'TIS GOOD TO FORGET.

DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON RIGHTEOUS LAPSES OF MEMORY.

Forgetfulness in Certain Cases Is Declared to Be One of the Sublimest Attributes of the Deity—An Eloquent Plea for Charity and Mercy.

BROOKLYN, June 5.—The enormous audience which thronged the Tabernacle this morning had fresh evidence of Dr. Talmage's originality. The value of a retentive memory every one knew by experience and had heard extolled from their schooldays up, but they learned from Dr. Talmage's sermon that the art of forgetting is worth cultivating, and that there is the highest possible example for its exercise. His text was Hebrews viii, 12, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

The national flower of the Egyptians is the heliotrope, of the Assyrians is the water lily, of the Hindoos is the marigold, of the Chinese is the chrysanthemum. We have no national flower, but there is hardly any flower more suggestive to many of us than the forgetmenot. We all like to be remembered, and one of our misfortunes is that there are so many things we cannot remember. Mnemonics, or the art of assisting memory, is an important art. It was first suggested by Simonides of Cos five hundred years before Christ.

Persons who had but little power to recall events, or put facts and names and dates in proper processions, have through this art had their memory re-enforced to an almost incredible extent. A good memory is an invaluable possession. By all means cultivate it. I had an aged friend who, detained all night at a miserable depot in waiting for a rail train fast in the snowbanks, entertained a group of some ten or fifteen clergymen likewise detained on their way home from a meeting of presbytery, first, with a piece of chalk, drawing out on the black and sooty walls of the depot the characters of Walter Scott's "Marmion," and then reciting from memory the whole of that poem of some eighty pages in fine print.

My old friend through great age lost his memory, and when I asked him if this story of the railroad depot was true, he said, "I do not remember now, but it was just like me." "Let me see," said he to me, "have I ever seen you before?" "Yes," I said, "you were my guest last night and I was with you an hour ago." What an awful contrast in that man between the greatest memory I ever knew and no memory at all.

A SPLENDID FACULTY.

But right along with this art of recollection, which I cannot too highly eulogize, is one quite as important, and yet I never heard it applauded. I mean the art of forgetting. There is a splendid faculty in that direction that we all need to cultivate. We might through that process be ten times happier and more useful than we now are. We have been told that forgetfulness is a weakness and ought to be avoided by all possible means. So far from a weakness, my text ascribes it to God. It is the very top of omnipotence that God is able to obliterate a part of his own memory. If we repent of sin and rightly seek the divine forgiveness, the record of the misbehavior is not only crossed off the books, but God actually lets it pass out of memory.

"Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." To remember no more is to forget, and you cannot make anything else out of it. God's power of forgetting is so great that if two men appeal to him, and the one man, after a life all right, gets the sins of his heart pardoned, and the other man, after a life of abomination gets pardoned, God remembers no more against one than against the other. The entire past of both the moralist, with his imperfections, and the profligate, with his debaucheries, is as much obliterated in the one case as in the other. Forgotten, forever and forever. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

This sublime attribute of forgetfulness on the part of God you and I need, in our finite way, to imitate. You will do well to cast out of your recollection all wrongs done you. During the course of one's life he is sure to be misrepresented, to be lied about, to be injured. There are those who keep these things fresh by frequent rehearsal. If things have appeared in print, they keep them in their scrapbook, for they cut these precious paragraphs out of newspapers or books, and at leisure times look them over, or they have them tied up in bundles, or thrust in pigeonholes, and they frequently regale themselves and their friends by an inspection of these flings, these sarcasms, these falsehoods, these cruelties.

I have known gentlemen who carried them in their pocketbooks, so that they could easily get at these irritations, and they put their right hand in the inside of the coat pocket over their heart and say: "Look here! Let me show you something." Scientists catch wasps and hornets and poisonous insects and transfix them in curiosity bureaus for study, and that is well. But those of whom I speak catch the wasps, and the hornets, and poisonous insects, and play with them, and put them on themselves and on their friends, and see how far the noxious things can jump, and show how deep they can sting. Have no such scrapbook. Keep nothing in your possession that is disagreeable. Tear up the falsehoods, and the slanders, and the hypercriticisms.

