Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

My Dear Girl—Not long ago I made a visit to a certain state reformatory. While there I met a young woman whom I had known as a young girl.

She said to me:

"If I had only believed my parents and taken their advice I would not be here. I was led to believe by the young men with whom I associated that my parents were old fogies and undue sticklers for propriety. If I had only trusted my parents!"

My dear—

Because of what that young woman said to me and because of my observation of many years I want to say—

As between some young fellow and those who love you most do not hesitate.

Suppose a young man says to you: "Let's go to the show. But say nothing about it to your parents. Tell them we are going to the neighbors. We can go to the neighbors all right and then go to the theater."

Tell him "No!"

And afterward have as little to do with him as possible.

The young man who tries to get you to deceive the parents who have loved and cared for you since you were a baby is not the sort of man you can afford to trust.

If he cares anything for you at all he will respect your parents and will never think of suggesting a deception.

Remember this:

Your father and mother have lived longer in the world than you have, and they know its ways better than you do.

When they say to you, Do not do so and so, depend upon it they have a good reason.

Nobody loves you as they love you. Nobody wants you to be happy and have a good time more than they. Do not ever get it into your head that they are cruel or tyrannical.

Your parents are your best advisers. They are actuated by the motive of a great love for you. They are your best protectors. They would literally die to save you if necessary.

So I say—

Do not for a moment trust a young man who tries to lay the foundation for a friendship by leading you to deceive your best friends.

Tell him "No!"

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

I was on my way downtown one morning when, on the doorknob of the third house from mine, I saw that sad signal of bereavement—

Crape and ribbons.

There was nothing uncommon about that—in the city. But it was so close to where I lived. The crape shocked and reproached me. I halted.

The people of the place were unknown to me. I had seen them only occasionally in the few months they had lived there.

Going up the steps, I rang the bell, introduced myself and asked if I could be of any service.

Afterward I spoke to others of the neighborhood who called, and several of us attended the funeral service.

A boy had died after several weeks of sickness. I did not know any one was sick there. Within a rod or two of my home one had sickened and died and I did not know!

Going on my way that morning I tried to excuse myself and the others.

I said to myself that in the city it is a physical impossibility to know the people among whom you live. Folks come and go. Perhaps you do not know the name of the next door dweller or those who live above you or below you in the flat.

It is the way of the city.

And a cruel, heartless way it is. With the human hive swarming with people the word neighbor has no significance. Those who are your friends live perhaps across the city or miles away.

I said to myself—

Suppose that poor boy had been so ill in a town or in the country. Every one would know and sympathize. Delicacies would be sent. Neighbors would sit up and relieve the tired parents.

And as I thought of the hard ways of metropolitan life—ways caused not by hard heartedness, but by neglect and thoughtlessness—the old, old question asked itself:

"Who is my neighbor?"

And I thought of the wonderful story of the Jericho road and the man who fell among thieves and of the good Samaritan.

And, measured by the application of that story, I wondered if, somehow, we unneighborly city dwellers, so forgetful of our common human obligations, would not be included in the condemnation visited upon the priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side.

A MOTHER'S UNION.

There is room for a new labor union.

It might be named the Amalgamated Mothers and Housekeepers' Solidarity of the World.

It would comprise in its membership the largest number of skilled wage earners (without salary) in existence—the women who keep house and rear children.

The hours of labor would be restricted to twenty-four in one day.

And the salary?

The free and unlimited coinage of appreciation and affection.

If the organization could be effected long enough to sustain one strike there would never be another. The stopping of the entire domestic machinery of the world for even one day would be sufficient. Grievances thereafter would be promptly considered and concessions readily granted.

As it is now—

Mother is up first, starts breakfast, calls father, dresses the children, washes the dishes, cleans, scrubs, dusts, gets dinner, sews, gets supper, darns, undresses the children, sews—

A thousand and one things during the day, to say nothing of the hours of the night given over to sick children or fretted babes.

Eight hours?

There would be chaos in the domestic world if the mothers demanded even twice eight hours in a day.

And in all this, mind you—

Day after day, night after night, with the pull on her slender strength, the rasp on her frayed nerves, the drag on her vitality, the drain on her spirits, the working mother keeps sweet!

In the midst of countless interruptions and petty annoyances, despite the hard, unending, complex duties that would kill a man—

She is gentle and patient!

Can you blame her—this silent, faithful drudge—if she wants her pay?

Not an envelope on Saturday night. No, no; not that.

What, then?

