bony hands encircling my throat, endeavoring to choke me.

I am not naturally a coward and am possessed of considerable physical strength. The suddenness of the attack, instead of stunning me, strung every nerve and muscle to its highest tension. My body acted from instinct before my brain had time to realize the terrors of my position. In an instant I wound two muscular arms around the creature and squeezed it with all the strength of despair against my chest, and in a few seconds the bony hands that had fastened on my throat loosened their hold, and I was free to breathe once more.

Then commenced a struggle of awful intensity. Immersed in the most profound darkness, totally ignorant of the nature of the thing by which I was so suddenly attacked, finding my grasp slipping every moment, by reason, it seemed to me, of the entire nakedness of my assailant; bitten with sharp teeth in the shoulders, neck and chest; having every moment to protect my throat against a pair of sinowy, agile hands, which my utmost efforts could not confine—these were a combination of circumstances which required all the strength, skill and courage that I could muster to overcome.

At last, after a silent, deadly, exhausting struggle, I got my assailant under by a series of incredible efforts of strength. Once pinned, with my knee on what I made out to be its chest, I knew myself to be the victor. As I rested for a moment to catch my breath, I heard the creature beneath me panting in the darkness and felt the violent throbbing of a heart. It was apparently as exhausted as I was. That was one comfort.

At this moment I remembered that I had removed my leather belt when preparing for rest and had thrown it across the foot of the cot. I reached out my hand in the direction I thought the cot should be. Happily my judgment was not at fault and the first thing my hand grasped was the belt. In a few seconds more, I had, after a fashion, pinioned the creature's arms.

I now felt tolerably secure. There was nothing more to be done but to light my taper, and having first seen what my midnight assailant was like arouse my friend. I will confess to being actuated by a certain pride in not giving the alarm before. I wished to make the capture alone and unaided.

Never losing my hold for an instant, I gradually made my way to the place where I had set the candle, then released my grasp with one hand and as quickly as possible under the circumstances struck a match and lighted the candle. Then I turned to look at my prisoner.

I cannot even attempt to give any description of my sensations the instant I looked. I suppose I must have shrieked with terror, but to this day I cannot recall clearly exactly how I behaved. I shudder even now as I think of that awful moment!

I saw absolutely nothing!

Yes, I had one arm clasped around a breathing, panting, corporeal shape, my other hand gripped with all its strength a throat as warm and apparently fleshy as my own, and yet, with this living substance in my grasp, with its body pressed against my own, and all within the circle of illumination of the candle, I beheld literally nothing! Not even an outline—not even a vapor!

I wonder that I did not faint or go mad on the instant. Some wonderful instinct must have sustained me, for, instead of loosening my hold on the terrible enigma, I seemed to gain an additional strength in my moment of horror and tightened my grasp with such wonderful force that I felt the creature shivering with agony.

Just then the captain rushed into the cell. As soon as he beheld my face—which I suppose must have been an awful sight to look upon—he hastened forward, crying out:

"Great heaven, what has happened?"

"Captain! Captain!" I cried. "Come and help me! Oh, this is awful! I have been attacked by something or other, which I have hold of, but can't see it! I can't see it!"

"Frank," whispered the captain, slowly approaching me, "your imagination, with the help of that fiery liquor we brought from the village, has been playing you a trick."

"I swear to you, captain, that this is no vision," I answered in the same low tone. "Don't you see how it shakes my whole body with its struggles? If you don't believe me, convince yourself. Feel it—touch it!"

He advanced and laid his hand on the spot I indicated. A wild cry of horror burst from him. He had felt it!

In a moment he had produced from somewhere about his person a long and strong piece of cord, and the next instant was winding and knotting it about the body of the unseen being that I clasped in my arms.

"Frank," he said in a hoarse, agitated voice—for, though he preserved his presence of mind, he was deeply moved—"Frank, it's all safe now. You may let go, old fellow, if you are tired. The thing can't move."

I was utterly exhausted and gladly loosed my hold.

Captain Hill stood holding the ends of the cord that bound the invisible twisted round his hand, while before him, self supporting, as it were, was the cord, laced and interlaced and stretching tightly around a vacant place.

