A REALIZED AMBITION.

His name was James O'Connell Thomas Jefferson O'Roke;
He was the high-school orator, and every time he "spoke"
The school was crowded, high and low and to the doors, with those
Who longed to hear the gifted boy and see him when he rose
To imitate great Spartacus and bid his listeners dare
To beard the lazy Roman hosts, the while he sawed the air.
As Brutus he was wont to stand in classic pose and prate
About imperial Caesar and his sad, assisted fate.
As Antony he stooped to dip in Caesar's sacred blood
His homemade cotton handkerchief, and thus unchain the flood
Of Roman rage; then he would smile complaisantly and pause,
And stand unmoved amid the mighty thunders of applause.

Ye gods! He was a hero in those old forensic days,
And all the town spread his renown and boasted in his praise.
His neighbors bolstered up his fame, and each did prophesy
That all the world should crown his name with honor ere he'd die.
They swore his magic voice should plead successfully and strong
For justice to the poor and lead in righting freemen's wrong.
They noted how his youthful brow already showed the weight
Of heavy thought and trials wrought by cares exceeding great.
At last he left his native place and to the city went;
The townsfolk wept, but on his face there shone a sage content.
"I shall be truly great some day," he said within his heart;
"My voice shall never, never play a measly second part!"
See how the kindly fates advance a man of pluck and brains—
He has a railway station job as "caller" of the trains!
—Chicago Daily Record.

Dobley's Man with a Hoe

An Elucidation of Markham's Poem for Mrs. D.'s Benefit.

"I MIGHT just as well resign at once!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley. "I had no idea that joining a literary club meant that one had to perform in public. I simply can't do it."

"What do they want you to do, my dear?" asked Mr. Dobley. "A song and dance or a cakewalk? I wouldn't mind a little thing like that. You can pick it up in no time."

"It's nothing like that," said Mrs. Dobley, passing a typewritten document over the breakfast table. "And you needn't make any fun of the matter, either. The frivolous way in which you look at everything is tiresome. Now, what am I to do?"

"I am sure, my dear," began Dobley—

"Just read it—read it!" commanded Mrs. Dobley, and her husband read:

"Honora Coombs Dobley.—Dear Madam: At the next meeting of the Literary club the topic of discussion will be Markham's poem, 'The Man with the Hoe.' As you have been selected as chief speaker of the evening, you will kindly be prepared to recite the poem and give a sketch of the author's career. Also to give your opinions as to the idea contained in the work, as well as the general style and literary construction of the poem."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Dobley, trying to conceal the fact that he was quite as perturbed as his wife by the letter. "Well?"

"Well? Why didn't they select you? What did they send that to me for? What do I know about farming?"

"You forget, my dear, that this is not an agricultural club, but a literary society. Of course they refer to the famous poem?"

"What poem?"

"Is it possible that you haven't heard of Markham's masterpiece, 'The Man with the Hoe?'" asked Dobley, with a reproachful look over the top of his egg.

"Why, I haven't read anything but 'Quo Vadis' this summer, and I only half read that. You see it hurts my eyes, and besides that I'm too busy. Who was he?"

"'The Man with the Hoe?' He has become one of the most typical of—"

"What was the matter with him? Why didn't he hoe? Where did it happen?"

"It began with a picture, my dear. An artist made a picture of a man in a field with a hoe."

"Hoeing corn, I suppose; well, what of it?"

"Well, it was a great picture—filled with depth and feeling and life—"

"I suppose it seemed as though he were really hoeing, did it? I've seen a picture like that—a girl gathering roses—you could just see the stems snap."

"No, it wasn't exactly that. The man had stopped—"

"Stopped hoeing? What did he do that for?"

"He'd stopped to rest and was leaning on the hoe."

"Gracious! A hoe isn't a bit comfortable to lean upon. Why didn't he sit down?"

"Why—er—it was just the artist's idea, you see. The man stopping to lean on his hoe—the laborer in the field—don't you see?—typifying the workman of the ages—the 'empty ages,' Markham wrote."

"Was it Markham had the hoe?"

"Oh, no! Markham was a poet and he saw the picture and saw the poetry in it. Then he wrote the poem and called it, 'The Man with the Hoe.'"