Imitate the Lord in my text and forget, actually forget, sublimely forget. There is no happiness for you in any other plan or procedure. You see all around you, in the church and out of the church, dispositions acerb, malign, cynical, pessimistic. Do you know how these men and women got that disposition? It was by the embalmment of things pantherine and viperous. They have spent much of their time in calling the roll of all the rats that have nibbled at their reputation. Their soul is a cage of vultures. Everything in them is sour or imbittered. The milk of human kindness has been curdled. They do not believe in anybody or anything. If they see two people whispering, they think it is about themselves. If they see two people laughing, they think it is about themselves.

Where there is one sweet pippin in their orchard, there are fifty crab apples. They have never been able to forget. They do not want to forget. They never will forget. Their wretchedness is supreme, for no one can be happy if he carries perpetually in mind the mean things that have been done him. On the other hand, you can find here and there a man or woman (for there are not many of them) whose disposition is genial and summery. Why? Have they always been treated well? Oh, no. Hard things have been said against them. They have been charged with officiousness; and their generosities have been set down to a desire for a display, and they have many a time been the subject of tittle-tattle, and they have had enough small assaults like gnats and enough great attacks like lions to have made them perpetually miserable, if they would have consented to be miserable. But they have had enough divine philosophy to cast off the annoyances, and they have kept themselves in the sunlight of God's favor and have realized that these oppositions and hindrances are a part of a mighty discipline, by which they are to be prepared for usefulness and heaven. The secret of it all is, they have by the help of the Eternal God learned how to forget.

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.

Another practical thought: When our faults are repented of let them go out of mind. If God forgets them, we have a right to forget them. Having once repented of our infelicities and misdemeanors, there is no need of our repenting of them again. Suppose I owe you a large sum of money, and you are persuaded I am incapacitated to pay, and you give me acquittal from that obligation. You say: "I cancel that debt. All is right now. Start again." And the next day I come in and say: "You know about that big debt I owed you. I have come in to get you to let me off. I feel so bad about it I cannot rest. Do let me off." You reply with a little impatience: "I did let you off. Don't bother yourself and bother me with any more of that discussion."

The following day I come in and say: "My dear sir, about that debt. I can never get over the fact that I owed you that money. It is something that weighs on my mind like a millstone. Do forgive me that debt." This time you clear lose your patience and say: "You are a nuisance. What do you mean by this reiteration of that affair? I am almost sorry I forgave you that debt. Do you doubt my veracity or do you not understand the plain language in which I told you that debt was canceled?"

Well, my friends, there are many Christians guilty of worse folly than that. While it is right that they repent of new sins and of recent sins, what is the use of bothering yourself and insulting God by asking him to forgive sins that long ago were forgiven? God has forgotten them. Why do you not forget them? No; you drag the load on with you and 365 times a year, if you pray every day, you ask God to recall occurrences which he has not only forgiven but forgotten. Quit this folly. I do not ask you less to realize the turpitude of sin, but I ask you to a higher faith in the promise of God and the full deliverance of his mercy. He does not give a receipt for part payment or so much received on account, but receipt in full, God having for Christ's sake decreed, "your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more."

As far as possible let the disagreeables of life drop. We have enough things in the present, and there will be enough in the future to disturb us, without running a special train into the great gone-by to fetch us as special freight things left behind. Some ten years ago, when there was a great railroad strike, I remember seeing all along the route from Omaha to Chicago, and from Chicago to New York, hundreds and thousands of freight cars switched on the side tracks, those cars loaded with all kinds of perishable material, decaying and wasting. After the strike was over did the railroad companies bring all that perished material down to the markets? No, they threw it off where it was destroyed, and loaded up with something else.

Let the long train of your thoughts throw off the worse than useless freight of a corrupt and destroyed past, and load up with gratitude and faith and holy determination. We do not please God by the cultivation of the miserable. He would rather see us happy than to see us depressed. You would rather see your children laugh than to see them cry, and your heavenly Father has no fondness for hysterics.

A STORY OF THE PRAIRIE.

Many years ago a family, consisting of the husband and wife and little girl of two years, lived far out in a cabin on a western prairie. The husband took a few cattle to market. Before he started his little child asked him to buy for her a doll, and he promised. He could, after the sale of the cattle, purchase household necessities, and certainly would not forget the doll he had promised. In the village to which he went he sold the cattle and obtained the groceries for his household and the doll for his little darling. He started home along the dismal road at nightfall.

