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MY NEIGHBOR'S TREE.

LESSON TAUGHT BY CLOSE STUDY OF THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

As It Looks and Seems to Be in Summer and Winter—The Glitter After a Spring Shower—The Thunder Storms and Autums of Life—What They Mean.

My room, which is in a high house, is on an even height with the crown of the tree opposite. For seven years this tree has been a true friend to me. How often it has refreshed my sight! I have here at different times jotted down what I saw, thought and dreamed about it.

Everything in nature has its fixed destiny—man alone has the worry. In nature there is a "must," with man it is "you shall," and, therefore, there is a desire of freedom in the heart of mankind, an endeavor to discern our natural destination. Schiller says:

Seek you the highest, the greatest? the plant can teach you it;
What it is without a will, you should be willingly.

The history of religion begins with divine adoration of certain trees, and this culture became so deeply rooted that it was difficult to destroy it. The envoys of Christianity had to apply the ax to the holy trees to destroy this kind of worship.

The crown of the tree is too high to be reached by regulating garden shears; it rounds itself. Take a lesson from the tree, raise yourself up, man; learn to stand high in yourself and the world cannot mold you against your will.

My tree stands in my neighbor's garden. It is not mine, and yet my pleasure is not decreased by the thought that it is not my property. In the contemplation of that which is eternal there is no mine and thine, and the pleasure makes one happy and asks not from whence it came.

It is a withered tree during the winter, and the thought arises, "Who knows if it yet lives? Will leaves, branches and fruit thrive again?" Spring—new or returning life—will show.

After a spring sun shower, how all the branches glitter with the hanging drops, which play in wonderful colors. What an absorption there must be in the trees! As soon as the rain ceases the finch appears and sings his song so gayly that it seems the merry fellow had freshly moistened his throat; and, indeed, it is so, for man and bird sing better after a rain than in dry and close air.

The tree has its hours of animation. Science has discovered that the life of a plant is strongest under the influence of the light, especially in the hours before midday.

In April there was another snow. All the branches were laden, all day long the flakes whirled about, and it was all still and quiet, except now and then a complaint from the finch. A chill pervaded nature; even people in heated rooms could not keep warm. It seemed as if life and soul were in sympathy with the millionfold sorrow of the scared away birds and newly opened blossoms. Whoever enjoys the life of nature must also suffer with it. Nature's life is harsh and sharp, for all life is a struggle. Even if a thousand blossoms, which have scarcely bloomed, pass away, the development of nature's forces is overflowing; also in human life only little comes to pass which blossoms in the mind as wish and aspiration.

The tree takes in only fluid food, and corresponds in this point with the first life of the child or animal.

A child destroying a plaything which is put togefher by strange hands is forced to do so by its curiosity to examine the inner works. Neither can science act differently than to follow natural life, and by investigation it kills that taken in hand. To be separated from nature has a tendency to make tender.

A hail storm has broken off a branch and another will not grow again in its place, but the tree may add new branches and twigs, and the wound of the torn off branch may heal up.

A thunder storm in the vicinity has snapped off trees and uprooted others, and when a tree is down and its roots are exposed it is not questioned how it was thrown down and uprooted, but how it could have existed and grown in such a thin layer of soil. So it is with many so called heroes; when they have fallen one can scarcely conceive the possibility of their former state.

Autumn comes with such force that you feel as though you were parting with the dearest associates; that you had not fully returned their friendship, and that you had not enjoyed them as you could and should have done. The reflection returns how you could have hoped in the spring to take in the life of summer in full draughts, and, having neglected it, it is now too late; and so it will be in the autumn of your life.

Cease remorse, which overcomes you with the falling of the leaves. Wake up and work in the new day. Inasmuch as the fallen leaf returns to its stem, so will a day passed return to you, but there will be new leaves and new days as long as life is allowed to you.

The stripping of the leaves seems to go on more quickly than the leafing, because the falling of the leaves is more plainly visible, although the dying off of the tree really lasts as long as its return to life.

He who studies nature in winter is nearer to it than the season enjoying ones, the city people, who only go into the country when the table of nature is set. Can one say of such persons, who are unfaithful to nature: "Yesterday they seemed so near to you, and today they act almost as though they would ask: 'Who are you?'" Yes, there are people whose perception of life is only quickly withering grass, and many persons' moods very like the weather. But in the firmer ones it is like the tree—although it is leafless you fully understand it.—German of Berthold Auerbach.

