THE EVENING POST.

THE ANSWER OF THE GARDENER

Sarah M. B. Piatt in Belford's Magazine for November.

He leant, at sunset, on his spade,
(Oh, but the child was sweet to see—
The one who in the or (hard played!)
He called: "I've planted you a tree."

The boy looked at it for awhile,
Then, at the radiant woods below,
And said, with wonder in his smile:
"Why don't you put the leaves on, though?"

The gardener, with a reverent air,
Lifted his eyes, took off his hat:
"The other man, the One up there,"
He answered, "He must see to that."

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

From the Hartford Times.

Whenever I hear of an Irish landlord being annoyed by the law officers of the Crown, I generally arrive at the conclusion that such a landlord, no matter what other foible he may possess, is anything but a rack-renter.

Pierce Dillon, the hero of our sketch, was a fine specimen of the genial, open-hearted class of landlords, which, unhappily, to-day are so few and far between in the Little Green Isle of the Sea. At the period of which we write Pierce Dillon received a quiet hint from a friend of his that his personal freedom was in jeopardy, as various writs were flying about the country after him.

He thereupon took the hint, and, having stocked his old tumble-down castle with supplies for the winter, he felt prepared if necessary to sustain a reasonable siege against any force the law was likely to bring up. The time-worn castle had an abundant quantity of arms. There were guns and pikes that had done good service in "'98," swords of every shape, from the two-handed weapon of the twelfth century to a Roman pattern made out of a scythe by a smith of the neighborhood. Dillon, having amply secured the fortress, assembled all his tenants and, in a short and pithy speech, he told them the state of his affairs, explaining with considerable eloquence what a misfortune it would be for them if, by any chance, they should lose him for a landlord.

"See, now, boys," said he, "there's no knowing what misfortune would happen ye. They'd put a receiver on the property; a spalpeen, with bailiffs and constables after him. The first thing they would do would be to double your rents, as a tax on your own improvements, and maybe cast you out to the mercy of the world if you can't pay it."

Thus Pierce like a clever orator continued to picture forth additional miseries and misfortunes to them, if such a calamitous event were to happen, explaining at the same time the contemptible nature of the prosecution practiced against him. A very large cheer from Dillon's audience proclaimed how perfectly they coincided in his opinion, uttering at the same time a determination with respect to the law officers of the crown that boded but little happiness to them when they made a tour in the neighborhood.

In about a week after this there was a grand "drawing home" or what is called bringing in the harvest. The farm yard presented a very homely sight, with ricks of hay and stacks of corn and oats and barely, and outhouses full of potatoes, in fact, everything the country produces besides cows and horses, sheep, pigs, goats and even turkeys.

Well, the next day was clear and cold, and as the bog was hard Dillon sent all the tenants to bring in the turf. It was a beautiful sight to see two or three hundred cars all going as fast as they could pelt, the boys standing up in the kishes driving at a gallop without rein or halter. On the same day about 5 o'clock in the evening Pierce Dillon was returning home from a bog. Cantering along on a little dun pony he had, thinking of nothing at all except, maybe, the elegant rick of turf that he'd be bringing home in the morning, when what did he see before him but a troop of dragoons, and at its head old Phil Hannigan, the sub-sheriff, and another fellow whose face he had often seen in the Four Courts in Dublin.

"By the great gun of Athlone," said Dillon, "I am done for," for he saw in a moment that Hannigan had waited until all the country people were employed at a distance to come over and take him. However, he was no way discouraged, but brushing his way through the dragoons, he rode up beside Hannigan's gig, and, taking a long pistol out of the bolster, began to examine the priming.

"How are you, Phil Hannigan," said he, "and where are you going this fine evening?"

"How are you, Pierce," said Hannigan, with his eye all the while on the pistol. "It's an unpleasant business; a mighty unpleasant business to me, Pierce Dillon, but the truth is, there is an execution against you—and my friend here, Mr. Kennedy—Mr. Kennedy, Pierce Dillon, asked me to come over with him, because as I knew you——"

"Well, well, said Dillon, interrupting him, "have you a writ against me? Is it me you want?

"Nothing of the kind, Pierce. We'd be sorry to touch a hair of your head. It's just a kind of a cap as, as I may say; nothing more."

