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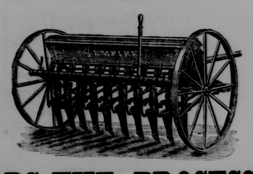
THE EMPIRE DRILL



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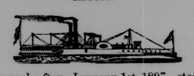

On and after January 1st, 1897, steamers will leave Pier 5 Light Street Wharf daily except Sundays at 7 p. m., for Oxford, Trappe, Cambridge, Chancellor's, Secretary, Clark's, Choptank, Lloyd's, Dover Bridge, Kingston, McCarty's, Ganey's, Todd's, Downes', Towers', Williston, Tuckahoe Bridge, Reese's, Coward's, Covey's, Hillsboro and Queen Anne.

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Returning will leave Hillsboro, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 10 a. m.; Covey's 10.30; Coward's 11; Williston 1 p. m.; Ganey's 1.30; McCarty's 2; Kingston 2.15; Dover Bridge 2.30; Medford's (Choptank) 4; Clark's 4.15; Cambridge 7; Trappe 8.30 and Oxford 10, stopping at intermediate landings, arriving in Baltimore early the following mornings.

Steamer leaves Hillsboro Sundays at 6 a. m.; Coward's, 7 a. m.; Williston, 8 a. m.; Medford's (Choptank) 10.30 a. m.; Cambridge 12.30; Trappe, 1.45 p. m.; Oxford 3 p. m., arriving in Baltimore at 8.30 p. m. Sundays.

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Kingston,	Bellevue,
Dover Bridge,	Double Mills,
Hog Island,	Easton, 9 30 p. m.
Windy Hill,	Oxford, 10.30 p. m.
Choptank,	Tilghman's Island.
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Arriving in Baltimore at about 5 o'clock next morning.

Returning, the steamers will leave Baltimore from Pier 4 Light St. Wharf, at 7 o'clock p. m., daily, except Sunday, for all points named, and arriving at Easton about 3.00 a. m.; Oxford, 3.45 a. m.; Cambridge, 6.00 a. m.; East New Market, 7.00 a. m., and Denton at 11 o'clock a. m.

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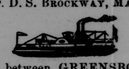
(CAPT. D. S. BROCKWAY, MASTER,)



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Round-trip tickets from all points, $1.00, good until October 15, 1897.

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6 45	1 40	Oxford,	11 53	7 47
6 55	1 50	Trappe,	11 42	7 37
7 08	2 07	Easton,	11 24	7 20
7 18	2 17	Chapel,	11 12	7 08
7 24	2 24	Cordova,	11 04	7 02
7 31	2 33	Queen Anne,	10 54	6 55
7 42	2 43	Ridgely,	10 44	6 46
7 52	2 54	Greensboro	10 34	6 36
8 03	3 04	Goldsboro,	10 24	6 26
8 10	3 11	Henderson,	10 16	6 19
8 17	3 18	Marydel,	10 08	6 12
8 23	3 24	Slaughters,	10 00	6 06
8 26	3 27	Hartley,	9 57	6 04
8 36	3 37	Kenton,	9 48	5 56
8 45	3 46	Clayton	9 38	5 47
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.

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THE OLD STORY.

They stood beside the fence that ran
Between their fathers' farms.
He leaned upon the topmost rail
His strong and brawny arms.
Her shoulder just came up to them.
A slender maid was she,
Yet that she ruled that stalwart youth
Was very plain to see

Ah, earnestly he spoke to her.
The burning words he said
She seemed to hear and heed, and yet
She lifted not her head,
For on some daisies in her hand
Her eyes were fixed, and these
She plucked to pieces one by one
And cast upon the breeze.

As the last leaf she plucked and flung
It on the wind, she turned
Her eyes to his and saw the love
Within their depths that burned,
And then at last she seemed to cast
All doubt, all fear aside.
Her love she did confess and gave
Her troth to be his bride.

Over the fence he lightly leaped
And clasped her to his breast,
And to her cheek, that brightly burned,
His glowing lips he pressed.
Then, as the sunset's rosy glow
Brightened the peaceful land,
With happy hearts toward her home
They wandered hand in hand.