The love and gratitude of those for whom she toils and suffers and sacrifices.

When you think of the loveless homes where she is not only denied her pay, but is abused besides, it makes you want to organize the union.

THE ROMANCE OF BARBED WIRE.

Mrs. Joe Glidden threatened to do something outlandish if Joe did not keep the pigs out of her cabbages and onions.

That was back in the sixties.

So one day Glidden drove to the hamlet of Dekalb, Ill., three miles distant, with an idea in his head. His horse had cast a shoe. In the shoe stuck a nail. Why not stick sharp nails through wire and thus keep the pigs out of Mrs. Glidden's garden? Joe wanted to talk about it with Isaac Ellwood, the hardware dealer.

Ellwood listened and then said, "If I get the patent, Joe, will you give me a half interest?"

Joe agreed.

That evening Isaac Ellwood explained the idea to his wife, who said: "But the nail slips. Take two wires and twist them around the nail."

Moreover, the bright woman suggested the use of a coffee mill to twist the wires.

So that next day Mr. and Mrs. Ellwood took a big coil of wire and a new coffee mill from the store and went out to Joe Glidden's place.

Glidden fed the wire into the coffee mill, Ellwood turned the crank, and Mrs. Glidden stuck in the barbs at the right time.

That day they made enough barbed wire to fence one side of Mrs. Glidden's garden, and, taking a sample, Ellwood went to Washington.

Which was the beginning of a billion dollar business—the American Steel and Wire company.

The first machine, an improvement over the coffee mill, was set up in the rear of Ellwood's store. Afterward capitalists bought out Glidden's share, and the big company was organized.

And the story reads right along just as beautifully as before—

Glidden got a lot of money and stayed in Dekalb. Ellwood became a multimillionaire and stayed in Dekalb. And nobody who really needed money ever appealed to Mr. or Mrs. Ellwood in vain.

Then the other day Mrs. Ellwood died. And somehow Isaac Ellwood did not care to live any longer.

He called his children about him, divided his fortune, willed large sums to charity, and a few weeks after his wife passed away he died.

Which is the end.

And this postscript: In a day when men are accused of robbing widows and orphans and stealing according to law the story of Isaac and Mrs. Ellwood is one worth while.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

"I am well."

Do you appreciate what force may be in such a declaration? Suppose, on the other hand, you should say—

"I am sick."

You repeat the statement again and again. By and by you begin to believe it, and you end the thing in bed.

"Yes; there is truth in "the new thought," "suggestive therapeutics" and all those modern cults that emphasize the power of the mind over the body.

Not only does the mind affect the body; it affects itself.

When one realizes this subtle power of suggestion it will not do to say, "It makes no difference what one believes." It matters tremendously.

It is a fact that persons attract illness to themselves by constantly thinking about it. They fix images of disease in the mind. They not only predispose themselves to disease, but lessen the power of the mind's resistance.

One should learn to be master of himself under all conditions.

By practice one may be able to throw off the symptoms of an ordinary indisposition by refusing to accept the symptom and holding clearly in mind the opposite thought—health.

Have you not sometimes insisted that you would not give up until your work was finished, to find before the job was done that you felt better? Had you given up and gone to bed you would have been really ill.

The overcoming power of mind is a workable power.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the poetess, literally kept her frail body alive by mental affirmation.

Robert Louis Stevenson would not give up his work even when sickness put him on his back. Much of his best work was done in bed. Most men would have given up and died.

Theodore Roosevelt, the robust, was a puny boy of New York. His will power took him to the plains to build up a physique.

What a lonesome world this had been if only those had worked who "felt like it!"

Of course the power of mind has its limitations, and the practice of suggestion may be carried to ridiculous extremes. But—

Bear this in mind:

You are captain on the deck of your own vessel. Storms and currents may deflect your course, but you are master of the voyage and its destiny.

Never give up the ship!

His Occupation.

"This prisoner refuses to give his occupation, sir," remarked the police officer to a magistrate.

"Why don't you say what you are?" asked the magistrate of the individual in the dock.

"Cos it's superfluous, ain't it?" was the grinning reply.

"I do not understand you," retorted the magistrate, with dignity.

"No?" said the prisoner, with elevated eyebrows. "Then you're as bad as the police themselves, if you'll scuse me sayin' so, sir. May I ask what the charge against me is?"

"You are charged with stealing a table and two chairs," said the magistrate.

"Then there yer are," grinned the cheerful gentleman in the dock. "I'm a furniture mover, ain't I?"—London Tit-Bits.

