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HOW I WAS DECEIVED.

Blanche Graham was a beautiful woman, with languid, dreamy eyes, yet she seemed neither indolent nor passionate, and one would say that even in her repose she was keenly alert. Her lips, though thin and drawn tightly over her long but exquisitely white and even teeth, yet had in their arches a slight fullness, which, to the experienced physiognomist, is indicative either of unyielding will or of sensuousness—not sensuality. Her nose was almost Grecian in its strength, contour and rigid nostrils, but there was nothing in her demeanor to indicate either Grecian hauteur or Grecian force.

She was beautiful; but was she good, true and trusty? That question I asked myself over and over again in the solitude of my room, when, away from the witchery of her eyes, the spell of her presence, I was drawn to her by a nameless art. She excited my sympathies by a confidence that, to the honorable mind, is sure to challenge a like return. But, with singular inconsistency, when I reached each interview, I read in that artlessness an artifice too deep for proof, yet apparent to my unlimited vision.

Over and over again I said, "I will be on my guard, and not be led like a bird to the snare;" and confident of my strength, I sought her alluring presence nightly, not seeing, silly boy that I was, that I was drifting away from the ground of my reason, and floating on a tide of passion that might take me out upon a troublesome sea.

That Blanche loved me appeared to me certain, judging from her confidence and demeanor; but that she coveted me I saw just as clearly.

Her advances against the citadel of my reserve were indeed cautious, but they were just as steady as the pressing of the water against the bank which it is to overflow; and I, seeing this clearly, yet made feeble and less feeble efforts to shake off the influence that held me a prisoner, until one evening found her in my arms—my betrothed!

I had yielded—she had won.

When I went home that night I shook as if with an ague.

With the excess of my passion and happiness? Ah, no! With unhappiness. I saw before me shapes of evil which would not away.

What a fool I had been! How could I face my fate? I could not face it, and so determined to play the coward's part and run away.

Proceeding to my room in the dormitory of the college, I carefully gathered and packed all my books and superfluous clothes in my large, black leather trunk, which I labeled with a card, "John Campbell—to be called for," and directed to the care of one of the tutors whose friendship I knew I could trust. Then, filling a carpetbag with my linen and necessary articles, I stole away unnoticed, reaching the railway station just as the midnight express train came thundering along.

Next morning I stood in the dining room of my own residence, to the amazement of my father and mother, and the unmistakable delight of Alice Edwards.

"What in the world?" cried mother. "Is it you, John? What has happened?"

Father said not a word, but awaited in silence my answer.

Alice's eyes beamed gladness. She could receive me without questions.

I had thought all this over, and, loving both father and mother, had resolved to make a "clean breast of it" to them. This made the answer easy. But Alice! Did I care to have her know all? Alice, whom I had fondly loved from her first advent, a waif, eight years before. That plain, homely face, not a line of beauty in it, and yet as full of sweetness as a rose, would bear the truth—indeed, would be all the happier for the truth, I thought. I hesitated no longer when she came up.

"What is it, dear Johnny?"

I kissed her first, then my mother; shook hands with father, and while the coffee cooled in the pot told my story, keeping nothing back.

"Well, my boy, better this than something worse, but I confess I like not this midnight flight; it savors of cowardice; it is not the course of honor."

"I know it father; still I am so persuaded that this Blanche Graham is all art and hypocrisy that I cannot give her the right to the consideration which an honorable person would claim."

Mother was silent. Alice sighed audibly. Why did they neither approve nor condemn? A woman's heart is a battery easily charged, yet there are atmospheres to which it is as dead as if the currents of feelings and passion were wanting. But he is a dull student of woman's nature who does not see in this quiescence the most positive of all conditions.

I knew that mother saw me as I was; I felt it in my soul that she had fathomed a truth, up to that moment unconfessed even to myself, that, despite my flight and repudiation of the betrothal, I yet was in the toils of lover's enthralment; I was neither free nor safe in myself.

