Talmage Sermon

By Rev.
Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 16.—This timely sermon, appropriate to the season of the ingathering of fruits, brings to us a breath of the vineyards. The text is Canticles 1, 6, "But mine own vineyard have I not kept."

Yes, I have seen a neglected vineyard. No man can fully understand what my text means unless he has roamed through one and has seen the rabbits scurry through the weeds two feet high and has lifted up the long unpruned vines heavy laden with undeveloped grapes, immature through lack of care, and has seen how the suckers have shot out from under the crowns as vipers sapping away the strength of the vines, and yet, as a rule, bearing no fruit. Yes, I have been through such a vineyard. I have wandered through one, accompanied by an old vine grower. I have seen him pathetically lift up vine after vine, as a physician might look at the gangrened limb of a little child, which decomposition has been caused by the malpractice of an ignorant doctor, and I have heard him say: "Shame! Shame! It is a perfect shame to let this vineyard go to waste. Why, even after this neglect, there are at least sixty pounds of good grapes upon that one vine alone. Shame, shame, to destroy such a vineyard as this growing upon such rich soil." Thus we went through acres upon acres of these neglected vines.

Perhaps you would like to know how we came to see this fine vineyard going to waste. I had turned my steps homeward. My summer vacation in southern California was about ended. The duties of a busy pastorate were calling me back to the city. With a companion, I was taking a short cut through one of the very rarely traveled canyons, when suddenly, as night overtook us, we came upon a deserted farm, or ranch. It was in one of the garden spots of the world. For nearly twenty years its owner had lived there, battling against consumption. A few months before we arrived the end had come, and his pain racked body was placed in the dust from whence it came. For some years before he died all his energies were evidently exhausted in a physical struggle for mere existence. There were the broad fields stretching away, practically uncultivated. There were the beautiful trees near to his ranch home just as nature had grown them. There were the deserted rooms of his dwelling, with one of the walls fallen in upon his empty bed. The books and weekly periodicals were still lying around. There were even some of his canceled checks lying upon the floor. There was a farm, or ranch, of 500 acres, 800 of which were tillable, with their orchards and fields and vineyards, but with no hand to care for them. The doves, the quails, the rabbits, the bees, were everywhere holding high carnival. As we lay for a few nights under those trees we could hear the wildcat's snarling calls and the fox's barks and the coyote's yells as they were starting out to hunt their prey. It was a beautiful, but a sad, sad, sad place. For this place, like Victor Hugo's Notre Dame, had a spirit. We could see moving everywhere the frail, sick form of the late owner, who, on account of his physical ailments, had been compelled to neglect those fields and orchards and vineyards.

A Neglected Vineyard.

There might have been some excuse for the sick man who owned this neglected vineyard of which I have spoken to have neglected his vineyard, but there is no excuse for us to neglect our spiritual vineyards, as the author of Canticles declares the church of God has been doing. Now, as we all, each full fain to eat the rich, luscious grapes which are placed upon our dining room tables I thought this morning I would draw my sermonic illustrations from the vineyard industries of the world. My comparison will not be found in the grapevines which some of us raise in our country homes, where we build a little arbor in our back yards and there allow a few vines to grow over it under which we flee to escape the intense heat of the midnoon sun. But I will draw my illustrations from the grape industries of southern California and the Holy Land, where grape growing is a business upon an enlarged scale, and where the vines, laid out in long rows 8 by 8 or 8 by 10, stretch themselves over hundreds and sometimes thousands upon thousands of acres, as the cornfields spread themselves over the prairies of Kansas or the wheatfields grow in the Dakotas.

Many of the oriental cities like Samaria were nothing more or less than great centers for this grape industry. The plains of Abel-Keramin were sometimes called "the Plains of Vineyards." The grapes of the valley of Eshcol not only made their vines clamber over all the hillsides and the lowlands between Hebron and Kadesh, but those grapes were famous for their size and sweetness as well as for their quantity. Thus we have not only a great industry from which to draw our sermonic comparisons, but we also have the grapes, which formed one of the chief industries of the Hebrew race. "Mine own vineyard have I not kept" should offer a vital theme for all Christians.