"And why did you bring the dragoons with you?" asked Dillon, looking at him mighty hard. Hannigan looked very sheepish and didn't know what to say, but Dillon soon relieved him.

"Never mind, Phil, never mind. You can't help your miserable trade, but how would you like if I was to raise the country over ye?"

"You wouldn't do the like, Phil; but sure, if you did, the troops——"

"The troops," said Dillon, "why, man alive, we'd be twenty, ay, thirty to one. See, now, if I'd give a whistle this minute——"

"Don't distress yourself, Pierce," said Hannigan, "for the decent people are a good six miles off the bog, and couldn't hear you, if you whistled ever so loud."

The moment he said this Dillon saw that the old rogue was up to him, and he began to wonder within himself what was best to be done.

"See, now, Hannigan," said he, "it isn't like a friend to bring up all these troops before me in the face of my people. Send them back to the town and go up yourself with Mr. Kennedy there, and do whatever you have to do."

"No, no," screamed Kennedy, "I'll never part with the soldiers."

"Very well," said Dillon, "take your own way and see what will come of it."

"Wait, a bit, Pierce," said Hannigan. "Will you give us your word of honor, if we leave the dragoons where we are now, not to hurt or molest us in the discharge of our duty, nor let any one else do so?" After a little parley, it was settled that part of the dragoons were to wait on the road and the best part of them in the lawn before Dillon's castle, while Hannigan and his friend were to go through the ceremony of seizing his effects and make an inventory of everything they could find. When they reached the castle Dillon ordered up dinner at once, and behaved as politely as possible, telling them it was early and they would have plenty of time for everything before nightfall. But whether it was that they had no appetite just then, or that they were not over-easy in their minds about Dillon himself, they declined everything and began to set about their work.

"Larry," said Dillon to his own man, "get two big padlocks and put them on the door of the hayloft as fast as you can."

"Sure, it's empty, sir," said Larry; "barrin' the rats, there's nothing in it."

"Don't I know that as well as you?" said Dillon; "but can't you do as you're bid, and when you've done take the pony and gallop over to the bog and tell the people to throw the turf out of their carts and then ride back here as fast as you can."

He had scarcely given the order when Hannigan called out: "Now, Pierce, for the farm-yard, if you please," and so, taking Kennedy's arm, he walked out, followed by two big bailiffs that never left them for a moment. When they saw all the ricks and stacks as thick as they could stand they began counting and putting them down on paper, till at last Hannigan fixed his eye upon the little door in the loft, upon which now two big padlocks were hanging.

"I suppose it's oats you have up there, Pierce?" said he.

"No, indeed," said Dillon, looking a little confused.

"Maybe seed potatoes," remarked Kennedy.

"No," said Dillon, "it's empty." And with that he endeavored to turn them away and get them back to the castle; but old Hannigan turned back and fixing his eyes upon the door shook his head for a couple of minutes.

"Well," said he, "for an empty loft it has the finest pair of padlocks I ever looked at. Would there be any objection, Pierce, to our taking a peep into it?"

"None," said Dillon, "but I haven't a ladder that long in the place."

"I think this might reach," said Kennedy, as he touched one with his feet that lay close along the wall, partly covered with straw.

"Just the thing," said Hannigan, while poor Dillon hung down his head and said nothing. With that they raised the ladder and placed it against the door.

"Might I trouble you for the key," said Kennedy.

"I believe it is mislaid," said Dillon.

"You'll not take it amiss then, Pierce, if we break the door?" said Kennedy

"You may break it and be hanged," said Dillon, as he stuck his hands in his pockets and walked away.

"This will do," cried one of the bailiffs, taking up a big stone as he mounted the ladder, followed by Hannigan and Kennedy.

It took some time to smash the locks, and all the while Hannigan and his friend were talking together in great glee, but poor Dillon stood by himself against a hayrick. At last the locks gave way, and down went the door with a bang. The bailiffs stepped in and Hannigan and Kennedy followed; it took them a couple of minutes to satisfy themselves that the loft was quite empty, but when they came back again to the door, what was their surprise to discover that Dillon was carrying away the ladder upon his shoulder to a distant part of the yard.