As he went along on horseback a thunderstorm broke, and in the most lonely part of the road and in the heaviest part of the storm he heard a child cry. Robbers had been known to do some bad work along that road, and it was known that this herdsman had money with him, the price of the cattle sold. The herdsman first thought it was a stratagem to have him halt and be despoiled of his treasures, but the child's cry became more keen and rending, and so he dismounted and felt around in the darkness and all in vain, until he thought of a hollow that he remembered near the road where the child might be and for that he started, and sure enough found a little one fagged out and drenched of the storm and almost dead. He wrapped it up as well as he could, and mounted his horse and resumed his journey home.

Coming in sight of his cabin, he saw it all lighted up and supposed his wife had kindled all these lights so as to guide her husband through the darkness. But, no. The house was full of excitement and the neighbors were gathered and stood around the wife of the house, who was insensible as from some great calamity. On inquiry the returned husband found that the little child of that cabin was gone. She had wandered out to meet her father and get the present he had promised, and the child was lost. Then the father unrolled from the blanket the child he had found in the fields, and, lo! it was his own child and the lost one of the prairie home, and the cabin quaked with the shout over the lost one found.

How suggestive of the fact that once we were lost in the open fields, or among the mountain crags, God's wandering children, and he found us, dying in the tempest, and wrapped us in the mantle of his love and fetched us home, gladness and congratulation bidding us welcome. The fact is that the world does not know God, or they would all flock to him. Through their own blindness, or the fault of some rough preaching that has got abroad in the centuries, many men and women have an idea that God is a tyrant and oppressor, an autocrat, a Nana Sahib, an Omnipotent Herod Antipas. It is a libel against the Almighty; it is a slander against the heavens; it is a defamation of the infinities.

I counted in my Bible 304 times the word "mercy," single or compounded with other words. I counted in my Bible 473 times the word "love," single or compounded with other words. Then I got tired counting. Perhaps you might count more, being better at figures. But the Hebrew and the Greek and the English languages have been taxed till they cannot pay any more tribute to the love and mercy and kindness and grace and charity and tenderness and friendship and benevolence and sympathy and bounteousness and fatherliness and motherliness and patience and pardon of our God.

There are certain names so magnetic that their pronunciation thrills all who hear it. Such is the name of the Italian soldier and liberator, Garibaldi. Marching with his troops he met a shepherd who was in great distress because he had lost a lamb. Garibaldi said to his troops, "Let us help this poor shepherd find his lamb." And so, with lanterns and torches, they explored the mountains, but did not find the lamb, and after an unsuccessful search late at night they went to their encampment. The next morning Garibaldi was found asleep far on into the day, and they wakened him for some purpose and found that he had not given up the search when the soldiers did, but had kept on still farther into the night and had found it, and he pulled down the blankets from his couch and there lay the lamb, which Garibaldi ordered immediately taken to its owner.

So the Commander of all the hosts of heaven turned aside from his glorious and victorious march through the centuries of heaven and said, "I will go and recover that lost world, and that race of whom Adam was the progenitor, and let all who will accompany me." And through the night they came, but I do not see that the angelic escort came any farther than the clouds, but their most illustrious leader came all the way down, and by the time his errand is done our little world, our wandering and lost world, our world fleecy with the light, will be found in the bosom of the Great Shepherd, and then all heaven will take up the cantata and sing, "The lost sheep found."

ALL ARE INVITED.

So I set open the wide gate of my text, inviting you all to come into the mercy and pardon of God; yea, still further, into the ruins of the place where once was kept the knowledge of your iniquities. The place has been torn down and the records destroyed, and you will find the ruins more dilapidated and broken and prostrate than the ruins of Melrose or Kenilworth, for from these last ruins you can pick up some fragment of a sculptured stone or you can see the curve of some broken arch, but after your repentance and your forgiveness you cannot find in all the memory of God a fragment of all your pardoned sins so large as a needle's point. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

And none of that will surprise you if you will climb to the top of a bluff back of Jerusalem (it took us only five or ten minutes to climb it), and see what went on when the plateau of limestone was shaken by a paroxysm that set the rocks, which had been upright, aslant, and on the trembling crosspieces of the split lumber hung the quivering form of him whose life was thrust out by metallic points of cruelty that sickened the noonday sun till it fainted and fell back on the black lounge of the Judean midnight.