He paused for a minute as though trying to decide what was best to be done, and then, suddenly bending over, he lifted the thing in his arms and dropped it with a gesture of disgust on the cot. There was a dull sound of a heavy body alighting on the not oversoft couch, and the strong framework creaked and trembled. A deep impression marked itself distinctly on the coverings.

We remained silent for some time, listening to the low, irregular breathings of the creature on the cot and watching the rustle of the blankets as it impatiently struggled to free itself of confinement. Then Hill spoke:

"Frank, this is awful."

"Yes, awful."

"But not unaccountable."

"Not unaccountable! What do you mean? Such a thing has never before occurred since the creation of man. God grant that I am not mad and that this is not an insane fantasy!"

"Let us reason a little, Frank. Here is a solid body which we touch, but we cannot see. The fact is so unusual that it strikes us with terror. Is there no parallel, though, for such a phenomenon? Take a piece of pure glass. It is tangible and transparent. A certain chemical coarseness is all that prevents its being so utterly transparent as to be totally invisible. It is not theoretically impossible, mind you, to make a glass which shall not reflect a single ray of light—a glass so pure and homogeneous in its atoms that the rays from the sun will pass through it as they do through the air, refracted but not reflected. We do not see the air and yet we feel it."

"That's all very well, captain; but these are inanimate substances. Glass does not breathe, air does not breathe. This thing has a heart that palpitates—a will that moves it—lungs that play and inspire and respire."

"You forget the phenomena of which we have so often heard of late," answered the captain gravely. "At the meetings called 'spirit circles,' invisible hands have been thrust into the hands of those persons around the table—warm, fleshly hands, that seemed to pulsate with mortal life."

"What! Do you think, then, that this thing is"—

"I don't know what it is," was the solemn reply, "but, please the gods, I will, with your assistance, thoroughly investigate it."

The next morning the captain and I racked our brains to discover some means by which we might get some idea of the shape and general appearance of the enigma. As well as we could make out by passing our hands over the creature's form, its outlines and lineaments were human. There was a round, smooth head, without hair; a nose, which, however, was but little elevated above the cheeks; a mouth and hands and feet like those of a boy.

A happy thought struck me. We would take a plaster of paris cast of it. This would give us the solid figure and satisfy all our wishes.

But how to do it? The movements of the creature would disturb the setting of the plastic covering and distort the mold.

Another thought. Why not give it chlororform? The thing had respiratory organs. That was evident by its breathing. Once reduced to a state of insensibility, we could do with it as we would.

This was no sooner thought of than it was agreed to and the guide dispatched to the village for chloroform and the necessary materials for taking a plaster cast, and with strict injunctions to waste no time in going or returning.

At noon of the fourth day he returned with the materials ordered. Five minutes thereafter we were enabled to remove the fetters from the creature's body, and the captain was busily engaged in covering the invisible form with the moist clay. In 15 minutes more we had a mold, and before evening a rough facsimile of the mystery.

It was shaped like a man—distorted, uncouth and horrible—but still a man.

It was small—not over 4 feet 6 inches in height—and its limbs revealed a muscular development that was without a parallel. Its face surpassed in hideousness anything I had ever seen. It was the physiognomy of what I should fancy a ghoul might be. It looked as if it was capable of feeding on human flesh!

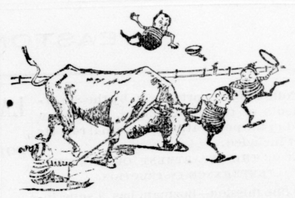
Having satisfied our curiosity, it became a question what was to be done with our enigma. It was impossible that we should take such a horror with us on our return to civilization, and we were exceedingly reluctant to turn such an awful being loose on the world again. It was finally decided that we would carry it some distance down the mountain to a small lake and there drown it. But fate willed otherwise. We had not covered a quarter of the distance to the lake, when by some means the cords became loosened, and before we could do anything to prevent it the thing was gone, we knew not where, its leave taking accompanied by a horrid mocking laugh issuing, to all appearance, from the empty air.

We hurried away from the spot and down the mountain as fast as our mules could carry us, and another week saw us on board a steamer whose destination was New York.

For years we kept a close watch on the South American news and so far as we could learn the horrible freak of nature, whose likeness in plaster I still have in my collection of curios, was never again encountered by any one.

