Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR. EDGEFIELD, S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1893. VOL. LVIII. NO. 17.

THE OLD SETTLER.

Snakes and the Great Sugar Swamp Snake Bite Cure.

New York Sun.

"Great Spooks!" exclaimed the Squire, looking up from the paper he was reading and keeping his finger on the place. "Twenty thousand! W'at do ye think o' that, Major? Twenty thousan' folks dyin' from snakes in one year!"

"W'at do I think on it!" said the Old Settler. "Wull, I think them folks must 'a'took their applejack pooty durn new, b'gosh, an' a leetle too often!"

"Applejack!" said the Squire, glaring at the Old Settler. "Applejack hain't got nuthin' to do with it! These folks was bit."

"Bit, was they?" responded the Old Settler. "Wull, tha hain't nuthin' that kin bite wuss th'n new applejack, Squire. I've know'd it to be sharper'n a sarpent's tooth. But who were tellin' ye 'bout all them folks dyin' from snake bites? That's a good many folks, Squire. Ye orter be a leetle keerful of yer figgers when ye set out to peddle facts."

"Why, consarn it!" exclaimed the Squire, "here it is, right here in the paper! The paper says that last years tha was twenty thousan' folks died in Injy from snake bites!"

"In Injy, hay?" said the Old Settler. "Why, I didn't hev no kind an idee that the sarpent had got ez much of a foothold on Injy's coral strand ez all that! Humph! I must tell M'riar 'bout that, an' tha'll be a special meetin' of the Clothers o' Them that's Naked an' Feeders o' Them that Hungers called to look inter it. This here won't never do! M'riar must call a meetin' of the Clothers an' Feeders, and the sistern must line the nex' cargo o' red flannel shirts an' secon'-han' pants with leather. I ben spectin' they was a little too thin to pertect them heathens on Injy's coral strand. An' w'at is the news from Greenlan's icy mountains, Squire? How many folks is missin', 'long o' snakes, up there? An' does Afric's sunny fountains send in any returns? Gosh-t'lmighty! This'll make trouble fer my yaller-leg chickens ag'in, w'en this news gits around, fer the Clothers and Feeders alluz stays to supper. W'at's the returns from Afric's sunny fountains, Squire?"

The Squire folded up his paper, put it in his pocket, and gave the Old Settler a withering look, but said nothing. This was plainly disappointing to the Old Settler, but after a while he resumed the subject.

"Twenty thousand, hay?" said he. "I wisht I know'd the directions o' some leadin' heathen over there, an' I'd send him a letter tellin' him 'bout the never-failin' Sugar-Swamp cure fer snake p'ison, an' tha wouldn't be no use o' snakes bitin' anybody in that pleasin' kentry any more, fer they'd only waste their p'ison. If anything ever were a cortion to snakes, that Sugar Swamp p'ison cure were! Gosht'lmighty, how it could draw! An' that were jist the trouble with it. It had so much heft to its drawin' powers that the danger were that if it got its hooks onter a feller that had snake p'ison in him it were liable to kill him while it were curin' him. Pervidin', o' course, that ye wa'n't keerful in usin' on it. The ingrejints o' that Sugar Swamp snake p'ison cure is a secret ez nobody kin ever hev outside of our fam'ly. The prescription were thunk up by an ancestor o' mine who kim inter Sugar Swamp w'en things was skeerce, everything but b'ar an' snakes. Tha wa'nt but two bar'l of apple juice in the hull settlement w'en this ancistor o' mine sot down there, an' folks was comin' in ev'ry day all bit up by snakes, an' consekently havin' to be filled up with that juice in a way that were alarmin', that bein' the only snake p'ison cure ez were reco'nized 'mongst the 'arly settlers o' Sugar Swamp. So this ancistor o' mine, he got all worked up over it, seein' that the way things was goin' the future were goin' to be very short, ez fur ez life bein' pleasant had anything to do with it, snakes bein' so plenty, folks bein' so willin' to be bit, an' apple juice bein' so skeerce. So he up an' says:

"'It's a durn shame,' says he, 'to be a wastin' good apples, jist 'cause folks won't git outen the way o' snakes! This here's got to be stopped. A feller can't hev no show at a toothful o' that apple no more, 'less he goes an' gits bit by a snake. Them two bar'l won't last more'n a month, an' then w'at a we gointer to do? I'll think up a snake p'ison cure, b'gosh, an' save the kentry!'

