AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

Samuel Pitcher M.D.

March 8, 1897.

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Assets, December, 31st, 1891	$74,359 95
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bones stand out. Their hands are damp with slow consumption. Their flesh is puffed up with dropsies. Their breath is like that of a charnel house. They hear the roar of the wheels of fashion overhead and the gay laughter of men and maidens and wonder why God gave to others so much and to them so little. Some of them thrust into an infidelity like that of the poor German girl who, when told in the midst of her wretchedness that God was good, said: "No, no good God. Just look at me. No good God."

The Christian Duty.

In these American cities, whose cry of want I interpret, there are hundreds and thousands of honest poor who are dependent upon individual, city and state charities. If all their voices could come up at once, it would be a groan that would shake the foundations of the city and bring all earth and heaven to the rescue, but for the most part it suffers unexpressed. It sits in silence, gnashing its teeth and sucking the blood of its own arteries, waiting for the judgment day. Oh, I should not wonder if on that day it would be found out that some of us had some things that belonged to them, some extra garment which might have made them comfortable on cold days, some bread thrust into the ash barrel that might have appeased their hunger for a little while, some wasted candle or gas jet that might have kindled up their darkness, some fresco on the ceiling that would have given them a roof, some jewel which, brought to that orphan girl in time, might have kept her from being crowded off the precipices of an unclean life, some New Testament that would have told them of him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost." Oh, this wave of vagrancy and hunger and nakedness that dashes against our front doorstep—I wonder if you hear it and see it as much as I hear it and see it. I have been almost frenzied with the perpetual cry for help from all classes and from all nations, knocking, knocking, ringing, ringing. If the roofs of all the houses of destitution could be lifted so we could look down into them just as God looks, whose nerves would be strong enough to stand it? And yet there they are.

The sewing women, some of them in hunger and cold, working night after night, until sometimes the blood spurts from nostril and lip. How well their grief was voiced by that despairing woman who stood by her invalid husband and invalid child and said to the city missionary: "I am down hearted. Everything's against us, and then there are other things." "What other things?" said the city missionary. "Oh," she replied, "my sin." "What do you mean by that?" "Well," she said, "I never hear or see anything good. It's work from Monday morning to Saturday night, and then when Sunday comes I can't go out, and I walk the floor, and it makes me tremble to think that I have got to meet God. Oh, sir, it's so hard for us. We have to work so, and then we have so much trouble, and then we are getting along so poorly, and see this wee little thing growing weaker and weaker, and then to think we are getting no nearer to God, but floating away from him—oh, sir, I do wish I was ready to die."

I should not wonder if they had a good deal better time than we in the future, to make up for the fact that they had such a bad time here. It would be just like Jesus to say: "Come up and take the highest seats. You suffered with me on earth, now be glorified with me in heaven." Oh, thou weeping One of Bethany! Oh, thou dying One of the cross! Have mercy on the starving, freezing, homeless poor of these great cities.

I want you to know who are the uprooting classes of society. I want you to be more discriminating in your charities. I want your hearts open with generosity and your hands open with charity. I want you to be made the sworn friends of all city evangelization, and all newsboys' lodging houses, and all Christian aid societies. Aye, I want you to send the Dorcas society all the cast off clothing, that, under the skillful manipulation of the wives and mothers and sisters and daughters, these garments may be fitted on the cold, bare feet and on the shivering limbs of the destitute. I should not wonder if that hat that you give should come back a jeweled coronet or that garment that you this week hand out from your wardrobe should mysteriously be whitened and somehow wrought in the Saviour's own robe, so in the last day he would run his hand over it and say, "I was naked and ye clothed me." That would be putting your garments to glorious uses.

Besides all this I want you to appreciate in the contrast how very kindly God has dealt with you in your comfortable homes, at your well filled tables and at the warm registers, and to have you look at the round faces of your children, and then, at the review of God's goodness to you, go to your room and lock the door and kneel down and say: "O Lord, I have been an ingrate. Make me thy child. O Lord, there are so many hungry and unclad and unsheltered today! I thank thee that all my life thou hast taken such good care of me. O Lord, there are so many sick and crippled children today I thank thee mine are well, some of them on earth, some of them in heaven. Thy goodness, O Lord, breaks me down. Take me once and forever. Sprinkled as I was many years ago at the altar, while my mother held me, now I consecrate my soul to thee in a holier baptism of repenting tears.