A pang as keen as a knife thrust shot through my breast; the love for Blanche Graham was not left behind in that midnight escape from her bodily presence; it was in the heart, not a deadened or benumbed sense, but a vital, overmastering power. I shivered and sickened. And Alice? She sat staring at me with those sweet blue eyes, speaking tenderness and pity in their mute language, but around the mouth were lines of pain so marked that I started. She arose suddenly, glided to my side, bent over and kissed my forehead and then hurriedly left the room.

"What ails Alice, wifey?"

No reply, save a sad smile.

"I see nothing for it, John, but for you to go down to Manchester until this affair blows over. You can stay there with my partner, Mr. Custer. I'll write all the explanation necessary. You may start by the afternoon train."

So it was arranged. I saw nothing of Alice all that day; but just before I left the house for the station she came down from her room to say good-by. She evidently had been weeping, and her pale face looked thin and pinched, as if she had suddenly grown to thirty—twice her years.

"What is it, Alice, darling?" I exclaimed, drawing her to my bosom.

"Nothing—nothing, Johnny; only—only I am so sorry for what has happened, and that you are going away. Good-by, Johnny!" and she gave me her lips to kiss.

Before I could recover from surprise at her unwonted forwardness she had gone back to her room again, and I saw her no more.

The next day I sat in Mr. Custer's office—a sober, earnest, thoughtful person for one whose years were not yet twenty-one.

How eagerly I plunged into business! Full of vigor and youthful elasticity, I could not well overwork myself, and yet, had I been only half as strong, I must have worked all the same to keep at bay a misery that at times was almost unendurable. The shadow of Blanche Graham never left my side. I grew fairly to loathe it; but it was there all the same; and in my dreams we met again, always as lovers. Do what I could, there was no forgetfulness for me; and, as the months whirled away, I became a mystery even to myself, so changed was I from my old, joyous self. I, too, was grown old suddenly; twice my real years seemed to weigh me down.

Mr. and Mrs. Custer having known nothing of me before my entrance to their family circle, of course, detected no change; but I could see by their attention and kindness towards me that they were anxious in my behalf. Mr. Custer would try to force me away from work; Mrs. Custer would seek to woo me into society, would invite the most charming people to "spend an evening." But I cannot say I enjoyed any diversion; work, action, the assertion of myself alone appeased my tormenting shade.

All this time I wrote freely and candidly to father and mother, as also did Mr. Custer, judging from the tone of letters from home, which warned me against overwork, and finally threatened me with removal "if I would persist in fighting fire with my bare hands," as father expressed it.

But never a line came from Alice. She "sends love," mother almost uniformly added at the end of her long, confiding communications, but that was all, and I grew to believe the little, homely faced creature had really but slight interest in me. At which I sighed—more from mortified pride than from regret, I fear.

Taking the position of traveler, I took the northern route, and extended the trade of the house considerably. I became browned by exposure, grew a full beard and became otherwise so changed that my own parents would hardly have recognized me. All thoughts of returning home were abandoned.

I heard nothing of Blanche Graham—knew not if she were living or dead, and her memory, after three years' struggle, became a dead sorrow, but not a forgotten one. Little Alice Edwards I remembered only as a child whom my good mother had rescued from want and brought up as her own—a homely but thoroughly good creature, whom I hoped some day to see married to some equally homely and good man.

One evening I met at dinner a young woman whom the excellent Mrs. Custer introduced as her niece—Miss Elsie Bates. She was a fair, sweet faced girl, with a wealth of hair and a voice of exquisite richness; and her eyes were those of a gazelle in their tenderness and luster.

I looked upon her with undisguised admiration, I suppose, for her face was richly suffused with a flush as I stared and stammered, "How do you do, Bates?" at the same moment familiarly grasping her hand. I could only add, "Excuse me, Miss Bates; I have been so much among tradespeople of late that I have become somewhat rude in my manners."

Mr. Custer and his wife laughed heartily, and Miss Bates, with great good nature, put me at my ease.