Six different kinds of sounds were heard on that night which was interjected into the daylight of Christ's assassination; the neighing of the war horses, for some of the soldiers were in the saddle, was one sound; the bang of the hammers was a second sound; the jeer of malignants was a third sound; the weeping of friends and coadjutors was a fourth sound; the plash of blood on the rocks was a fifth sound; the groan of the expiring Lord was a sixth sound. And they all commingled into one sadness. Over a place in Russia where wolves were pursuing a load of travelers, and to save them a servant sprang from the sled into the mouths of the wild beasts and was devoured, and thereby the other lives were saved, are inscribed the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Many a surgeon in our own time has in tracheotomy with his own lips drawn from the windpipe of a diphtheritic patient that which cured the patient and slew the surgeon, and all have honored the self sacrifice. But all other scenes of sacrifice pale before this most illustrious martyr of all time and all eternity. After that agonizing spectacle in behalf of our fallen race nothing about the sin forgetting God is too stupendous for my faith, and I accept the promise, and will you not all accept it? "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Fail to do Our Duty.

Everybody has at times failed to do their duty towards themselves. Hundreds of lady readers suffer from sick headache, nervousness, sleeplessness and female troubles. Let them follow the example of Mrs. H. Herbechter, Stevens' Point, Wis., who for five years suffered greatly from Nervous Prostration and sleeplessness, tried physicians and different medicines without success. But one bottle of Dr. Miles' Nervine caused sound sleep every night and she is feeling like a new person. Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler, Laramie City, Wyoming, who tried all other remedies, declares that after three weeks' use of the Nervine for Headache, Nervous Prostration, etc., she was entirely relieved. Sold by A. G. Daley, Ellicott City, Md. Trial bottle free.

My customers have been using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for several years and will have no other kind. The reason is, because it can always be depended upon, is quick in its actions and perfectly safe.—DR. R. L. ST. JOHN, Howland, Mo. For sale by Walter R. Rudy, Mount Airy and at A. C. Taylor's Drug Store, Ellicott City, Md.

A Blacksmith Saves the Life of a Little Girl.

Minnie Carney, of Lytle City, Iowa, was perhaps as near leaving this world as any one can be, and recover. She was sick with cholera morbus; completely exhausted and unconscious. The physicians in consultation decided the case was hopeless and beyond their control. Charles J. Newcomb, a blacksmith, walked four miles through the darkness and storm, to get a remedy he himself used, and which he firmly believed would cure her. The medicine was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He obtained part of a bottle, with which he hastily returned, and gave the little sufferer a half teaspoonful, which relieved her and consciousness gradually returned. The medicine was given in broken doses and in a short time she was well. He is positive that it saved her life, and has others in that vicinity. For sale by Walter R. Rudy, Mount Airy and at A. C. Taylor's Drug Store, Ellicott City.

NOTICE.

The COUNTY COMMISSIONERS will meet on the First and Third Tuesday of every month for the transaction of business.

By order of the Commissioners

W. J. ROBINSON, Clerk.

In the June Periodicals.

The complete novel in Lippincott's Magazine for June, "John Gray, a Kentucky Tale of the Olden Time," is by James Lane Allen, who gives his readers a tender historical picture of the region named, singularly apart from anything written against a Kentucky background heretofore, yet brimming with local knowledge, and rivalling in its exquisite sympathy and touch all that the author has before produced; Murat Halstead furnishes the Journalist Series a paper on his "Early Editorial Experiences." Hon. John James Ingalls contributes an article on the West, entitled "Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way." In the Athletic Series, Frederick Weir gives a careful paper on the game of La Crosse, and Prof. John Bach McMaster a historical sketch of "The Struggle For the West." "The Great American Desert," by Wm. F. G. Shanks, gives an amount of information about the growth of the principal cities in that region which will be new and of keen interest to most readers. The department "As It Seems," is as Western in spirit as the entire number, and discusses "The West in Literature," Mr. Allen, and his novel, "John Gray." The short stories of the number are by Maurice Thompson and Patience Stapleton. The poetry is contributed by James Whitcomb Riley, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Susie M. Best, Robert Loveman, Clarrie Blake Morgan and St. George Best.