How It Happened.

Youngchap—How does it happen that your hair is so much grayer than your whiskers?

Oldboy—My hair is ever so much older, you know.—Cape Argus.

The Westerner Ahead.

He was a tall, lanky westerner, and he stood yesterday afternoon in the Tremont house talking with several new acquaintances. He was a good talker, and they enjoyed listening to him. One of the party had just told a tale of a wonderfully perfect mirage he had once witnessed, and the westerner thought it was his next lead, so he said: "Talking of illusions, I want to tell you of one in my own experience. I think it beats them all. An old partner of mine was with me at the time, and we were riding over the Rockies on broncos. Suddenly we reached a high elevation, and below us, in a sort of a basin, we saw the most beautiful and fertile valley imaginable. The grass was green, the trees full of rich foliage and singing birds, and through the valley ran a clear and limpid stream.

"We needed water and we made the descent. I tried to slake my thirst from the stream, but to my astonishment I found the stream petrified. It was clear, and we could see petrified fish below the surface. Turning around I saw that our broncos were stamping furiously. The grass that they had attempted to eat was also petrified, and investigation proved that the trees and foliage were petrified. Even the birds were petrified on the limbs." The listeners had been exchanging significant glances during this wonderful lie recital. "How about the birds singing which you spoke of?" asked one of the party. "They were singing petrified songs," answered the westerner, and he strolled away, leaving the party to wonder whether he meant "White Wings," or "Down Went McGinty."—Chicago Herald.

THE STORY OF A SONG.

SIMPLE ORIGIN OF SOME OF THE POPULAR DITTIES.

History of "Where Did You Get That Hat?" and How It Came to Be Written. Other Well Known Songs—One Written with Finger Nails on a Window Sill.

The man who perpetrated that musical atrocity, "Where Did You Get That Hat?" has been discovered. His name is Joe Sullivan. He is an actor. This is the only thing he ever wrote.

Frank Harding, the New York music pulisher, tells the story of how and where the author obtained his inspiration.

Tom O'Driscoll, the harum scarum grandson of old Murtagh O'Driscoll, of Cobbynaul, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, was famous for his personal peculiarities. One of these was an aversion to wearing a "caubeen." It was Tom's delight to wander through the country bareheaded and barefooted. The fact that he wore no shoes excited no comment, but his refusal to wear a hat was a distress to his family. The fact is that Tom did not really need a hat, for he had been provided by nature with a shock of luxuriant red hair. He was known for miles around as the red headed man, and his adornment brought down upon Tom the anger of his grandfather, Murtagh.

Just before his death old Murtagh conceived an idea which he was almost certain would bring his erring grandson to his "sivin shmall sinses," and a few days afterward he died.

Tom refused to wear a hat, even at the funeral. On the return of the family from the churchyard, the will was opened and read by Father O'Hoolahan, and, to the surprise of all, it was found that Tom inherited everything, including the big stocking of "goold," that could be found "bechune the tick and the boulster in the ould four posther," on condition that for the remainder of his natural life he should wear his grandfather's hat on all occasions in the open air.

This was regarded as a very hard condition by Tom, but, possessing his share of good common sense, he accepted the inevitable and presented himself on the following Sunday at church wearing old Murtagh's hat. His appearance was ludicrous in the extreme. Having neglected to get his hair cut, the hat was perched on the top of his remarkable crop of bushy and fiery hair, and the the roars of laughter with which he was saluted made Tom almost wish he had not accepted the onerous condition of his grandfather's will. From all sides came jibes and cries of derision, the principal salutation being, "Mother o' Moses! Where did you get that hat?"

During a recent trip in Ireland Mr. Sullivan heard the story as related above, and, after a good deal of hard thinking, he produced the song, the title of which has since become a household word throughout the country. An excellent yet simple piano arrangement was made for it by William Lorraine, a mere lad of 16, which materially aided its impetus to popularity. By the way, Lorraine is recognized among musicians generally as one of the most efficient arrangers of comic and sentimental music in this country. This song is an illustration of what a single phrase will do in popularizing a ditty. There is, of course, nothing of a decided literary merit to commend it. It does not even possess the distinction of good rhyme. But it has an original jingle of melody and an easy arrangement that go far in making it a "go" with the public. A number of songs have suddenly sprung into celebrity which had grown dusty in the obscurity of the publishers' shelves.