I laughed, and forthwith felt "at home" with Miss Bates. Nor for a moment did I put on my armor of defense against a pretty face, as I had grown to do through my years of unhappiness.

I did not talk business that night. I did not go to my club the next night, but went with Miss Bates to the theatre; and, to make a long story short, I offered the niece of Mrs. Custer my hand and heart.

"Are you wholly heart free, John?" she asked.

The question stung me, not with the old sense of a dagger thrust, but rather with that of nettles, for my whole body grew hot.

It was but a passing sense, a little shock, and I answered: "Heart whole, dear Elsie."

"Are you sure?" her lips said. But her eyes, so loving and glowing, answered her lips.

In some surprise I said: "I once loved a woman unworthy of me, and fled from her. I have for three years fought against that first passion, and I can say, in all truth, that I have conquered it. Were she to appear to-night before me, I could receive her with indifference."

"Blanche Graham was that woman," added Miss Bates.

I sprang to my feet. How did she know? Who had betrayed my secret?

"How about Alice Edwards—did you not love her?" she persisted, with provoking, but happy, inquisitiveness—happy, if her now radiant face told the truth.

"Alice Edwards—darling little Alice? Why I—I really never thought of it! Love her? Yes, I do love her, I believe—the poor, homely, sweet tempered child! She is a child to me—my foster sister, and if mother will give her to us, how happy we shall be!"

Before I had finished, Miss Bates arose, and stood at my side—not in anger, but in confidence and trust.

Placing her hand upon my shoulder, she said, "Alice has grown to be a woman, John—a not unbeautiful person, I am told. And your mother's letter to Mrs. Custer, received today, informs her that the entire family—your father, mother and Alice—will be here in a few days. Now, John, while I do not doubt your love for me, I cannot accept your hand until you have seen Alice, and she consents that you may take me for your wife. Nay, do not try to change this purpose," she added, seeing my disquiet. "I love you too well to have you make a further error in your own love life. Therefore good night, and sweet dreams to you!" And she was gone.

Mrs. Custer came in at the moment.

"Who is Miss Bates, Mrs. Custer?" I demanded, somewhat peremptorily.

"Well, sir, she is Miss Bates, I suppose. She is, too, I may say, a friend of your mother's and of Alice Edwards. She is a very dear girl, and if you can win her for a wife, Mr. Campbell, you will indeed be a happy man."

And the lady drew herself up somewhat proudly, as if to resent anything I might say to the contrary.

"Humph!" That was not a very expressive rejoinder, but it was all I gave as I turned about sharply, bolted from the room, and soon was in bed, still wondering, "Who is Miss Bates?"

I returned late the following evening, having seen nothing of Miss Bates in the morning before leaving.

I was, in fact, in a temper; I didn't care to see her—at least I said so to myself. The first person I confronted in the hall as I entered, ere I had doffed my hat, was my mother—my own dear mother.

"My boy, is it you?" she sobbed, looking wistfully into my face. "Oh, how changed, yet my own boy!"

"Your boy, mother, just as ever."

Then father came forward, and happy was the greeting.

With one upon each arm I entered the parlor, my eyes wandering searchingly around.

"Where is she—Alice?"

"Alice, darling, come!" cried mother.

The library door opened, and there stood—Miss Bates!

"Johnny, dear, forgive me!" she cried as she flew to my arms. "I am Alice Edwards."

"Alice, darling, is it you?" was all I could say, as I strained her to my heart.

"There, boy, you've got the right girl this time!" exclaimed father, slapping me on the back. "No running away now, sir, d'ye hear?"

"Dear, dear Johnny!" my beloved whispered, her lips on my own.

"Dinner," called out Mr. Custer; and drawing mother away—the happiest mother in all that city—father led the way to the dining room.

What a sight! Had the elves been at work to transform the house into a bower of roses? I had read of the "aroma of dreams," as a poetic fancy; here was its reality.

The room was festooned with flowers, the table was loaded with them, and between two plates lay two magnificent camellias, tied by a white and blue ribbon. At these plates were we—Alice and I—seated.