Since then I have not visited the northwestern portion of our sister continent, for I have no desire for a repetition of that awful occurrence at the ruined monastery on Mount Cayambi.—Exchange.

T. H. Hollingsworth & Co.



Down They Come

Every resident of Easton is familiar with the fact that we are the leading exponents of the idea of good quality and low prices in the Dress Goods trade. But the season has arrived—that in-between season—when all businesses require a boost. We want to break our sales record during the next few weeks, and we will make sweeping reductions in Millinery, Mattings, Dress Goods, Notions, etc.

Our plan of advertising our greatest bargains during the dullest portion of the year has stirred up quite a breeze in business circles, and made a lot of extra work for our clerks but still they like it. There's something so exhilarating in in the atmosphere of a busy store. These low prices will not last long, so come early.

Everything in the Millinery Department must go at any figure. Now is the time to secure bargains.

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Agents for Domestic and Reliable Sewing Machines, Standard Patterns always on hand.

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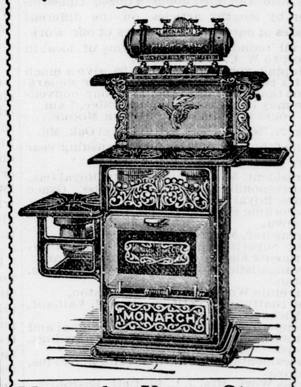
T. H. Hollingsworth & Co.

Western Maryland Railroad

Taking effect June 28th, 1896. Trains leave Hillen Station as follows:

*4:00 a. m.—Fast Mail, Main Line, N. & W. R. R., and the South, and ex. Sunday P. V. R. R., B. & C. V. R. R.; Martinsburg and Winchester.
†7:22 a. m.—York and B. & H. Div.; main line east of Emory Grove, also G. & H. R. R.
†8.11 a. m.—Main Line, P. V. R. R., B.& C.V.R. R., Emmittsburg and N. & W. R. R. to Shenandoah.
*9.15 Pen Mar express.
§9:30 a. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge and Hanover.
†10:17 a. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge, York, B. and H. Div. to Gettysburg, and G. & H. R. R
†12.26 p.m. accom for Emory Grove.
†2:25 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove.
§2:30 p. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge.
†3:22 p. m.—Exp. York and B. & H. Div.
§4.00 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove and Alesia.
†4.00 p. m. Ex. Main Line points also Emmitsburg B. & C. V. R. R. and N. & W. R.R.
5 p.m. Exp to Glyndon. Accom beyond to Union Bridge.
†5:10 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove.
†6:07 p. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge.
*10:25 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove
*Daily. †Daily ex. Sunday. §Sunday only.
Ticket and Baggge Office, 205 E. Balto. St.
All trains stop at Union, Penna. Ave., and Fulton.
J. M. HOOD, G. M., B. H. GRISWOLD, G. A P

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This Restaurant is the old and most extensive in its accommodations of any in the city.

The crowds which lunch and dine daily at this restaurant attest the public approbation of its management.

Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect Nov. 18th, 1895.

Delaware & Chesapeake Railway.

SOUTHWARD Read Down 205 Pass	285 Mail.	Distance	STATIONS.	NORTHWARD Read Up 240 Mail	294 Pass.
P. M.	A.M.			A.M.	P. M.
‡ 3 00	‡ 6 25		....Baltimore....	‡ 11 15	‡ 6 55
3 46	7 25		..Philadelphia..	10 46	5 52
5 45	9 38	.....	Lv..Clayton..Ar	8 45	3 55
5 55	9 48	4.70	.....Kenton.....	8 37	‡ 46
f 6 06	f 9 57	9.58	.....Hartley	f 8 29	f 3 36
f 6 02	f 10 00	10.22	....Slaughters....	f 8 26	f 3 32
6 08	10 08	13.79	.....Marydel	8 20	3 26
f 6 14	f 10 16	16.76	....Henderson....	f 8 14	f 3 18
f 6 20	f 10 24	19.54	..Goldsborough..	f 8 08	f 3 11
6 29	10 34	23.88	Greensborough	7 59	3 00
6 38	10 44	28.08	..... Ridgely	7 50	2 48
6 47	10 54	32.36	..Queen Anne..	7 41	2 37
f 6 54	f 11 04	36.16	.....Cordova	f 7 34	f 2 27
f 7 00	f 11 12	39.05	.....Chapel.....	f 7 28	f 2 20
7 12	11 24	44.16	.....Easton.....	7 18	2 09
f 7 25	f 11 42	50.49	.....Trappe.....	f 7 05	f 1 50
‡ 7 35	‡11 53	54.19	Ar...Oxford...Lv	‡ 6 55	‡ 1 40
P M.	A M.			A.M.	P.M