Among these might be mentioned Mullaly's pretty song, "Mottoes on the Wall," Klenk's "Only a Picture," Mitchell's "Where Can the Wanderer Be?" and C. A. White's tender romanza, "Marguerite." White seems to be the most prolific of American composers in the sentimental vein. With the exception, perhaps, of Will S. Hays, he is also the oldest native song writer. Mr. White is a resident of Boston, and they say he has amassed nearly half a million of dollars through the sale of his songs. His latest and most successful inspiration was the now celebrated "Marguerite," which is being sung by all the romantic maidens in the country.

It is a fact not generally known that "Marguerite" was written while the author was suffering from cerebral troubles superinduced by overwork. The original text and melody he conceived while confined to his home and lying at death's door. Forbidden by his family physician the use of paper and pencil, the veteran composer scratched with his finger nails upon the paint of the window sill the rough outlines of the melody of his famous song, and on his recovery he had it transcribed and arranged. For a long time "Marguerite" lay upon the shelves and failed to strike a popular chord, but within the past six months the song has commended itself so universally that it is difficult to supply the demand.

It seems that the name "Marguerite" is a prolific theme with poets and musical composers. There are no fewer than six different "Marguerite" songs upon the market to-day. In the more classic vein, Helmud's German love ditty, "Margaritha," is eminently a favorite, while "Farewell, Marguerite," by Boardman, is an exceedingly popular song of today, and White's "My Marguerite of Long Ago" bids fair to rival his better known production of a like character.

Comic songs, as a rule, are short lived. This is because they depend mainly for their popularity upon single phrases which catch the eye of the public and are repeated in daily conversation until they become antiquities. With the decay of the phrases which form the keynote to success the song dies. Sometimes the most mediocre comic songs attain a large circulation merely on the strength of a popular idiom, although they may be full of grammatical and harmonic crudities. Notwithstanding this some of the compositions attain to enormous sales.—Sidney Rosenfeld in New York Mail and Express.

Solidification of Natural Gas.

A new process for condensing natural gas is well spoken of. The process itself, as well as the machinery needed to carry it out, is very simple. Gas when transformed into solid matter is not dangerous to handle. Its expansive force is very great, and when the substance becomes heated above a certain degree it will become very volatile and will burst an ordinary cask or can, but the effect is gradual and it does not explode. The inventor claims that with a 10-horse power engine he can reduce enough gas in one day to supply a city of 50,000 inhabitants with fuel for twenty-four hours.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Didn't Want Any Gush.

Many years ago a youthful man of letters arrived at Etretat with a letter of introduction to Alphonse Karr. He had been particularly told of Karr's passionate love of the sea, and, finding the author of "Genevieve" seated on the beach, mending a net, he immediately began an enthusiastic outburst of commonplaces about the grandeur of the ocean.

"Monsieur," interrupted Karr, "I love the sea; we have lived together a long time. But if you have come all the way from Paris to disgust me with it, I can only say it is a wicked thing to do."—San Francisco Argonaut.

All-fired Tough.

First Small Boy—We had a fire at our house last night.

Second Small Boy—That so?

F. S. B.—Yes. Pa fired sister's beau.—Exchange.

Well Earned.

The first money one really earns has a value and an importance peculiarly its own—a value which is increased if the money is earned by hard and faithful labor. One man, at least, will never forget how he felt on receiving his first wages. He was a boy of 15 at the time, a western farmer's son. Early one morning a neighbor appeared unexpectedly at the door.

"My boy's down sick, today," he said, "an' I wondered if I couldn't git your Jimmy to drap corn for me in a piece I'm just finishing up. Of course I'd expect to pay him for it."

As our corn was all in, says the gentleman, and my father was always glad to oblige a neighbor, he said at once that I might go.

I was greatly pleased with the idea of being paid in cash for my services, as I had never worked away from home, and the "spending money" that father occasionally gave me did not seem like money I had earned.