Culinary.

"How did that story you cooked up to tell your wife pan out?"

"Naturally in a family stew."—Baltimore American.

When you consent, consent cordially.—Abbott.

MUTILATED CURRENCY.

Often Used in Attempts to Cheat the Treasury Department.

Many efforts are made to cheat Uncle Sam through the redemption division of the treasury department, which division has to do with redeeming partly destroyed government currency.

Once a man in a western state sent in half of a ten dollar bill, accompanied by an affidavit to the effect that while on a spree he had used the other half to light a cigar. The half he forwarded was nicely charred along the inner edge, and the story would have been accepted by treasury officials had it not been that within twenty-four hours there was received from a bank in the same state the other half of the note.

The theory of treasury officials was that while more or less intoxicated the man had struggled for possession of the bill with some one who had wrested half of it from him; that the despoiler had turned the half into the bank and received five dollars for it; that the intoxicated man, recovering his senses, had found the other half in his pocket and, not wishing to lose his money, had conceived the plan of singeing the edge of the note and claiming that the other half had been destroyed. So he committed perjury in an attempt to rob the government of $5.

A man in Cleveland sent an affidavit to the treasury department, accompanying the singed half of two twenty-dollar bills and one ten-dollar bill. This affidavit was typewritten and in perfect form. It set forth that the deponent was a commercial traveler; that after returning from a journey he had been cleaning out his traveling bag when inadvertently he had thrown into the fire an envelope containing $50 in bills; that in accordance with section so and so he would like to have the money restored to him, etc.

The clerk who brought this document to the officials commented on its lucidity and completeness, but to one of these the story seemed unnatural, and he ordered that the claim be held up for awhile.

Twenty-four hours later a big shipment of mutilated currency came from a subtreasury in the west. The official who had ordered the claim held up asked whether there were any half notes in this shipment. In four or five minutes a clerk brought him the missing halves of the bills the Cleveland man had sent in.

The attempt to defraud was plain. The matter was at once put into the hands of the secret service division, and a man was sent west to investigate. The man who had made the affidavit confessed at once. He had cut the bills in halves and for one-half of them obtained $25. The other half he singed and attached to his affidavit. The gross profit of the swindle could not have been more than $25, and for that trifling sum the man forfeited his liberty for a year and a half.—Washington Star.

ANCIENT LUXURIES.

Silver Lined Cooking Utensils Used Twenty Centuries Ago.

While the housewife of today may reasonably pride herself on the conveniences which her kitchen affords, she need not smile too superciliously at the thought of the makeshifts of days long gone by. She would certainly not do so were she to spend a little time inspecting the kitchen and other household utensils that were in use 2,000 years ago, as exhibited in the national museum at Naples. Saucepans lined with silver, pails richly inlaid with arabesques in silver and shovels handsomely carved figure among the household goods of those times.

An egg frame that would cook twenty eggs at once and pastry molds shaped like shells suggest luxuries of the kitchen of 2,000 years ago. Gridirons and frying pans, tart dishes and cheese graters were in use then as now.

The Roman lady's toilet table was well supplied. Ivory combs, bottles of perfume, pots of cosmetics, buttons, hairpins and even a hair net of gold wire figure in the museum.

Bronze thimbles and spindles are to be seen among the relics. The Roman lady even had her safety pin, for there is a specimen of this little convenience which, before the one in the Naples museum was found, was believed to be a strictly modern invention.

The Roman lady, however, apparently lacked one essential. She had no hairbrush. Neither had she a glass mirror. All the mirrors in the museum, with one exception, are of silver or some other white metal. The exception is a dark purple piece of glass let into the wall of a bedroom at the house Specchio in Pompeii.

In surgical instruments the ancient world was rich. Those found at Pompeii deprive modern science of the credit of more than one invention. Needles, probes and forceps resemble closely those in use at the present day.—Harper's Weekly.

Helping Him Along.

"What is all this straw doing in the roadway? Somebody sick?" asked the man passing.

"Easy!" said the man at the gate, holding up a warning finger. "There's a young man calling on my daughter tonight who has been coming to see her for six years. He's very easily frightened. We hope he's going to propose tonight, and we are taking every precaution against his being startled!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Barefoot Burglar.

"Have you seen the barefoot burglar?" asks the Florida Times-Union. We have. We caught her in the act yesterday morning, the three-year-old miscreant, as she stole up to our bed stole a kiss, shook her tousled head and said, "If you don't get up, dad, you won't get any bre'fes'."—Allentown (Pa.) Democrat.