"Was it pretty?"

"It was a magnificent idea—the figure of that man as typical of the workman—the patient slave plowing the field—"

"What did he have a hoe for if he was plowing?"

"You don't understand. Don't you catch the idea? Labor—the farmer at work—plodding along without an idea—sweating over his work—"

"You just said he'd stopped to rest."

"Er—yes—but when you read it, you'll see the splendid picture Markham drew—"

"Excuse me, John; was Markham the artist or was he the man who had the hoe, or the man who just wrote about it?"

"He was the poet, my dear; he wrote the verse."

"I suppose he was paid for it, wasn't he?"

"I suppose so, my dear."

"Then, what was the trouble? Really, John, I can't seem to understand what all the fuss was about."

"Markham wanted to show the miserable condition of the hard-working farmer—the slavery of the toiler—the—the—fetters—"

"Why, John Dobley, you know you have often said you'd like to be a farmer because they have everything so easy. Hoeing and raking is child's play, and as for plowing it's just like riding a bicycle nowadays. You sit in a sort of a sulky and the horses know just where to go. I suppose they will have automobiles after awhile."

"He spoke," went on Mr. Dobley, "of the 'emptiness of ages.' There's a grand thought. The empti——"

"What did he mean by that?"

"Why—er—so much of that is metaphor—you see. The main idea is that the lot of the working man is hopeless. 'The Man with the Hoe' was a poor wretch bent with toil—a farmer whose life was—"

"Why didn't he get one of the farm hands to do the hoeing?"

"He probably was a farm hand himself working for a pittance—"

"Well, he ought to have been glad he was working, I think. The idea! What did he want? A steam hoe?"

"No, my dear; but the idea is what did life hold for him? Of what was he thinking as he stood there leaning on the hoe—that humble implement of toil?"

"Probably he was thinking of his dinner. I'm not a bit sorry for that man. He had nice open air work and he could stop to rest when he wanted to and probably his wife brought him his dinner every noon time, and he had nothing to do but to hoe. And he wasn't even doing that!"

"Wait till you read the poem, Honora. Markham calls him 'brother to the ox.'"

"What for?"

"The ox, you see, is the beast of burden. When the poet spoke of the laborer as the brother of the ox he placed him as low in the intellectual scale as it was possible to get him. He asks: 'Who blew out the—'"

"Gas—?"

'No—no! 'Who blew out the light within his brain?' asks Markham.

"Well, who did?"

"It was just a metaphor—a figure of speech—"

"Why didn't he say what he meant?"

"Poets never do that, my dear."

"Well, what did he mean?"

"That the workman was a miserable creature, whose life was like an animal's—a—"

"Don't he believe in men working?"

"Yes—but—"

"I suppose he likes tramps, then. Those men that sit around the parks. 'The Man with the Tomato Can' would be his idea of the ideal man."

"Poets look at these things differently."

"Well, I think it is silly to pity a man because he has a job. Think of all the men that can't get work. Suppose you didn't work? Where would we be?"

"It's the idea of man earning his bread by the sweat of his brow—the curse of laboring for hire—for—"

"Why, this man with the hoe probably had a good, steady place on the farm. Perhaps he owned it. He probably had stopped to figure out the crop. Maybe his wife took boarders and they had plenty of money."

"When you read it, my dear, you will be able to—"

"Oh, pshaw! I might just as well start in to idealize the cook and call her 'The Girl with the Frying Pan' or 'The Woman with the Rolling Pin.'"

"Really, my dear, I think you will be able to talk before the club, if you keep on."

"It's the very same thing! The cook is a laboring woman, but she's a great deal freer than I am. She has no social obligations and no calls to make or to receive. She doesn't have to spend her time dressing and talking to folks when she doesn't want to. She has a comfortable home and just as good things to eat as we have. She has two days off every week. Suppose I began to weep over her sad condition and called her 'sister to the ox.' Why she'd leave the very first thing."

"But a poet would never write about a cook."

"Well, a good cook is a lot better than an old farmer who only hoes and looks pathetic. Anyone could hoe. Why, I almost believe you could hoe."

"I haven't a hoe, my dear."