"An' so my ancistor went off an' thunk up a snake. p'ison cure, an' its main p'ints was its heft o' drawin' power. It wa'n't a cure ye took in'ardly, but it was clapped onter the place where the snake had socked the p'ison in, an' that p'ison mowt better had a millstun 'bout its neck an' jumped inter the sea than ben foolin' 'round inside o' folks w'en that cure got arter it.

"From all I kin learn, tha were an orful hellahaloo in Sugar Swamp the fust time that snake p'ison cure were used. Sim Janniken kim a tearin' in oue day, and floppin' down in the tavern ez usual, he hollers out:

"'Spooks a spinnin'!' says he. 'I'm bit ag'in! Fill me up!'

"Now, this were the third time hand-runnin' that Sim had been bit that month, an' it took a pint ev'ry time to skeer the p'ison outen him. So w'en he kim in this time an' flopped down an' waited fer Uncle Noar Tidfit to come a-rushin' out with a bottle an' a tumbler, my ancistor were there, all ready with the snake p'ison cure he had thunk up, an' he run up to Sim an' says:

"'Where'd it bite ye?'

"'Calf o' my leg!' says Sim.

"My ancistor slides Sim's trousers up, an' claps a handful o' his snake p'ison cure on the calf o' Sim's leg.

"'Hol' on!' says Sim. 'Tha hain't no use of a snake bitin' ye if ye can't hev the Simon-pure cure fer the p'ison! If I can't be cured reg'lar,' says he, 'what's the use o' runnin' the risk o' snakes?'

"But my ancistor know'd his business, and clapped on the cure he'd thunk up. But he didn't know his business as good as he orter, fer he kep' the p'ison cure onter Sim a leetle too long, and when he thort the time were up fer it to yank all the p'ison out b'gosh he found that Sim wa'n't no better'n a pig that'd ben stuck, fer the cure had drawed ev'ry durn drop o' blood outen him ez well ez the p'ison, an' w'at were left o' Sim wa'n't wuth nothin' 'cept to the coroner.

"'Gosht'lmighty!' says my ancistor. 'The heft o' this snake p'ison cure is more amazin' than red eels!' says he.

"But he know'd a thing or two yit, an' he clapped another hunk o' the cure onter the back o' Sim's neck, an' in less'n ten seconds it draw'd the hull o' that blood back into Sim ag'n, an' pooty soon Sim got up, an' shakin' his fist at Noar Tidfit, he says:

"'I hain't been treated reg'lar!' says he. 'I've ben sot down on in this here tavern? Noar,' says he, 'if this is to be the upshot o' things, a feller mowt jist ez well go to Ireland,' says he, 'where tha hain't no snakes!'

"An' then Sim scufled out o' the tavern, lookin' disap'inted an' down in the mouth. An' the consekences o' that p'scription my ancistor thunk up was, that ez folks got to know it things changed. Where they usety come in more'n a dozen a week to git cured in the ol' fashioned, reg'lar way for snake bites, they fell off so that by an' by tha wa'n't one a month kim in, an' folks took to killin' off snakes ez useless hangers on, an' a 'cumbrance o' the soil. I wonder if we could find any way to interduce that Sugar Swamp snake p'ison cure over inter injy, Squire?"

"Dunno, Major," said the Squire. "Seems to me, though, ez if some o' the ol' fashioned reg'lar cure mowt be interduced a leetle closer by. W'at do ye think about it? Wanter interduce some?"

"Wull, sence ye mention it," said the Old Settler, smiling. "I don't keer if I do."

The following story is told by a Georgia marshal who encountered a crowd of disorderly negroes:

"Marshal—"What is all this row about?"

Negro (with pistol, knife, and club and war paint)—"Dat ar nigger dar said I was a consequence, an' no black nigger can call me a consequence, widout de penalty of ramifying, and dat to de mos' superfying amphibiousness."

"Good Lawd!" said one of the colored sisters sitting near the scene of war, "dat am er eddicated nigger fer show, bless God!"

RUSSIA'S STATE CHURCH.

The Greek Denomination of the Christian Church.

Philadelphia Press.

The Hon. Charles Emory Smith, ex-Minister to Russia, delivered an address yesterday afternoon at the Grace Baptist Temple, Broad and Berks streets, on the "State Church of Russia." Mr. Smith first gave a brief sketch of the history of the Greek Church and its separation from the Roman Catholic Church.