Unselfish.

Mrs. Backbay—Why are you leaving us, Bridget? Boston Cook—Me reasons are philanthropic. I want to give some wan else a chance at the joys of living with yez.—Harper's Bazar.

A Family Jar.

Neighbor — What is all that row? Willie—Ma's canning fruit, and pa's a food inspector, and he's trying to tell her how she ought to do it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Her Sick Friend.

"I didn't get to bed until midnight."

"Sitting up with a sick friend?"

"Well, yes, with a lovesick friend," answered the girl.—Kansas City Journal.

Hygiene can prevent more crime than any law.—Munsterburg.

WEST POINT UNIFORMS.

Cadets Must Sacrifice Comfort For the Sake of Looks.

"It is true," said a retired army officer in a discussion of West Pointers with the Washington Herald, "that many West Pointers acquire a figure of perfection of symmetry and a carriage the acme of manly grace, but these are due not to any ingenious appliances, but to the systematic drills and exercises that make the cadet, to a certain extent, an athlete. At the outset these young fellows are put through what are called the 'setting up' exercises, their object being to straighten the body and develop the chest. One might suppose that it would require a great amount of such exercise to make any marked showing, but three long hours of such exercise daily will soon produce beneficial results in the most stooped forms.

"The cadet uniform is also a great help in this direction. The dress coat is tight, very tight. The shoulders are heavily padded in order to give them a square effect. The chest is made thick, so that there will be no danger of wrinkling. And in size a new dress coat seems always to be designed for a boy several times smaller than the one who is to wear it. A new dress coat, in fact, is always a source of suffering to its owner. When he first puts it on it buttons readily about the neck, but seems to lack about six inches at the waist. The owner may squirm and wriggle and attempt to reduce his waist to a minimum circumference, but his maiden efforts are never sufficient to button the new dress coat. Experience is a great teacher, though, and the young fellow laughingly requests one or two of his friends to lend their assistance, and he finally succeeds in buttoning the coat. All this for the sake of looks. Comfort has no place in the makeup of a West Pointer; it's discipline and looks."

WATCHED OVER BY SATAN.

Superstitions That Twine About the Mandrake Plant.

The little plant the mandrake has a wealth of tradition centering round it such as is seldom found in floral lore. Quite an insignificant little plant with a spindle shaped root often divided into two or three forks and rudely resembling the human form, it is doubtless from this latter fact that it has derived its name. Langhorne in the latter part of the eighteenth century tells us to

Mark how the rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands,

while it was once believed that a person pulling up a mandrake would instantly fall dead. This was said to be because the mandrake had a human heart at its root and when pulled it would scream in such a fearsome manner as to terrify the hearer to death or else induce madness. Shakespeare alludes to this where he says:

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.

And again in "King Henry VII," where Suffolk, asked by Queen Margaret whether he has not spirit to curse his enemies, replies:

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter, searching terms
As curst, as harsh, as horrible to hear.

From time immemorial the mandrake has been associated with enchantments and has ever been believed to be one of the most powerful charms of witches. Mr. Conway in a paper on "Mystic Trees and Flowers" states that "by popular superstitions in some places it is said to be perpetually watched over by Satan, and if it be pulled up at certain holy times and with certain invocations the evil spirit will appear to do the bidding of the practitioner."—Westminster Review.

The Holland Primrose.

There is a plant in Holland known as the evening primrose, which grows to a height of five or six feet and bears a profusion of large yellow flowers so brilliant that they attract immediate attention, even at a great distance, but the chief peculiarity about the plant is the fact that the flowers, which open just before sunset, burst into bloom so suddenly that they give one the impression of some magical agency. A man who has seen this sudden blooming says it is just as if some one had touched the land with a wand and thus covered it all at once with a golden sheet.

Southey's Industry.

Southey probably deserves to rank as the most industrious of authors. In the greater part of his life he spent fourteen hours a day in composition. He had six tables in his library. He wrote poetry at one, history at another, criticism at a third, and so on with the other subjects upon which he was engaged. He once described to Mme. de Stael the division of his time—two hours before breakfast for history, two hours for reading after, two hours for the composition of poetry, two hours for criticism, and so on through all his working day. "And pray, Mr. Southey," asked madam, "when do you think?"—London Chronicle.