The words which introduce my text are: "My mother's children are angry with me. They made me keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept." That is the word picture of a son who has been left the executor of his father's estate. The last sickness has come. The funeral is over. The will has been read. The will goes something thuswise: "This is my last will and testament. If I should be called suddenly away, I leave all my vineyards to my children, share and share alike. But that these properties may be made to pay their maximums, I leave my oldest son as the executor of the whole estate. He is to prune the vineyards and cultivate them and market the fruit and divide the proceeds with the other children until they become of age and can care for their own." The eldest son is conscientious. He takes care of the vineyards of his brothers and sisters, cultivating and pruning them, and brings them to a high state of development. Each of the vineyards goes out of his hands as one brother or sister after another comes of age. The eldest son then discovers that while he was caring for those other vineyards his own vineyard has fallen into ruin. The writer is describing the folly of a one sided policy, the neglect of one duty to perform another; as the teacher, so attentive to the progress of his own pupils that he neglects his own development and falls behind his time, or the preacher intent on the welfare of his flock, while his own sons, who had the first claim on him, are neglected and go to ruin.

The Life of a Vine.

"How long do the grapevines live?" I asked an old grape grower. "Do they have a comparatively short life, like that of the peach tree, which, as a horse, dies from old age anywhere between fifteen and twenty years? Do they live on and on, as the walnut tree, bearing even after it has reached the century mark?" I had the owner of the greatest walnut ranch in southern California tell me that in Harlem, New York, there was growing a walnut tree over a hundred years old. He went to visit it some time ago, because it was said to be growing upon a city lot where the owner was soon to cut it down, as he intended to build an apartment house on that lot. And he furthermore told me that this tree was bearing just as good walnuts at the time he saw it as any walnut tree on his ranch. "Well," answered this vineyard grower, "that depends. If a vineyard is taken care of the vines seem to have no age limit. There are in southern California grape bearing vines which were planted by the Indians under the old Spanish regime." "But what if a man neglects his vineyard or waters it too much?" "If a man tries to force a vine's grapes and does not allow it to sink its roots deep enough into the soil, that vineyard will die. In other words, if a man cares for his vineyards aright they have practically no age limit. With my eyes I have seen luscious grapes growing on vines over ninety years old." This was the testimony of the grape grower. Did not your Christian, godly parents care for their gospel vineyards aright? Did they not let the roots sink deep enough into the ground to bury their fibers in the rich soil which lies deep under the Calvary cross?

Looking back over the long years of your childhood and young manhood, you cannot think of a day in which those dear old folks were not diligently at work in caring for their gospel vineyards. Your father never started a day's work unless he first gathered his family about him and said, "Come, children, let us ask God to help us prune our vineyards of all selfishness and sin." Then, that good man was not satisfied with simply walking through his vineyard and sticking out an arm here and a hand there, and with the pruning shears cutting off this bad vine and that dead wood, but he got right down on his knees in order to be able better to see his imperfections. As he cut and slashed at the evil nature of his own heart, did he not keep saying, "O Lord, help me to cut away all the evil tendrils of my sinful life?"

When the springtime comes, the rich, green, tender shoots begin to grow, upon which the rabbits love to feast. To prevent this injury, the wise owner of the vineyards builds his wire fences clear around the vineyard to keep the four legged pests out. When the army worms marshal their hosts by the thousands and the millions and the billions and move forward to annihilate those vineyards, the owners of the vineyards build their deep, wide trenches about their precious fruits so that these worm destroyers cannot get in, as the cavalier of mediaeval times had his moats filled with water about his walled castle to keep the enemies out. When the rich grapes come, the vineyard owner has his armed men, as sentinels, continually moving in and out among the vines to drive away the quail that would eat up the young grapes. Thus did your Christian father and mother continually build their spiritual wire fences and dig their ditches and fight away the little foxes of evil and the quail of temptations which would come to destroy their spiritual vineyards. Did they not daily lift between themselves and the world the precious promises of God? Aye, they literally soaked their lives in the commandments of God, so that they could not be tempted by any temptations greater than they could bear.

A Better Inheritance.