"That's another thing. Suppose the man didn't have a hoe? He'd have been worse off, wouldn't he? A hoe represents capital. Do you know, John Dobley, it gets sillier every minute, to think of all the sympathy that you're wasting on that man. It is 'The Man Without the Hoe' you should be sorry for."

"You are getting me round to your way of thinking, Honora. I recall now the story of a rich man who said that he started in business picking rags, but for a week or two he nearly starved, because he had no money to buy a rag-pick with."

"What did he do?"

"He borrowed money enough, I believe, and 25 years after he told the story of the trouble he had getting some one to lend the money. The funniest part of it was that he said he had never paid it back."

"I wonder if that man really owned the hoe, or had borrowed it?"

"Perhaps that is what he was thinking of."

"He was probably too mean to buy a hoe of his own! You know, John, I think that man was no good!"

"Honora, your logic is so convincing that I am beginning to agree with you that 'The Man with the Hoe' was considerable of a gold brick."—N. Y. Sun.

Not Dependent on Noah.

"I paid four dollars for that dog."

"That seems a good deal for a dog like that."

"But the dog has a wonderful pedigree."

"How far back do they trace it? To the dog that Noah took on the ark?"

"This dog's ancestor didn't go on the ark."

"Why not?"

"He had a bark of his own."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All Occupied.

Old Foozle—So, my son, you have laid aside your studies and are about to enter upon the active duties of life?

Young Foozle—Yes, dad; but since I got my sheepskin and have had time to look around me I am surprised to find the active duties of life so very closely attended to already.—Boston Transcript.

Misanthropes.

Those only are suited for solitude,
So me it seems to strike,
Who like nobody, are like nobody,
And whom not any like.
—Harlem Life.

POST-MORTEM IMPROVEMENTS.



"O, things will go better in this world when the fools are all dead, but we shan't be here to see it!"—Polichinelle.

Evidently.

"Slaves of the ring" I read about
Proof that the early man
Was forced to buy engagement rings
On the installment plan.
—N. Y. Journal.

Seems Long, Anyway.

Condemned Man (to his lawyer)—It's a long sentence, sir, to be sent to prison for life.

Lawyer (inclined to a more hopeful view)—Yes, it does seem long, but perhaps you won't live a great while.—Tit-Bits.

No Grounds for Dissension.

"Daughter, if you marry Mr. Perkins are you sure you won't quarrel on politics or religion?"

"Oh, yes; I don't know a thing about politics and he doesn't know very much about religion."—Chicago Daily Record.

Very Much Alike.

"The effects of love and whisky are very much alike," remarked Mr. Fangle.

"Both intoxicating, are they?" asked Mrs. Fangle.

"Yes; they both make the world go round."—Town Topics.

He Knew.

Good Man—Do you know the future of little boys that take everything away from their weaker companions?

Bad Boy—Yep! Dey grows up big an' strong an' den dey gits a job as constable for er justice of de peace.—Chicago Daily News.

One Fool Around, Anyway.

Ted—He told her she was the first woman he had ever kissed.

Ned—He was a fool.

Ted—But she believed him.

Ned—Then she was a fool.—Town Topics.

Peculiarly Sad.

He—Your grief seems extravagant for a relative so distant as a great-aunt.

She—Sir, she possessed many splendid diamonds, and I wasn't even mentioned in her will.—Jewelers' Weekly.

No Dream.

"Spouter says he dreamed he was making a great speech last night, and got so wrought up that he tumbled out of bed."

"I see. He took the floor."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Well Named.

First Old Boarder—The new guest seems quite literary.

Second Old Boarder—He is. Whenever we have hash, he always refers to it as the "Review of Reviews."—Town Topics.

She Wasn't the Girl.

Denny—Th' gur-rul thot Oi marry must be loike foine silk.

Nort—An' how is thot?

Denny—Not shrink whin it comes to washing.—Chicago Daily News.

Glad of It.

Sea Captain—There is no hope! The ship is doomed! In an hour we will all be dead!

Seasick Passenger—Thank Heaven!—Tit-Bits.

Forewarned But Not Forearmed.

Crawford—What makes you think that people who get divorced are generally foolish?

