FOR THE SKEPTICAL.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON "A SHATTERED FAITH."

An Old Missionary In Command of the Ship—Theological Theories and Common Sense Facts—Seizing on the First Thing That Offers In Time of Peril.

DE FUNIAK SPRINGS, Fla., Feb. 21.—After many years of invitation Dr. Talmage preaches today at this great Chautauqua. From all parts of the south the people are assembled. The sermon is mightily helpful for those who find it hard to believe everything. Dr. Talmage returns this week to Washington. The subject of this sermon is "A Shattered Faith" and the text Acts xxvii, 44, "And some on broken pieces of the ship."

Never off Goodwin sands or the Skerries or Cape Hatteras was a ship in worse predicament than, in the Mediterranean hurricane, was the grain ship on which 276 passengers were driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island, called Citta Vecchia. After a two weeks' tempest, when the ship was entirely disabled and captain and crew had become completely demoralized, an old missionary took command of the vessel. He was small, crooked backed and sore eyed, according to tradition. It was Paul, the only unscared man aboard. He was no more afraid of a Euroclydon tossing the Mediterranean sea, now up to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of hell, than he was afraid of a kitten playing with a string. He ordered them all down to take their rations, first asking for them a blessing. Then he insured all their lives, telling them they would be rescued, and, so far from losing their heads, they would not lose so much of their hair as you could cut off with one click of the scissors—nay, not a thread of it, whether it were gray with age or golden with youth. "There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you."

Paul In Command.

Knowing that they can never get to the desired port, they make the sea on the fourteenth night black with overthrown cargo, so that when the ship strikes it will not strike so heavily. At daybreak they saw a creek and in their exigency resolved to make for it. And so they cut the cables, took in the two paddles they had on those old boats and hoisted the mainsail so that they might come with such force as to be driven high up on the beach by some fortunate billow. There she goes, tumbling toward the rocks, now prow foremost, now stern foremost, now rolling over to the starboard, now over to the larboard; now a wave dashes clear over the deck, and it seems as if the old craft has gone forever. But up she comes again. Paul's arms around a mast, he cries: "All is well. God has given me all those that sail with me." Crash went the prow, with such force that it broke off the mast. Crash went the timbers till the seas rushed through from side to side of the vessel. She parts amidships, and into a thousand fragments the vessel goes, and into the waves 276 immortals are precipitated. Some of them had been brought up on the seashore and had learned to swim, and with their chins just above the waves and by the strokes of both arms and propulsion of both feet they put out for the beach and reached it. But alas for those others! They have never learned to swim, or they were wounded by the falling of the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them. And others had been weakened by long seasickness.

Oh, what will become of them? "Take that piece of a rudder," says Paul to one. "Take that fragment of a spar," says Paul to another. "Take that image of Castor and Pollux." "Take that plank from the lifeboat." "Take anything and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the breakers! Oh, the merciless waters, how they sweep over the heads of men, women and children! Hold on there! Almost ashore. Keep up your courage. Remember what Paul told you. There the receding wave on the beach leaves in the sand a whole family. There crawls up out of the surf the centurion. There another plank comes in, with a life clinging fast to it. There another piece of the shattered vessel, with its freightage of an immortal soul. They must by this time all be saved. Yes; there comes in last of all, for he had been overseeing the rest, the old missionary, who wrings the water from his gray beard and cries out, "Thank God, all are here!"

How They Escaped.

Gather around a fire and call the roll. Paul builds a fire, and when the bundle of sticks begin to crackle, and, standing and sitting around the blaze, the passengers begin to recover from their chill, and the wet clothes begin to dry, and warmth begins to come into all the shivering passengers, let the purser of the vessel go round and see if any of the poor creatures are missing. Not one of the crowd that were plunged into the sea. How it relieves our anxiety as we read: "Some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

Having on previous occasions looked at the other passengers, I confine myself today to an examination of those who came in on broken pieces of the ship. There is something about them that excites in me an intense interest. I am not so much interested in those that could swim. They got ashore, as I expected. A mile of water is not a very great undertaking for a strong swimmer, or even two miles are not. But I cannot stop thinking about those on broken pieces of the ship.

The great gospel ship is the finest of the universe and can carry more passengers than any craft ever constructed, and you could no more wreck it than you could wreck the throne of God Almighty. I wish all the people would come aboard of her. I could not promise a smooth voyage, for ofttimes it will be tempestuous or a chopped sea, but I could promise safe arrival for all who took passage on that Great Eastern, so called by me because its commander came out of the east, the star of the east a badge of his authority.