Do not tell me that when your Christian father died he left you no inheritance. You say, "When he died the farm went to my elder brother." But your father's greatest asset was not in his farm. You say, "He had a little money—a few thousand dollars—but he left all that to my mother and invalid sister." But your father's estate had more than money. You inherited his spiritual vineyard. You have inherited his example of a Christian life well lived. You have inherited the example of the joy and peace which come to a noble Christian man who, in every word he speaks and in every deed he does, speaks and lives for God. Am I wrong in declaring that the vineyards which have come to you are inherited vineyards? Your inherited spiritual vineyards are as old as the prayers your father made on the day he first knelt at the communion of the Lord's supper. They are as old as the prayers he made on the day he dedicated you to God when you were baptized at the church altars. They are as old as the prayers he made for you at the family altar on the day you left the old homestead. They are as old as the blessing and benediction he gave when he put his trembling hand upon your head on the day he died, when he said, "My boy, I gave you to God when you were born; I give you to God now that I must leave you to stand before the judgment seat of Christ." Oh, my friends, what a spiritual blessing has been yours! Your gospel vines were not planted last week or last year. You have an inherited gospel vineyard. You have inherited those vineyards directly from your father's and mother's Christian lives and consecrated home. You cannot if you would, and you would not if you could, get away from this vital, spiritual, life giving doctrine.

We do not inherit our gospel vines alone. We also inherit a vast acreage of rich, uncultivated soil, upon which we should plant new vineyards and enlarge our grape producing regions. In other words, no child has a right to be content with the work which his forefathers accomplished. Each new generation has greater opportunities for doing good than had the generations which preceded it. Therefore it is your duty and mine to be continually going ahead and doing larger and grander and nobler work than did our fathers and mothers. We should profit by their mistakes as well as successes. To speak figuratively, by standing upon their broad shoulders we should lift our heads higher than they did. Therefore we should have a larger horizon for our gospel vision. Let me illustrate my thought from the vineyard industry of southern California.

Planting New Vineyards.

I am a vineyard grower. The time of the annual ingathering of grapes is past. You are also a vineyard grower. We have been close friends for years. Having a few weeks to rest up before the January and February "pruning," you come to make me a visit. With great pride I take you through my vineyards, to show you their richness. I say: "Yes, those are fine vines. My father planted them fifty years ago. He lived here and died here. These vines were his one thought. He put his best lifeblood into their development." On the way back to the house we climb a hill and I point out to you the extent of my property. "Do you see all those vines at our feet? Well, they are all mine. Do you see those posts running down from yonder hills clear into the center of the valley by those broad fields? Well, all that land is mine. Do you see those fields to the east, and that jutting of rock yonder? Well, all that land is mine. There is no soil in all this region which is richer and better than those broad fields of mine." "Oh," you say to me, "then your father only cultivated a small part of his ranch. The vines were only planted in a small area of the land which he owned."

"Yes," I reply. "While father lived the vineyard growers did not know as much about grape raising as we do now. Our forefathers did not have the system we have. Wire fences were not invented at that time. They did not know as much about pruning and cultivating. Besides that, this country was so sparsely settled fifty years ago that it would have been impossible to have gathered enough workmen at one time to have picked the grapes on the vines when they were ripe. That work has to be done very quickly. Then, if my father had been able to pick all these grapes there were so few people living in southern California at that time that there would have been no markets for the grapes after they had been picked. Thus my father only planted a tenth part of his ranch into vineyards." Then you say: "But conditions have changed. Why do you not change? Why do you continue to let all these fields lie idle because your father did? He had a reason for this fallow land. You have none. Do you not realize that God holds you to account not only for taking care of your father's vineyards, but also for planting new vineyards of your own?" Ah, you are right. You are right. I am not only to be held accountable to God for carrying on the good work which my Christian father and mother did, but I am also to be held accountable to him to do new work on my own account and to plant new vineyards.

It is of infinite importance not to neglect the old gospel vines which have been carefully cultivated by our Christian ancestors. But is that any reason to neglect new fields of gospel labor? John Knox led his gospel mission to the court of Mary, queen of Scots, and he did a great and good work, but that other mighty Scotchman, Alexander Duff, was not content with serving his own country, but proceeded to cultivate new gospel vineyards and went as a foreign missionary to India. The Bedford allegorist, John Bunyan, was willing to languish in jail because they would not let him preach as a nonconformist minister, but that other great nonconformist English preacher, William Booth, resolves to break away from his Methodist brethren in order to lead the Salvation Army in its gospel mission among the slums and to the outcasts of the world. Abraham Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation for the American slave. Booker T. Washington resolves to take another step forward and lead his negro compatriots into the higher realms of domestic purity and mechanical and agricultural usefulness and Christian citizenship. Our Christian mothers believed as Paul commanded the ancient disciples in his Corinthian epistle, "Let your women keep silence in church, for it is not permitted unto them to speak," but their daughters will not be debarred from service, so they find work for a Frances E. Willard and a Frances Havergal and a Susan B. Anthony and a Maud Booth and for thousands upon thousands of noble women and young girls, who are pleading for Christ in our midweek prayer meetings, and who are working in our rescue missions, and who are the leaders of our social settlements, our Christian Endeavor societies and our Epworth leagues. Oh, my dear friends, our Christian fathers and mothers did a mighty work for Christ in the times in which they lived. But what greater gospel work are you doing? What further missionary fields are you reaching? Is the social outcast problem nearer being solved than when your Christian ancestors died? Are the black man and the yellow man and the red man and the peasant and the saloon keeper nearer to Christ than they were half a century ago? What new vines of gospel usefulness have you planted for Christ which are now bringing forth their great clusters of Eshcol grapes for the heavenly wine press? Are most of your rich fields, rich in soils of gospel opportunities, lying fallow and useless?

