STRANGE SLEEPING PLACES.

Novel Position Assumed by Some People For a Nap.

Probably the strangest sleeping-place recorded was that of a gentleman whom a policeman found sleeping on the top of the sharp spikes of an area railing. Before the magistrate on the following morning he stated that he was never more surprised in his life when he awoke to find himself where he was. One of the spikes had entered the sleeper's clothing without, however, disturbing his slumbers.

There are several authentic cases of bicyclists sleeping while riding their machines, and police constables on duty have been known to fall asleep while standing on the pavement without support of any kind. Recently a man engaged to pick apples was caught indulging in a surreptitious nap astride a branch, and it is quite a common practice of the men who bring garden produce into London for the early morning markets to fall asleep while seated on the shafts of the cart, trusting to their horses in order to arrive safely at their destination.

A hotel servant once dozed off while sitting outside cleaning the top row of windows in a seven-story building. But this feat was eclipsed by a steeplejack, who found the distance between the top of the church steeple on which he was at work and the ground below too far to go for his dinner, so he partook of the meal up aloft, and then lay down on the solitary plank, face downward, with his arms hanging in the air, and fell asleep.

At Hackney a man slept nightly for ten years inside a four-wheeled cab. A fire in winter was, of course, out of the question, but his comforts were few, and a few sacks did duty for bedclothes, while for a pillow he used a piece of board.

Struck by Lightning 200 Times.

A very singular record is attached to a deserted and ruined house at Dartmoor, England. It was built by a wealthy landowner, with the intention of making it his country residence; but before the building operations were completed a heavy thunderstorm broke over Dartmoor, and the house was struck by lightning, the roof being dismantled. The damage was repaired and the house quickly finished. No sooner did the owner take up his residence in it than another violent storm struck the house and destroyed the chimney-stack, doing, besides, considerable damage. This made the owner nervous, and he left the house. It was soon shown that his fears were not groundless, for in nearly every thunderstorm that passed over the district the house has been struck, and a fresh portion of it destroyed. Altogether it has been struck over 200 times.

Sound Advice to Sermon Makers.

Rousseau's advice for the composition of a love letter no preacher should follow in the composition of his sermon: "Begin without knowing what you are going to say, and ending without knowing what you have said." The sermon which is made after the Rousseau pattern will merit nothing better than Cleopatra's sneer, "He words me, girls, he words me."

No one is more certain to be impressed with the limitations of language than is the preacher. "A hindrance to thought, though the necessary instrument of it," as Herbert Spencer says.

The Salt Habit.

A medical journal advises against the excessive use of salt. It is first of all a perversion of taste, the condiment destroying the flavor of delicate dishes if too pronounced. Furthermore, it is asserted that an excessive use of salt seriously overtaxes the kidneys to remove it, and that many cases of derangement and disease are due to this excessive use. The salt habit, it is added, is easily acquired, and persons indulging themselves, soon reach a point where nothing is palatable that is not strongly impregnated with salt.

The Difference.

This is a baby. It is a girl baby. How sloppy its chin is! How red its eyes. What horrid contortions it makes with its face. See how savagely it kicks. How like a demon it yells!

Yet in a few short years some man will be half crazed with wild suspense, worshipping the very air this being breathes, devoutly kneeling at her feet and frantically begging for one word, one pressure of the hand, even a look, which will give him hope.

A New Zealand Chief.

The Maori Chief Rewi, of whom the late Sir George Grey made such a friend on his visit to New Zealand, will be distressed when he hears his master was buried in state in St. Paul's Cathedral last week.

Rewi dug a grave in the wilds of his interesting country that was to contain himself and his English "father," as the Maoris called the Englishman who did so much for them.

The Shah's Exchequer.

In Persia the Shah has a most convenient method of adding to his funds. It consists of sending some rich noble a cloak lined with fur. Whenever the Shah gives one to a subject the recipient is in duty bound to return the compliment by the donation of a large sum of money.

Seventy Children Born a Minute.