But a vast multitude do not take regular passage. Their theology is broken in pieces, and their life is broken in pieces, and their habits are broken in pieces, and their world and spiritual prospects are broken in pieces, and yet I believe they are going to reach the shining shore, and I am encouraged by the experience of those people who are spoken of in the text, "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

One object in this sermon is to encourage all those who cannot take the whole system of religion as we believe it, but who really believe something, to come ashore on that one plank.

I do not underrate the value of a great theological system, but where in all the Bible is there anything that says: Believe in John Calvin and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in Arminius and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in synod of Dort and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in the Thirty-nine Articles and thou shalt be saved? A man may be orthodox and go to hell, or heterodox and go to heaven. The man who in the deep affection of his heart accepts Christ is saved, and the man who does not accept him is lost.

One Central Fact.

I believe in both the Heidelberg and Westminster catechisms, and I wish you all did, but you may believe in nothing they contain except the one idea, that Christ came to save sinners, and that you are one of them, and you are instantly rescued. If you can come in on the grand old ship, I would rather have you get aboard, but if you can only find a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a piece of the cross, come in on that piece. Tens of thousands of people are today kept out of the kingdom of God because they cannot believe everything.

I am talking with a man thoughtful about his soul who has lately traveled through New England and passed the night at Andover. He says to me, "I cannot believe that in this life the destiny is irrevocably fixed; I think there will be another opportunity of repentance after death." I say to him: "My brother, what has that to do with you? Don't you realize that the man who waits for another chance after death when he has a good chance before death is a stark fool? Had not you better take the plank that is thrown to you now and head for shore rather than wait for a plank that may by invisible hands be thrown to you after you are dead? Do as you please, but as for myself, with pardon for all my sins offered me now, and all the joys of time and eternity offered me now, I instantly take them, rather than run the risk of such other chance as wise men think they can peel off or twist out of a Scripture passage that has for all the Christian centuries been interpreted another way." You say, "I do not like Princeton theology, or New Haven theology, or Andover theology." I do not ask you on board either of these great men-of-war, their portholes filled with the great siege guns of ecclesiastical battle, but I do ask you to take the one plank of the gospel that you do believe in and strike out for the pearl strung beach of heaven.

Says some other man, "I would attend to religion if I was quite sure about the doctrine of election and free agency, but that mixes me all up." Those things used to bother me, but I have no more perplexity about them, for I say to myself, "If I love Christ and live a good, honest, useful life, I am elected to be saved, and if I do not love Christ and live a bad life I will be damned, and all the theological seminaries of the universe cannot make it any different." I floundered a long while in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night, when they threw the grain overboard, but I saw there was mercy for a sinner, and that plank I took, and I have been warming myself by the bright fire on the shore ever since.

Doubt Overruled.

While I am talking to another man about his soul he tells me, "I do not become a Christian because I do not believe there is any hell at all." Ah, don't you? Do all the people of all beliefs and no belief at all, of good morals and bad morals, go straight to a happy heaven? Do the holy and the debauched have the same destination? At midnight, in a hallway, the owner of a house and a burglar meet. They both fire, and both are wounded, but the burglar dies in five minutes, and the owner of the house lives a week after. Will the burglar be at the gate of heaven, waiting, when the house owner comes in? Will the debauchee and the libertine go right in among the families of heaven? I wonder if Herod is playing on the banks of the river of life with the children he massacred. I wonder if Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth are up there shootiong at a mark. I do not now controvert it, although I must say that for such a miserable heaven I have no admiration. But the Bible does not say, "Believe in perdition and be saved." Because all are saved, according to your theory, that ought not to keep you from loving and serving Christ. Do not refuse to come ashore because all the others, according to your theory, are going to get ashore. You may have a different theory about chemistry, about astronomy, about the atmosphere from that which others adopt, but you are not therefore hindered from action.

Because your theory of light is different from others do not refuse to open your eyes. Because your theory of air is different you do not refuse to breathe. Because your theory about the stellar system is different you do not refuse to acknowledge the north star. Why should the fact that your theological theories are different hinder you from acting upon what you know? If you have not a whole ship fastened in the theological drydocks to bring you to wharfage, you have at least a plank. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

"But I don't believe in revivals!" Then go to your room, and all alone, with your door locked, give your heart to God, and join some church where the thermometer never gets higher than 50 in the shade.