"I come not to discuss or analyze the Russian Greek Church," said he, "but to say something about the results of my personal observation of some features. The Greek Church is that part of the great Christian body which recognizes only the authority of the first seven Ecumenical Councils. Originally it was united with the Roman Church. Differences began to spring up as early as the fifth century, but the schism was not fully completed till the eleventh century. The Greek Church is practically a federation of churches without any centre of authority. There is no Pope in the Greek Church, but there are Patriarchs of Constantinople, Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem, the chief prelate being known as the Metropolitan.

"The Russian Greek Church embraces nearly 75,000,000 adherents, more than the entire population of the United States. The Emperor of Russia is the head of the Church, but he has no more to do with its doctrines than the King of Italy or the Emperor of Austria has with the doctrines of the Roman Church. The Emperor is described as the defender of the faith. As far as the appointive power goes, he is the complete head of the hierarchy, and the Holy Synod is made up of his appointees.

"The Greek Church agrees with the Roman Church in various dogmas. They have the same venera- [illegible] recognize the sacraments and pay attention to fasting. But there are marked distinctions. The Greek Church denies the primacy and spiritual supremacy of the Popes. It recognizes no human infallibility except on the part of the Ecumenical Council. It maintains that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father, not from the Son; rejects the doctrine of purgatory, though it recognizes the intercession of the Saints.

"The Church has what is termed a white clergy and a black clergy. The latter are monks. They are celibates. But the white clergy are required to marry. The white clergy preponderate. It is from the black clergy that all the high prelates are chosen. The white clergy are not allowed to exercise any choice as to their wives. The selection is made by a Bishop, who chooses the widow or daughter of another priest. All the priests sons must become priests, and the only possible method of escape is by entering the army.

"The Greek Church does not have images, but rather representations of the Savior, the Madonna, and the saints upon surfaces. These representations are called ikons, and those in the edifices are beautiful and very valuable, being studded often with precious stones. In every house and every shop is an ikon, and when one enters the door he must take off his hat in respect for the ikon.

"As to the character of the worship; one never hears a sermon. I never heard but one Russian heirarch deliver a discourse, and that was on an anniversary. The services consist of mass and music. Sometimes the music is very monotonous, but then it will become most entertaining and ravishing, the grandest melodies and the sweetest voices that I ever heard. Women do not take part. All the singing is by men and boys. The boys who have the sweetest voices are selected for the priesthood and their voices are trained during their whole life. There is no instrumental music."

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A Louisiana man has made his coffin and keeps it in his bedroom.

BITTEN BY A CENTIPEDE.

Mrs. Lastenhow 'splays Several Characterist. ' the Insect.

Philadelphia Times.

BRENHAM, Texas, April 29.—Mrs. Julia R. Lastenhow, the wife of R. M. Lastenhow, a well-to-do farmer of this county, was bitten a few days ago by a centipede, and is so singularly affected by the bite as to puzzle all physicians who have seen her. The insect was introduced into the house in a log of wood, which, being placed on the fire, became too warm a hiding place, and it ran from the hearth under an article of furniture. Mrs. Lastenhow tried to find it, and after several days' search concluded that it had escaped and gave herself no further uneasiness regarding it.

But on retiring a few nights after, the lady, altering the position of the pillows, discovered a small object beneath one, and, not detecting what it was, put out her hand to remove it, when the centipede bit her on the palm and wrist. It was with difficulty that she succeeded in detaching the insect from its hold on her flesh and was just able to kill it when she fainted from the agony of the wound.

When first inflicted the sting resembled the red appearance of a place seared by a hot iron, but in a few hours it began to swell until the entire arm was of a size equal to the rest of the lady's body, and to turn a livid purple with spots of nearly white with a quantity of corruption beneath them. Mrs. Lastenhow now lost consciousness and began to foam at the mouth, uttering cries of intense pain, until opiates were administered.

After a day or two the swelling disappeared from the arm, but all over the sufferer's body the impression of the insect's sting broke out in angry marks, as if burnt in, and remain exceedingly painful and raw. Mrs. Lastenhow is still insensible, and has to be [illegible] as she manifests a disposition to indulge in a crawling movement which is said to bear a hideous resemblance to the sliding action of the insect, and will snap at and attempt to bite any one.