It is computed the death rate of the world is sixty-seven and the birth rate seventy a minute, and this seemingly light percentage of gain is sufficient to give a net increase in population each year of almost 1,200,000 souls.

Among the Kols of Central India a sham fight always accompanies a wedding ceremony.

IN RUSTIC WAYS.

The blackbirds whistle all day long
A rhythmic gladness in their song,
And night and morning down the lane
Drifts by the cowbells' rude refrain.

The flicker dips on golden wings,
And far across the meadow swings
The swallow skims in lines of grace
Like to the curves that painters trace.

Above, below and everywhere
A sense of living thrills the air
Spring's message through the silent sent
With earth and wood and sky is blent.

The hedgerow blossoms stain the sod,
The south winds make the grasses nod,
And woolly lambs in awkward play
Down the green hillside ambling stray.

Along the blue horizon rim
The lights and shadows sink or swim,
And penciled faintly on the skies
A ghostly half moon's crescent lies.

The blackbirds chant the whole day long
A rhythmic madness in their song,
And dusk and dawn along the lane
Echoes the cowbells' rude refrain.

—Ernest McGaffey in Woman's Home Companion

ONE GLASS OF WINE.

A Belief That It Changed the History of This Country.

It is said that a single glass of wine probably wrecked the Democratic party in 1860. The story is worth telling. After the breaking up of the national Democratic convention at Charleston the party in Georgia held a state convention. Great excitement prevailed. The leaders of the party could not agree. It was a critical period.

The majority report indorsed the seceders or bolters at Charleston, while the minority report opposed their action. The leading champion of the minority was Herschel V. Johnson, and his followers were confident that his eloquence and logic would carry the day.

It is quite likely that such would have been the case but for an unfortunate mishap. Ex-Governor Johnson began his speech before the noon adjournment on the second day and concluded after dinner.

Old men who remember that speech say that it was a powerful argument, and the impression gained ground that after the noon recess the speaker would demolish his opponents with a few sledge hammer blows.

But the overconfident friends of the minority report were doomed to disappointment. Johnson felt the strain of the morning session so much that he was unable to eat anything, and he took a glass of wine upon an empty stomach to strengthen himself. This was a fatal mistake. That one glass of wine perhaps changed the destiny of the nation.

The great orator resumed his speech but the wine had nauseated him. He was hazy, verbose and unintelligible at times. His style and argument lacked vigor, consistency and positiveness. His friends looked at one another in despair. The men on the other side were exultant. It was evident that the speaker had damaged his own cause.

Then Howell Cobb and Henry R. Jackson followed each other for the majority report. They spoke with an air of expectant triumph and captured the convention.

The majority report was adopted. It is unnecessary to follow the history of the next few weeks. The national Democracy was completely disrupted and put two tickets in the field. Lincoln was elected and the country was plunged into a civil war. Had Johnson succeeded in inducing the Georgia convention to adopt his conservative ideas, it is safe to say that other southern states would have fallen into line with our commonwealth, and the national Democratic party would have remained united.

This is the story of what a little glass of wine did. It ruined a great party, caused a disastrous war, and besides the loss of life cost the south over $4,000,000,000. Perhaps this is rather speculative, but there are many who believed it a generation ago.—Atlanta Constitution.

Didn't Irritate Him.

Here is a glimpse of the seamy side of life in Cornwall from The Cornish Magazine:

"I'm afraid, Jenny, you irritate your husband with your long tongue."

"Aw, no, my dear Miss Vivian, I'd never say nawthen to en. To'ther day I was ome waitin for'n to come ome to supper. Eight o'clock come, an no Jan; 9 o'clock come, an no Jan; 10 o'clock come, an no Jan. I put up me bonnet an shoal an went to every kiddly wink in town, thout Dyke Winsor's. When I come there, there wor Jan. Says I, 'You ugly murderen veilan, theest killed thee fust wife an now theest want to kill me, too,' an he up an knacked me down."