Too Often Neglected.

Too often we have not only neglected to care for the vines which we have inherited from our Christian ancestors and planted only here and there a stray vine in the broad, empty fields of gospel opportunities, but our sins of omission do not end here. After we have neglected our gospel vineyards we have been too indifferent and lazy to gather the clusters of grapes which have grown upon our vines in spite of our neglect. We seem to say to our heavenly Father: "God, I care so little for thee and thy glory that I would not even lift a finger to do good to those who are by my side. Nay, I will not speak even a word to bring my children to thee or my husband to thee or my father to thee or my friends to thee. I will let my neglected vines grow their grapes and then drop them to the ground. There I will let them lie and rot and rot before I will carry even one bunch of them to the gospel wine press." How easy it is to find this sinful indifference to Christ symbolized in some of the neglected vineyards of southern California!

Is not this fact true in your life? You know your little boy wants to become a Christian. His very face shows that he has your godly mother's consecrated blood in his veins. You see her looks there more every day. About three weeks ago he came home from Sunday school and told you about his lessons. If I remember right, it was about the parable of the householder who had rich grape producing soil. He planted a vineyard therein and let it out to the husbandmen. Then he went off into a far country. But when the time of grapes had come these husbandmen stole the vineyard from its owner and killed his messengers who came to collect the rent. Then at last they killed his only begotten Son, who was Jesus Christ.

You will recollect how sweetly the boy told you the story. Then with his deep blue eyes he looked up into your face as he said, "Papa, will you let me join the church and give my heart to Jesus?" What did you tell him? You quickly answered: "Charley, you are not old enough. Wait a few years and then you can." Then he looked up at you again. This time his face looked more to you like your sainted mother's than ever before, and he said: "But, papa, you are old enough. Why do you not join the church and pray as Harry's father prays?" Then he said to you: "Papa, do you suppose when I get to be a great big man like you are I won't want to go to church any more than you do? Then will I want to leave Sunday school and stay home from church every Sunday morning and read the newspapers as you do and let mamma go to church alone?" Was it the child alone pleading with you for Christ. Was it your sainted mother? Tell me, man, are you going to let those rich clusters of grapes ripen in your gospel vineyard and not be plucked? O man, will you not learn today the Christ lesson of the husbandman who planted the vineyard and let it out to the husbandmen, which your little boy learned in his Sunday school?

A Word of Caution.

One other word of caution. Some men are busy in the Sunday school, and we thank God for such helpers. Some are regularly at church and at the prayer meeting, and most devoutly does the pastor rejoice over such members. But do not neglect your own vineyards. When your children grow up let them not have to say, "My father was never at home; he did not do anything for my religious training." May you never have to say in your old age, "My son is a vagabond and a wanderer; my daughter has forgotten the covenant of her God. 'They made me keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept.'"

Would you not like to plant again and care for your gospel vineyards which will bring to you such joy, such peace, such comfort and such eternal results? Ah, yes, the gospel vineyards always bring forth a sure crop. This crop is to be yours forever if you ask Christ to help you replant and develop your neglected gospel vineyards.

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Leave Fredericksburg, Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday 2 p. m., tide and weather permitting, for Ratcliffes, Hop Yard, Hay Mount, Port Conway, Port Royal, Greenlaws, Wilmont, Saunders, Leedstown 4 a. m., Laytons, Carters, Blandfield, Naylors Hole 6:30 a. m., Tappahannock 7:30 a. m., Wellfords, Wares, Bowlers, Sharps 8:30 a. m., Bay Port, Wheatlon, Water View, Monaskon, Urbanna 12:30 p. m., Burhans, Millenbeck, Merry Point 2:30 p. m., Ottoman, Morans, Weems, Irvington, White Stone, Mill Creek, North End 5:30 p. m., Westland.