Crabshaw—Because most of them marry again.—Judge.

Comparatively Speaking.

Mrs. Justwed—Ain't I the dearest little wife in the world?

Mr. Justwed—Well, yes; considering my salary.—Judge.

Information for the Young.

"Papa, what is untold wealth?"

"That's what a good many people have when the tax assessor is present."—Chicago Times-Herald.

His Error.

"There is such a thing as being altogether too clever."

"You think so?"

"I know it. I was walking along the street yesterday when I noticed a £5 note lying on the pavement. I stooped to pick it up, but it looked like a counterfeit, so I passed on."

"And the note turned out to be a good one, of course?"

"No, it did not, but I was arrested before I had gone ten steps further."

"Arrested? What for?"

"For passing counterfeit money."—Answers.

His Escape Valve.

"Oh, yes," said the stocky man with the square jaw, "my married life is quite a happy one."

"Glad to hear it," said the man with the thin hair. "Got any particular system?"

"Well, yes. Whenever my wife gets into a tantrum, I go out and find the fellow who introduced us and give him another licking."—Indianapolis Journal.

Looks Suspicious.

"When does the wedding take place?" inquired the old stationer, jestingly.

"Why, you don't think—" She blushed and hesitated.

"Ah, miss, when young ladies buy a hundred sheets of paper and only 25 envelopes, I know there is always something behind it."—Tit-Bits.

Chose Being a Spectator.

Aunt Sophia—And is Tommy a good little boy at school?

Tommy—Yes, auntie.

Aunt Sophia—And why is Tommy a good little boy?

Tommy—'Cause it's better fun to see the other boys get a licking than to get one yourself.—Boston Transcript.

Proof Positive.

Marie—Oh, there was such a dreadful beetle in my room last night! As big as a mouse. A yellowish-brown thing—ugh! I chased him half an hour.

Jack—Um—it was an electric beetle I guess.

Marie—It must have been, for it ran like lightning.—Judge.

The Lawyer's Advantage.

"Which would you rather be, a preacher or a lawyer?"

"A lawyer."

"Why?"

"He doesn't have to go and practice for two or three months in some other town and call it a vacation."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Troubles of the Rich.

Freddie—What do you mean by the embarrassment of riches, dad?

Cobwigger—Well, my boy, I once heard of a woman who had a $25,000 set of dishes, and she was so afraid of the servants breaking them that she washed them herself.—N. Y. World.

Caught the Car.

"Is Mr. Goodyear still paying attention to your daughter?"

"He isn't paying her any attention at all."

"Indeed! Did she jilt him?"

"No; he married her."—Boston Traveler.

Turn About.

"So that young puppy wants to take you away from me just as I need you the most?"

"Yes, father; he says every dog has his day, and you have had yours."—Brooklyn Life.

Too Much to Expect.

That she's pretty as a picture
I will wager all my pelf,
Though, of course, she's not as pretty
As the photo of herself.
—N. Y. World.

RUCTIONS FOLLOWED.



Little Peckleby—Er—um—there's a French philosopher, m'dear, says that women need more sleep than men.

Mrs. Peckleby—Oh, indeed—does he—and what of it?

Little Peckleby—Well, m'dear, I was thinking—er—that is—well, perhaps you'd better not stay up for me when I'm late at night, like you do.—Ally Sloper.

Out of the Beaten Track.

First Critic—Here's one trace of originality—if it isn't a typographical error.

Second Critic—What is that?

First Critic—He says "wide and far" instead of "far and wide."—Brooklyn Life.

Proof Enough.

"Do you believe that a thousand years was ever as a day, and a day as a thousand years?"

"I believe the latter half all right enough—I've just spent the day at the dentist's."—Detroit Free Press.

A Man of Method.

"Isn't Stubins rather irregular in his habits?"

"No; when he borrows he never pays."—Chicago Daily Record.

Up to Date.

"And he really loved her, then?"

"Well, I should say he did! Why, he shot at her five times and then committed suicide."—Chicago Post.

A Painful Error.

"Your daughter's college yell is almost musical, Mrs. Twitter."

"College yell! She's singing."—Chicago Daily Record.