An Easy Way Out.

At a school inspection some of the boys found a difficulty in the correct placing of the letters "i" and "e" in such words as "believe," "receive," etc.

When the inspector said blandly: "My boys, I will give you an infallible rule, one I invariably use myself," the pupils were all attention, and even the master pricked up his ears.

The inspector continued: "It is simply this: Write the 'i' and 'e' exactly alike and put the dot in the middle over them."—Liverpool Mercury.

Both Sides.

Papa—You saw that big boy whipping the little one, and you didn't interfere. Suppose you had been that little boy?

Bobbie—I did think of that and was going to part 'em, but then I happened to think s'pose I was the big boy? So I left 'em alone.—London Fun.

Too Great a Risk.

"James, if anybody inquires for me today, tell them I am not in."

"Yes, sir."

"There might possibly be one who would not have a bill," muttered the young man, "but I'll not risk it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Is Your Name Here?

A contributor has been amusing himself by trying to answer the question or series of questions, What man in the history of the world whose name began with A—and after that every other letter of the alphabet in order—exerted the greatest influence upon the thought and conduct of mankind?

Of course there are some letters which are not very prolific in the names of great men, but we think most of our readers will be surprised to see how many of the most illustrious names in history are included and how few are excluded.

In some cases the compiler seems to have selected names quite as much with a view to comprehending in the list men of many countries, as because the name given was that of the greatest man of his time. The list follows:

Aristotle, Baco, Confucius, Darwin, Ezra, Franklin, Goethe, Homer, Isaiah, Justinian, Kant, Luther, Mohammed, Newton, Ossian, Plato, Quintillian, Rousseau, Shakespeare, Tasso, Uhland, Virgil, Washington, Xavier, Young, Zoroaster.—London Globe.

Dangers of Laughter.

It is surprising to learn from the highest medical authority in England that laughter may be injurious.

Laughter in itself, says the British Medical Journal, cannot very well kill, but it may do harm. Hysterical girls and boys with kindred nervous affections are often given to immoderate laughter, which tends to increase nervous exhaustion.

Dr. Feilchenfeld relates an instructive case in which a little girl suffered from very definite cardiac symptoms after immoderate laughter. The patient was 13 years old and had previously been free from any sign of heart disease. After laughing on and off for nearly an hour with some companions she suddenly felt stabbing pains in the chest and was seized with fits of coughing, followed by cardiac dyspnœa, very well marked. Feilchenfeld believes that the cardiac disease directly resulted from immoderate laughing.

A Decidedly Novel Claim.

A claim once made on the explorer, Cameron, in the neighborhood of Gaboon, Africa, shows the peculiar workings of the native African's mind. Some of Cameron's possessions proved unduly attractive to a native, and he determined on transferring the ownership to himself. He accordingly paid another native $200 to procure for him the coveted goods.

The assistant took the money and did his best to earn it, but Mr. Cameron had perversely locked up the very articles that the fellow's employer had set his heart upon. The man could not carry out his bargain, and neither did he feel that he could part with the money. Therefore he ran off with it. What more logical than that the man who was the loser by $200 should expect the explorer to make the loss good? This he assuredly did expect.

He went to Mr. Cameron and told him the story, demanding in the first place the $200 which he, Cameron, by locking up his goods, had compelled the complainant to lose, and, secondly, the actual price of the goods themselves which, but for these arbitrary measures, would now have been in his possession. It is not stated that his expectations were realized.—Watchman.

Sterne's Destitution.

Laurence Sterne, the writer, was the victim of the intensest poverty. A little time before his death, being in a state of destitution, he went one evening to borrow £5 from his friend Garrick. Upon arriving, he heard music and knew that a party was going on. He heard the merry laughter, and, gently replacing the uplifted knocker, retraced his steps.

We never feel our miseries so keenly as when contrasted with the joys of others, and it is only then that we realize Wordsworth's picture:

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood
And near a thousand tables pined for food.