Scribner's Magazine for June continues on "The Poor in Great Cities," with an article on "Life in New York Tenement-Houses, as Seen by a City Missionary," by the Rev. William T. Elsing, who for nine years has worked in the tenement house district in close association with all phases of that life. The illustrations have been drawn by the skillful artist, Charles Broughton, who represents what he has actually seen. Closely connected with this series is a wonderfully sympathetic account of "The Drary Lane Boys' Club," London, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who has not contributed to any magazine for several years. The Rev. David Swing, D. D., contributes to the "Historic Moments" series "A Memory of the Chicago Fire," which is a most graphic word-picture of what he saw and felt on the night of October 8, 1871, when nearly the whole city was swept away. Of particular importance to all great cities is Mr. Thomas Curtis Clarke's suggestive article on the solution of the problem of "Rapid Transit in Great Cities." Charles Moreau Harger writes an article on "The Cattle Trails of the Prairies," which is illustrated with a series of striking pictures by A. Castaigne. An article of unusual picturesqueness is A. F. Jaccaci's description of "An Ascent of Mount Ætna." Professor N. S. Shaler contributes a fully illustrated article on "Sea-Beaches." The fiction of the number includes the last instalment but one of "The Wrecker," which is approaching a conclusion of wonderful and even terrible strength. Robert Grant's novelette, "The Reflections of a Married Man," is concluded most happily with the account of a ball. There are poems by A. Lampman, Graham R. Tomson and John W. Chadwick.

The June Atlantic opens with an article on "The Education of the Negro," by Dr. William T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, which is enriched with comments by eminent Southern gentlemen. There is another installment of the "Emerson-Thoreau Correspondence," written at the time Mr. Emerson was in Europe. Agrippina, a fortunate and aristocratic cat, is the subject of a charming essay by Agnes Repplier. Janet Ross contributes a very interesting paper of reminiscences of her grandfather, John Austin, one of the greatest of English writers on jurisprudence. Ernest Francisco Fenollosa, writes comparing "Chinese and Japanese Traits," W. H. Bishop contributes a second chapter of interesting experiences of "An American at Home in Europe," covering southern France, Algiers, and Spain. Olive Thorne Miller furnishes another bright bird story. Arthur Searle describes the results of observations on the star Algol and its variations of light. Miss Preston and Miss Dodge continue their admirable account of "Private Life in Ancient Rome." Mr. Crawford furnishes two additional chapters of "Don Orsino." There are poems by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr and Mrs. Moulton, an essay on Walt Whitman, reviews and short descriptions of new books and the Contributors' Club.

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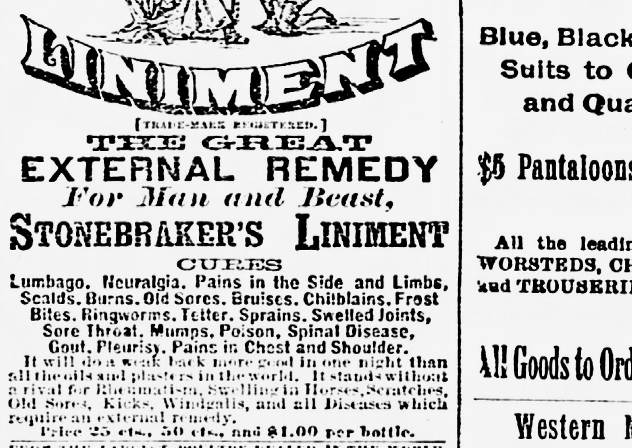

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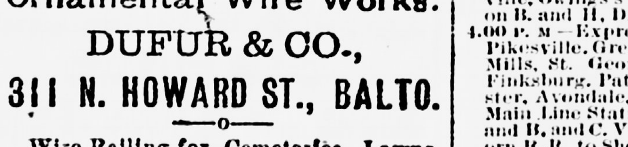

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Western Maryland Time Table.

IN EFFECT FEB. 22, 1892.

Leave Hillen Station as follows:

DAILY.