"But I do not believe in baptism!" Come in without it and settle that matter afterward. "But there are so many inconsistent Christians!" Then come in and show them by a good example how professors should act. "But I don't believe in the Old Testament!" Then come in on the New. "But I don't like the book of Romans." Then come in on Matthew or Luke. Refusing to come to Christ, whom you admit to be the Saviour of the lost, because you cannot admit other things, you are like a man out there in that Mediterranean tempest and tossed in the Melita breakers, refusing to come ashore until he can mend the pieces of the broken ship. I hear him say: "I won't go in on any of these planks until I know in what part of the ship they belong. When I can get the windlass in the right place, and the sails set, and that keel piece where it belongs, and that floor timber right, and these ropes untangled, I will go ashore. I am an old soldier, and know all about ships for 40 years, and as soon as I can get the vessel afloat in good shape I will come in." A man drifting by on a piece of wood overhears him and says: "You will drown before you get that ship reconstructed. Better do as I am doing. I know nothing about ships, and never saw one before I came on board this, and I cannot swim a stroke, but I am going ashore on this shivered timber." The man in the offing, while trying to mend his ship, goes down. The man who trusted to the plank is saved. Oh, my brother, let your smashed up system of theology go to the bottom, while you come in on a splintered spar! "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

The Victorious Banner.

You may get all your difficulties settled as Garibaldi, the magnetic Italian, got his gardens made. When the war between Austria and Sardinia broke out he was living at Caprera, a very rough and uncultured island home. But he went forth with his sword to achieve the liberation of Naples and Sicily, and gave 9,000,000 people free government under Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi, after being absent two years from Caprera, returned, and when he approached it he found that his home had, by Victor Emmanuel, as a surprise, been Edenized. Trimmed shrubbery had taken the place of thorny thickets, gardens the place of barrenness, and the old rookery in which he once lived had given way to a pictured mansion. And I teli you if you will come and enlist under the banner of our Victor Emmanuel and follow him through thick and thin and fight his battles and endure his sacrifices you will find after awhile that he has changed your heart from a jungle of thorny skepticism into a garden all abloom with luxuriant joy that you have never dreamed of—from a tangled Caprera of sadness into a paradise of God.

I do not know how your theological system went to pieces. It may be that your parents started you with only one plank, and you believe little or nothing. Or they may have been too rigid and severe in religious discipline and cracked you over the head with a psalmbook. It may be that some partner in business who was a member of an evangelical church played on you a trick that disgusted you with religion. It may be that you have associates who have talked against Christianity in your presence until you are "all at sea," and you dwell more on things that you do not believe than on things you do believe. You are in one respect like Lord Nelson, when a signal was lifted that he wished to disregard and he put his sea glass to his blind eye and said, "I really do not see the signal." Oh, my hearer, put this fieldglass of the gospel no longer to your blind eye, and say, I cannot see, but put it to your other eye, the eye of faith, and you will see Christ, and he is all you need to see.

If you can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarious suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape. The steamship Knickerbocker of the Cromwell line, running between New Orleans and New York, was in great storms, and the captain and crew saw the schooner Mary D. Cranmer of Philadelphia in distress. The weather cold, the waves mountain high, the first officer of the steamship and four men put out in a lifeboat to save the crew of the schooner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of danger, the wind shifting so that the schooner was saved. But the five men of the steamship coming back, their boat capsized, yet righted again and came on, the sailors coated with ice. The boat capsized again, and three times upset and was righted, and a line was thrown the poor fellows, but their hands were frozen so they could not grasp it, and a great wave rolled over them, and they went down, never to rise again till the sea gives up its dead. Appreciate that heroism and self sacrifice of the brave fellows all who can, and can we not appreciate the Christ who put out into a more biting cold and into a more overwhelming surge to bring us out of infinite peril into everlasting safety? The wave of human hate rolled over him from one side and the wave of hellish fury rolled over him on the other side. Oh, the thickness of the night and the thunder of the tempest into which Christ plunged for our rescue!

Cling to the Cross.