Another story of this writer does not evoke so much sympathy. It was known that Sterne used his wife very ill, and in talking with Garrick one day in fine sentimental style of conjugal love and fidelity he said, "The husband who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burn down over his head."

"If you think so," said Garrick quietly, "I hope yours is well insured."

The Leopard and the Pan.

One day a worthy Kulu housewife came out from her cooking and, standing on the ledge of rock at her door, emptied a pan of boiling water into the rank herbage growing below. It fell, splash, on the back of a sleeping leopard, who jumped perpendicularly into the air as high as the roof of the hut. What might have happened next? Who can say? But the astonished woman dropped the pan with a clang upon the rock, and the leopard took one leap down hill. The pan followed, and the leopard's downward leaps became longer and swifter as the pan bounded after it from rock to rock.

When last seen the leopard had just achieved a leap of about 350 feet to the very bottom of the ravine, thousands of feet below, and the pan had whirled about 500 feet over it on to the opposite side. The leopard would have eaten the old woman with pleasure, but a pan which first scalded half the hide off him and then bounded clanging in his wake from the top of the Himalayas to the plains below was something which he could not face.—Good Words.

Defending His Profession.

"Now," said the attorney for the defense, "let us take up the bill presented by the plaintiff in this case for alleged services rendered to my client. I say alleged services, gentlemen of the jury, because these figures show every indication of having been doctored."

"Would it not be better to say lawyered?" asked an indignant physician who was serving as one of the jurors.—

BABY'S PHOTOGRAPH.

An Example of What the Man of the Camera Endures.

A young photographer, when asked what sort of subjects presented the greatest difficulties to him, replied without a moment's hesitation, "Babies."

"For instance," he continued, "I took photographs of a little 10-months-old fellow the other day in six different positions. Yesterday I sent proofs to his mother, and today she brought them in.

"'I'm sorry,' she said, without any obvious grief, 'but none of these negatives will do.'

"'Not one of the six?' I inquired, though I was prepared for what was to follow.

"'No,' she said, 'I'm afraid not. You see, I like this one very well, though, of course, it doesn't do baby justice, but his Aunt Ellen says it's an absolute caricature of the dear little fellow. The one she likes I don't care for at all, and his papa says he should never know for whom it was intended, it looks so cross, and baby is such a sunshiny child.

"'The one he likes, this smiling one, I shouldn't consider for a moment, for it makes baby's mouth look so much larger than it really is.

"'His grandmother chose that one, but as Cousin Fanny said, there's a very queer look to the child's eyes in it—very queer! However, she likes that one where he's almost crying, that sober one. You ought to have heard baby's grandfather when she said she liked it.

"'He really decided the thing, for what he said seemed so sensible. He asked me why I didn't have some more taken and see if there wouldn't be at least one that would really look like baby. Now, when can he sit again? It's hard for me to spare the time, but you see it is the only thing to be done!'"—Glasgow Herald.

STROKES OF A RAZOR.

How Many Do You Suppose It Takes to Shave a Man?

"Now that you've finished shaving me, how many strokes of the razor did it require?" asked the man in the chair, as he straightened up to have his hair combed.

"That's pretty hard to tell," said the barber.

"Of course it is. But you've been in the business how long?"

"Fifteen years."

"You ought to know by this time about how many strokes of the razor it requires to shave a man, supposing that you go over his face a second time."

"I might make a guess at it."

"All right. What's your guess? Remember that I have a hard beard."

"Well, I should say about 125."

"You're a good guesser, I don't think. Some time ago I got into the habit of counting the strokes of a razor every time I was being shaved. It's a good way to employ your mind. In shaving me you just made 732 strokes with the razor."

"I wouldn't have believed it."

"No man believes it until he takes the trouble to count. In my case I never knew the number to fall below 500, and it has gone more than 800 at times. I call it a stroke every time the razor is brought forward and then drawn back. I should judge that there are no fewer than 500 strokes in a first class shave. You remember that, and probably you can win a few bets."—New York World.