Her senses seem affected, particularly her sight, which appears to ce nearly gone. Physicians can only explain her symptoms by the supposition that the poison of the insect's bite has affected her brain through the blood, which has reproduced the marks of the sting all over the body. A day or two ago, during one of her paroxysms, she seized Dr. Steinbock's hand between her teeth and gave it a severe bite, which soon began to burn and swell, and it was only by promptly cauterizing the wound that the member was saved. It is thought that it is only a question of a very short time before death will bring relief to the unfortunate lady.

He Was Saved.

He had made a great effort to appear cheerful at the supper table, but the loving eye of the wife detected the true situation of affairs, and as soon as they were alone she tenderly said:

"William, something has upset you."

"No, dear."

"But I know better. Confide in me. Tell me what is wrong."

"Well, we are ruined. To-morrow the sheriff will be in possession of the store. We must part with our servants, horses, diamonds, house, everything, and I shall probably go to driving a horse car."

"Have you tried to raise money to tide you over the crisis?"

"Everywhere, but in vain."

"How much would save you?"

"Twenty thousand dollars would carry me through with flying colors."

"Wait a minute."

She ran up stairs, hastily unlocked the bottom drawer of her dresser, and in a moment later stood before her wondering husband with a package in her hands.

"Here is $22,000," she said. "Take it and meet your obligations and save your credit."

"But—how—how," he stammered.

"It is my savings," she explained. "For many years you have allowed me $10 a week to run the table on. I have saved $8 per week right along and laid it aside for just such an emergency. It is yours. Your little tootsy wootsy wife has saved you, and she is very, very happy!"

And he actually kissed her and got in from the club that night a whole quarter of an hour before 1 o'clock.

BILLTOPS'S GRASSHOPPER.

The Hopper Jumped—Freddie's "Oh" Startled the Audience.

New York Sun.

"Pop," said little Franky Billtops, "tell me a story."

"Well, Franky," said Mr. Billtops, "once there was a little boy whose name was Freddy. His real, full name was Frederick Timby, but everybody always called him just Freddy.

"Freddy lived in the city, but every summer he used to go to see his aunt, who lived in the country in a little old village. There was an old church, in this village, and every Sunday morning Freddy used to go there. Generally his father and mother and some of the other folks from the house used to go too; but one Sunday, just Freddy and his aunt went alone.

"It was a warm day, and the windows of the church were pulled down all around at the top to let in the air. Freddy looked out through the open windows, and saw the sunshine and saw the branches of the trees swaying, and heard the leaves rustling, and somehow it all made him feel very sleepy, and the first thing, you know, he was fast asleep. But Freddy's aunt knew that children go to sleep in church sometimes, and she was looking out for him all the time, and when she saw him nod and nod and nod, she fixed it so that when he finally nodded clean over, his head fell against her, where he was all safe.

"After a while Freddy woke up suddenly, as folks do sometimes without knowing just what wakes them, and he looked along the vacant part of the pew in which he was sitting. You know there were only Freddy and his aunt in the pew, and they sat at one end of it, so there was a long vacant space between them and the other end. Right square in the centre of this space Freddy saw a big grasshopper; he was sitting there [illegible] and with his head pointed toward the pulpit. Freddy didn't know whether the grasshopper was asleep, or what, but he kept on looking at him, and pretty soon he knew that the grasshopper wasn't asleep, for he saw him rub his right leg up and down against his side, and then he saw him rub his left leg up and down against that side; then the grasshopper stood perfectly still again. Then he turned half around right where he stood and faced toward Freddy, and just stood there, very still. But all of a sudden the grasshoppor made a tremendous jump and landed right on Freddy's shoulder. Freddy said, 'Oh!'

"It was only a very small word with only two letters in it, but it startled the whole congregation and made the minister stop preaching. Everybody looked around toward Freddy and his aunt. But Freddy's aunt is one of those people who always seem to know just what to do when anything happens. The first thing she did was to put her arm around Freddy and draw him up nearer to her and sort of turn his face in toward her, for she knew that if Freddy should see all the people looking at him in that way it would make him feel bad; and when she had done this she just looked straight ahead as though nothing had happened, as though she had never heard of anything happening, and as though she didn't expect anything was going to happen for the next 700 years.

"The minister had seen right away that nothing very wonderful had happened, and he had gone right on preaching again. When the people saw Freddy's aunt looking ahead in that way they turned around again and faced toward the pulpit once more, and then everything went on just as it was before."

"What became of the grasshopper, pop?" asked Franky.

But that was something that Mr. Billtops could not answer.

Population of the World.