The old folks confessed to having hatched the conspiracy to pass Alice off as Miss Bates, seeing that she was so changed in form and feature as to be unrecognizable by their son, whose intense work life they so earnestly desired to break up. And the result, I was caught. Alice did feel a trifle guilty at that "angling for a husband," as Mr. Custer called it, but she was so supremely happy that she forgot to sigh over her share in the little game.

Alice became my wife that autumn, when our dear old home in the suburbs of the metropolis witnessed a burst and blaze of nuptial glory that was a nine days' wonder. I traced out, as far as possible, my old college chums, and invited them to the wedding.

To my astonishment—not my dismay—there came my class fellow, Charley Pelton, and on his arm a very beautiful woman, his wife, in whom I recognized Blanche Graham. She had captured a brave, good soul, but ere the evening had passed I knew that in that soul rankled a wound too deep for healing. He turned from his wife with loathing, as I saw with eyes that were not to be deceived.

Did he know what had been my relation to Blanche? Probably not.

It only needed that ordeal to prove how dead she was to me, and thus to consummate a happiness which few men are permitted to enjoy.—Philadelphia Republic.

Baggage Master Preferred to President.

When President Harrison was returning from his Bar Harbor visit and his special car was attached to the Washington express of the Pennsylvania railroad the conductor went into the presidential car:

"Mr. President, I have a favor to ask of you," said the conductor.

"Well, what is it?" said the president, with the old, weary, anti-office seeker look on his face.

"I want you to let me bring in my little boy Harry, who is on the train, and introduce him."

The chief magistrate's face brightened instantly, and he replied: "Bring him in by all means."

The boy, a bright little fellow of about 11 years, was brought into the private car and duly introduced. The president put his arm affectionately about the boy, and, drawing him to him, said:

"Now, Harry, you must sit right down and ride the rest of the way to Washington with me."

Harry didn't exactly know how to receive this proposition at first, and then, looking up into the president's face, he said innocently, in his childish treble:

"I'd rather ride with the baggage master."

As the child left the car the president remarked:

"That's the first time since I've been in office that a baggage master's company has been preferred to mine."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An Old Skipper's Tough Yarn.

Down in South street the other day they were talking about a schooner which had been struck by lightning, when the reporter singled out an old mariner and said:

"Capt. H——, it seems to me I've read or heard of your brig being struck."

"Yes, she was," answered the old yarn spinner.

"Where was it?"

"Off Point Aux Barques, about fifteen years ago. Very strange case that. Probably the only one of the kind ever heard of."

"Give us the particulars."

"Well, we were jogging along down when a thunderstorm overtook us, and the very first flash of lightning struck the deck amidships and bored a hole as big as my leg right down through the bottom of the vessel."

"And she foundered, of course."

"No, sir. The water began rushing in, and she would have foundered, but there came a second flash and a bolt struck my fore-to'-gallant mast. It was cut off near the top, turned bottom end up, and as it came down it entered the hole and plugged it up as tight as a drum. When we got down to dry dock we simply sawed off either end and left the plug in the planks."—Philadelphia Republic.

Possible, but Not Advisable.

Some men are always positive, with or without reason, while others err on the other side, and are never certain of anything. Gen. Knox, Washington's first secretary of war, who afterward lived at Thomaston, Me., had a "general factotum" named Gleason, who was commonly supposed to know more about Knox's affairs than did Knox himself. He was obsequious in his temper, and could never say no—a weakness of which the general once in a while made game.

On one occasion Knox was passing a new three-story house, which was one of several he had nearly completed, when he took it into his head to see whether he could get a decided negative out of his useful superintendent.

"Gleason," said he, "don't you think the chimneys in this house"—then all finished and topped out—"could be removed without being taken down, and put into that house yonder?" pointing to another in a less forward state nearly half a mile away.

"Yes, sir," said Gleason, as usual.

Then in a moment he perceived the absurdity of his answer, and added:

"Yes, sir, it might be done, but it would injure the buildings."—Youths' Companion.