"f" Stops to leave or take passengers on notice to Conductor. ‡ Daily, except Sunday.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

AND LEASED LINES.
On and after Nov. 17th, 1895.
Trains leave Broad Street Station, Phila.
* Daily. ‡ Daily, except Sunday. †Daily except Saturday.

"Pennsylvania Limited." Dining Car.....*12.20 p. m
Fast Line, Pittsburg (Dining Car)..*12.25 p. m.
Chicago and St. Louis Express, Dining Car.....*4.30 p. m.
Western Express.....*8.50 p. m
South Western Express.....*10.27 p. m.
Pacific Express West.....*11.20 p. m
Harrisburg Express, *4.30 and §8.50 a.m., ‡4.40 p. m., and Mail.....*7.00 a. m.
Niagara, Rochester and Kane Ex... §8.50 a. m.
Elmira and Renovo Express.....‡12.25 p. m.
Williamsport Express, ‡4.40 p. m.; Sundays.....4.30 p. m.
Rochester and Buffalo Express.....†8.50 p. m.
Erie, Rochester and Buffalo Ex.....*11.20 p. m.
Lock Haven Express.....*4.30 a. m.
Express for Boston, without change, 11.00 a. m. week-days, and 6.50 p. m. daily.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager
J. R. WOOD, General Pass. Agent

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

Schedule in July 19, 1896.

LEAVE CAMDEN STATION.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited Express daily, 9.00 a. m. Express, 7.00 p. m.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Louisville, Vestibule Limited Express daily, 2.40 p. m. Express, 11.05 p. m.

For Pittsburg and Cleveland, 9.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Deer Park, Mountain Lake Park and Oakland, 11.00 a. m., 2.40 p. m., 11.05 p. m. All Daily. No west-bound trains stop at Mountain Lake Park on Sunday.

For Berkeley Springs, 4.00, 8.05 a. m., 2.40 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Special, 11.00 a. m. daily, and 7.00 p. m. Saturday only.

For Washington, week days 5.00, x6.15, x6.25, 6.35, x7.20, x8.00, 8.35, x9.00, x10.30, x11.00 a. m., (12.00 noon, 45 minutes), 12.10, x12.50, x2 40, 2.50, (x3.45, 45-minutes), x4.10, 5.10, x5.40, x6.00, 6.18, x7.00, x7.30, x7.48, 9.15, x9.39, x11.05, 11.30 p. m. Sundays, x6.25, 6.35, 8.35, x9.00, x10.30, 11.00 a. m., (12 m., 45-minutes), 1.05, x2.40, (3.45, 45-minutes), 5.10, 6.18, x7.00, x7.30, 9.15, x9.39, x11.05, x11.30 p. m.

For Annapolis, 7.20, 8.35 a. m., 12.10 and 4.10 p. m. Sunday, 8.35 a. m. and 5.10 p. m.

For Frederick, 4.00, 8.05 a. m., 1.20, 4.20 and 5.25 p. m. On Sunday, 9.36 a. m. and 5.25 p. m.

For New Orleans, Memphis, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Bristol and Roanoke, 9.39 p. m. daily. Sleeping Car, Baltimore to New Orleans and Washington to Memphis. For Luray, 2.40 p. m. daily.

For Lexington, Staunton and points in the Virginia Valley, †4.00, †11.00 a. m. For Winchester, †4.20 p. m. Mixed train for Harrisonburg, ‡4.00 a. m.

For Hagerstown, †4.00, †8.05, †11.00 a. m., †4.10 p. m.

For Mt. Airy and Way Stations, *4.00, †8.05, §9.35 a. m., †1.20, (‡4.20 stops at principal stations only,) ‡5.25, *6.30, *11.10 p. m.