"For sinners, lord, thou cam'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed.
Lord, I believe thy grace is free.
Oh, magnify that grace in me!"

TOBACCO IN AUSTRALIA.

The Antipodes to Become a Competitor of the Western World.

Australia has at last set about making a serious effort to cultivate tobacco. For 30 years or more the feed has been grown in limited areas in New South Wales, Queensland and Victoria, but it can scarcely be said to have been cultivated. Not at any stage has the industry been backed by scientific knowledge, at least not until experts were sent over from this country. Victoria secured the services of Mr. Bondurant, a Kentuckian, if we mistake not, and New South Wales those of Mr. Howell, also from the south. The former has been at the antipodes for two or three years and the latter only a few months. Sufficient, however, has been done by Mr. Bondurant in Victoria to demonstrate that a good marketable article can be grown there, and that in future tobacco will figure much more prominently in the list of Australian exports than was thought likely a few years back. It was the success which attended the efforts of Mr. Bondurant as a practical instructor that induced the government of New South Wales to follow Victoria's lead and also turn to the States for a scientific teacher. And now we learn that the agricultural department of Queensland is assisting its growers by importing the best American seed procurable. The expert, it is presumed, will follow in due course.

There is no doubt whatever that tobacco can be profitably grown in all the Australian colonies. The product may never rival Vuelta Abajo, not even equal that of our New England states, but the fact that the governments have decided to push the enterprise for all that it is worth means that tobacco in large quantities will eventually be produced and placed on the markets of Europe. The latest reports from Victoria place the new crop at 250 tons, but the average annual yield has been double that for some years past. The great drought that afflicted Australasia in the latter part of 1896 accounts for the falling off. Just what percentage of these 250 tons will be shipped abroad is not stated, but a fair quantity is destined for London and Liverpool—as sample shipments only, be it understood. The tobacco is probably on its way to Europe at this moment, for the report under review was written in June. The leaf was then being treated for shipment, but it was thought some little time would be consumed in getting it ready. It will be packed much the same as are our southern tobaccos.

From this report, however, we learn that the government expert is very well pleased with the results attained at the experimental farm at Edi, where he planted a large number of varieties of plug and cigar leaf tobacco. Mr. Bondurant's chief object has been to determine what varieties of leaf were best adapted to Victorian soil and climate, and this, it is claimed, he has done. Next season a larger crop is to be set out, and should that prove a commercial success the tobacco raising industry will be fairly launched. In all human probability it will be years before Australia becomes a competitor of ours in this field, but once it has been proved that tobacco is a profitable crop to grow and the farmers have learned to handle it, then we may have to bestir ourselves.—Tobacco Leaf.

Vienna and Paris.

Vienna is not as gorgeous as Paris. Paris is the overdressed plebeian, Vienna the patrician. Paris gives herself airs; Vienna has solid style. Paris is hilarious, Vienna joyous. Paris is crazy, Vienna but cranky. Paris is a moral hell, Vienna an immoral heaven. Well, in short, Paris is Paris, and Vienna is Vienna. The most light hearted people I have ever known live here. The rich are few, for everybody eats, drinks, dances and goes to the theater and lets the morrow take care of itself. At 7 o'clock every evening, summer and winter, you will find three-fourths of Vienna not at home. In the summer in the Prater, Stattpark and Shoenbrunn, in the winter in the too numerous beer gardens and theaters. Vienna is chiefly known for producing three things—women, theaters and coffee. From the epicurean standpoint the coffee is the best, from a moral standpoint the theater is the worst, and from an æsthetic standpoint the women the prettiest on the continent.

The Prater, the largest public park in Europe, is the home of the typical Viennese. Here he may listen to the music of an organ grinder or an overture from the latest opera. Here he may see a Punch and Judy show or a comic opera. He may spin about in a merry go round or ride in a princely carriage. Here, as nowhere else, the rich and poor mingle and enjoy themselves. On Sundays the Prater is crowded, and you feel as if you are in a very bedlam.—Edward Steiner in Womankind.

THE MOODUS NOISES AGAIN.