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ESTIMATES PROMPTLY FURNISHED.

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BALTIMORE, CHESAPEAKE & ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

Schedule in Effect Saturday, Sept. 16, 1899.

EASTBOUND.—Read Down. WESTBOUND—Read Up.

Leave Saturdy only.	Daily ex. Sat, Sun.	Accm daily ex Sunday		STATIONS.		Daily ex. Sunday.	Daily ex. Sunday.
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.				P. M.	P. M.
3.00	4.10		Lv	Baltimore	Ar	1.10	
6.25	7.35	9.45		Clayborne		9.45	5.30
f6.30	f7.40	f 9.49		McDaniel		f9.41	f5.26
f6.34	f7.44	f 9.53		Harper		f9.37	f5.22
6.40	7.50	9.58		St. Michaels		9.33	5.18
f6 43	f7.53	f10.01		Riverside		f9.26	f5.12
f6.48	f7.58	f10.05		Royal Oak		f9.23	f5.08
f6.52	f8.02	f10.09		Kirkham		f9.19	f5.04
f6.57	f8.07	f10.13		Broomfield		f9.15	f5.00
7.06	8.16	10.22		Easton		9.10	4.55
f7.21	f8.31	f10.37		Bethlehem		f8.54	f4.39
f7.28	f8.38	f10.44		Preston		f8.48	f4.33
f7.30	f8.40	f10.46		Linchester		f8.45	f4.30
f7.32	f8.42	f10.48		Ellwood		f8.43	f4.28
7.40	8.50	10.56		Hurlock		8.36	4.21
				Ennalls			f4.15
f7.47	f8.57	f11.03		Rhodesdale		f8.27	f4.12
f7 52	f9.02	f11.08		Reed's Grove		f8 20	f4.06
f7.59	f9.09	f11.15		Vienna		f8.15	f3.59
f8.07	f9.17	f11.23		Mardela Springs		f8.06	f3.50
f8.15	f9.25	f11.31		Hebron		f7.57	f3.41
f8.18	f9.28	f11.34		Rock-a-Walkin		f7.53	f3.37
8.30	9.40	11.46		Salisbury		7.46	3.30
f8.38	f9.48	f11.54		Walston's		f7.38	f3.16
f8.42	f9 52	f11.58		Parsonsburg		f7.30	f3.12
f8.48	f9.58	f12.05		Pittsville		f7.25	f3.06
f8.53	f10 03	f12.11		Willards		f7.18	f2.58
f8.55	f10 05	f12.13		New Hope		f7.16	f2.56
f8.58	f10 08	f12.16		Whaleyville		f7.14	f2.53
f9.03	f10 13	f12.22		St. Martins		f7.07	f2.46
9.13	10 23	12.33		Berlin		7.02	2.40
9 25	10 .35	12.45	Ar	Ocean City	Lv	6.45	2.25
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.				A.M.	P. M.

f Stops on signal to take on or let off passengers or freight. Connections made with steamer lines at Easton, Vienna and Salisbury. T. A. JOYNES, Gen. Superintendent.
A. J. BENJAMIN, Supt. Ry. Div. T. MURDOCH, G. P. A.

Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect May 21st, 1899.

Delaware & Chesapeake Railway.

SOUTHWARD		Distance	STATIONS.	NORTHWARD	
291 Pass	285 Mix.			290 Mix.	294 Mix.
§ 12 45	A.M.		Washington	§ 1 00	§ 8 15
3 00	§ 6 25		Baltimore	11 15	6 55
3 46	7 25		Philadelphia	10 46	5 43
4 27	8 13		Wilmington	9 58	4 59
5 47	9 38		Lv..Clayton..Ar	8 45	3 43
5 56	9 48	4.70	Kenton	8 36	3 34
f 6 04	f 9 57	9.58	Hartley	f 8 26	f 3 24
f 6 08	f 10 00	10.22	Slaughters	f 8 23	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 10	f 3 08
f 6 26	f 10 24	19.54	Goldsborough	f 8 03	f 3 01
6 36	10 34	23.88	Greensborough	7 52	2 50
6 46	10 44	28.08	Ridgely	7 42	2 40
6 55	10 54	32.86	Queen Anne	7 31	2 29
f 7 02	f 11 04	36.16	Cordova	f 7 24	2 22
f 7 08	f 11 12	39.05	Chapel	f 7 18	f 2 16
7 20	11 24	44.16	Easton	7 08	2 06
f 7 37	f 11 42	50.49	Trappe	f 6 55	f 1 50
7 47	11 53	54.19	Ar..Oxford..Lv	6 45	1 40
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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FOR NEW YORK.