Bank Impertinence.

The Philadelphia Record tells of an old Pennsylvania farmer who recently came into possession of a check for $200. It caused him a great deal of anxiety, and for a long time he could not muster up the courage to have it cashed. Finally, while on a trip to town, he summoned up nerve enough and, strolling into the bank, presented the check. The teller glanced at it hastily, and then, after the fashion of his kind, brusquely asked, "What denomination?"

"Lutheran, gol durn it! But what's thet got tew do with it?" as brusquely replied the old farmer, to the great astonishment of the bank official.

It required several minutes' explanation before the teller could get the old man to understand his question, and then the latter took his money and departed, with sundry growls derogatory to banks in general.

Equal to the Occasion.

In 1840 a great convention was held in Baltimore by the young men of what was then known as the Whig party for the purpose of ratifying the nomination of General William Henry Harrison for the presidency. There was no hall in the city large enough to hold the crowd of delegates who attended. The convention accordingly met on the Canton race track, and when the great Whig orator of this state, who was chairman of the Young Men's national committee, arose to call the meeting to order he was so impressed by the vastness of the assemblage before him that instead of the usual formula he exclaimed, "The nation will please come to order!"—Baltimore Sun.

An Insult.

A Caribou (Me.) man lately wandered into a remote hotel that doesn't keep a dictionary, and on coming down in the morning was asked by the landlord how he rested.

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "I suffered nearly all night with insomnia!"

The landlord took offense at this and roared, "I'll bet you $2 there ain't one in my house!"—Exchange.

Wisdom In a Nutshell.

Human life is like a game at dice where we ought not to throw for what is most commodious to us, but to be content with our casts, let them be never so unfortunate.—Plato.

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BALTIMORE, CHESAPEAKE & ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

Schedule in Effect Monday, Sept. 19, 1898.

EASTBOUND.—Read Down. WESTBOUND—Read Up.

Daily except Sunday.*	Leave Salisbury only.†	Daily ex. Sat. Sun.†	Accm'd'n daily ex. Sunday	STATIONS.	Daily ex. Sunday.	Daily ex. Sunday.	Daily* ex. Sunday.
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
	3.00	10		Lv.....Baltimore.....Ar.	1.10		
7.45	6.25	35	9.45	.....Clayborne.....	9.55	5.40	3.20
7.54	†6.30	† 40	† 9.49	.....McDaniel.....	†9.41	†5.36	†3.16
†8.00	†6.34	† 44	† 9.53	.....Harper.....	†9.37	†5.32	†3.07
8.15	6.40	7.50	9.58	.....St. Michaels.....	9.33	5.28	3.00
†8.20	†6 43	†7.53	†10.01	.....Riverside.....	†9.28	†5.22	†2.46
†8.28	†6.48	†7.58	†10.06	.....Royal Oak.....	†9.23	†5.18	†2.35
†8.33	†6.52	†8.02	†10.09	.....Kirkham.....	†9.19	†5.14	†2.22
†8.39	†6 57	†8.07	†10.13	.....Bloomfield.....	†9.15	†5.10	†2.18
9.10	7.06	8 16	10.22	.....Easton.....	9.10	5.05	2.10
9.30	†7.21	†8.31	†10.37	.....Bethlehem.....	†8.54	†4.49	1.37
9.45	†7.28	†8.38	†10.44	.....Preston.....	†8 48	†4.42	1.25
†9.49	†7.30	†8.40	†10.46	.....Linchester.....	†8.45	†4.39	†1.15
10.00	†7.32	†8.42	†10.48	.....Ellwood.....	†8.43	†4.37	1.12
12.30	7.40	8.50	10.56	.....Hurlock.....	8.36	4.30	1.00
†12.36			†10.58	.....Ennalls.....		† 4.24	†10.44
12.46	†7.47	†8.57	†11.03	.....Rhodesdale.....	†8.27	†4.21	10.41
†12.56	†7 52	†9.02	†11.08	.....Reid's Grove.....	†8.20	† 4.14	†10.29
1.10	† 7.59	†9.09	†11.15	.....Vienna.....	†8.15	† 4.07	10.19
1.25	†8.07	†9.17	†11.23	.....Mardela Springs.....	†8.06	†3.58	10.06
1.40	†8.15	†9.25	†11.31	.....Hebron.....	†7.57	†3.49	9.47
†1.46	†8.18	†9.28	†11.34	.....Rock-a-Walkin.....	†7.53	†3.45	†9.30
2.55	8.30	9.40	11.46	.....Salisbury.....	7 40	3 27	9.17
†3.07	†8.38	†9.48	†11.54	.....Walston's.....	†7.32	†3.23	†8.10
3.19	†8.42	†9.52	†11.58	.....Parsonsburg.....	†7.29	†3 19	8.05
3.35	†8.48	†9.58	†12.04	.....Pittsville.....	†7 24	†3 12	7.50
†3.45	†8.53	†10.03	†12.09	.....Willards.....	†7.16	†3.04	†7.32
†3.50	†8.55	†10.05	†12.11	.....New Hope.....	†7.14	†3.02	†7.26
3.58	†8.58	†10.08	†12.13	.....Whaleyville.....	†7.11	†2.59	7.22
†4.08	†9.03	†10.13	†12.18	.....St. Martins.....	†7.04	†2.52	†7.12
4.45	9.13	10 23	12.27	.....Berlin.....	6.59	2.45	7.04
5.05	00	00	12.45	Ar.....Ocean City.....Lv	6.20	2.25	6.20
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.