"Halloa, Pierce," cried Hannigan, "Don't forget us up here."

"Dickens a fear o' that," said Dillon, "few that know you can forget you."

"We are quite satisfied, sir," said Kennedy, "what you have said was perfectly correct."

"And why didn't you believe it before, Mr. Kennedy? You see what you have brought upon yourself."

"You are not going to leave us up here, sir?" cried Mr. Kennedy. "Will you venture upon false imprisonment?"

"I'd venture upon more than that if it were needful; but see now, when you get back, don't be pretending that I didn't offer to treat you well, little as you deserved it. I asked you to dinner, but you preferred your own dirty calling, and so take the consequences."

While he was speaking a great cheer was heard, and all the country people came galloping into the yard with their turf cars.

"Be alive now, boys," cried Dillon. "How many cars have you?"

"Seventy, sir, here; but there are more coming."

"That'll do," said he. "So now set to work and carry away all the oats and the wheat, the hay, barley and potatoes. Let some of you take the calves and the pigs and drive the bullocks over the mountain to Mr. O'Callaghan's: don't leave a turkey behind you, boys, and make haste, for these gentlemen have so many engagements, I can scarcely prevail on them to pass more than a day or two among us."

Dillon pointed as he spoke to the four figures that stood trembling at the hayloft door. A loud cheer and a roar of laughter full as loud followed his speech, and at the same moment to work they went, as busy as bees, loading their cars with the harvest or the live stock. Such a scene was never witnessed, the cows bellowing, the pigs grunting, fowls cackling, men and women running here and there, laughing like mad, and Phil Hannigan swearing like a trooper the whole time that he would have them all hanged at the next assizes. Indeed, the harvest it took them three weeks to bring home was carried away that night and scattered all over the country at different farms, where it could never be traced. All the cattle were taken away too, and before sunrise there wasn't as much as a sheep or a lamb left to bleat on the lawn. The next day Dillon set out on a visit to a friend at some distance, leaving directions with the people to liberate the gentlemen in the hay-loft in the course of the afternoon.

The story spread like wildfire, and there wasn't a man, woman or child in the whole province that didn't enjoy a hearty laugh at Pierce Dillon's bold plan of campaign.

Making Literature Interesting.

From the Time.

"Oh, Mrs. Watts, you should join our literary society!"

"Should I?"

"Yes, indeed! We study and learn so much! Last meeting we took up Carlisle's quarrels with his wife."

"It must have been interesting."

"Very. Next meeting we shall investigate the private life of Goethe and his love affairs."

"How instructive!"

"Yes, and we have found out everything about Poe's dissipation and disreputable conduct, and propose soon to thoroughly investigate the immoral actions of Voltaire. You ought to join."

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Fresh Alderney butter, churned every morning and delivered in ½ lb. "Ward" prints, 40c. per lb. Also cottage cheese, buttermilk and sweet milk, 5c. per qt. Cream 15c. per qt.

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MRS. POTTER IN COURT.

THE EMINENT ACTRESS RELATES THE ROBBERY OF HER JEWELS.

The Case Continued Until To-morrow—The Thief Suspected of Having Engaged in Other Hotel Thefts—An Unusual Scene in Judge Miller's Temple of Justice.

Mrs. James Brown Potter, the eminent emotional actress, sat in Clerk Claggett's dingy office in the room back of the Police Court this morning and told Mr. Shillington, the U. S. Assistant Attorney, what she knew about the attempted robbery of her diamonds last evening at the Arlington.

Mr. Frank Bennett, Landlord Roessle's executive at the Arlington, and Mr. Shroeder, Mrs. Potter's manager, had accompanied him, and Policeman Hart carried her jewelry, that had been taken away from the clever thief, in an old envelope box under his arm.

Mrs. Potter wore a wide hat of olive green plush covered with green plumes and her little figure from the hat to her overgaitered patent leather shoes was enveloped in a black, gold-and-lace-trimmed sleeveless wrap.

Under the wrap she wore a pretty street dress of dark green, with puffed sleeves, confined with bands above and below the elbows. Down the front of the dress was a wide puff of orange China silk. Her brown hair was coiled loosely at the back of her head, and in each ear was a big solitaire that had escaped the thief.