Ex. week-days, 3.20, 4.05, 4.40, 5.00, 5.15, 6.50, 7.38, 8.25, 9.50, *10.21, 11, 12 43 a. m., 12.00m., 12.35 (Lim. *1.00 and *4.22 p. m.), 1.43, *2.30, 3.20, 3.50, 4.02, 5.00, *5.56, 6.00, 7.02, *8.10, 10 00 p. m., 12.01 night. Sundays, 3.20, 4.05, 4.40, 5.00, 5.15, 8.25, 9.50 *10.21, 10.43, 11.43 a. m., *12.03, 12.35, *2.30, 4.02. (Limited, *4.22), 5.20, *5.56, 6.35, 7.02, *8.10, 10.00 p. m., 12 01 night.

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Baltimore-Choptank-Third Haven River Route

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Denton	12 M	New Market	3.30P.M
Lyford's		O Shell Point	
Williston		Cambridge	6 P.M
Two Johns		Kirby's	
Turkey Creek		Oxford	7 P.M
Kingston		Bellevne	
Dover Bridge	1.30 P.M	Double Mills	
Hog Island		Easton	9.30P.M
Windy Hill		Oxford	10.30P M
Choptank		Corner's	
Wrights		Tilghmnn's	11.30P.M

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QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect Sept. 26, 1899.

Steamer connections between Pier 9, Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, and Railroad Division at Queenstown, Md.

EAST-BOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	*1	*3
	A. M.	P. M.
Baltimore Lv	6 25	3 40
Queenstown	9 07	6 25
Bloomingdale	f 9 12	f 6 30
Wye Mills	f 9 20	f 6 36
Willoughby	f 9 28	f 6 41
D. & C. Junction		A 6 48
Queen Anne	9 40	6 50
Downes	9 48	6 56
Tuckahoe	f 9 51	f 6 59
Denton	10 00	7 08
Hobbs	10 15	7 11
Hickman	10 23	7 18
Adamsville	f 10 27	f 7 22
Blanchard	f 10 32	f 7 26
Greenwood	B 10 40	B 7 32
Owens	f 10 55	f 7 39
Oakley	f 11 00	f 7 44
Ellendale	C 11 15	7 53
Wolfe	f 11 24	f 8 00
Milton	11 30	8 05
Whitesboro	f 11 38	f 8 12
Overbrook	f 11 41	f 8 16
Greenhill	f 11 45	f 8 20
Lewes Ar	11 50	8 23
	A. M.	P. M.

WEST-BOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	*2	*4
	A. M.	P. M.
Lewes Lv	6 55	2 30
Greenhill	f 6 59	f 2 35
Overbrook	f 7 03	f 2 40
Whitesboro	f 7 06	f 2 43
Milton	7 14	2 51
Wolfe	f 7 19	f 2 58
Ellendale	C 7 33	3 12
Oakley	f 7 40	f 3 20
Owens	f 7 44	f 3 25
Greenwood	B 7 51	B 3 45
Blanchard	f 7 57	f 3 58
Adamsville	f 8 01	f 3 58
Hickman	8 05	4 05
Hobbs	8 12	4 15
Denton	8 20	4 30
Tuckahoe	f 8 25	f 4 37
Downes	8 28	4 40
Queen Anne	8 34	4 49
D. & C. Junction	A 8 35	
Willoughby	f 8 42	f 5 04
Wye Mills	f 8 47	f 5 17
Bloomingdale	f 8 53	f 5 25
Queenstown	9 10	8 00
Baltimore Ar	11 40	10 30
	A. M.	P. M.

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.

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

I. W. TROXEL, Gen. Mgr.

WM. D. UHLER, G. F. & P. A.

PATENTS

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