† Stops on signal. *Subject to delay incident to freight work. ‡Run through to Ocean City for Baltimore passengers only. Connections made with steamer lines at Easton, Vienna and Salisbury.

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Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect Nov. 21st, 1898.

Delaware & Chesapeake Railway.

SOUTHWARD Read Down		Distance	STATIONS.	NORTHWARD Read Up	
291 Pass	285 Mix.			290 Mix.	294 Mix.
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 46
5 47	9 38	....	Lv..Clayton..Ar	8 45	3 43
5 58	9 48	4.70	.....Kenton.....	8 36	3 34
f 6 04	f 9 57	9.58	.....Hartley.....	f 8 28	f 3 24
f 6 06	f 10 00	10.22	.....Slaughters.....	f 8 25	f 3 21
6 12	10 08	13.79	.....Marydel.....	8 17	3 15
f 6 19	f 10 16	16.76	.....Henderson.....	f 8 11	f 3 08
f 6 26	f 10 24	19.54	..Goldsborough..	f 8 02	f 3 01
6 36	10 34	23.88	Greensborough	7 52	2 50
6 46	10 44	28.08	..... Ridgely	42	2 40
6 55	10 54	32.36	..Queen Anne..	7 31	2 29
f 7 02	f 11 04	36.16	.....Cordova	f 7 24	2 2
f 7 08	f 11 12	39.05	.....Chapel.....	f 7 18	2 16
7 29	11 24	44.16	.....Easton.....	7 08	2 06
f 7 37	f 11 12	50.49	.....Trappe.	f 6 55	f 1 56
7 47	11 53	54.19	Ar..Oxford..Lv	6 45	1 46
P M.	A M.			A.M.	P.M.

"f" Stops only on notice to Conductor or Agent, or on signal. §Daily except Sunday.

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Express for Boston, without change, 11.00 a. m. week-days and 7.50 p. m. daily.

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Leave Broad Street Station, via Delaware River Bridge, Express, 9.40 a. m. and 7 05 p. m. week-days. Sundays, 9.20 a. m., 7.05 p. m.

Leave Market Street Wharf, Express, 9.00 a. m., 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p. m. Sundays, 9.00, 10.00 a. m., (accom., 4.30 and 5.00 p. m.)

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For Somers Point.—Express, 9.00 a. m., 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p. m. week-days. Sundays, 9.00, 10.00 a. m.