The reporters were presented to Mrs. Potter by Mr. Schroeder, and she chatted with them while Policeman Hart explained the uses of the various ones of the set of burglar's tools that were found in the thief's possession.

"This," explained the officer, "is a skeleton key with which the door was opened. And this," holding up a small, ivory-handled file, "is the instrument he used in opening the lock of the trunk when he—"

"Oh, Mr. Hart," interrupted Mrs. Potter, "you have got my nail file. I looked everywhere for it and couldn't find it this morning."

On gathering up the things in Mrs. Potter's room Policeman Hart had mistaken some of the articles of Mrs. Potter's manicure set for the burglar's tools.

"It's the first time I have been robbed," said Mrs. Potter to an EVENING POST reporter, "and I hope it will be the last. I think this man has been waiting an opportunity to get into my room in my absence for some time. Yesterday afternoon I laid down to rest a while, as I do every afternoon, and I heard some one come and try my door. It was locked, and whoever it was went away, but I am sure it was this same man.

"Oh, yes, I will be sure to be here tomorrow when the case is going to be tried, although I am afraid I can't throw much light on the matter." And with a farewell shake of her dainty yellow-gloved hand Mrs. Potter entered the carriage with her manager and was driven back to the hotel.

THE STORY OF THE ROBBERY.

As nearly as can be learned the facts regarding the attempt robbery are about as follows:

A servant girl saw a young man enter Mrs. Potter's room last night during Mrs. Potter's absence, and immediately went to inform the manager of the hotel.

Mr. Bennett went at once to the room, and found a young man going through Mrs. Potter's goods and chattels with the utmost coolness and discrimination. "I beg pardon, if I am in the wrong room," he remarked, with a good-natured smile, and he started to retire. Two porters, who were with Mr. Bennett, however, prevented the polite man's withdrawal, and notwithstanding his evident aversion to society, kept him in their company until Sergeant Harbison and Officer Hart joined the party.

The visitor was very reserved and modestly refused to give his name, saying that they might call him Joseph Brown. Over a thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was found in his pockets. It was the property of Mrs. Potter, and consisted of pins, earrings, cuff buttons, etc.

The visitor had registered as a guest of the house under the name of J. B. Buck. His luggage consisted of a satchel, which contained about fifty keys, among them a number of skeleton keys, and tickets for jewelry pawned in New York and Philadelphia.

No clue to the identity of the man was discovered, and he declines to talk. He does not appear to be over 21 years of age, and is extremely neat in appearance. A diamond ring valued at $350 found on his finger is identified by Mr. Roessle as the property of Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis, who was robbed at the Arlington, and the police believe that they have the man who did that job. They also believe that he is the man who was pursued, but who escaped, at the Metropolitan Hotel recently.

Too Transparent.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A young man who poses about the streets as a "masher" stood "on guard" at a prominent drygoods window on Woodward avenue when a very pretty yound lady stopped to look at the goods inside. Mr. Masher thought he saw his opportunity and moving directly in front of the window said in his most insinuating lady-killer voice:

"Pawdon me, do I obstruct your view, miss?"

"Not at all," said the pretty young lady, sweetly, and Mr Masher is wondering yet why the people who heard her laughed.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

Will Invention Never Cease?

From the Pittsburg Chronicle.

A building lot in an East End ravine bears this sign: "Drop a cartload of dirt in this lot and see it fill up."

For the accommodation of their patrons the Boston Variety Store, 705, 707 and 709 Market Space, will remain open evenings during the holiday season.

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You will Save Money, Time, Pain, Trouble, AND WILL CURE CATARRH By Using ELY'S CREAM BALM.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren street, New York.

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Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually, (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all of the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Co., and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with facsimiles of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

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TUESDAY, December 18, 1888.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $600,000.