Arrive in Baltimore, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings.

Leave Tappahannock, weather permitting 7:30 a. m., Tuesday and Thursday, stopping at Wellfords, Wares Bowlers, Sharps, Wheatlons, Water View, Monaskon, Urbanna, Donaldsons, Burtons, Burhans, Millenbeck, Weems, Irvington, White stone, Mill Creek, North End, ‡Westland.

Arriving in Baltimore Wednesday and Friday mornings.

*Steamer leaving on Sunday does not stop.
SPECIAL NOTE—Wednesdays steamer will only stop at wharves marked †
‡Does not stop on Thursday.

Norfolk Route.

Leave Tappahannock, Saturday 2 p. m. stopping at Wellfords, Wares, Bowlers, Sharps, Bay Port, Wheatlons, Water View, Monaskon, Urbanna, Donaldsons, Burtons, Burhans, Millenbeck, Merry Point, Ottoman, Morans, Weems, Irvington, White stone, Mill Creek, North End, Westland.

Returning, steamer will leave Norfolk Monday, 3 p. m., weather permitting for Tappahannock, stopping at landings as above except Westland, Bowlers, Wares and Wellfords, stopping at these points on way to Baltimore on Tuesday.

POTOMAC RIVER ROUTE.

Steamers leave Washington (weather permitting) foot of 7th St. Wharf, every Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday at 4 p. m. for the following river landings and Baltimore. Alexandria, Glymont, Liverpool, Riverside, Bushwood, Lancaster's, Cobrum's, Howard's, Stone's, Leonardtown, Abell's, Piney Point, Adams', Lodge Landing, Mundy's Point, Kinsale, Coan, Bundick's, Walnut Point, Cowart's, Lewisetta, Miller's, Grasons, Bromes, Porto Bello.

Arriving in Baltimore early Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday mornings.

Schedule, in effect June 30th, 1906.

Steamers leave Baltimore (weather permitting) pier 9, Light Street every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday at 5 p. m., for the following river landings and Washington: Millers, Porto Bello, Grayson's, Bromes, Coan, Bundicks, Walnut Point, Cowarts, Lewisetta, Kinsale, Lodge Landing Mundys Point, Adams, Piney Point, Leonardtown, Abell's, Howards, Cobrums, Stones, Bushwood, Lancasters, Riverside, Liverpool, Glymont, Alexandria.

Arriving in Washington early Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday mornings.

Freight received at pier 9, Light St., Baltimore, on sailing days until 4:30 p. m.

WILLARD THOMSON, General Manager.
T. MURDOCH, Gen'l Frt. and Pass. Agt., Baltimore, Md.
W. D. SCOTT, Agt., Fredericksburg, Va.
STEPHENSON & BRO., Agts., Washington.
W. M. REARDON, Agt., Alexandria, Va.

Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic RAILWAY CO.

Piankatank River Line.

Summer Schedule, in effect April 28, 1906.

Steamer leaves Pier 3, Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, every Sunday and Wednesday weather permitting, for Fitchetts and intermediate landings as follows:

Leave Baltimore 5 p. m., Mila 2:30 a. m., Sampsons 2:45, Tipers 3, Blackwell 3:30, Fleeton 3:45, Timbs 4, Reedville 4:30, Hardings 6, Harveys 6:15, Grace Point 7:30, Byrdton 7:30, Kilmarnock 7:50, Ocrans 8:45, Chases 9, Jacksons Creek 10:30, Cherry Point 11, Cricket Hill 11:30, Callis 11:45, arrives Fitchetts 12:15, p. m.

Returning, leaves Fitchetts for Baltimore and intermediate landings, weather permitting, every Tuesday and Friday as follows:

Leave Fitchetts 9 a. m., Callis 9:30, Cricket Hill 9:45, Cherry Point 10, Jacksons Creek 10:30, Chases 12 noon, Ocran 12:15, p. m., Kilmarnock 1, Grace Point 1:10, Byrdton 1:20, Hardings 2:30, Harveys 2:45, Fleeton 4, Timbs 4:20, Reedville 5, Mila 5:30, Blackwells 6:30, Tipers 6:15, Sampsons 6:30, arrive Baltimore next morning.