Her father in the doorway stood
As they came up the walk,
Indifferent to all around,
Absorbed in sweetest talk.
He knew what suit his neighbor's son
Would make to him and smiled,
For ever had he wished that he
Should wed his darling child.

And when the young man, stammering, asked
If he might wed the maid
The old man in her lover's hand
His daughter's gently laid.
The kindly words he uttered filled
With joy the lover's heart,
And to each other pledged two lives
That only death could part.

—New York Ledger.

THE SELECT'S FALL.

"I do hope, my dear, that she is not one of those dreadful new women."

"I trust not, indeed."

The dean of Chirchester peppered his chop with a thoughtful air, and Mrs. Carberry poured out his tea with a hand which absolutely shook with apprehension. Chirchester was a cathedral town which had not traveled apace with the rest of the world. It disapproved even of tennis, except when played mildly on private grounds, and had played croquet steadily when croquet was dead, with a lordly disregard for the guests' amusement. Now that it had come in again they played it joyfully, but still with the old light mallets and wide hoops of their youth. The mothers of Chirchester read the new library books with horror stricken looks and little trickles of guilty enjoyment. Cricket hunting and the new "biking" were things their daughters might not do. Riding gently along the roads was ladylike and permissible, but the archdeacon's wife actually blushed when a thoughtless person asked her what safety habit her daughter wore, for Louisa Holroyd's pretty figure was hidden in an ample garment made by the local tailor, the skirt of which came well below her deepest grievance, her tiny buttoned boots. The archdeacon's wife was the sternest and most unbending of the "select," as the country people dubbed the church circle.

The bishop and his fat, merry wife had no children and were given to laughing leniently at the vagaries of the new woman. So it fell on the archdeacon and the dean to keep the select circle together, and, though there was a twinkle in the handsome dean's eye and a swing of his broad shoulders which hinted he had sometimes played brighter games than croquet, that, as Rudyard Kipling would say, was "another story," and, so far, he and the archdeacon had been equal to their task.

Today the dean was disturbed as he looked at an open letter on the table. The letter was from a cousin who was obliged to go abroad for an indefinite time on business and had written asking the dean if he would give his only daughter a home during his absence. "A bright, pleasant girl; I feel sure you would like her as a companion to your own girl," and if the dean consented she was to come in a week. How could he say no? He was to be liberally paid for his guest, and her father was an old friend; he must write to say he should be delighted.

"I am glad," said Mrs. Carberry nervously, "that Cissie is away; very glad. More tea, dear?" And in sheer absence of mind she watered the teapot from the hot milk jug and handed a cup of the strange liquid to the dean, who looked at it resignedly and rose, for he was an equably tempered man.

"Yes," he said, "it is an excellent thing, for then, if the girl is at all advanced, there will be time to get her into our ways before Cissie returns."

* * * * * * *

A week later. The dean and Mrs. Carberry stepped nervously forward as the mail thundered in from London and discharged its living freight on the platform; then their eyes lit joyously on a girl clad in the quietest of traveling costumes, who was evidently their guest.

"You are Helen Adair?"

"Ah, yes, and you are Mrs. Carberry?" The girl held out her hand, dexterously evading the affectionate peck which the elder lady would have bestowed on her. She was a tall, slim girl, with big, mischievious gray eyes and peculiarly dainty hands and feet.

"Would you see to my things for me, Mr. Dean? Here is the list." And she vanished in the crowd. The dean made his way to the luggage compartment and had just finished his task when Helen's voice sounded sweet and low at his elbow.

"Everything's there, I see. Would you get a special messenger to wheel this up, or shall I ride it?" She had her hand on a smart bicycle, which she was rolling tenderly through the crowd.

If the box next to him had not been a wicker one, the dean would have sat on it and gasped. As it was he gasped standing.

"My dear, a bicycle!" he said weakly. A bicycle in the innermost circle of the select!

Helen Adair caught the stony despair in Mrs. Carberry's eyes and saw the dean's flushed cheeks, and her eyes danced suddenly as she took in the situation.

"Don't you ride one, either of you?" she said sweetly. "Perhaps I'd better ride it up. I'm very proud of it."