100,000 Tickets at Forty Dollars; Halves, $20; Quarters, $10; Eighths, $5; Twentieths, $2; Fortieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF	$600,000 is	$600,000
1 PRIZE OF	200,000 is	200,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
2 PRIZES OF	25,000 are	50,000
5 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	50,000
12 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	60,000
25 PRIZES OF	2,000 are	50,000
100 PRIZES OF	800 are	80,000
200 PRIZES OF	400 are	80,000
500 PRIZES OF	200 are	100,000
APPROXIMATE PRIZES.		
100 Prizes of	$1,000 are	$100,000
100 Prizes of	800 are	80,000
100 Prizes of	400 are	40,000
THREE NUMBER TERMINALS.		
99 Prizes of	$800 are	$79,200
99 Prizes of	400 are	39,600
TWO NUMBER TERMINALS.		
900 Prizes of	$200 are	$180,000
900 Prizes of	200 are	180,000
3,146 Prizes, amounting to		$2,118,800

NOTE.—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to terminal prizes. A ticket drawing a three number terminal prize, will not be entitled to a two number terminal prize.

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Trains leave Washington, from station corner of Sixth and B streets, as follows:

FOR PITTSBURG and the West, Chicago Limited Express of Pullman Vestibuled Cars at 9.50 a m daily. Pacific Line, 9.50 a m daily to Cincinnati and St. Louis with Sleeping Cars from Pittsburg to Cincinnati, and Harrisburg to St. Louis; daily, except Saturday, to Chicago, with Sleeping Car Altoona to Chicago. Western Express at 7.20 p m daily, with Sleeping Cars Washington to Chicago and St. Louis, connecting daily at Harrisburg with through Sleepers for Louisville and Memphis. Pacific Express, 10.00 p m daily for Pittsburg and the West, with through Sleeper to Pittsburg, and Pittsburg to Chicago.

BALTIMORE AND POTOMAC RAILROAD.

FOR ERIE, Canandaigua and Rochester daily; for Buffalo and Niagara daily, except Saturday, 10.00 p m, with Sleeping Car Washington to Rochester.

FOR WILLIAMSPORT, Lock Haven and Elmira at 9.50 a m daily, except Sunday.

FOR NEW YORK and the East, 7.20, 9.00, 11.00 and 11.40 a m, 2.00, 4.10, 10.00 and 11.20 p m. On Sunday, 9.00, 11.40 a m, 2.00, 4.10, 10.00 and 11.20 p m. Limited Express of Pullman Parlor Cars, 9.30 a m, daily except Sunday, and 3.45 p m daily, with dining car.

FOR BOSTON, without change, 2.00 p m every day.

FOR BROOKLYN, N. Y., all through trains connect at Jersey City with boats of Brooklyn Annex, affording direct transfer to Fulton street, avoiding double ferriage across New York city.

FOR PHILADELPHIA, 7.20, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 and 11.40 a m, 2.00, 4.10, 6.00, 8.10, 10.00 and 11.20 p m. On Sunday, 9.00, 11.40 a m, 2.00, 4.10, 6.00, 8.10, 10.00 and 11.20 p m. Limited Express all parlor cars, 9.40 a m week-days and 3.45 p m daily, with dining car.

FOR BALTIMORE, 6.35, 7.20, 8.00, 9.00, 9.40, 9.50, 11.00 and 11.40 a m, 12.05, 2.00, 3.45, 4.10, 4.20, 4.40, 6.00, 7.40, 9.10, 10.00 and 11.20 p m. On Sunday, 9.00, 9.05, 9.50, 11.40 a m, 2.00, 3.45, 4.10, 6.00, 7.40, 8.10, 10.00 and 11.20 p m.

FOR POPE'S CREEK LINE, 7.20 a m and 4.40 p m daily, except Sunday.

FOR ANNAPOLIS, 7.20 and 9.00 a m, 12.05, 4.10 p m daily, except Sunday. Sundays, 9.00 a m, 4.10 p m.

ALEXANDRIA AND FREDERICKSBURG RAILWAY AND ALEXANDRIA AND WASHINGTON RAILROAD.

FOR ALEXANDRIA, 6.00, 6.35, 8.40, 9.45, 10.37 a m, 12.04 noon, 2.05, 4.20, *5.00, 5.55, 6.05, 8.05, 10.05 and 11.37 p m. On Sunday at 6.00, 9.45, 10.37 a m, 2.30, 5.55, 8.05 and 10.05 p m.

ACCOMMODATION for Quantico, 5.00 p m week days.

FOR RICHMOND and the South, 6.00, 10.37 a m daily and 6.05 p m daily, except Sunday.