Up and down, down and up the long furrows I tramped before Farmer Gray's hoe. It was an exceedingly warm day, and Farmer Gray was a "smart worker," and evidently intended that I should earn my money. I had fairly to trot before him, while he frequently encouraged me to renewed speed by saying:

"Hurry along, my son! Git along as fast as you kin. It's the only way to make a livin' in this world."

We stopped just long enough to eat our dinner, and finished planting the corn about 4 in the afternoon. Then Mr. Gray said:

"Now, sonny, you can make up the balance o' the day weeding my onion bed."

So I pulled weeds till nearly 7 o'clock, when I was called in to supper, after which Mr. Gray said, cheerfully:

"S'posin' you jist split up wood enough to last Mis' Gray to-morrer, an' then help me do my feedin'—for good measure, you know."

It was quite dark when Mr. Gray pulled out his pocket book.

"Well, sonny," said he, "you've done right well, an' I don't mind payin' a man his money when he's airned it. About how much, now, ought I to pay you, eh?"

I was modest and bashful, and told him to pay me what he thought I had earned.

"Well, then," he replied, "s'posin' we call it fifteen cents. Folks workin' by the day don't gin'rally stay to supper, an' as you did I reckon fifteen cents'll be 'bout right. Here's your money, an' next time I want a boy I'll give you a chance."

I took the money with a good conscience. I had certainly earned it.—Youth's Companion.

The Brass Mule Cure.

A traveler, recently returned from Pekin, tells us that he saw a metlfod of cure which may be new to some of our readers. In a temple outside one of the city gates is to be found a brass mule of life size, supposed to have wonderful healing properties. Patients suffering from every imaginable disease seek this temple to obtain a cure. The method pursued is as follows: Supposing you suffer from sciatica, you go with all speed to this famous temple, and, having discovered the particular part of the brass mule corresponding to the painful region of your own body, you must rub the animal a certain number of times and then with the same hand shampoo your own disabled member, and then—well, then the pain goes.

The special feature of this method of cure is its delightful simplicity. Is your tooth aching? Just scrub the mule's teeth and afterward your own, and voila! the cure is complete. Have you an ulcer of the cornea? Pass the tips of your fingers to and fro over the particular eyeball of the mule, and then with well regulated pressure rub repeatedly the afflicted eye. The mule has unhappily lost his sight during the many years he has been engaged in his benevolent work, the eyeballs, we are told, having been gradually worn away, as the result of constant friction, until now you have only the empty orbits to operate upon.

The animal is patched in all directions with fresh pieces of brass put on to cover holes produced by the constant friction of eager patients, and a new, perfectly whole mule stands ready at hand awaiting the day when his old colleague, having fallen to pieces in the service, shall give him an opportunity of likewise benefiting posterity.—North China Medical Journal.

Quail Preserves.

The day is not far distant when quails will be preserved in every state in the Union, and the privilege to shoot them over a given territory will be paid for in good sums. Indeed, there are already established in this country quite a number of preserves where the right to shoot is purchased. At present there is no great necessity for preserves, as the shooting is almost unlimited without it. Still there are number of places where thousands of acres are let to clubs, and these furnish a man to patrol the grounds occasionally, provide food, and in bad weather suitable shelter for the birds. The birds breed so rapidly and prosper so well under good treatment that the fashion for quail preserves is taking a firm hold, and in time will become quite general.—Chicago Times.

Love.

Love, amidst the other graces in this world, is like a cathedral tower, which begins on the earth, and, at first, is surrounded by the other parts of the structure. But at length, rising above buttressed wall, and arch, and parapet, and pinnacle, it shoots spire like many a foot right into the air, so high that the huge cross on its summit glows like a spark in the morning light, and shines like a star in the evening sky, when the rest of the pile is enveloped in darkness. So Love here is surrounded by the other graces, and divides the honors with them; but they will have felt the wrap of night and darkness when it will shine, luminous, against the sky of eternity.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Order of the Garter.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense," said the gallant English monarch Edward III, as he picked up a silken band of blue, clasped with silver, which the beautiful Countess of Salisbury lost as she stepped a stately measure with his majesty at the great court ball more than 500 years ago. "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and he clasped the ribbon about his left leg just below the knee, thus creating himself the first knight of the Order of the Garter, whose emblem, a dark blue, gold bordered band with a buckle and pendant of silver, bearing the old motto, has been and is still worn by all the great knights and famous men in England.—New York Sun.