Come in on one narrow beam of the cross. Let all else go and cling to that; put that under you, and with the earnestness of a swimmer struggling for his life put out for shore. There is a great warm fire of welcome already built, and already many, who were as far out as you are, are standing in its genial and heavenly glow. The angels of God's rescue are wading out into the surf to clutch your hand, and they know how exhausted you are, and all the redeemed prodigals of heaven are on the beach with new white robes to clothe all those who come in on broken pieces of the ship.

My sympathies are for such all the more because I was naturally skeptical, disposed to question everything about this life and the next, and was in danger of being farther out to sea than any of the 276 in the Mediterranean breakers, and I was sometimes the annoyance of my theological professor because I asked so many questions. But I came in on a plank. I knew Christ was the Saviour of sinners and that I was a sinner, and I got ashore, and I do not propose to go out on that sea again. I have not for 30 minutes discussed the controverted points of theology in 30 years, and during the rest of my life I do not propose to discuss them for 30 seconds.

I would rather in a mud scow try to weather the worst cyclone that ever swept up from the Caribbean, than risk my immortal soul in useless and perilous discussions in which some of my brethren in the ministry are indulging. They remind me of a company of sailors standing on the Ramsgate pier head, from which the lifeboats are usually launched, and coolly discussing the different styles of oarlocks and how deep a boat ought to set in the water while a hurricane is in full blast and there are three steamers crowded with passengers going to pieces in the offing. An old tar, the muscles of his face working with nervous excitement, cries out: "This is no time to discuss such things. Man the lifeboat! Who will volunteer? Out with her into the surf! Pull, my lads; pull for the wreck! Ha, ha! Now we have them. Lift them in and lay them down on the bottom of the boat. Jack, you try to bring them to. Put these flannels around their heads and feet, and I will pull for the shore. God help me! There! Landed! Huzza!" When there are so many struggling in the waves of sin and sorrow and wretchedness, let all else go but salvation for time and salvation forever.

A Safe Plank.

I bethink myself that there are some here whose opportunity or whose life is a mere wreck, and they have only a small piece left. You started in youth with all sails set, and everything promised a grand voyage, but you have sailed in the wrong direction or have foundered on a rock. You have only a fragment of time left. Then come in on that one plank. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

You admit you are all broken up, one decade of your life gone by, two decades, three decades, four decades, a half century, perhaps three-quarters of a century gone. The hour hand and the minute hand of your clock of life are almost parallel, and soon it will be 12 and your day ended. Clear discouraged are you? I admit it is a sad thing to give all of our lives that are worth anything to sin and the devil and then at last make God a present of a first rate corpse. But the past you cannot recover. Get on board that old ship you never will. Have you only one more year left, one more month, one more week, one more day, one more hour—come in on that. Perhaps if you get to heaven God may let you go out on some great mission to some other world, where you can somewhat atone for your lack of service in this.

From many a deathbed I have seen the hands thrown up in deploration something like this: "My life has been wasted. I had good mental faculties and fine social position and great opportunity, but through worldiness and neglect all has gone to waste save these few remaining hours. I now accept of Christ and shall enter heaven through his mercy, but alas, alas, that when I might have entered the haven of eternal rest with a full cargo, and been greeted by the waving hands of a multitude in whose salvation I had borne a blessed part, I must confess I now enter the harbor of heaven on broken pieces of the ship."

Six Kentucky Marriages.

At the village of Roley one day not long ago there were six couples married. In the morning there was a triple wedding in the church. In the afternoon three other couples were wedded within an hour of each other at the homes of the respective brides. All six of the couples were entertained at the home of Uncle Bob Tucker, who, after the different marriages, was closely related to all the principals thereto. Now come some of the singular features of the case. Uncle Bob, before the wedding, had in the lot of 12 individuals a daughter, a son, three granddaughters, one niece and one nephew. In the 12 there were a brother and sister, two sisters, two brothers, three cousins, two uncles, an aunt, four nieces and two nephews, and yet no one of the 12 persons married any one related to him or herself. Another funny feature is that before the weddings there were two named Hopkins, two Dunbars, two Chelfs, two Tuckers, two McWhorters, one Pendleton and one Hood. After the omelet was done, the Dunbars and Hopkinses had gained two, the Pendletons, Chelfs and McWhorters had been exterminated, the Hoods had been increased by one, and the Tuckers had held their ground. Ever since the wedding day the gossips have been figuring on the probable kinship between the several brides and grooms and their mutual relative Uncle Bob Tucker.—Columbus (Ky.) Spectator.

Dickens' Valet.