Women as Well as Men are Made Miserable by Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh, or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

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1909	11.33	15.75	19.75	23.75	27.75
TOTAL COST 4 YEARS—	$36.35	$49.50	$61 00	$72.50	$84.00
AVERAGE PER YEAR—	$9.09	$12.38	$15.25	$18.13	$21.00
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Schedule in effect November 2 1910.

BALTO., TAPPAHANNOCK & FRED'G

Steamers leave Baltimore, Pier 2 Light St., as follows (weather permitting) Sunday 12 noon, Tuesday and Thursday 4:30 p. m. for *Westland, North End, Mill Creek, White Stone, Irvington, Weems, Millenbeck, Merry Point, Ottoman, Moran, Burhan, Urbanna, Monaskon, Water View, Wheelton, Wares Port, Sharps, Bowlers, Wares, Wellfords, Tappahannock 9 a. m., Naylors Hole, Hardfield, Carters, Laytons, §Leedstown, Saunders, Wilmont, Greenlaws, Port Royal, Port Conway, Hay Mount, Hop Yard, Fredericksburg.

*Steamer leaving on Sunday does not stop.

§On Mondays steamer will leave Leedstown at 11:30 a. m.

BALTIMORE—SHARPS.

Leaves Baltimore Wednesday 4:30 p. m. for North End, White Stone, Burhans, Burtons, Wheatton Sharps.

BALTIMORE—TAPPAHANNOCK.

Steamer leaves Baltimore Friday 4:30 p. m. for North End, Mill Creek, White Stone, Irvington, Weems, Millenbeck, Burhans, Burtons, Urbanna, Monaskon, Wheatlons, Water View, Sharps, Tappahannock.

FRED'G, TAPPAHANNOCK & BALTO.

Steamers leave Fredericksburg Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday 2 p. m. for Ratcliffes, Hop Yard, Haymount, Port Conway, Port Royal, Greenlaws, Wilmont, Saunders, Leedstown 4 a. m., Laytons Carters, Blanfield, Naylors 6:30 a. m., Tappahannock 7:30 a. m., Wellfords, Wares, Bowlers, Sharps 9:30 a. m., Bay Port, Wheatlon, Water View, Monaskon, Urbanna 12:30 p. m., Burhans, Millenbeck, Merry Point 2:30 p. m., Ottoman, Morans, Irvington, Weems, White Stone, Mill Creek 5:30 p. m., North End 6 p. m., Westland.

Arrive in Baltimore Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings.

TAPPAHANNOCK—BALTIMORE.

Steamer, leave Tappahannock, 7:30 a. m. Tuesday and Thursday stopping at Wellfords, Wares, Bowlers, Sharps 9:30 a. m., *Bay Port, Wheatlon, Waterview, Monaskon, *Urbanna, Burton, Burhans, Millenbeck, Irvington, Weems, White Stone, Mill Creek, North End.

Arriving in Baltimore Wednesday and Friday morning.

*Steamer to Baltimore on Thursday will not stop at Urbanna and Bay Port.

SHARP—BALTIMORE.

Leave Sharps 9:30 a. m. Thursday for Wheatlon, Waterview, Monaskon, Urbanna, Burtons Burhans, Millenbeck, Weems, Irvington, White Stone, Mill Creek, North End.

TAPPAHANNOCK—NORFOLK.

Leave Tappahannock, weather permitting, Saturday 2 p.m., stopping at Wellfords, Wares, Bowlers, Sharps, Bay Port, Wheatlon, Water View, Monaskon, Urbanna, Burtons, Burhans, Millenbeck, Merry Point, Ottoman, Morans, Irvington, Weems, 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 Merry Point, Ottoman, Morans and Bay Port. Stopping at Bowlers, Wares and Wellfords on return trip to Baltimore on Tuesdays.

Freight will not be received in Norfolk after 2 p. m. on sailing days.

This time-table shows the times at which steamers may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several 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 in Baltimore until 4 p. m. on sailing days.

W. D. SCOTT, Agent Fredericksburg.

POTOMAC RIVER ROUTE.

Schedule in effect September 1st, 1910.

Three trips weekly between Baltimore and Washington.

Leave Baltimore, Pier 3, Light Street, weather permitting at 5 p. m., every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, for the following river landings, Alexandria and Washington.

Baltimore 5 p. m., Millers, Broomes, Porto Bello, Grasons, Coan 5 a. m., Bundicks Lakes, Walnut Point, Cowarts, Lewietta, Kinsale Lodge, Mundy Point, *Cintra, Piney Point 10 a. m., Leonardtown 12 noon, Abells, Cobrums, Stones, Bushwood, Lancaster 4 p. m., Riverside, Liverpool Point, Glymont, Alexandria, Washington.