For Ellicott City, *4.00, †7.00, †8.05, §9.35 a. m., †1.20, †3.30, †4.20, *5.25, *6.30, *11.10 p. m.

For Curtis Bay, week days, 6.28 a. m. Leave Curtis Bay, week days, 5.45 p. m.

Trains arrive from Chicago and the Northwest, daily, 1.00 and 6.05 p. m.; from Pittsburg and Cleveland, 7.55 a. m., 6.05 p. m.; from Cincinnati, St. Louis and the West, 7.55 a. m., 1.35 p. m. daily.

ROYAL BLUE LINE FOR NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

All trains illuminated with Pintsch light.

For New York, Boston and the East, week days, 7.50, (8.10 Dining Car) 8.50, (10.50 Dining Car) a. m., 12.50, (1.45 Dining Car) 3.50, (6.00 Dining Car) 9.00 p. m., (1.15 night, Sleeping Car attached, open for passengers 10.00 p. m.) Sundays, (8.10 Dining Car) (9.50 Dining Car) a. m., (1.45 Dining Car) 3.50, (6.00 Dining Car) 9.00 p. m., (1.15 night, Sleeping Car attached, open for passengers 10.00 p. m.)

For Atlantic City, 10.50 a. m., 12.50, 1.45 p. m. Sundays, 1.45 p. m.

For Cape May, week days, 10.50 a. m., 12.50 p. m.

For Philadelphia, Wilmington, Newark and Chester, week days, 7.50, (8.10 Dining Car, stopping at Philadelphia only,) 8.50, (10.50 stopping at Wilmington only, Dining Car,) a. m., 12.50, (1.45 Dining Car, stopping at Philadelphia only,) 3.50, (6.00 Dining Car) 9.00 p. m., 1.15 night. Sundays, (8.10 Dining Car) (9.50 Dining Car) a. m., (1.45 Dining Car) 3.50, (6.00 Dining Car), 9.00 p. m., 1.15 night.

For all stations on Phila. Div., week days, 8.20 a. m., 2.55, 5.15 p. m. Sundays, 9.20 a. m., 5.15 p. m.

†Except Sunday. §Sunday only. *Daily. xExpress train.

Baggage called for and checked from hotels and residences by Union Transfer Co. on orders left at Ticket Offices:
N. W. COR. CALVERT AND BALTIMORE STS., 250 S. Broadway or Camden Station.

W. M. GREENE, Gen. Manager.
CHAS. O. SCULL, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Railway Company.

CHOPTANK RIVER LINE.
Baltimore-Choptank-Third Haven River Route.

FOR BALTIMORE.—The magnificent side-wheel iron steamers AVALON and JOPPA leave alternately daily, weather permitting, except Saturday, for Baltimore, from landings as follows:

landings named as follows:			
Denton	12.30 P. M.	E. New Market	4 P. M.
Lyford's		Oyster Shell Point	
Williston		Cambridge	6 P. M.
Two Johns		Kirby's	
Turkey Creek		Oxford, 7 p. m.	
Kingston		Bellevue	
Dover Bridge, 2 p. m.		Double Mills	
Hog Island		Easton	9.30 P. M.
Windy Hill		Oxford	10.30
Choptank		Corner's	
Wrights		Thigman's Island,	11.30 p. m.

Arriving in Baltimore at four o'clock following morning.

Returning the Steamers will leave Baltimore from Pier 4, Light Street Wharf, at 3 o'clock p. m. daily, except Sunday, for all points named and arriving at Easton about 4.00 a. m.; Oxford, 4.45 a. m.; Cambridge, 7.00 a. m; East New Market, 8.35 a. m.; and at Denton, 12 o'clock noon.

Connections at Easton, Oxford and Cambridge with railroads for all points.

Freight taken at low rates and carefully handled. Grain bags furnished and grain delivered at Elevators.

For further information write to
JAMES E. BYRD, Agent, 302 Light St., Baltimore, Md.
WILLARD THOMSON, Gen'l Manager, 241 South St., Baltimore, Md.
Robert B. Dixon & Co., Agents at Easton.

NOTICE.

The business formerly conducted by C. R. Leonard & Brother, will hereafter be continued by E. T. Leonard, member of the late firm. All business entrusted to my care will receipt prompt and careful attention.

EDMUND T. LEONARD,
Partner in Liquidation