Jackson Jordan, for some time the valet of Charles Dickens, celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on Jan. 8. Dickens picked him up in New Orleans, and he was in the service of the author when the "American Notes" were written, later accompanying him home to England. At present he is steward of the steamship Coptic, running between San Francisco and China, and he expects to sail for many a day yet, though he can remember when there were only two stores in San Francisco and when gold mining had not been begun.

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Schedule in Effect Feb. 21, '97.

For Chicago and Northwest, Mt. Royal Station, 8.45, 10.18 a. m., 6.42 p. m. daily.
Camden Station, 9.00, 10.45 a. m., 7.00 p. m.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Louisville, Mt. Royal Station, 10.18 a m., 2.24, 9.57 p. m. daily. Camden Station, 10.45 a. m., 2.40, 10.15 p. m.

For Pittsburg and Cleveland, Mt. Royal Station, 8.45 a. m. daily, 7.37 p. m. except Sunday.
Camden station, 9.00 a. m., 7.30 p. m. daily.

For Toledo and Detroit, Mt. Royal station, 9.57 p. m. Camden station, 10.15 p. m.

For New Orleans, Memphis, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Bristol and Roanoke, Mt. Royal Station, 7.47. Sundays, 6.42 p. m. Camden Station, week days, 7.58 p. m. Sundays, 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car, Baltimore to New Orleans, Washington to Memphis.

For Luray, Mt. Royal Station, 2.24 p. m. daily. Camden Station, 2.40 p m. daily.

FOR WASHINGTON.

Mt. Royal Station, week days, x6.00, x7.45, x8.45, x10.18 a. m.; x12.35, x2 24, x3.32, x5.32, x6.42, x7.47, x9.57 p. m Sundays, x6.00, x8.45, x10.18 a. m.; x2.24, x3.32, x6.42, x9.57 p. m.

Camden Station, week days, 5.00, x6.15, x6.25, 6.35, x7.20, x8.00, 8.35, x9.00, x10.30, x10.45 a. m., 12.10, x12.50, x2 40, 2.50, (x3.45, 45-minutes), x4 10, 5.05, x5.50, 6.18, x7.00, x7.30, x7.58 9.15, x10.15, 11.30 p. m. Sunday, x6.25, 6.35, 8.35, x9.00, x10.30, x10 45 a. m., 1.05, x2.40, (3.45, 45-minutes), 5.05, 6.18, x7.00, x7.30, 9.15, x10.15, x11.30 p. m.

For Annapolis, Mt. Royal Station, 8.45 a. m. daily, 12.58 p. m. ex. Sunday. Camden Station, 7.20, 9.00 a. m., 12.50 and 4.10p. m. Sunday, 9.00 a. m. and 5.05 p. m.

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For local stations on Phila. Div., weekdays, 8.20 a. m., 2.55, 5.05 p. m. Sundays, 9.20 a. m., 5.05 p. m.

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For Mt. Airy and Way Stations, week days, 7.45 a. m., 1 20, 4.30, 5.25, 6.30, 11.10 p. m. Sundays, 9.35 a. m., 5.25, 6.30, 11.10 p. m.

For Ellicott City, week days, 8.40, 7.45 a. m. 1.20, 3.30, 4.30, 5.25, 6.30, 11.10 p. m. Sundays, 9.35 a. m., 5.25, 6.30, 11.10 p. m.

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†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.
§9.30 a. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge and Hanover.
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†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.
†6.05 p. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge.
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Berlin	7.24	7 00	8 15
St. Martin's	10.50	f 7 06	f 8 24
Whaleyville	15.07	f 7 13	f 8 36
New Hope	15.46	f 7 16	f 8 42
Willards	16.56	f 7 18	f 8 47
Pittsville	19.97	7 26	9 19
Parsonsburg	23.04	f 7 32	9 32
Walstons	25.11	f 7 36	f 9 38
Salisbury	30.08	7 50	1 15
Rockawalkin	34.43	f 7 58	f 1 30
Hebron	36.40	f 8 03	1 45
Mardela Spring	41.16	f 8 12	2 00
Vienna	45.06	f 8 21	2 14
Reed's Grove	48.51	f 8 28	f 2 24
Rhodesdale	51.62	f 8 35	f 2 34
Ennals	53.20		f 2 38
Hurlocks	55.84	8 44	2 53
Ellwood	59.69	f 8 51	f 3 06
Linchester	60.57		f 3 08
Preston	61.75	f 8 57	3 18
Bethlehem	64.85	f 9 03	f 3 30
Easton	72.01	9 19	4 10
Bloomfield	74.55	f 9 24	f 4 18
Kirkham	76.63	f 9 28	f 4 23
Royal Oak	78.48	f 9 33	f 4 33
Riverside	80.60	f 9 37	f 4 38
St. Michaels	82.34	9 47	4 58
Harper's	84.42	f 9 51	f 5 03
McDaniel's	85.72	f 9 56	f 5 15
Claiborne	87.06	10 05	5 20
Baltimore, arrive	131 06	1 20	