They Are Puzzling Connecticut Once More After Being Silent Since 1885.

Those famous and mysterious disturbances of the lower Connecticut valley, the "Moodus noises," are being heard again. After a silence of 12 years they have broken forth once more in a manner similar to that in which they first fell upon the white man's ear 200 years ago. The phenomenon has manifested itself at East Haddam, a pretty village which stands near Mount Tom and not far from the village of Moodus. The mountain, which has been the scene of these singular noises as far back as the Indian traditions run, is a lofty sugar loaf shaped eminence near the east bank of the Connecticut river.

This latest manifestation astonished the East Haddam people on Sunday afternoon, about 4 o'clock, when what was at first thought to be a clap of thunder was heard. Then came a roar like the echoes of a distant cataract, increasing and dying away from time to time. The sounds came directly from Mount Tom, and the good people of East Haddam were not long in guessing what they were. After a period of about two hours the noises died away, only to return again on Monday morning between 2 and 4 o'clock. At this time there was the crashing of heavy muffled thunder, mingled with a roaring sound not unlike the wind in a tempest. The ground was shaken, causing houses to tremble and crockery and glassware to rattle as though in an earthquake. Prolonged underground rumblings seemed to accompany the disturbance, and occasionally there would be a short, sharp shock.

The groanings of Mount Tom are matters of history, but the cause of the phenomenon, as the New London Day in the course of an article upon it says, is a matter no one seems able to explain. All the noises emanate from the mountain, which the red men called Mach-i-Moodus—"the place of noise." The Indians held that the Moodus noises were the mutterings of anger of the Great Spirit in consequence of the white man having entered the red man's domain.

For 20 years, up to 1729, the Moodus villagers heard these noises almost continually, and during that time the sounds seem to have been more remarkable than those that have followed since. A clergyman of that day wrote of them: "Whether there be anything diabolical in these things I know not, but this I know, that God Almighty is to be seen and trembled at. Oftentimes I have heard them coming down from the north like slow thunder, until the sound came near, and then there seemed to be a breaking like the noise of a cannon shot which shakes the houses and all there is in them."

After the great earthquake at Lisbon these manifestations went away until one Sunday in 1852. They came again in 1885, when they attracted considerable attention. Scientific men have attempted to call the noises little earthquakes, but no reason is given as to why they occur nowhere else in the Connecticut valley save at Moodus.

An explanation which pleases the superstitions is that a carbuncle is forming under Mount Tom for the third time in the history of that hemlock clad eminence and that in its efforts to unearth itself it produces the groanings and rumblings of the Moodus noises. This characteristic is claimed for the carbuncle, and tradition says that during the great manifestation of 1729 an English physician who was skilled in unearthing such enchanted gems dug up on Mount Tom the precious stone that was the cause of the noises at that time. The story goes that the bed from which this carbuncle was taken in time produced another gem, which eventually became responsible for the groanings of 1852, and that some one found and carried this stone off, when the noise ceased.

The Clothes of Royalty.

Nobody ever heard of The Tailor and Cutter until this summer, but now it is the most widely quoted trade publication in England. It has secured this fame simply by printing an occasional editorial paragraph criticising in technical fashion the habiliments of royal personages as they appear at public functions, etc. Its latest utterance of this sort is as follows: "We think it was a pity his royal highness the Duke of York on his visit to Ireland decided to have a breast pocket in his coat, as it is apt to give the left forepart a rather crowded, overdone appearance, and as he has not yet attained to the proportions of his father we do not think the forepart was wide enough to allow of this, and though it has been arranged as judiciously as could be yet the end of the pocket and the top button are too near together to be in keeping with good taste. Undoubtedly his royal highness was one of the best dressed gentlemen of the viceregal party. Taking a survey of 16 of these gentlemen, as a general rule the coats are well fitting and bear evidence of careful manipulation, but the trousers—well, not more than half of them would pass muster. One gentleman appeared to have a kind of concertina around his ankles, which suggested that an amputation of two inches would be beneficial. Others, when they sat down, showed a rising from the foot that was anything but graceful."

Fish For Invalids.