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Lyford's		O Shell Point	
Williston		Cambridge	6 P. M.
Two Johns		Kirby's	
Turkey Creek		Oxford	7 P. M.
Kingston		Bellevue	
Dover Bridge	1.30 P. M.	Double Mills	
Hog Island		Easton	9.30 P. M.
Windy Hill		Oxford	7.30 P. M.
Choptank		Corner's	
Wrights		Tilghman's	11.30 P. M.

Arriving in Baltimore at 5.00 o'clock following morning. Returning the steamers leave Baltimore from Pier 4 Light at Wharf at 6 o'clock p. m. daily, except Sunday, for all points named and arriving at Easton about 3.00 a. m. Oxford 3.45, Cambridge 4.00, East New Market 7.00 and Denton 11 a. m. Connections at Easton, Oxford and Cambridge with railroads for all points.

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QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect Nov. 21, 1898.

Steamer connections between Pier 9½ Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, and Railroad Division at Queenstown, Md.

EAST-BOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	*1	*3
	A. M.	P. M.
Baltimore.....Lv	6 00	3 20
Queenstown	9 10	6 35
Bloomingdale	f 9 16	f 6 41
Wye Mills	9 23	6 48
Willoughby	9 30	f 6 55
D. & C. Junction		7 00
Queen Anne	9 43	7 13
Downes	9 50	7 20
Tuckahoe	f 9 53	f 7 23
Denton	10 00	7 30
Hobbs	10 15	7 45
Hickman	10 23	7 53
Adamsville	10 27	7 57
Blanchard	f 10 32	f 8 02
Greenwood	B 10 40	8 10
Owens	f 10 55	f 7 44
Oakley	f 11 00	f 7 49
Ellendale	C 11 15	7 58
Wolfe	f 11 24	f 8 06
Milton	11 30	8 11
Whitesboro	f 11 38	f 8 19
Overbrook	f 11 41	f 8 22
Greenhill	f 11 45	f 8 26
Lewes.....Ar	11 50	8 30
	A. M.	P. M.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	*2	*4
	A. M.	P. M.
Lewes.....Lv	6 55	3 30
Greenhill	f 6 59	f 3 35
Overbrook	f 7 03	3 40
Whitesboro	f 7 06	3 43
Milton	7 12	3 51
Wolfe	f 7 17	f 3 56
Ellendale	C 7 33	4 13
Oakley	f 7 40	f 4 20
Owens	f 7 44	f 4 25
Greenwood	B 7 52	B 4 45
Blanchard	f 7 58	f 4 38
Adamsville	f 8 02	f 4 43
Hickman	8 06	4 46
Hobbs	8 13	4 15
Denton	8 22	4 30
Tuckahoe	f 8 28	f 4 37
Downes	8 31	4 40
Queen Anne	8 37	4 46
D. & C. Junction	A 8 38	
Willoughby	f 8 45	5 04
Wye Mills	f 8 50	f 5 17
Bloomingdale	f 8 57	5 25
Queenstown	9 10	7 00
Baltimore.....Ar	11 55	9 50
	A. M.	P. M.

Rates of Fare to Baltimore and Return.

GOOD FOR FIVE DAYS.

From Queenstown	$1 00
" Queen Anne	1 70
" Denton	2 05
" Greenwood	2 60
" Ellendale	3 00
" Lewes	3 60

CONNECTIONS.

"A" connects at D. & C. Junction for points on Delaware & Chesapeake Railway—Easton and Oxford.

"B" connects at Greenwood with the Delaware Division of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad, from points south.

"C" connects at Ellendale with Delaware, Maryland & Virginia Railroad—Georgetown.

*Daily except Sunday. f Stops on signal to take on or let off passengers.

I. W. TROXEL, Gen. Mgr.
C. C. WALLER, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Wagner's Green House.

West Pratt St. Baltimore, Md.

J. & B. L. Wagner

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 appreciation.