Steamer leaves Pier 3, Light street wharf, Baltimore, every Monday and Thursday, weather permitting, for Freeport and intermediate landings, as follows:

Leave Baltimore 5 p. m., Mila 2:30 a. m., Fleeton 3, Timbs 3:15, Reedville 3:30, Grace Point 5, Byrdton 5:05, Kilmarnock 5:15, Ocran 5:45, Jacksons Creek 7:05, Cherry Point 7:20, Cricket Hill 7:50, Callis 8, Fitchetts 8:25, Ruarks 9:15, Warehouse 9:35, Conrads 10, Green Point 10:15, Stampers 10:30, Blands 11, arrive Freeport 11:15.

Returning, leaves Freeport for Baltimore and intermediate landings every Wednesday and Saturday, weather permitting, as follows:

Leave Freeport 6 a. m., Blands 6:10, Stampers 6:30, Green Point 6:45, Conrads 7, Warehouse 7:30, Grimls 7:40, Ruarks 7:45, Fitchetts 9, Callis 9:30, Cricket Hill 9:45, Cherry Point 10, Jacksons Creek 10:30, Ocran 12 noon, Kilmarnock 12:30 p. m., Byrdton 12:35, Grace Point 12:40, Fleeton 3:45, Timbs 4, Reedville 4:30, Mila 5, Blackwells 5:25, Tipers 5:30, arrive Baltimore next morning.

This schedule shows the times at which boats may be expected to arrive at and depart from wharves, but their arrival or departure at the times stated is not guaranteed, nor does the Company hold itself responsible for any delay or any consequences arising therefrom.

Freight received at Baltimore for above points on sailing days until 4:30 p. m.

WILLARD THOMSON, Gen. Manager.
W. H. BROWN, Agent, Pier 3.
T. MURDOCH, Gen. Passenger Agent.

RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG & POTOMAC R. R.

Schedule in effect September 9th, 1906.

LEAVE FREDERICKSBURG NORTHWARD

7 06 a. m. daily. Stops on signal at Occoquan, Lorton and Franconia Sundays only. Stops at Alexandria to discharge passengers.
8 07 a. m. daily. Stops at Alexandria.
10 27 a. m. daily. Stops on signal at Leeland, Brooke, Aquia, Wide Water, Reid, Quantico, Cherry Hill, Freestone, Negley, Occoquan, Lorton, Accotink, Franconia, Seminary and Alexandria.
1 39 p. m. daily except Sunday. Stops at Alexandria.
6 48 p. m. daily. Stops at Brooke Wide Water, Quantico and Alexandria.
10 05 p. m. daily. Stops at Alexandria. Stops on signal at Occoquan Sundays only.
Accommodation train from Richmond arrives 6:22 p. m. daily except Sunday.

LEAVE FREDERICKSBURG SOUTHWARD.

5 55 a. m. daily except Sunday. Richmond accommodation. Makes all local stops.
6 21 a. m. daily. Atlantic Coast Line train. Stops on signal at Wide Water, Brooke, Summit, Guines, Woodslane, Penola, Rutherglen, Taylorsville and Glen Allen Sundays only; at Alexandria, Brooke, Milford, Doswell and Ashland daily.
9 53 a. m. daily except Sunday. Makes local stops on signal.
11 39 p. m. daily, Seaboard Air Line train. Stops on signal at Lorton and Occoquan Sundays only, and daily at Alexandria, Quantico, Milford, Doswell and Ashland.
5 26 p. m. daily, A. C. L. train. Stops at Alexandria, Doswell and Ashland.
6 39 p. m. daily, makes local stops on signal.
8 06 p. m. daily, S. A. L. train. Stops at Alexandria, Doswell and Ashland.
NOTE:—Time of arrivals and departures and connections not guaranteed.

C. O. COX, Agent.
W. D. DUKE, Ass't. to Pres't. C. W. CULP Genl. Supt. W. P. TAYLOR, Traf. Mgr.

Steamer Owen Dillard.

Mail and passengers to and from Whit Stone, Irvington, Weems, Millenbeck Merry Point and Urbana, daily (except Sunday).

SCHEDULE:

Leave—White Stone, 7 a. m.; Irvington 7.45; Weems, 8.15; Millenbeck, 9; Merry Point, 9.30; arrive Urbana, 11.30 a. m.

Leave—Urbana, 2 p. m.; Millenbeck, 3 Merry Point, 3.30; Weems, 4.30; Irvington 5 arrive White Stone, 6 p m.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.
Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist doesn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded post-paid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**Grove's Tasteless Chill T