Fish is certainly a valuable acquisition to the dietary of the invalid and dyspeptic, often being well tolerated when stronger kinds of animal food cannot be borne. Fish with white flesh is less stimulating and usually easier of digestion than fish with flesh more or less red. Whiting, sole and flounder are white fish particularly suited to invalids and others with weak stomachs, and for such these as well as other kinds of fish should be boiled or broiled.

Among fresh water fish trout, pickerel and pike are notable for good flavor and digestibility, salmon for its red flesh and high nourishing value, and the eel for its richness in fat and peculiar flavor.—Hygienic Gazette.

WHY SHE LEFT.

Grand Duchess of Hesse Wearied of Her Husband's Practical Jokes.

All the way from Marienbad comes at last the story of the real inwardness of that mysterious quarrel between the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse. A few weeks ago it was announced that the grand duchess had suddenly left Darmstadt and had traveled with a single attendant to Bucharest to visit her sister, the crown princess of Roumania. Other paragraphs mentioned that the queen of England and the Duke and Duchess of Coburg did not countenance the Grand Duchess of Hesse in her quarrel with her husband, but nobody seemed to know or have any idea what the quarrel was about. All sorts of stories were soon circulated. One in particular suggested jealousy on the part of the grand duke of a handsome young officer of one of his cavalry regiments.

Another person who knew everything insisted that it was owing to the conduct of the grand duke and a lady of opera bouffe fame, and now it turns out that it is all on account of a weakness the grand duke has for playing practical jokes. It must not be forgotten that he and the grand duchess are first cousins and both grandchildren of Queen Victoria. They have known each other all their lives and so their marriage was more matter of fact than romantic. Both are still almost in the boy and girl stage, as far as age is concerned, and it is said that the grand duke began his married life by treating his wife more as a male boon companion than as a delicately reared and exceptionally haughty princess, with the imperial blood of Russia as well as the royal blood of England coursing through her veins. He invented a ghost for her especial benefit at Schloss Heiligenberg and nearly frightened her out of her wits at a time when she was entitled to his very deepest consideration. On another occasion he placed a nest of mice in her embroidery basket, and he indulged in conspicuous, although, as it proved, entirely harmless, flirtations with the ladies of the court. Finally at one particular festivity the grand duke suddenly ordered all the lights to be turned out and then he and a couple of young noblemen who are his closest friends kissed every woman that they could come across in the great chamber. It is even whispered that the grand duchess herself was kissed in the dark, and she insists that it was not by her husband, or she would have recognized the perfume he is in the habit of wearing on his mustache. The result was the flight next morning of the indignant princess to Roumania.

It needed no little persuasion on the part of illustrious relatives to bring the young couple together again, and it was on the distinct understanding that the matter was finally arranged that in future the duke should refrain from connecting his practical joking in any way with his wife. The brother of the grand duchess, Prince Alfred of Coburg, seems to be just as lively a young man as his brother-in-law. He point blank refuses to marry until, as he explains it, he has "enjoyed himself a bit," and at every opportunity he paints the capital of his father's little duchy as brilliant a red as he can possibly manage. As he is an only son it would be rather a dreadful thing if he contracted one of those mesalliances which seem so popular among young royalties of the present day, and a little army of detectives is constantly employed in watching Prince Alfred and hence the knowledge which exists of all his various escapades.—London Letter in New York Mail and Express.

Blood Poison.

Contagious Blood Poison has been appropriately called the curse of mankind. It is the one disease that physicians cannot cure; their mercurial and potash remedies only bottle up the poison in the system, to surely break forth in a more virulent form, resulting in a total wreck of the system.

Mr. Frank B. Martin, a prominent jeweler at 926 Pensylvania Ave., Washington, D.C., says: I was for a long time under treatment of two of the best physicians of this city, for a severe case of blood poison, but my condition grew worse all the while, notwithstanding the fact that they charged me three hundred dollars. My mouth was filled with eating sores; my tongue was almost eaten away, so that for three months I was unable to taste any solid food. My hair was coming out rapidly, and I was in a horrible fix. I had tried various treatments, and was nearly discouraged, when a friend recommended S.S.S. After I had taken four bottles, I began to get better, and when I had finished eighteen bottles, I was cured sound and well, my skin was without a blemish, and I have had no return of the disease. S.S.S. saved me from a life of misery." S.S.S. (*guaranteed purely vegetable*) will cure any case of blood poison. Books on the disease and its treatment, mailed free by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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"ROCK OF AGES."