A girl on a bicycle following the deanery carriage! The dean gasped again and gave some hasty orders to a porter, and Helen was bundled into the wagonette, her eyes looking somewhat anxiously back at her precious wheel.

Between her natural kindliness and her horror at receiving a new woman into her home Mrs. Carberry spent a restless evening, for they soon gathered that Helen hunted and fished and shot, and yet she spoke of none of those things, but drew the dean into an animated discussion on the Transvaal question at dinner and told Mrs. Carberry of the latest things in chiffons afterward. The dean could not help thinking he had not spent such a pleasant evening for a long time, and Mrs. Carberry would have agreed with him had it not been for the metal steed reposing in the front hall. As it was she thought of the austere archdeacon and his wife, of Mrs. Green, the doctor's wife and others, and she sighed occasionally.

Mrs. Holroyd hastened to call next day and came in with heightened color, having passed the wheeled monster in the hall.

"You must put your foot down," she said sternly, drowning some weak defense of Mrs. Carberry as to every one riding now. "Remember, my dear, no half measures. She must not use it here."

Then Helen came in, and matters might have run smoothly had they not begun to discuss with bated breath one of the newest books, and Helen joined in carelessly. "It's rather clever," she said.

Mrs. Holroyd dropped her glasses with a clatter. You—have—read—that—book?" she said, dropping each word out slowly.

"Oh, yes!" Helen smiled. "It is a very ordinary book, you know. I rather agree with the authoress."

Mrs. Holroyd rose slowly. She could only show how shocked she was by withdrawing her stately presence. "No, thank you, Mrs. Carberry," she said, "I cannot stay for tea this evening. Good afternoon, Miss Adair. I cannot understand what your father must have been thinking of to allow you even to hear that book's name." And, not without an inkling that her last sentence was slightly overdrawn, she withdrew, leaving Helen to laugh greatly at her antiquated ideas. And cowardly Mrs. Carberry forgot to defend her.

There gradually came a rift from that time among the select; the girls murmured openly because they were not allowed to ride bicycles; they groaned enviously when they saw Helen's numerous tennis prizes. And Louisa Holroyd was said to have wept bitterly when she saw Helen riding in a smart covert coating habit and caught a glimpse of the neat "tops" which just showed below the skirt. The elders, to quell the rebellion, were stricter even than usual to their daughters and prided themselves more than ever on their customs not being as other men's.

* * * * * * * *

Mrs. Carberry was "at home" to the surrounding country and town; croquet was being played on the trimly kept lawn, archery, bowls, even Aunt Sally in a faraway corner, where shouts of unseemly laughter were smothered by surrounding shrubs. Every one had come, the day was cloudless, and Mrs. Carberry felt it was all a tremendous success.

Nearly every one had gone in to tea, only Helen and two flannel clad young men were on the croquet lawn, aimlessly hitting the balls about. They had voted the tearoom too hot to bear.

"Stupid game, isn't it?" said one of the men, as he missed a hoop and hit the ball away in disgust.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Helen. "And," regretfully, "what a lovely cricket ground it would make! I haven't played for ages—no one does here."

"Oh, lots of the country girls do. Look here, I came on from a cricket practice. I've bats and a ball stuck in the trees over there. Let's have up these hoops and I'll bowl to you."

Helen was delighted and in a moment walking sticks and an umbrella represented the wickets, and Helen was hitting distinctly easy balls in all directions. The dean's portly figure appeared at the end of the walk. He stood still, amazed.

"Cricket, Helen!" he exclaimed, laughing. "If Mrs. Holroyd saw you! Have you seen a parasol anywhere? Old Lady Damer sent me to look for hers; it's all real lace, and she's anxious about it."

"No, I haven't. I say, Uncle Jos—she had long ago said Mr. Dean was too formal—bowl me a ball. They can't get me out," nodding contemptuously at the two officers. A distinctly ungrateful speech, considering they had only been too grateful to leave her in.

The dean's fingers closed mechanically on the leather covered ball which Captain Elton handed to him. The trim lawn faded away, and he heard again the triumphant yells of his side at Oxford, when, with the victory apparently a certainty for the others, he had bowled three men for three balls and left his side victors by two runs. He stepped carefully up to the walking stick which marked the second wicket, flourished his arm once or twice and bowled. It was a nasty, slow ball, breaking in, and Helen's off stump went down with a crash.