Ants are terrible fighters. They have very powerful jaws, considering the size of their bodies, and therefore their method of fighting is by biting. They will bite one another and hold on with a wonderful grip of the jaws, even after their legs have been bitten off by other ants. Sometimes six or eight ants will be clinging with a death grip to one another, making a peculiar spectacle, some with a leg gone, and some with half the body gone. One singular fact is that the grip of an ant's jaw is retained even after the body has been bitten off and nothing but the head remains. This knowledge is possessed by a certain tribe of Indians in Brazil, South America, who put the ants to a very peculiar use. When an Indian gets a gash cut in his hand, instead of having his hand sewed together as the physicians do in this country, he procures five or six large black ants, and, holding their heads near the gash, they bring their jaws together in biting the flesh, and thus pull the two sides of the gash together. Then the Indian pinches off the bodies of the ants, and leaves their heads clinging to the flesh, which is held together until the gash is perfectly healed.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Woman's Club.

You men have numerous clubs to which you can go and spend your leisure hours, while we—poor creatures—are supposed to spend our spare time at home. I have been long thinking of forming some sort of organization for ladies where they may go in the afternoon and have a good time just like the sterner sex. In the evening we could have receptions for our gentlemen friends. Of course, we would have no bar or smoking room, but would have tea and coffee rooms instead. A club of that sort would be heartily indorsed by numerous well known society leaders.—Society Belle in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Always on Time.

The rigid punctuality of Washington was illustrated by an incident during his visit to Boston just a hundred years ago. Having appointed 8 o'clock in the morning as the hour at which he should set out for Salem, he mounted his horse just as the Old South clock was striking that hour. The company of cavalry which was to escort him did not arrive till after his departure, and did not overtake him till he had reached Charles river bridge.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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A GLIMPSE OF WYOMING.

THE STORY OF JIM BRIDGER AND THE FORT HE ESTABLISHED.

A Description of the Bad Lands and Some of Their Curious Fossil Remains and Archæological Treasures—Looks Like Some Ruined City of the Gods.

Many years ago—way back in the forties, in fact—old Gen. Ashley, accompanied by the well known trapper and mountaineer, Jim Bridger, turned west from the Sheetskadee, or Green river. After following one of its numerous tributaries, called Henry's Fork, for the distance of about thirty miles, they changed their course and proceeded due north, to find themselves one day upon the ridge of steep bluffs overlooking the valleys of Smith's and Black's Forks, and upon the latter stream they decided to establish a trading post. Gen. Ashley was supposed to have been at that time in the employ of the American Fur company, and for some reason or other soon retraced his steps eastward, leaving Jim Bridger in possession of the valley that now bears his name.

Jim, with a spirit of pardonable pride, called his camp "Fort Bridger." He married a wife, built a hut of woven willows and logs, after the fashion of his Indian neighbors, and for several years carried on a most successful traffic with the Indians and the emigrants, chiefly Mormons, who began to settle in the vicinity.

Among the guides and trappers who, during the years following its establishment, made Fort Bridger their headquarters, were two Frenchmen, named Gosha (presumably a contraction of Gautier) and Mariano, known by their comrades as the "toad eatin' parley voos." They were perhaps the first to discover certain very minute weapons and crude tools of stone and iron upon the plateau of Smith's Fork, and interpreted to travelers the following fantastic Indian legend concerning their origin and utility. A race of pygmies had formerly inhabited the valley and heights, and waged eternal war upon the eagles. They fashioned and stored away in numerous mountain caves and crevasses the tiniest arrow heads and spears, and fought valiantly for their existence. But in the end the eagles were victorious, and devoured their lilliputian adversaries with pitiless voracity. Then in after years the rains washed down the weapons, and the Indians made use of them for petty traffic and various games.