EAST BOUND.

Stations.	Distance	daily ex. Sat & Sun.	Exp. Sat. only.	Mix daily ex Sun.
		P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Baltimore, leave	0.00	4 30	3 00	
Claiborne	44.00	7 55	6 25	7 00
McDaniel's	45.34	f 8 00	f 6 30	f 7 08
Harper's	46.64	f 8 04	f 6 34	f 7 14
St. Michaels	48.72	8 11	6 41	7 30
Riverside	50.46	f 8 14	f 6 44	f 7 34
Royal Oak	52.58	f 8 20	f 6 50	f 7 42
Kirkham	54.43	f 8 24	f 6 54	f 7 47
Bloomfield	56.51	f 8 29	f 6 59	f 7 55
Easton	59.05	8 38	7 09	8 25
Bethlehem	66.21	f 8 54	f 7 24	8 45
Preston	69.31	f 9 01	f 7 31	8 57
Linchester	70.49		f 9 02	
Ellwood	71.37	f 9 06	f 7 36	f 9 10
Hurlock's	75.22	9 15	7 45	9 30
Ennals	77.77			f 9 36
Rhodesdale	79.44	f 9 23	f 7 53	f 9 46
Reed's Grove	82.55	f 9 29	f 7 59	f 9 56
Vienna	86.00	f 9 37	f 8 07	10 22
Mardela Springs	89.90	f 9 46	f 8 16	10 36
Hebron	94.66	f 9 55	f 8 25	10 54
Rockawalkin	96.63	f 9 58	f 8 28	f11 00
Salisbury	100.98	10 10	8 40	12 30
Walston's	105.95	f10 18	f 8 48	f12 42
Parsonsburg	108.02	f10 23	f 8 53	12 57
Pittsville	111.60	f10 30	f 9 00	1 15
Willards	114.50	f10 37	f 9 07	f 1 25
New Hope	115.60	f10 39	f 9 09	f 1 30
Whaleyville	117.09	f10 42	f 9 12	f 1 38
St. Martin's	120.56	f10 48	f 9 18	f 1 48
Berlin	123.82	10 55	9 25	2 00
Ocean City	131.06	A	A	3 10

"f" stops on signal.
'A' Trains will run through to Ocean City for through Passengers from Baltimore only.
'B' Passengers from Ocean City for points between Berlin and Baltimore, and to Baltimore, will take Express at Berlin.
Connection made with steamer lines at Easton, Vienna and Salisbury.

A. J. BENJAMIN, Div. Passenger & Freight Agt., Salisbury, Md.
WILLARD THOMSON, G. M. 241 South St., Baltimore, Md.

Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect Nov. 18th, 1895.

Delaware & Chesapeake Railway.

SOUTHWARD Read Dow		Distance	STATIONS.	NORTHWARD Read Up	
205 Pass	285 Mail.			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 58	9 48	4.70	.....Kenton.....	8 37	§ 46
f 6 00	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 08
f 7 22	f 11 42	50.49	.....Trappe.....	f 7 05	1 50
§ 7 35	§ 11 58	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 8.50 p. m. daily.	

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

EASTERN BAY AND MILES RIVER STB. CO.

Schedule in effect June 24, 1896.

Steamer St. Michaels will leave pier 12, Light street, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3 o'clock p. m. for St. Michaels Tunis Mills and landings on Wye and Miles Rivers, returning on Wednesdays and Fridays, leaving Probasco 11 a. m., Trimble's 11.15 a. m., Shawn's Wharf 12 m., Tunis Mills 3 p. m., and St. Michaels 4 p. m. Sundays leaves Tunis Mills at 4.30 p.m. and St. Michaels at 5 p. m. for Baltimore.

ROGER T. GILL, President.