"What a splendid ball!" exclaimed the two men, and Helen clamored for more, "for practice." The dean laughed triumphantly. Then Helen suddenly exclaimed: "Let's have a match, Uncle Jos Church versus State. I'm sure we could beat those two." And before the dean knew where he was they had tossed for going in, and he found himself bowling vigorously at Captain Elton, who, armed with a rake handle, was at the wickets.

"It is very hot," he gasped, and, looking round guiltily, he quickly flung his coat on the grass and flew to catch a ball which Captain Elton had returned to him. Then he stood appalled, for the bishop's voice came to his ears, and, turning, he saw the bishop and his wife standing close behind him. "Cricket!" The bishop's pale, intellectual face was full of laughter as he saw the dean, coatless and breathless, flying for the ball. "I thought this was strictly forbidden."

"Oh, my lord, come and umpire. We want one badly," called out Helen, quite unabashed, and the dean, who had stood still, horror stricken, picked up the ball again when he saw the lenient expression on the episcopal face, and saw the bishop move in to umpire, while Mrs. Howard sat down on a bench and absolutely shook with merriment. Cricket in the dean's garden! It was too amusing.

By dint of what Helen called poking, the two soldiers had made 15 runs, and then Helen took her place at the wickets. She was really a fair lady cricketer, and, as fielders were scarce, she ran up the score to 11 in a few minutes, retiring with a cry of disgust as Captain Elton caught her out cleverly with his left hand.

"Now, Mr. Dean," the bishop's wife called out impatiently, as the dean stood hesitating. "Go in; there's no one else to see."

And the dean went in. A rake handle is not the best of bats, but the dean made a mighty smite, caught the ball on the half volley, and away it went over all their heads into a clump of bushes. Once, twice, thrice did the dean fly to the stick and back—his breath was gone, his face was scarlet—four times.

"I can't go again," he gasped piteously.

"You must!" Helen had set her heart on winning. "One more and we win; run, Uncle Jos, run!" But the delay was almost fatal, for, as the dean turned to run back, Captain Elton flung in the ball.

"Run on!" cried the bishop's wife.

"Oh! do hurry."

"Out!" cried Mr. Ely, banging down a walking stick.

"Oh, no; in!" said Helen.

The dean had no breath to argue with.

"In or out, my lord?" The rivals appealed both together to the bishop, who was holding his sides as he laughed; but, then what a sight met their eyes as they turned. The whole of the dean's large party stood looking on, on the edge of the ground, led by Mrs. Holroyd, and what had they seen as they came up? The dean, their dean, flying, coatless and hatless, up and down, playing cricket in the sacred precincts of the deanery, and the bishop cheering him and laughing. How could the select ever hold up their heads again, and before all the country, too—the country which they had so often lectured on its advanced ways? Mrs. Holroyd looked round in stony despair, words that were too bitter to utter trembled on her lips.

The dean hurriedly picked up his coat and hid as much of his breathless person inside it as was possible. The bishop had decided he was fairly in, so his triumph enabled him to face without flinching the glare in the eyes of his circle and his wife's piteous face.

"My parasol, Mr. Dean!" said Lady Damer smiling; "you appear to have forgotten it."

"I am so sorry," stammered the dean. "It wasn't here, and I"—

Lady Damer put up her pince nez doubtfully. "I really believe," she said, "yes, indeed—why, you were using it as a wicket," and she fished the middle stump, which was adorned with lace, out of the ground.

Mrs. Carberry groaned audibly.

"It was my fault," exclaimed Helen. "I never looked at it."

"Never mind, my dear," said the old lady, laughing, "you must come out and play cricket with my grandchildren. We'll get up a match, Mrs. Carberry, as you don't object to cricket now. Let me see, shall we say next week—Thursday?" and Mrs. Carberry said, "Yes."

The fall of the select was complete, for they picked sides and played more cricket that same afternoon—minus the dean—Mrs. Holroyd accepted her defeat and was silent even when Alicia Holroyd announced openly that she must come up to try a ride on Helen's bicycle.