A Sketch of the Author of That Widely Popular Hymn.

The recent proposal to celebrate the association of Augustus Montague Toplady with Trinity college, Dublin, has placed the author of "Rock of Ages" once more on the borders of the living land, says the London Sunday Magazine. In truth, there is some need to have the name of Toplady recalled to us, for, although everybody knows his famous hymn, the man himself is all but forgotten. Yet Toplady was a notable character in the theological circles of his time. Toplady was the son of a major in the army and was born in 1740 at Farnham, in Surrey. His father was killed at the siege of Carthagena, before the boy was a year old, and the future preacher was thus left solely to the care of his widowed mother—a sister, by the way, of Rev. Mr. Bate, the rector of St. Paul's, Deptford. Like Charles Wesley, he was a pupil at Westminster school, from which he passed in due time to Trinity college, Dublin, his mother having removed to Ireland. According to Toplady's own account, his conversion was brought about when he was only 16 by hearing a workingman preacher named Morris in a barn at a place called Codymain. He died of consumption in 1778.

Toplady, besides being a laborious student, had early employed himself in the diversion of versemaking. Indeed, he printed a little volume in Dublin in 1759, when he was only 19. Later on, while at Broad Hembury, he issued a collection of no fewer than 419 "Psalms and Hymns For Public and Private Worship," a considerable number of which were from his own pen. There are something like 133 hymns attributed to Toplady, but only a very few of these have attained to anything like popularity. Indeed, if we except "Rock of Ages," "Your Harps, Ye Trembling Saints," and perhaps "Object of My First Desire," we shall be safe in saying that Toplady's hymns have quite passed into oblivion, or at least are remembered only by the curious in such matters.

Curiously enough this favorite hymn was written by Toplady for a controversial purpose, and it was the Wesleys against whose doctrine the author desired to protest.

N. & W. Ry. Norfolk and Western
Schedule in Effect
May 2nd, 1897.

Leave Riverton,
Northbound
8.31 a. m. 4.17 a. m. 7.52 p. m.
South and Westbound
9.50 a. m. 2.15 p. m. 6.57 p. m.

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June 12 '96.—tf.

B & O
BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD

Time Table in effect May 9, 1897.
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

NORTHWARD.	408* Pass	42* Ex.
	A. M.	P. M.
Lv. Lexington	4 30	2 00
" Staunton	6 05	4 45
" Harrisonburg	6 56	6 40

Train 408 connects with Southern R. R. at Harrisonburg at 7 00 a. m. for Strasburg Junction and Harpers Ferry Division.

	402 Pass.	418 Pass	420 P ss.
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
" Strasburg Junc.	9 05	5 [illegible]	
" Capon Roads	9 08	5 [illegible]	
" Winchester	9 43	6 [illegible]	6 00
" Stephenson	9 53	6 35	6 09
" Charlestown	10 28	7 11	6 45
Ar Harper's Ferry	10 50	7 38	7 08
	P. M.		
" Washington	12 30	11 20	9 20
" Baltimore	1 35	12 45	10 30
		A. M.	
" Philadelphia	4 05	3 55	2 54
" New York	6 30	6 52	5 00

SOUTHWARD.	455* Pass	417 Pass	419* Pass
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Lv. New York	0	12 15	11 00
	P. M		
" Philadelphia	3 15		1 36
" Baltimore	10 45	7 30	4 30
" Washington	11 45	8 00	5 20
" Harper's Ferry	1 32	11 06	7 52
" Charlestown	1 59	11 36	8 18
		P. M.	
" Stephenson	2 37	—	8 52
" Winchester	2 47	12 10	9 02
" Middletown	3 20	12 44	
" Capon Roads	3 35	—	
Ar. Strasburg Junc.	3 38	12 47	

Train 417 connects with Southern R. R. at Strasburg Junction at 12 50 for Harrisonburg and points on Valley Railroad.

	441 Mix.	417 Pass.	443 Pass.
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lv. Harrisonburg		2 45	10 00
" Staunton	7 00	3 37	11 40
Ar. Lexington	9 35	5 24	

* Daily except Sunday.