The population of the five continents of the earth, as estimated by M. Mmile Levasseur, is as follows:

Asia	824,000,000
Europe	360,000,000
Africa	153,000,000
North America	88,000,000
Oceanica	38,000,000
South America	34,000,000
	1,497,0[illegible]00

WAS GREAT ON WILDCATS.

He Never Used a Weapon, but Killed Them Every Time.

SCRANTON, April 28, "Bill Gregory used to slay more wildcats than any ten men in Sullivan county," said a woodsman." and he never carried a weapon, neither. Bill was quicker than a wildcat, and he just loved to get wildcats to spring at him. No wildcat was ever too spry for Bill. He used to carry a lot of little darts with him to throw at wildcats, but they were not weapon for they only pricked a wildcat just enough to make it so angry that it would spring at him in self-defence. Bill had a hand like a boxing glove, and whenever a wildcat sprung at him he gave it a blow on the head and broke its neck every time.

"One day Bill saw a wildcat worrying the life out of a porcupine in the woods. He threw darts at at it till it turned on him, and Bill braced himself and gave it a swat that laid it out so stiff that it didn't have time to be surprised. Bill once saw the hind end of that he took to be a woodchuck sticking out of the brush. He gave it a kick, and the next instant he found that he had stirred up a wounded wildcat, The wilbcat bit through Bill's cowhide boot and big toe nail, and when Bill yanked his leg the wildcat sprang at his chest and clawed so hard he had no chance to swat it, so he bit it on the nose. The wildcat let loose and came again, and Bill got in his deadly cuff.

"Bill's game was to swat the wildcat when it was in the air. One time after he had killed several hundred wildcats in that way he saw a catamount crouching for a rabbit. He flung a dart at it, and the catamount snapped at the pricked spot, and crouched again. Bill tickled it with another dart, and the catamount spied him, gave a scream and sprang for his throat, Bill sent the catamount spinning around with one of his [illegible] chops but failed to break its neck. [illegible] for him again and Bill slapped his hands together, caught the catamount's head between them, and mashed it as flat as a pancake.

Queer Russian Religous Sects.

Philadelphia Press.

M. Tsaknia a Russinn writer has published an interesting work entitled "Queer Religious Seets of Russia," from which it appears that there are not less than 15,000,000 followers of insane and cranky notions in the Empire of the Czar. These communities of devout and deluded beings are constantly being enlarged in spite of all efforts made to the contr. ry by Government.

One af these sects is known as the "Runaways." As soon as they embrace the new faith they fly from their villages and towns, destroy their entity as much as possible, and henceforth live as savages. "The Christs" are another curious sect. They worship each other! The chief ceremonies are a crazy speccies of dancing, yelling as loudly as possible, and pounding stones with sticks.

The "Skoptsy" believe in self-mutilation, but will not submit to amputation, even though it would save life. Like the "Christs" they dance and yell for hours without intermission.

Still another of these deluded sects is the "Dumb Boys." Why they are called Dumb Boys no one seems to know, but it is a curious fact that the sect is composed of both sexes, old men being in the majority. It is claimed that some of these aged partriarchs have not spoken in fifty years, although perfectly able to do so did they so desire.

"The Suicides" are a sect led by M. Souckeliff, who preach[illegible] self-destruction as an absolute necessity to salvation. He is very eloquent, and it is said that he often leaves a church with a dozen suicide remains strewn about the floor.

On last Sunday, a little four year old had difficulty in spending the day properly. Not being allowed her playthings, she was restless and fretful, until finally she found her little toy-iron, and proceeded to amuse herself ironing her handkerchief. "Don't you know that it is wrong to iron on Sunday?" reprovingly asked her mother, when she discovered the child. "Well," promptly rejoined the little girl, "don't you s'pose God knows this iron's cold?"—New York Herald.

Mellican Man Too Bad.

The United States Supreme Court has rendered a decisioa sustainiug the act proving for the exclusion of the Chinese from the United States, aud for the deportation of those in this country that have not complied with the requirements of said act. Therefore no more Chinamen for this country, and a great many of those already here will have to gef out of the union. The effect that this decision will have on citizens of the United States now in China remains to be seen.

Nicotine.

New York Sun.

No smoker realizes how much nicotine he has taken into his mouth in the consumption of a cigar until he has tried this experiment: Fill the mouth with smoke when the cigar is burning freely, and breathe it out slowly through a handkerchief, compressing the lips until only a small aperture remains, as in whistling. After the smoke has been exhaled, a distinct brown stain will be seen on the linen, and it emits a strong odor, like that of an old pipe. This is nicotine, the poisonous principle of tobacco, and more or less of it is absorbed through the mucous membrane every time that a cigar, cigarette, or pipe is smoked or tobacco is chewed.