4.35 A. M.—Fast Mail for Norfolk and Western R. R. and Southern and Southwestern points; also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Highfield, Hagerstown, and except Sunday, Chambersburg, Waynesboro, points on B. and C. V. R. R., Martinsburg, W. Va., and Winchester, Va.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

7.15 A. M.—Accommodation for Gettysburg and all points on B. and H. Div. also Main Line east of Emory Grove.

8.00 A. M.—Mail for Williamsport, Hagerstown, Shippensburg and points on Main Line B. and C. V. R. R., also Frederick and Emmittsburg, and points on Norfolk and Western R. R. to Shenandoah.

10.00 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, Gettysburg, Mt. Holly Springs and Carlisle.

1.25 P. M.—Accommodation for Arlington.

2.16 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

3.32 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Howardville, Owings's Mills, Glyndon, and all points on B. and H. Division.

4.00 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Pikesville, Green Spring Junction, Owings' Mills, St. George's, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Patapsco, Carrollton, Westminster, Avondale, Medford, New Windsor and Main Line Stations West, also Emmittsburg and B. and C. V. R. R. and Norfolk and Western R. R. to Shenandoah.

5.15 P. M.—Frederick train.

6.20 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge.

8.46 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

11.35 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

SUNDAYS.

9.30 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge and Hanover.

2.30 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge.

4.00 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

10.05 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove

TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN STATION.

Daily—7.11 P. M.—Daily (except Sunday) 6.50, 7.40, 8.39, 9.40, 11.10 A. M., and 12.12, 2.40, 5.10, 5.53 and 7.00 P. M.

Sundays only.—9.07 and 10.20 A. M., 6.15 and 9.15 P. M.

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3—Teething;	Colic, Crying, Wakefulness	.25
4—Diarrhea,	of Children or Adults......	.25
7—Coughs,	Colds, Bronchitis...........	.25
8—Neuralgia,	Toothache, Faceache......	.25
9—Headaches,	Sick Headache, Vertigo..	.25
10—Dyspepsia,	Biliousness, Constipation.	.25
11—Suppressed or Painful Periods...		.25
12—Whites,	Too Profuse Periods.........	.25
13—Croup,	Laryngitis, Hoarseness......	.25
14—Salt Rheum,	Erysipelas, Eruptions..	.25
15—Rheumatism,	Rheumatic Pains......	.25
16—Malaria,	Chills, Fever and Ague......	.25
17—Piles,	Blind or Bleeding	.25
19—Catarrh,	Influenza, Cold in the Head.	.25
20—Whooping Cough..........		.25
27—Kidney Diseases		.25
28—Nervous Debility............		1.00
30—Urinary Weakness,	Wetting Bed..	.25

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Baltimore and Ohio Time Table.

IN EFFECT MAY 22, 1892.

Baltimore to Mt. Airy and Frederick.

STATIONS.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Baltimore.	*4 00	†6 32	†8 10	‡9 35	†11 00	†1 10	‡1 35	†3 30	†4 20	*5 30	*6 30	*8 30
Relay St'n..	4 15	6 50	8 30	9 55	11 21	1 30	1 55	3 45	4 35	5 50	6 50	8 50
Avalon	4 17	6 52	8 32	9 57	11 23	1 32	1 57	3 47	....	5 52	6 52	8 52
Orange Grove.....	4 21	6 55	8 35	10 01	11 27	1 34	2 01	3 51	.....	5 55	6 55	8 54
Ilchester ...	4 25	7 00	8 42	10 06	11 32	1 39	2 07	3 57	4 45	6 01	7 02	9 02
Ellicott City..	4 30	7 06	8 49	10 13	11 40	1 44	2 15	4 05	4 50	6 07	7 10	9 10
Oella.	4 32	......	8 51	10 15	......	1 46	......	......	.....	6 08	7 12	......
Hollofield's.	4 40	......	9 01	10 23	......	1 54	......	......	.....	6 16	7 20	......
Alberton ...	4 43	......	9 05	10 26	......	1 57	......	......	5 02	6 19	7 24	......
Woodstock.	4 54	......	9 18	10 37	......	2 08	......	......	5 12	6 30	7 38	......
Mar'ttsville.	5 01	......	9 25	10 44	......	2 15	......	......	5 18	6 37	7 43	......
Henryton...	5 03	......	9 28	10 46	......	2 18	......	......	.....	6 40	7 46	......
Gorsuch.....	5 05	......	9 30	10 48	.....	2 20	......	......	.....	6 43	7 49	......
Sykesville .	5 11	......	9 38	10 56	......	2 27	......	......	5 28	6 48	7 58	......
Gaither's....	5 15	......	9 43	11 00	......	2 31	......	......	.....	6 52	8 03	......
Hood's Mill.	5 21	......	9 51	11 07	......	2 37	......	......	5 38	6 59	8 11	......
Morgan.....	5 27	......	9 57	11 13	......	2 42	......	......	.....	7 05	8 18	......
Woodbine...	5 29	......	10 00	11 15	......	2 45	......	......	5 45	7 07	8 21	......
Watersv'le .	5 36	......	10 08	11 23	......	2 52	......	......	.....	7 15	8 30	......
Mt. Airy...	5 44	......	10 17	11 32	......	3 00	......	......	6 00	7 23	8 40	......
Frederick .	†6 45	......	11 25	12 20	......	‡3 50	......	......	6 35	8 10	......	......