*Stops only on signal.

Leave Washington, D. C., foot of Seventh Street, weather permitting, at 4 p. m., every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, for the following river landings and Baltimore:

Washington, Alexandria, 4:45 p. m., Glymont, Liverpool Point, Riverside, Bushwood, Lancaster, Cobrums, Stones, Leonardtown 6 a. m., Abells, Piney Point, *Cintra, Lodge 10 a. m., Mundy Point, Kinsale 12 noon, Coan, Bundicks, Lakes, Walnut Point, Cowarts, Lewietta, Millers 4 p. m., Grasons 5 p. m., Broomes Porto Bello 6 p. m., Baltimore.

*Stop only on signal.

Arriving in Baltimore early Wednesday, Friday and Monday mornings.

Freight received in Baltimore on sailing days until 4 p. m.

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

STEPHENSON & BRO., Agts., Washington.
REARDON and GRIMES, Agts., Alexandria.
WILLARD THOMSON, General Manager.
T. MURDOCH, Gen'l Frt. and Pass. Agt., Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic RAILWAY CO.

Piankatank River Line.

in effect June 7th, 1910.

Steamer leaves Pier 7 Light Street wharf Baltimore, every Sunday and Wednesday weather permitting, for Freeport and intermediate landings as follows:

Leave Baltimore 5 p m., Mila 2 30 a. m., Sampsons 2.45, Tipers 3, Blackwells 3.30, Fleeton 4, Timbs 4 10, Reedville 4.30, Hardings 6, Harveys 6 15, Grace Point 7.10, Byrdton 7 20, Kilmarnock 7.30, Ocrans 8 45, Jacksons Creek 11, Cricket Hill 11 20, Callis 11.45 Fitchett 12.30 p. m., Ruarks 1.30, Warehouse 1.45, Conrads 2, Green Point 2.15, Stampers 2.30, Blands 3, arrive Freeport 4.30.

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

Leave Freeport 7 a. m., Blan*s 7 10 Stampers 7.30, Green Point 7.45, Conrads 8, Warehouse 8 30, Ruarks 8.45, Fitchetts 10, Callis 10.30, Cricket Hill 10 45, Jacksons Creek 11.30, Ocrans 1 p m., Kilmarnock 1.40, Grace Point 1.50, Byrdton 2 Hardings 3, Harveys 3 15 Fleeton 4.30, Timbs 4.45, Reedville 5 Mila 5 30, Blackwells 5.45, Tipers 6, Sampson 6.3-, arrive in Baltimore next morning.

This time table shows the times at which steamers may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several 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 in Baltimore on sailing days until 4.30 p. m.

WILLARD THOMSON, Gen. Manager.
A. R. BEAVEN, Agent, Baltimore.
T. MURDOCH, Gen. Freight and Passenger Agent.

RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG & POTOMAC R R

Schedule in effect May 15th, 1910.

LEAVE FREDERICKSBURG, NORTHWARD

6 25 a. m. daily.
6 42 a. m. daily, local.
7 05 a. m. daily.
7 19 a. m. daily.
10 29 a. m. daily, local.
1 28 p. m. daily.
6 30 p. m. daily, local.
7 01 p. m. daily.
10 09 p. m. daily.

LEAVE FREDERICKSBURG, SOUTHWARD.

5 50 a. m. daily, A. C. L. train.
6 06 a. m. except Sunday, local.
9 24 a. m. daily, local.
11 32 a. m. daily, S. A. L. train.
12 45 p. m. daily, to Milford.
1 17 p. m. daily, fast train for Richmond.
5 34 p. m. daily, A. C. L. train.
6 56 p. m. daily, local.
8 56 p. m. daily, S. A. L. train.
11 11 p. m. daily, A. C. L. train.

Accommodation Trains Arrive—From Washington 12:45 p. m. daily; From Milford 2:26 p. m., week days only. From Richmond 4:50 p. m. week days only.

Arrivals and departures not guaranteed.

W. P. TAYLOR, Traffic Manager
C. C. COX, Agent.

LANCASTER UNION LODGE, No 88

A., F. & A. M.,
KILMARNOCK, VA.

Stated Communications monthly—Thursday after the third Monday, 11 a. m.

HEATHSVILLE LODGE, No. 109,

A., F. & A. M

Stated Communications monthy—Friday after the third Monday, 11 a. m

SHOPPING FOR LADIES.