TRAINS leave Alexandria for Washington, 6.05, 7.05, 8.00, 9.10, 10.15, 11.07 a m, 1.20, 3.00, 3.23, 5.10, 7.05, 9.32, 10.42 and 11.03 p m. On Sunday at 9.10 and 11.07 a m, 3.00, 5.10, 7.05, 9.32 and 10.42 p m.

Tickets and information at the office, north east corner of 13th street and Pennsylvania avenue, and at the station, where orders can be left for the checking of baggage to destination from hotels and residences.

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Schedule in effect Nov. 18, 1888.

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FOR CHICAGO and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited express daily 8.55 a. m., express 9.05 p. m. daily.

FOR CINCINNATI and St. Louis, express daily 3.00 and 11.10 p. m.

FOR PITTSBURG and Cleveland, Vestibuled Limited express daily 8.55 a. m. and express 9.05 p. m. daily.

FOR LEXINGTON and Local Stations, †10.10 a m.

FOR BALTIMORE, 5.00, 6.30, 6.40, 7.20, 8.30, 9.45, 11.00 (45-minute train) a. m., 12.10, 2.05, 3.15, (45-minute train), 3.25, 4.30, 4.35, 5.30, 6.45, 7.30, 9.45 and 11.30 p. m. Sundays, 6.30, 8.30, 9.45 a. m., 1.15, 2.05, 3.25, 4.30, 4.35, 6.45, 7.30, 9.45 and 11.30 p. m.

FOR ANNAPOLIS, 6.40 and 8.30 a. m., 12.10 and 4.35 p. m. On Sundays, 8.30 a. m., 4.35 p. m. Leave Annapolis 6.40, 8.37 a. m., 12.05, 4.10 p. m. Sundays, 8.37 a. m., 4.10 p. m.

FOR WAY STATIONS between Washington and Baltimore, 5.00, 6.40, 8.30 a. m., 12.10, 3.25, 4.35, 6.45, 11.30 p. m. On Sundays, 8.30 a. m., 1.15, 3.25, 4.35, 6.45, 11.30 p. m.

FOR STATIONS on the Metropolitan Branch, †6.35, †10.10 a. m., †1.15 p. m., for principal stations only; †10.10, a. m., †4.35 and †5.30 p. m.

FOR GAITHERSBURG and intermediate points, †9.00 a. m., †12.30, †4.40, *5.35, †11.20 p. m.

FOR BOYD'S and intermediate stations, †7.00 p. m., †10.00 p. m.

CHURCH TRAIN leaves Washington on Sunday at 1.15 p. m., stopping at all stations on Metropolitan Branch.

FOR FREDERICK, †10.10 a. m., †4.35 and †5.30 p. m. Sundays, 1.15 p. m.

FOR HAGERSTOWN, †10.10 a. m. and †5.30 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE from Chicago daily 8.35 a. m. and 9.35 p. m.; from Cincinnati and St. Louis daily 6.30 a. m. and 1.55 p. m.; from Pittsburg, *8.35 a. m., †7.20 and *9.55 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE Baltimore for Washington at 5.10, 6.20, 6.30, 7.20, 8.00 (45-minute train), 9.00, 9.05, 10.00 (45-minute train) a. m., 12.15, 2.05, 3.00, 4.10, 5.00, 6.00, 6.20, 8.00, 10.00 and 11.00 p. m. On Sundays, 5.10, 6.20, 8.00, 9.00, 9.05, 10.20 a. m.; 1.15, 2.00, 4.10, 5.00, 6.20, 8.00 10.00 and 11.00 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA DIVISION.

FOR PHILADELPHIA and Wilmington, daily, 8.10 a. m., 2.05, 4.20 and 11.30 p. m. Buffet Parlor Cars on the 8.10 a. m. and 4.20 p. m. trains. Sleepings Cars on the 11.30 p. m., open at 9.00 p. m.

FOR INTERMEDIATE POINTS between Baltimore and Philadelphia, *9.30 a. m., *2.05 and †4.20 p m.

FROM PHILADELPHIA and Wilmington, daily, 6.30, 11.15 a. m., 2.50, 8.55 and 11.00 p. m.

†Except Sunday. *Daily. §Sunday only.