A Useful Temporary Bridge.

M. Eiffel, the builder of the great tower in Paris, has recently invented a bridge which promises to "fill a long felt want" of the railroad companies. It is to be used temporarily in the place of the ordinary bridges when they have been damaged. It is made of steel, carries a track, and weighs, with a length of 150 feet, about eighty-six tons. It can be put in position from either end without the aid of machinery or any preparation, simply by human hands. At a recent trial in Paris M. de Freycinet and many officers of high rank and officials of the railways from several countries expressed their hearty admiration of it.—New York Telegram.

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ALL ABOUT THE TOBOGGAN

A STYLE OF COASTING WHICH IS GROWING IN POPULARITY.

Enjoyed in the Sandwich Islands Before the Bob Sled Was Heard Of—The Natives Played a Sort of Game on Which They Frequently Bet Heavily.

The toboggan may now be fairly ranked as a representative American amusement. It has been claimed by several notable writers on sports that it is essentially of Indian origin and therefore may be classed as a purely American phase of sport. It is a representative sport among the best known nations, although no other civilized nation than our own makes a leading feature of it, or carries it to such perfection.

THE FIRST TOBOGGAN.

The earliest mention of the primitive toboggan is found in the history of the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, in the Pacific ocean. The game as practiced by them was called "holua," and was undoubtedly the forerunner of the coaster and the toboggan slide. It was participated in by several players, each of whom was furnished with a kind of sleigh called a papa. This was composed of a couple of rather narrow runners, varying from seven to eighteen feet in length, according to the skill and caprice of the player—the runners being made of hard, sound, seasoned wood, about three inches in thickness, and curved up at one end so as not to catch in the ground and to better enable the sleigh to rise over small obstacles encountered in the "run," or slide. A curious point of construction, however, was that these runners were not placed in a parallel position like those on a sleigh, but diverged slightly at the rear end, being about seven inches apart, and converged at the front where they turned up, until they were within two inches of each other. The idea was to render the sleigh more easy of guidance. These runners were bridged across with pieces of board to render them rigid, and the bridges were covered with a mat of native fiber.

To form a slide the side of a steep mountain was chosen and a narrow trench cut extending from the summit to the base, and frequently a mile or more on the flat, the distance varying according to the nature of the surrounding country. This trench was always kept clear of vegetation when not in use, and could be plainly seen from a considerable distance. When the season came for the game the trench was lined with dry grasses so as to make the sleighs run faster. The players assembled at the top of the mountain and one of them, drawing back some little distance from the trench, raised his sleigh in his hands, and running at full speed threw himself bodily into the trench with his sleigh underneath him. Falling upon the slippery, dry grass, it shot forward down the incline at a terrific pace. As the angle was frequently as high as forty to forty-five degrees, it is a matter of wonder that scores of riders were not killed in that headlong flight.

The winner was the man who traveled the farthest. So excited did the players become that they frequently wagered their huts, their lands—everything they possessed, even to their wives and children—on the result of the sport. Cases are recorded where, sixty years ago, men who had lost everything also staked their own bones, to be made into fish hooks and arrow heads after their death.

THE CANADIAN ODABOGGAN.

The pastime has existed for centuries among these people, and the history of its eventful introduction into America and its subsequent development is very interesting. The first use of the toboggan in this country is said to have been as a hand sleigh used by the Indians when on snow shoes, on which to pack their pelts. These sleighs were used extensively in the early wars between the French, English and Indians, and were found invaluable in transporting camp baggage through the northern wilds.

French writers call them the train sauvage, but the Indian name was odaboggan. The sleigh was turned up at both ends, while the modern one turns up at one end only. Sixty years ago the British officers at Montreal emulated the Pacific islanders by sliding on these odaboggans down the slopes of Mount Royal, and the pastime, becoming popular, spread until it finally crossed the Canadian line and located at Saratoga, N. Y., which may aptly be termed the "home of the toboggan." Here was erected the first artificial slide, which still ranks as one of the finest in the country, although many others have been erected at greater expense by clubs and private individuals.