We hope to hold our next Convention in Charleston, and, only to think, not a single open bar room in the city. If Governor Tillman never does anything else than to close the bar rooms of South Carolina he will have the grateful thanks of thousands of women and children, who, from their ruined homes, are looking to him for deliverance, and will well deserve the title I gave him, "Our brave Governor." The bar rooms have been the greatest obstacle in the way to prohibition. Once they are out of the way the rest will be easy, and God forbid I should strike away the hands that are closing [illegible] prohibition at all, unless it comes according to their notion, I would say: "God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts'" and if they refuse to see God's hand in this wonderful deliverance now offered they may have to say, after the opportunity has failed for lack of their support: "And while I was going hither and thither the man was gone."

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1893 will continue to maintain the unrivalled standard of excellence which has characterized it from the beginning. Among the notable features of the year there will be new novels by A. Conan Doyle, Constance Fenimore Woolson, and William Black. Short stories will be contributed by the most popular writers of the day, including Mary E. Wilkins, Richard Harding Davis, Margaret Deland, Brander Matthews, and many others. The illustrated descriptive papers will embrace articles by Julian Ralph on new South [illegible] dore Child on India; by Poultney Bigelow on Russia and Germany; by Richard Harding Davis on a London Season; by Col. T. A. Dodge on Eastern Riders; etc. Edwin A. Abner's illustrations of Shakespeare's Comedies will be continued. Literary articles will be contributed by Charles Elliot Norton, Mrs James T. Fields, William Dean Howells, Brander Matthews, and others.

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SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Condensed Schedule, in effect January 17, 1892.

Trains run by 75th Meridian Time.

SOUTHBOUND.	Ves.Lim No. 27. Daily	No. 9. Daily.	No. 11. Daily.
Lv New York..	4.30PM	12.15nt	4.30PM
" Philadelphia	6.57 "	3.50AM	6.57 "
" Baltimore...	9.45 "	6.50 "	9.45 "
" Washington.	12.00 "	11.10 "	11.20 "
" Richmond...	3.20AM	3.00PM	3.00AM
" Greensboro..	7.09 "	10.25 "	10.20 "
" Salisbury...	8.28 "	12.28AM	12.05PM
Lv Charlotte	9.35 "	2.00 "	1.30 "
"		2.10 "	1.50 "
" Rock Hill...	.....	3.03 "	2.43
" Chester.....	.....	3.44 "	3.28 "
" Winnsboro.	.....	4.40 "	4.20 "
Ar Columbia	.....	6.07 "	5.50 "
Lv		6.25 "	6.05 "
" Johnston...	.....	8.12 "	7.53 "
" Trenton....	.....	8.28 "	8.08 "
" Graniteville	.....	8.55 "	8.36 "
Ar Augusta...	.....	9.30 "	9.15 "
" Charleston.	.....	11.20 "	10.05 "
" Savannah..	.....	6.30 "	6.30 "

NORTHBOUND.	No. 12. Daily.	No. 10. Daily.	Ves.Lim. No. 28. Daily.
Lv Savannah..	8.00AM	6.40PM	.....
" Charleston.	6.00 "	6.00 "	.....
" Augusta...	1.00PM	7.00 "	.....
" Graniteville	1.32 "	7.55 "	.....
" Trenton....	2.00 "	8.38 "	.....
" Johnston...	2.13 "	8.52 "	.....
Ar Columbia..	4.00 "	10.40 "	.....
Lv	4.10 "	10.50 "	.....
" Winnsboro.	5.37 "	12.26AM	.....
" Chester....	6.30 "	1.23 "	.....
" Rock Hill..	8.07 "	2.03 "	.....
Ar Charlotte..	8.00 "	3.05 "	
Lv	8.20 "	7.00 "	9.20PM
" Salisbury...	9.55 "	8.36 "	10.34 "
" Greensboro.	11.38AM	10.30 "	12.00 "
Ar Richmond..	7.40 "	5.30PM	.....
" Washington	10.25 "	9.46 "	8.38AM
" Baltimore..	12.05PM	11.35 "	10.08 "
" Philadelphia	2.20AM	3.00 "	12.35 "
" New York..	4.50 "	6.20 "	3.20PM