Since 1868 the tertiary beds in the vicinity of Bridger have proved of primary importance to geologists and paleontologists in all parts of the world, and Professor Geikie, of Edinburgh, in the interesting sketch he published of his journey through the United States, speaks of the intense eagerness with which he had always looked forward to visiting the "most wonderful fossil beds of the world—the cretaceous and tertiary deposits of northwestern America." The yield of fossil specimens, in fact, has equaled that of the famous terres mauvaises of Dakota, and extensive research by Professor Hayden, Professor Marsh, Dr. Leidy and other noted scientists have brought to light an especial fauna, the former existence of which was unknown.

Among the earlier and more unimportant fossils discovered in the Green river and Bridger basins were flies, fishes, insects and shells—especially the long, gracefully shaped oyster shells, so abundant in central and northern Europe, known as "Ladies' Fingers." A most remarkable specimen was the feather of a bird which Professor Marsh regarded as unique and of great value. Many species of turtle were discovered, the vertebræ of crocodiles, and, in the intervening years, the cranial bones of a mammoth extinct animal to which Professor Marsh gave the generic appellation of Dinocerata, and which Dr. Leidy, on the other hand, designated as the Uintatherium. Some impression of the size of the specimens may be gained when it is stated that the finely preserved tusks are twenty inches long and the jaw bones, showing the perfectly enameled teeth and deep fangs, measure over a foot in length.

To Dr. J. Van A. Carter, residing at Fort Bridger, and Dr. Corson, of the army, is due the credit of having discovered many of the finest fossil specimens to be seen in the paleontological collections of the Smithsonian Institution and the Academy of Science, of New York, and to the remains of a small animal similar to the European hedgehog, forwarded by Dr. Carter to Dr. Leidy, was given the name of Omomys Carteri, in honor of its discoverer. The "moss agate" beds are especially numerous around Bridger, and occasionally stones of great beauty, which would take an extraordinary polish, were sold for $50 and $75. Bits of amber, resembling the murky gems found on the coast of Palestine, are now and then picked up, and a few beautiful specimens of opals have been found among the Uintah mountains.

In appearance, the "bad lands" of Bridger basin more nearly resemble the ruins of the Nile, near the confines of the desert, than any other natural formation or artificial constructions visited by the tourist of the present day. Though deficient in great historic interest, the indescribable grandeur and picturesqueness of the locality, apart from the curiosity excited by scientific research, make exploration in the "bad lands" a delight to all artists and lovers of beauty in its most savage form.

Professor Denton's brief but graphic description cannot be improved upon, so I give it here:

"Looking from the summit of a high ridge on the east, a tract of country containing 500 or 600 square miles is distinctly visible. Over the whole surface is rock, bare rocks cut into ravines, canyons, gorges and valleys, in magnificent relief, terrace on terrace, pyramid above pyramid, rising to mountain heights, amphitheatres that would hold a million spectators, walls, pillars, towers, castles everywhere. It looks like some ruined city of the gods, blasted, bare, desolate, but grand 'beyond a mortal's telling.'"—Fort Bridget (Wyo.) Cor. Omaha World-Herald.

Bill Nye's Picture.

The scrap book which "Carl Pretzel" takes a pride in is rich in autographs of "good people." Away back in 1883, when Bill Nye was editing The Boomerang, at Laramie, Wy. T., he sent "Pretzel" his photograph, and this is what he wrote along with it: "My Dear 'Pretzel'—I send you a very good 'Broad Panel' by this mail, which, if you will instruct the artist to thicken up the neck a little and tone down the turkey gobbler knob on the trachea, will make a noble picture. As to the body, of course, I am not so voluptuous as you are, but George Peck's embonpoint would not be far out of the way. I like to get a picture in which I can borrow another man's clothes, and, if possible, a $1,750 diamond, as it gives an air of grandeur, gloom and terror that is good to see. I hope, too, that I shall also have the Caucasian instincts to acknowledge the picture in such a way that it will do you some good."—Chicago Herald.

Remarkable Somnambulism.

Two remarkable cases of somnambulism are reported from Berlin. A boy and girl, aged about 11, suddenly developed somnolency. While playing in school they suddenly fall asleep; also while walking, standing or speaking, so that they do not finish their sentences. If they are put to bed and afterwards awake, they try to continue the conversation which was broken off by sleep, and answer questions which were then asked them.—Montreal Star.