So popular has this sport become in winter that a modification of it will be adopted for the summer at Fort Hamilton and Ocean Grove, N. J. At both of these places a long, solid slide will be built, extending from the land over into the water, the end of it being slightly above the water line, so as to insure the toboggan clearing the slide in its run. Not having the smooth surface of the snow or ice to produce speed and easy transit, the flooring of the slide is to be fitted with a number of small iron wheels four feet abreast, and each row about two feet apart over the entire length of the slide. The toboggan is intended to be of the usual shape, and will run rapidly over these rollers to the water, turning over as it reaches it and upsetting the riders in all directions. A trial of this idea proved so successful that a leading feature will be made of it at these two resorts.—Brooklyn Eagle.

School Teachers.

If every new girl who is introduced at a school teacher should be "dropped" by the board when she proves to be a failure, we would soon have no teachers, or good ones at least. It is strange, but a fact, that, as usual, the girl's who, for from two to three years, seem utterly hopeless, finally become the best in the staff, while, on the other hand, those who start out most promising, too often become worthless. While the Normal school lays a good foundation, it does not finish a teacher—in fact, "making a teacher" only commences when she makes her debut in the school room. The superintendent's staff and her principal watch instruct and discipline her, for three to four years, when she is a thorough, reliable teacher, and then—she goes off and marries, generally.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"A Suspended Judgment."

The true scientific attitude of the day, as expressed by the president of the British association, Professor Fowler, is a "suspended judgment." Professor Fowler indorses Sir John Lubbock's idea that the field of inquiry is limitless and that there may be "fifty other senses as different from ours as sound is from sight, and even within the boundaries of our own senses there may be endless sounds which we cannot hear and colors as different as red from green of which we have no conception. These and a thousand other questions remain for solution. The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals. To them it may be full of music which we cannot hear, of color which we cannot see, of sensation which we cannot conceive."—Science Gossip.

Sumway—Mr. Fangle, may I take you apart for a little while?

Fangle—Do you think you could put me together again?—Munsey's Weekly.

First Politician—Where are you going?

Second Ditto—To pay a gas bill.

"Ah! I see. Paying off your stump speakers."—Lawrence American.

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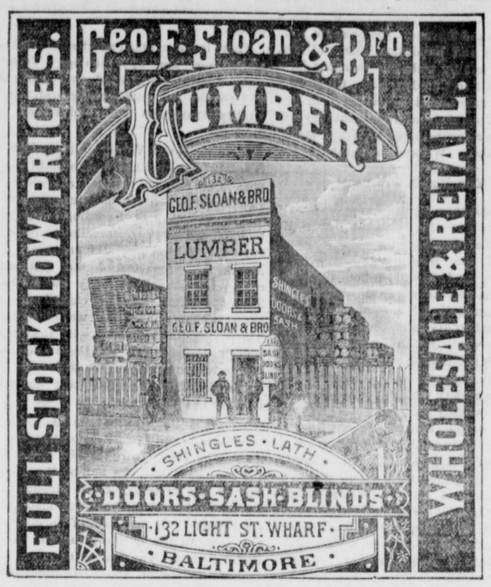

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FOR 1890.

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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 45 (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 00, 9 15, 10 20 a. m., 12 50, 1 45, 2 00, 4 15, 5 00, 6 20, 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 05, 6 40, 7 20, 8 30, 9 20, 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 20, 9 45, a. m., 12 00, 1 15, 2 05, 2 30, 3 25, 4 25, 4 35, 6 30, 7 00, 7 30, 9 00, 10 30, 11 30 p. m.

For Principal Points on Metropolitan Branch †5 10, *9 15, †3 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 35, §9 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 50 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 20 a. m.; *7.50 p. m. from Cincinnati, St. Louis and the West, 4 50 a. m. 2 55 p. m. daily.

NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA DIVISION

For New York, Trenton, Elizabeth and Newark, N. J., leave *5 00, †8 39, *10 20 a. m., *12 50, *2 20, *4 59 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, *3.15 *5 00 p. m., *12 00 night.

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 55, *4 15, *5 05, *5 43, *7 30, p. m.

†Except Sunday. §Sunday only. *Daily.

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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. & Ft. No. 2 daily except Th's & Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 4. Thursday only	Passenger No. 6. 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. STACEY, Supt.

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