Mixed Trains Southbound—Leaves Winchester at 4 55 a. m. and 8 45 a. m. Arrive at Strasburg Junction at 6 12 a. m. and 10 30 p. m.

Mixed Trains Northbound—Leaves Winchester at 1 35 p. m. and 11 26 p. m. Arrive at Harper's Ferry at 4 30 p. m. and 1 22 a. m.

CONNECTIONS.

Train 408 connects at Harper's Ferry with Fast Limited Express trains leaving at 11 [illegible] a. m. and 1 20 p. m., arriving at Chicago at 9 30 a. m. and 12 00 noon, and with train leaving at 5 14 p. m. arriving at Cincinnati at 7 45 a. m. and at St. Louis at 6 00 p m. and connects at Weaverton at 11 40 arrive at Hagerstown 12 40 Washington Junction with train arriving at Frederick at 1 55 p. m.

Train 416 connects with fast vestibuled trains at Harper's Ferry at 9 44 p. m. for Chicago; 10 21 p. m. for Pittsburg, and 12 55 a. m. for Cincinnati and St. Louis. Arrive at Pittsburg at 7 00 a. m. Chicago at 9 45 p. m., Cincinnati at 5 00 p. m. and St. Louis at 6 30 a. m.

Pullman Palace Sleeping cars run through to Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago and Pittsburg, on all express trains.

For rates, tickets, baggage checks apply to any office of the B. & O. R. R., or to C. E. Dudrow traveling passenger agent Winchester, Va.

D. B Martin, Gen. Pass. Agt. W. M. Gwinn, Gen

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.
Time Table in effect July 4th, 1897

NORTHWARD.	No. 14 A. M.	No. 6 A. M.	No. 12 P. M.
Lv. Harrisonburg	7 05	3 35	7 00
" Linville	7 17	3 47	7 22
" Cowans	7 27	3 56	7 37
" Broadway	7 32	4 02	7 43
" Timberville	7 38	4 08	7 53
" New Market	7 48	4 18	8 10
" Quicksburg	7 56	4 27	8 23
" Mt. Jackson	8 06	4 37	8 45
" Edinburg	8 23	4 55	9 08
" Woodstock	8 34	5 07	9 25
" Maurertown	8 43	5 17	9 41
" Tom's Brook	8 47	5 23	9 [illegible]
" Fishers Hill	8 54	5 31	9 [illegible]
" Strasburg	9 07	5 45	10 [illegible]
" Riverton	9 30	6 07	
Ar. Front Royal	9 41	6 15	
" Plains	10 47	7 24	
" Manassas	11 34	8 15	
	P. M	P. M.	
Ar. Washington	12 40	9 25	
Lv. Wash Pa. R. R.	12 45	10 00	
Ar. Baltimore	1 46	11 35	
		A. M.	
" Philadelphia	3 50	2 56	
" New York	6 23	6 23	

SOUTHWARD	No. 13 A. M.	No. 9 P. M.	No. 35
Lv. N. Y. Pa R.R.	10 10	12 15	
	P. M.	A. M.	
" Philadelphia	12 31	3 50	
" Baltimore	2 37	6 32	
Ar. Washington	3 38	7 40	
Lv. Washington	4 01	8 12	
" Manassas	5 03	9 50	
" Haymarket			
" Rectortown			
" Delaplane			
" Plains	5 48	10 47	
Lv. Front Royal	6 57	12 01	A. M.
" Riverton	7 09	12 12	
" Strasburg	7 35	12 40	6 10
" Fishers Hill	7 49	12 54	6 33
" Tom's Brook	7 58	1 01	6 45
		P. M.	
" Woodstock	8 15	1 16	7 18
" Edinburg	8 27	1 27	7 36
" Mt. Jackson	8 45	1 42	8 6
" Quicksburg	8 54	1 51	8 20
" New Market	9 02	1 58	8 34
" Timberville	9 11	2 06	8 46
" Broadway	9 17	2 12	8 55
" Cowans	9 23	2 18	9 04
" Linville	9 33	2 27	9 18
Ar. Harrisonburg	9 45	2 40	9 40

Trains 13, 14, 9 and 36 daily except Sunday.

For rates, tickets and baggage checks apply to any office of the Southern Railway, or to L. S. Brown, Gen. Agt. 1300 Penna. Ave Washington D. C

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