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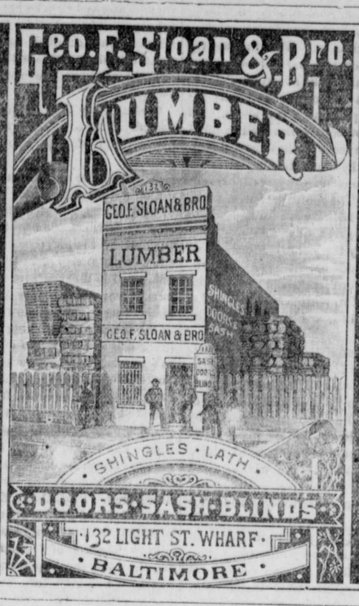

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Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with THE SUN.

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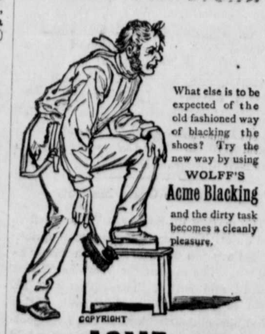

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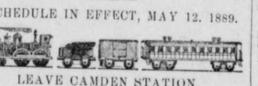
Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT, MAY 12, 1889.



LEAVE CAMDEN STATION.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10 20 a. m., Express, 8 00 p. m.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 2 00 p. m., express 10 10 p. m.

For Pittsburgh and Cleveland, Vestibuled Limited Express daily, 10 20 a. m., Express, 7 40 p. m.

For Washington, week days, 5 10, 6 20, 6 30, 7 15, 7 20, 8 00, (45-minute train) 8 30, 9 15, 10 20, (45-minute train) a. m., 12 15, 1 40 (45-minute train,) 2 00, 3 00, 4 05, (45-minute train), 4 15, 5 00, 6 00, 6 30, 7 40, 7 45, 8 00, 10 05, 10 10 and 11 00 p. m. Sunday 6 30, 7 15, 8 20, 9 15, 10 20 a. m., 12 50, 1 45, 2 00, 4 15, 5 00, 6 30, 7 40, 7 45, 8 00, 10 05, 10 10 and 11 00 p. m.

For Way Stations between Baltimore and Washington, 5 10, 6 30 and 8 30 a. m., 12 15, 3 00, 5 00, 6 30 and 11 00 p. m. On Sunday 6 30 and 8 30 a. m., 12 50, 5 00, 6 30 and 11 00 p. m.

Trains leave Washington for Baltimore, 4 00, 5 00, 6 40, 7 20, 8 35, 9 30, 9 45, 11 00 A. M., 12 00, 12 10, 2 05, 2 30, 3 15, 3 25, 4 25, 4 30, 4 35, 5 30, 6 30, 7 00, 7 30, 9 00, 10 30, 11 30, p. m. Sunday, 4 00, 7 20, 8 30, 9 30, 9 45, a. m., 12 00, 1 15, 2 05, 2 30, 3 25, 4 25, 4 35, 6 20, 7 00, 7 30, 9 00, 10 30, 11 30 p. m.

For Principal Points on Metropolitan Branch †5 10, *9 15, †4 00 and †4 15 p. m.

For Annapolis 7 20, 9 15 a. m., 12 15, 4 15 and 6 30 p. m. On Sunday, 9 15 a. m. and 5 00 p. m.

For Elicott City, Mt. Airy and way points, *4 00, †8 55, 10 30 a. m., †1 10, †4 25, *5 25, *6 35 and *11 15 p. m. a Stops only at principal stations between Relay and Frederick Junction.

For Frederick, 4 00, 8 35 a. m., 1 10, 4 25 and 5 25 p. m. On Sunday, 9 30 a. m. and 5 25 p. m.

For Virginia Midland Railroad and South via Danville, *9 15, a. m. and *8 00 p. m.