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday. ‡ Sunday only.

The Theatre Train leaves Baltimore at 11 15 p. m., daily and arrives at Ellicott City at midnight.

Frederick and Mt. Airy to Baltimore.

STATIONS.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Frederick.........	*....	......	*6 10	†8 00	......	......	†1 20	......	*4 20	......
Mount Airy.........	5 30	......	7 07	8 58	......	......	2 27	......	5 16	......
Watersville.........	5 38	......	7 15	.....	......	......	2 35	......	5 24	......
Woodbine.........	5 46	......	7 22	9 09	......	......	2 42	......	5 32	......
Morgan.........	5 49	......	7 24	.....	......	......	2 45	......	5 35	......
Hood's Mill	5 55	......	7 29	9 15	......	......	2 50	......	5 41	......
Gaither's.........	6 04	......	7 36	.....	......	......	2 58	......	5 50	......
Sykesville	6 09	......	7 40	9 25	......	......	3 03	......	5 54	......
Gorsuch.........	6 14	......	7 45	.....	......	......	3 08	......	5 59	......
Henryton.........	6 21	......	7 48	.....	......	......	3 11	......	6 04	......
Marriottsville	6 24	......	7 52	9 35	......	......	3 15	....	6 09	......
Woodstock.........	6 33	......	7 59	9 42	......	......	3 23	......	6 18	......
Alberton.........	6 46	......	8 10	9 52	......	......	3 36	......	6 31	......
Hollofield's.........	6 50	......	8 13	.....	......	......	3 37	......	6 35	......
Oella.........	6 59	......	8 20	.....	......	......	3 46	......	6 44	......
Ellicott City.........	7 02	†8 00	8 24	10 06	†1 30	‡3 10	3 48	†5 05	6 47	*10 00
Ilchester.........	7 09	8 07	8 30	10 13	1 37	3 16	3 56	5 11	6 55	10 06
Orange Grove.........	7 13	8 09	‡	.....	1 39	3 18	4 00	5 14	6 57	10 08
Avalon.........	7 20	8 13	‡	.....	1 43	3 22	4 05	5 19	7 01	10 16
Relay Station	7 24	8 19	8 40	10 25	1 50	3 28	4 10	5 23	7 10	10 18
Baltimore.........	7 45	8 35	8 55	10 40	2 05	3 45	4 30	5 40	7 30	10 35

*Daily. †Daily except Snuday. ‡Will stop Sundays.

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Yours Truly, JOHN HUBNER.

Office MARYLAND JOURNAL.

TOWSON, May 12th, 1891.

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Dear Sir:—In answer to yours of 18th, I find I had my dwelling painted with the NEW JERSEY ENAMEL PAINT, sold by you to me, in 1875. No other paint has been put upon it in a period of sixteen years. The house still makes a presentable appearance, though after so long a time, it now needs painting again. I shall not hesitate the present summer to again use the paint sold by you. Yours Truly,

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BALTIMORE AMERICAN.

BALTIMORE, June 1, 1889.

Mr. C. P. Knight,

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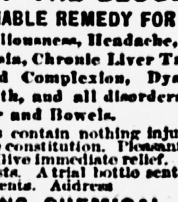

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