Baggage called for and checked at hotels and residences on orders left at ticket offices, 619 and 1351 Pennsylvania avenue.

W. M. CLEMENTS, Gen. Manager. CHAS. O. SCULL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Piedmont Air Line

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 18, 1888.

8.30 A M—East Tennessee Mail, daily for Warrenton, Gordonsville, Charlottesville, Lynchburg, and stations between Alexandria and Lynchburg, Roanoake, Bristol, Knoxville, Rome, Calera, Montgomery and New Orleans. Pullman Sleeper Washington to New Orleans.

11.24 A M—Fast Mail Daily for Warrenton, Charlottesville, Gordonsville, stations Chesapeake and Ohio Route, Lynchburg, Rocky Mount, Danville and stations between Lynchburg and Danville, Greensboro', Raleigh, Charlotte, Columbia, Aiken, Augusta, Atlanta, Birmingham, Montgomery, New Orleans, Texas and California. Pullman Sleeper New York to Montgomery, in connection with Pullman Sleepers Montgomery to New Orleans, and Mann Boudoir Sleepers for Birmingham, Vicksburg and Shreveport. Pullman Sleeper Greensboro to Columbia and Augusta. Solid trains Washington to Atlanta. Does not connect for C. and O. route points Sundays.

2.30 P M DAILY, except Sunday, for Manassas, Strasburg and intermediate stations.

5.30 P M. WESTERN EXPRESS daily for Warrenton, Gordonsville, Charlottesville, Louisville, and Cincinnati. Pullman Sleepers and solid trains Washington to Louisville; also for Lynchburg, Bristol, Chattanooga, Memphis, Little Rock and all Southwestern points. Through Pullman Sleepers Washington to Memphis without change.

11 P M. SOUTHERN EXPRESS daily for Lynchburg, Danville, Raleigh, Asheville, Charlotte, Columbia, Aiken, Augusta, Atlanta, Montgomery, New Orleans, Texas and California. Pullman Vestibule Sleeper Washington to New Orleans via Atlanta and Montgomery. Pullman Sleeper Washington to Augusta, Ga., without change.

TRAINS ON WASHINGTON AND OHIO DIVISION leave Washington 9.00 a m, daily except Sunday, and 4.45 p m, daily; arrive Round Hill 11.48 a m and 7.21 p m. Returning, leave Round Hill 6.05 a m, daily, and 1.25 p m, daily except Sunday, arriving Washington 8.30 a m and 3.55 p m.

THROUGH TRAINS from the South, via Charlotte, Danville and Lynchburg, arrive in Washington 7.00 a m and 7.35 p m; via East Tennessee, Bristol and Lynchburg at 11.13 a m and 9.40 p m; via Chesapeake and Ohio route and Charlottsville at 9.40 p m and 7.00 a m. Strasburg local at 10.47 a m.

TICKETS, sleeping-car reservation and information furnished, and baggage checked at office, 1300 Pennsylvania avenue, and at Passenger station, Pennsylvania Railroad, Sixth and B streets.

JAMES L. TAYLOR Gen. Pass. Agent.

Chesapeake and Ohio Route.

Schedule in effect SEPT. 16, 1888.

Trains leave Union Depot, Sixth and B streets.

10.37 a. m.—For Newport News, Old Point Comfort and Norfolk, daily except Sunday. Arrive in Norfolk 7 p. m.

11.24 a. m. [illegible] stations on the Chesapeake and Ohio to [illegible] in West Virginia and Kentucky, daily except Sunday. Sleeping cars Clifton Forge to Lexington, Ky.

5.30 p. m.—FAST WESTERN EXPRESS daily. Solid train, with Pullman Buffet Sleeping cars to Louisville; Pullman service to Cincinnati, St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans.

Office, 513 Pennsylvania avenue.
H. W. FULLER, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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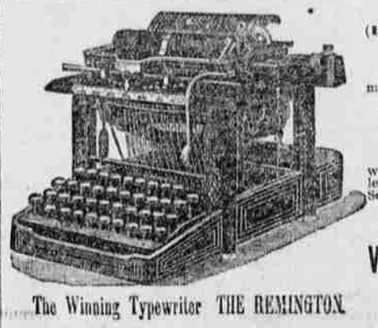

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