For Lexington, Staunton, 9 15 a. m. daily except Sunday.

For Winchester, †4 00, †9 15 a. m., †4 25 p. m.

For Luray, Roanoke and all points on the Shenandoah Valley R. R., *4 00 a. m. and †8 35 a. m.

For Hagerstown, †4 00, †8 35, †9 15 a. m., †4 15, †4 25 p. m.

For Curtis Bay and Intermediate points, 6 30 and 10 10 a. m. and 2 20 p. m. Sundays, 8 20 a. m., and 4 40 p. m. Leave Curtis Bay, 7 50, 11 30 a. m. and 5 50 p. m. Sundays, 9 00 a. m. and 6 00 p. m.

Trains arrive from Chicago, Columbus and the Northwest, daily 12 45 and 5 15 p. m.; from Pittsburgh, *8 30 a. m.; *7.50 p. m. from Cincinnati-St. Loui and the West, 4 50 a. m. 2 55 p. m. daily.

NEW YOKK & PHILADELPHIA DIVISION

For New York, Trenton, Elizabeth and Newark, N. J., leave *5 00, †8 39, *10 20 a. m., *12 50, *3 20, *4 50 and *11 50 p. m. The 4 59 p. m., train does not stop at Elizabeth or Newark.

Trains leave New York for Baltimore, *8 30, †11 00 a.m., *1 30, *2 30, *4, 15 *5 00 p.m., *12 00 night.

For Atlantic City *12 50 p. m.

For Philadelphia, Newark, Wilmington and Chester, *5 00, †8 39, *10 20 a. m., *12 50, *3 20, *4 59, *7 55, *11 50 p. m. (Sleeping Car open at 9 00 o'clock on the night express). For way stations *7 15 a.m., *3 40 and †5 40 p. m.

Trains leave Philadelphia for Baltimore, *4 10, *8 15, *11 10 a.m., †1 35, *4 15, *5 05, *5 43, *7 30, p.m. †Except Sunday. §Sunday only. *Daily.

¶Baggage called for and checked from hotels and residences by Union Transfer Co. on orders left at Ticket Offices;

N. W. COR. CALVERT & BALTIMORE STS., Camden Station, and 230 S. Broadway.

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Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 11, 1889,

Connecting with Delaware R. R. at Clayton,

Until further notice, Sundays excepted, Trains will run as follows:

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Pass. & Freight No. 1, daily except Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 3, Thurs. only.
	Read Downwards.	
	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Chestertown	6 25	1 25
" Worton	6 37	1 37
" Lynch's	6 43	1 43
" Still Pond	6 49	1 49
" Kennedyville	7 01	2 01
" Black's	7 13	2 13
" Lambson's	7 28	2 28
" Massey's	7 46	2 46
" Delaney's	7 58	2 58
" *Bingham's	8 10	3 10
Arrive Clayton	8 25	3 25

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Pass. & Ex. No. 2, daily exc't Fr. & Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 4, Thursday only	Passenger No. 4, Thursdays only.
	Read Upwards.		
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Arrive Chestertown	1 05	12 15	6 45
Leave Worton	12 53	12 03	6 35
" Lynch's	12 47	11 57	6 30
" Still Pond	12 41	11 51	6 25
" Kennedyville	12 29	11 39	6 15
" Black's	12 17	11 27	6 05
" Lambson's	12 02	11 12	5 55
" Massey's	11 44	10 54	5 39
" Delaney's	11 32	10 42	5 27
" *Bingham's	11 20	10 30	5 15
" Clayton	11 05	10 15	5 00
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.

Freights for Bingham and Flatland must be prepaid.

The Morning Trains make close connection at Clayton with trains on the Delaware Railroad Going North and South.

Freight carried at low rates to all points, and must be at Stations Thirty (30) Minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.

The above arrangements on Thursdays will give passengers four and a half hours in Philadelphia, three hours and twenty minutes in Baltimore and return home the same day.

Freight received for Smyrna.

J. R. FRANKLIN, Gen'l Freight Agent. E. P. STACE